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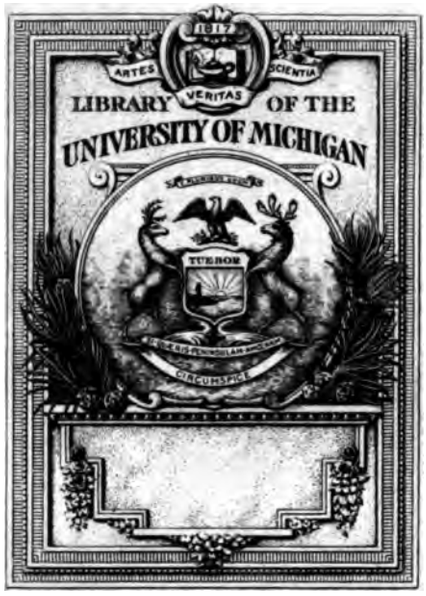

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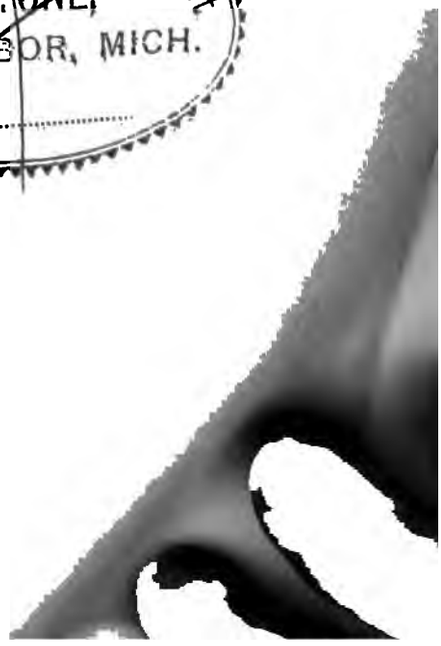

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FAIRY OF THE MOON.

FRANK LESLIE'S

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CARMEN IN SEVILLE.— FROM THE PAINTING BY ABEL BOYÉ.

(See "'Carmen,' On and Off the Stage," by Mme. Minnie Hauk, Page 2.)

STREET OF SEVILLE IN CARNIVAL TIME.

"CARMEN," ON AND OFF THE STAGE.

By Minnie Hauk.

Since June 2d, 1878, when I took the leading part in Bizet's "Carmen," on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre in London, I have sung it about five hundred times in the great majority of the principal cities of Europe and America; five hundred times have I thrown cassia blossoms in the faces of many *Don Josés* of all nations; danced the seguidilla in Seville at *Lillas-Pastia's*, and as often have I been killed at the Plaza de Toros. And still, up to this year, I had seen neither Seville nor Andalusia.

People would not believe this when I told them, and some Spaniards, who saw me in the opera of "Carmen," wagered that I was a Spaniard. This was, of course, a great satisfaction to me, for I had made my preparatory studies solely from Prosper Mérimée's charming novel; my costumes were made in Paris after Andalusian patterns which I collected from all sorts of books. Nothing came from Spain itself excepting the large comb I wore in my hair, and my castanets. I learned the seguidilla dance from a Spanish master of the ballet.

Naturally it was one of my greatest desires to see the real Seville, and the Andalusian mountains whose fantastic forms I had so often seen in the stage scenery, and to become acquainted with the life of the girls working in the tobacco factory at Seville. But one engagement following upon the other made it impossible for me to find the time to carry out my pet scheme.

Last winter my American tour was completed at Christmas time, and the part in which I bade farewell to the Bostonians was again *Carmen*. As

CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN SEVILLE.

CAMPANINI AS "DON JOSÉ."

my next engagement in the spring called me to Nice, I resolved, meanwhile, to take a trip to Andalusia.

My first ride on Spanish soil was to Seville; my first tour in Seville, to the noted cigar factory, every corner and crevice of which I should have known.

The Fabrica de Tabacos is the largest building in Seville, a monumental edifice several stories high, of pleasing architectural style; as I was told that the factory directly adjoined the garden of the Palacio San Telmo, in which the Duke of Montpensier resides, I thought, at first, that I was at that place. A pretty iron grating incloses a large paved court; the porter's lodge is at the fence, and I saw military sentinels under the high arch of the palace. The edifice, however, proved to be the tobacco factory. I would never have thought that such a palace would have been built for a vice of the sterner sex.

Nothing about it betrayed the factory; the district even in which it stands is the most aristocratic in Seville.

After presenting our cards in the office at the right of the gateway we received passes to visit the factory. Ladies, and especially strangers, are very rarely seen there, and as I walked between the sentinels I was as much stared at by them as if I had been in my *Carmen* costume. The yellow coats and red trousers of the Spanish soldiers, as they are always represented in our operas, have long been done away with, and light-blue ones have been substituted. The picture of the tobacco factory, especially the scene in the first act of "Carmen," is in reality much less picturesque and less rich in coloring than it is represented on the smallest stage upon which I ever sang that opera.

Imagination and reality are usually in conflict with one another.

We went up a wide, monumental staircase to the first story. In a large dusky vestibule a few old women were crouched down beside a coal pan, on the edge of which stood a coffeepot and several cups. One of the women arose upon our entering, took our cards and led us into a room, at which at first sight I stood still with astonishment. Never in all my life had I seen anything similar. A long, almost endless colonnade was before me, enshrouded in a mysterious gloom

pierced by white stripes of light, which penetrated from the sunny outer world into the interior. As far as the eye could see I beheld between the pillars nothing but a sea of sitting female figures in checkered medley, in constant motion. Numberless large tables stood on the dirty red tile floor, and around each table sat from four to six young girls ranging in age from twelve to twenty years, who were busily engaged in turning cigarettes. Next to them stood large baskets with finely cut tobacco, and on the tables before them were the small papers. With astonishing dexterity they filled the latter by means of a small brass tube fastened to the little finger, rolled the paper, and instead of pasting the cigarettes they closed them by folding over the edges at both ends.

Almost all of these thousands of girls wore in their thick raven hair a coquettish white or red rose, made of paper. Indeed, at some of the stone pillars I noticed the venders of the paper flowers. Many wore the hair curled round about the face and powdered, and even on the faces a layer of powder was plainly visible. Others again had the hair parted and wore it smoothly. Some had such large, brilliant, inquisitive eyes that a painter would hardly dare to reproduce them.

My coming was such an extraordinary event here that all watched me with the greatest interest. An incessant whispering accompanied me; all made their remarks, all beckoned to me, threw kisses, winked with their eyes, smiled and called after me: "Bsst, bsst, niña señorita!" Others stretched out their little hands to me, and begged smilingly for a "realito, niña, un penny!"

They did it so naturally or so roguishly that I had soon spent my last coin, and was obliged to

MINNIE HAUK AS "CARMEN."

ask for a fresh supply of small change from my companions.

Beside many of these interesting creatures I noticed, to my great surprise, that there were babies, too—and indeed what else could they do with their babies? They take them along to the factory in the morning and place them in empty tobacco baskets at their sides or into cradles, and while they are busy turning cigarettes they set one foot on the cradle, causing it to rock incessantly.

On the walls, on the many columns and pillars, in every available place, hung shawls, foulards, dresses, jackets, scarfs and sashes of the most varied colors, from the black foulards to the delicate pink dresses—between them lemon yellow, orange, bright red, light blue and green; in one word, a confusion of color and of dresses, as if at a gigantic *bal masqué* the guests had taken off their overgarments and hung them on the wall. And still the thousands of girls seemed clad in similar-colored costumes, with blue, red or yellow scarfs thrown about the shoulders, the same colors which Murillo uses to such advantage in his paintings, but not as we are accustomed to seeing them in the opera of "Carmen" on the stage.

The impression of this sea of color in constant motion, of light and shade, with occasionally passing bright stripes of light, was quite overwhelming. Besides that, a buzzing, a murmuring, a rustling noise of paper, a click of scissors, all as monotonous as the roaring of a distant mighty waterfall.

Among the thousands who sat here around the tables I found but few really pretty faces; many were bewitching, but all fascinated me with something strange, yet interesting. When I close my eyes even now I see the picture vividly before me, and if I could but paint I believe I could put upon the canvas many of those faces from memory. The melancholy, naïvely inquisitive expression of their large black eyes will never be effaced from my memory. Those who fascinated me most of all were the many *gitanas* from the Sevilian gypsy suburb "Triana," easily recognized by their dark complexion, fiery eyes and quick temperament. Those, then, were my countrywomen from the opera; those were the *Carmens*.

One among them particularly interested me. She was neither pretty nor coquettish, and from her eyes gleamed a world of passion of the basest kind. Had I been a man I would have been afraid of her—more on account of her love, perhaps, than of her hatred. The whole of Bizet's opera, Mérimée's entire novel, came to my mind while I gazed at her and involuntarily thought of the pale Gretchens with light-blue eyes and blond hair who sometimes sing the part of *Carmen*. As I walked on the gypsy followed me with her burning gaze, but the directress pulled at my sleeve, saying: "Indeed, she is a fine one! She has already turned many a man's head. She could tell you some!" I wondered at this in silence. This *gitana* was not pretty, and not in the least amiable. What, then, could it be that lured men into her net?

The hum and buzz continued, here as well as in the other large halls of the factory; quick hands on all sides, clicking of scissors, rustling of paper, hasty handling, and into the basket fell the completed white cigarettes, as if they had been the work of a magic wand.

Then came other girls with coquettish walk, swaying about, with short dresses, and delicate feet in pretty shoes, who carried the baskets into another hall, where still others wrapped the cigarettes in packages of twenty each. They appeared not to be counting them, as if they felt the right number from long practice. Perhaps they cannot count any further than up to twenty? And why should they? They never have more money than a few pesetas to handle. Sometimes they spend their whole lifetime in this tobacco palace. Their art is rolling cigarettes; their aim is a smart Sunday frock; their entire happiness, a Corrida de Toros; their whole romance, a temporary flirtation with a soldier or a *carretero;* their end?—misery.

Upon leaving this palace of labor I breathed happily once more in the balmy air of the "Delicias," and in my carriage drove to the shady banks of the Guadalquivir, for it was just the hour of the "paseo." On the way back, in passing again the Fabrica de Tabacos, I heard a large bell ringing (quite familiar to me, from the first act of "Carmen"), the signal for the end of labor. I left the carriage, and with my companions stood at the iron gate to see the swarm of girls pass by. There they came, in pairs or in groups of six or more, some with cigarettes in their mouths, fan in hand, and flirting with the sentinels, just as it is in the opera. But how different was their clothing! Not one wore the costume well known on the stage, as we wear it in "Carmen," in the "Barber of Seville," in the "Black Domino," and other operas. That is still worn only at special national festivities, in the Passion Week, or at the Corrida de Toros, the bullfight; and I believe I would have been marveled at like a wonder of the world had I appeared among them in one of my "Carmen" costumes. But the dress which these modern *Carmens* wear is not ugly. Of course the dresses are long and barely disclose the toes, but they are made in

SCENE FROM THE OPERA OF "CARMEN."

varied light colors, of flowered calico, carefully ironed and very clean. They all wear about the shoulders the pride of the Andalusian of to-day, the light mantilla of wool or silk, trimmed with long flowing fringe and with large embroidered flowers. The head is bare, and as an only ornament in the rich black mass of hair is the paper rose. Everything is so coquettishly arranged, so dexterously draped, that it is a pleasure to behold. To this add the elastic gait, the light swaying of the hips, the graceful fan play, and we can learn much even from the poor cigarette girls.

I had expected to see a number of adorers, beaux, husbands, standing at the gate of the factory, awaiting their "Dulcineas." But no one was to be seen. We strangers were the only ones who seemed to take any interest in this odd sight —this filing out of six thousand girls. No *Don José*, no *Escamillo*, no *Zuniga* was there.

And as I was standing thus, my gypsy who had stared at me so sturdily came suddenly along at a quick pace. She was alone; indeed, others seemed to shun her. As she passed me she took the rose from her hair, and silently handed it to me. I wanted to give her a silver coin for it, but she refused it impetuously. I begged my husband to ask her for her address; for, on account of the opera, it interested me to learn more regarding her. She looked at my husband in astonishment, yet roguishly, and in a trice became very talkative, explained with great circumlocution where she lived, remarked that she danced the "flamenco" very well, and that for the señorita —pointing to me—she would lay cards. Then she threw me a kiss and danced away.

That same evening, after long deliberation, we started on our way to the Triana, the gypsy district on the other side of the dirty Guadalquivir,

CIGARETTE GIRLS LEAVING THE FACTORY.

SPANISH GYPSY QUARTET.—FROM THE PAINTING BY DANNAT, IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

which I, too, should have known, for there it is that Mérimée puts the scene in the second act of "Carmen," at the inn of *Lillas-Pastia*.

To insure safety, for one reason, and to more easily find the way to Dolores (the name of my new *Carmen* acquaintance), for another, my husband had engaged a *sereno* (night watchman) in civilian's dress. It was about nine o'clock in the evening when we reached the Triana. From the flat roofs and the wide-open windows sounded the rattling of castanets and guitar music, sometimes even a gypsy song rendered by harsh, unharmonious voices. The streets were quite abandoned. The *sereno* led us through a maze of narrow little streets of the gypsy suburb, and finally halted in front of a small, tightly locked and apparently forsaken house. I felt my heart throbbing, for I had never before joined in such an adventure. All the burglar and smuggler stories of Andalusia came suddenly to my mind. It is quite easy to represent the smuggler in "Carmen" on the stage, when behind the painted mountains and caves the maid and servant are waiting, and when the picturesque brigands are honest choristers, but in reality the affair seems quite different. No answer came at our knocking. Dolores was not at home. We already intended returning in disappointment, when we heard soft steps approaching, and out of the darkness stepped Dolores, clad in a white silk mantilla, whose long, heavy fringe hung loosely about her form. She stood still at a distance of a few steps, and beckoned to my husband. He stepped forward, and she whispered into his ear to send away the *sereno*—that he was not needed. My husband did as he was bidden, but I softly bade the guard follow us at a distance. One could not know——

Silently Dolores walked ahead, through streets

which greatly reminded me of Tangier, stepped into a house, the door of which was opened from within by an invisible hand, and drew us in. My husband involuntarily felt for his revolver in his pocket. Dolores pulled him on by his sleeve through a pitch-dark passage, right across an empty moonlit court to the farther part of the house. There she pushed open a door and shoved us in. I trembled all over, and regretted very much to have taken part in this adventure. We found ourselves in a large room lighted by a lamp at the ceiling, filled with tobacco smoke, where several young *gitanas* were crouched down on a carpet on the floor.

In one of the farther corners four young men stood together, apparently "picadores" or "banderilleros," as we recognized them by their smooth-shaven faces and their long hair twisted into a knot—short, sinewy fellows, with cigarettes in their mouths. They looked at us indifferently, while Dolores, on the contrary, seemed quite changed. By lamplight her face was much prettier, her eyes shot fire, about the mobile lips played a most bewitching smile, and with complete grace and a charmingly winning manner she was endeavoring to play the hostess of the house. She asked us to be seated on the only two chairs there, which seemed to have been brought for us; she and the other *gitanas* would dance the bolero, flamenco and other dances, and the men would sing and play. All the while she talked incessantly, clapped her hands, brought us some *naranjada*, which, however, we did not touch, and was so recklessly hilarious that I hardly recognized her as of the same sinister, obstinate disposition she had shown in the afternoon. Rodriguez, one of the fellows, was the best dancer in Seville, even in all Andalusia: true, he would charge a high price, and like to know how much my husband would agree to give him. Poor Rodriguez, she said, had experienced much misfortune of late. "Alas for us poor gypsies! We have a hard, dreary life! But no matter; we will still be merry!" And with that she took the glass and touched it to that of my husband with a bewitching glance. She hardly noticed me at all.

The men were still standing in the corner. Dolores, who had crouched down at our feet, jumped up presently like a cat, and went up to them, scolding them in some language totally incomprehensible to us. One of the fellows then took his guitar and stepped up to the three other gypsy women, who also began remonstrating with the men. Then they clapped hands as if for a dance, and smiled at us. Rodriguez, a short, wiry fellow with a shy manner, seemed undecided. While they were gesticulating and sitting there in discomfort we heard a knock at the opposite door. With one leap Rodriguez was at the further door, by which we had entered, and vanished through it. All had jumped up, mute with amazement, my husband drawing a revolver. Then we heard some voices outside, a violent tumbling noise, the rattle of pieces of iron, and all was silent. We stood as if we had been nailed to the spot. Dolores, who was the first to regain self-possession, smiled and asked us to take our seats once more—it was nothing. But the others appeared to be as little anxious as we were for song and dance, and for us especially

MME. MINNIE HAUK.

all further pleasure of staying had vanished, as the voices of those outside could still be heard distinctly. My husband insisted upon taking me home, although I should have liked to have remained very much. He threw a gold piece to Dolores, took me by the arm and stepped out of the door, with a revolver in his right hand. In front of the door in the court the tall form of a man stood in the dark. We both started back, frightened, but it was no one but our *sereno*. He humbly begged our pardon for having disturbed our *fiesta*. "I knew," he added, "that Rodriguez would come to Dolores this evening. He is a notorious thief, and we have long been looking for him. This time we have caught him. But your honor should have seen him dance! It is too bad that we had to step in so early!"

Thus was I cheated out of the gypsy dance and the fortune telling, which I could then have seen for the first time, just as it is in the second act of "Carmen." But later on I saw plenty of gypsy dances and gypsy life in the Albaicin of Granada, as well as in the Sierra de Ronda, and what I saw of it gave me great satisfaction, for I recognized the fact that I had not misinterpreted the part of *Carmen*.

"SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERSITY."

By Charles Edward Barns.

The old curio collector was seated in a dim recess of his rich repository, like a miser on guard over his hoarded treasures. Alone and ever watchful in the solitude of his dust-mantled museum, the venerable connoisseur was bent double over a full-length portrait of a fifteenth-century knight at arms fashioned in exquisite Lorraine stained glass, mending a broken corner with doubtful skill; and as the morning sunbeams fell through the mellow tones of the ancient reliquary it wreathed the gaunt figure with a sort of nimbus of purple and gold. Suddenly there was a step at the threshold, the great door creaked out its forbidding protest, and as the old antiquarian looked up with a glance almost of alarm a young man of four and twenty—tall, with serious eyes and the air of one who lives more in the region of fine dreams than the realm of fact, a spirit dedicated to the arts, in short—stood before him.

For a moment the acquisitive gleam in the ancient eyes was gone—that look, which, like the absinthe drinker's, the gambler's and the money-mad, acquires the expressive symbols of his passion. For "Old Pinchon" was not pleasant to look upon, nor had he ever been; so, not being able to command the world's admiration by beauty, and not being of an intellectual race, he revenged himself upon society by gaining possession of its wealth by whatsoever means within the pale of the law. And now in his mature years grotesque indeed to the young visitor before him was that gaping mouth, the narrow, pointed eyes with their yellowish whites which had acquired the very glint of dirty gold, and that brow crisscrossed like the table top of the gamester, so eloquent of the struggle and strife for the possession of others' riches. Thus, when those uplifted eyes perceived that the newcomer bore in his arms no precious family heirloom which necessity compelled him to sacrifice, with a surly salutation he resumed his patching.

"Good morning, Mr. Pinchon. A merry Christmas to you. You have not forgotten me, I hope!"

"No; I never forget anyone—friend or foe."

"I trust you do me the honor still to account me a friend."

"Ah, they are all the same to me—all the same," rejoined the elder, with the hard laugh indicative of a soul whose watch fires had long since burned out. "What do you wish of me?—for no one comes here without some request—and be brief, my lad. You know the sun rises and sets at a great pace with men of my age!"

Such a forbidding response to so warm a salutation would have unnerved a less sanguine heart; but it only served to spur the young dreamer to bolder action. "I have come, sir, to have a peep at the rare old Cremona violin which I have been told you have lately secured from a Russian nobleman. I am a young violinist——"

A quick look silenced him—the flash of the powder in the pan, warning of the bullet.

"Young man," said the veteran collector, with almost contemptuous calmness, "your audacity staggers me!"

"Why should it?" persisted the other, faintly. "I repeat, I am a young musician, in love with my chosen profession, desiring to further my passion by every proper stimulus. It would do me a vast deal of good, sir, just to see it, if I may not touch it to music. Do not forget that, with all your successes, you yourself were once ambitious, once in love, I dare say."

The tender appeal seemed to flatter the old

man, and he threw back his head with a hollow chuckle, showing the hectic wrinkles in his neck, more like the wounds of would-be assassins.

"Oh, I know it all!" he broke in; "not of my own experience, but by watching others capable of such trumperies. No, my young friend; you see before you a man who never had an ambition, never was in love—a man who was born old. Do you know what that means? It means that when I burst over the horizon from the great unknown my mother was an otherwise childless woman of forty-five; my father, a man of sixty; myself, an abhorrent interloper, like the devil at a Christmas dinner. Already an old rag of humanity, at the age of fifteen I was flung into the world with contempt and two dollars, a walking stick, bent shoulders, far sight and a wig. What! I in love? Neither with gods nor men. A man that has run the gamut of life only in the lower register—is he capable of love?"

He paused, then with a despairing sneer arose and began caressing his curios with his scrawny hand, even with a sort of paternal tenderness.

The young musician was silent; that logic was unanswerable—at least upon the instant.

"See!" continued the old cicerone, rather in the manner of a soliloquy now; "this is a priceless bronze Buddha from the temples of Nikko; there, a tomb god of the Ptolemies; this is a flask of Cyprian wine of vintage B. C. 270; that is a pouch of the once great Charlemagne; here are the Waterloo gloves of Napoleon; there, the "Annunciation" of Giotto; here is the lance of a prehistoric stone chipper, and this is the real and authentic *viola da gamba* of the great Bach. What! think you that I have a passion for these things for their own sake? Would I give a fig to hear my Bach do his "Ave Maria," my Buddha yonder speak the oracles of Sakya-muni, or would I care to get drunk on this priceless wine in its iridescent bottle? Ah, my friend, these things are all of value to me—why? Because they are a species of riches; because fools prize them and pay me twice, thrice, sometimes a thousandfold, more than I paid for them. I have bought them as a wise one buys gold nuggets of a Digger Indian or rough diamonds of a Kaffir who is ignorant. Money—that is all they express to me; and if I have ambition, that is it; if I ever loved, it is money alone that I have wooed and won!"

He paused, grinning; and a single white tooth bridged the slit in his sallow, parchment face. Then he resumed his work upon the old knight at arms.

Noting that the young man's enthusiasm had stirred a strange, new current in the heart of the elder, he grew bold, despite the abhorrent pessimism that would have staid him in a less reverential cause.

"Surely you cannot deny me then—me who has all the world for a field of battle in a mission of art, who has all the fullness of years to crown with an exalted labor. I say, to see a genuine Stradivarius is to me what your Buddha yonder is to the believer, what a precious relic is to the devout Christian. Let me but see it, and I will be content. I certainly do not ask much, though hoping much."

Verily this was the first time within his recollection that "Old Pinchon" had been asked a favor, and from its sheer audacity it touched him. Laying aside his tools, he wheeled about like one under the influence of a spell, and said, facing the suppliant: "My young friend, I do not know why, but it must be from your very fearlessness that you have inspired my regard. You have heard of misers, who, just to taste a moment's relief from a terrible bondage, have thrown broadcast a handful of gold. Well, do you know what I am going to do? I am going one better: I am going to let you see the Stradivarius!"

With heart exultant, in silence the youth watched that gaunt figure melt into the sombre shadows. Then, without a word, soon the old man reappeared from the tangled confusion beyond, bearing in his arms the treasured Cremona, as the grand chamberlain might have borne the newborn dauphin from the natal chamber to the court. Then he laid the case upon an antique King Arthur stool, retreating with folded arms and the air of a man who says: "Well, I have often said I could face death—I can even bear to see my treasured Cremona in other hands!"

Tenderly, almost with breathless awe, the young man raised the cracked lid. Then his cheek slightly paled, and an expression of strange disappointment passed over that speaking face. Ah, is it not ever so with those things upon which the mind has long dwelt—those things we have dreamed about, sighed to hold and caress? It takes the heart some moments to realize a long-anticipated pleasure, as one stands balked before the "Transfiguration" unable suddenly to grasp the fullness of so glorious a triumph of human skill. Then the musician took the instrument from its cradle, tuned it softly as if waking a sleeper with a tremulous call, then supplied a missing string from his pocket, and while the old man stood by with folded arms like one enduring the tortures of the rack he launched upon a sea of melody—the long, weird, wonderful sweep of minor that opens the grand St. Saëns Fugue. Then the rigid pose of the venerable antiquarian relaxed,

"THE OLD MAN REAPPEARED, BEARING IN HIS ARMS THE TREASURED CREMONA."

and he slid into an old Medici chair which stood between two fierce Nepaul bronze dragons, listening with respect, almost with awe.

Who loves children and music we somehow instinctively trust. We feel that there must be something lovable in a heart so tenderly responsive to these evidences of God's very nearness to the world, and we believe. Under the influence of a divine chord even "Old Pinchon" seemed a creature forgiven and forgivable—he, with his ill-gotten riches, with his sinister repute which he chose rather to deserve than to suppress or extenuate. Crouched down in the ancient chair, with eyes almost yielding to tears, with his soul for the moment called out of its prison of obduracy and selfishness, he seemed no longer the hardened usurer, the human anomaly, but the subject of a purer law, a tenderer persuasion. The young master saw at a glance that he was the momentary king of all this profane dominion, and without pause ran on to Handel, to Mozart, to Beethoven, his proud heart rising higher with each wild sweep

"THERE LAY THE NOBLE STRADIVARIUS UPON THE ICE-GLAZED PAVEMENT, DASHED TO PIECES!"

of the ancient bow. Oh, at last was he holding in his embrace the song giver of centuries! and he forgot all in the sudden and quickening triumph. It was a revelation, truly.

Suddenly the violinist looked up, and paused in his melodious reverie. The old man's eyes were blinking, and for the moment he dwelt in the past—that childhood so full of sweetness and confidence, that youth so brave and generous—all belied so by the dull contrasting monotony of his sensual present. A new emotion was awakening, and the young visitor took the tide at its flood that it lead him on to fortune.

"Mr. Pinchon," he ventured, "to-morrow night is Christmas Eve. To me it means more than the common feast of pleasures, for to-morrow I am to be married to the dearest of God's creatures—the woman of my reverence and love. I want you to let me take this old Cremona home with me that I may play it at the wedding feast, celebrating the event of my life with this ancient song giver. Come; I pray you, do not refuse me. While you are doing a good deed do it all—wholly!"

The antiquarian shifted uneasily as if under the influence of an enchanter's spell. Then, with a strange tenderness—strange in that it was doubtless the first sentiment prompted of a full heart in many years—he said:

"My son, a man who can play like that can remove mountains. I, who do not believe in God, nevertheless believe in you. Take it; I trust you with my life; for, if you are not honest and my treasure is lost, it will kill me!"

Then, lest he recant the sudden and generous impulse, he laid the violin in the cracked rosewood and faded rose-colored silk, placed it in the musician's arms, and led him to the door in silence. And all this while the bride was preparing the long white veil, while the lover poured out his gratitude in broken utterances. Ah, what a Christmas Eve did it not promise for them both!

* * * * * *

They sat at feast—the merry Christmas feast, made more sweet and beautiful by the realization of two lives that the grand epoch of possession was come, and henceforward they belonged to each other. Oh, are there words to express all the glory of that hour when two souls go forth into the great world to create a heaven out of the fullness of each other's love? In the consciousness of their great mission assumed, each radiant face gave forth a sort of supernatural light, and sweet was the advent of this moment fulfilling sublime and lifelong dreams.

Along the broad spotless damask festooned with holly and orange blossoms in celebration of the double feast, and loaded with choicest viands, friends were gathered: the venerable *maestro* with his shock of fine white hair lifting from a forehead of imperial dignity, women of beauty and talent, and *confrères* of the talented young musician in his struggle for honors, all joyous in his joy, full of congratulation with this crowning of his fortunes. It was in the very midst of the merriment that the old Cremona was brought forth; and while the guests paused to listen with the informality of a family gathering the young bridegroom arose and touched the ancient instrument to music. Ah, it was a wild wonder strain, swift and magical, with color tones that made even the old *maestro* bend forward and blink with delight, joining in the applause which was long and sincere! And with such fullness of heart, what wonder that the young master played nobly!

"A Stradivarius, as I live!" exclaimed one.

"And a master who moves it!" rejoined another.

"Ah, my friend, would that I could say so!" said the aged *maestro*, with calmness. "Paul has in him to be a great player; but you know this is not the country and these are not the times to develop grand talents. We are too prosperous, and little successes satisfy us. Were Paul compelled to suffer the slow, torturous, crystallizing process of genius such as Joachim and Paganini endured he would be as great; but this is not the age for martyrdom to the arts. It is the age of the superb *dilettante*. And it is not that I find fault with him that I speak thus. But let me see the violin. "Yes, it is a Stradivarius, I verily believe. Where did you obtain it, my son?"

"From 'Old Pinchon.' He lent it to me for this occasion."

"You must have exorcised a fiend," said the *maestro*, smiling.

"No; I played for him," returned the groom. "He thinks more of my talents than do you, Herr Capellmeister, who know them so much better."

"Ah, it is one of the tutor's privileges to remain so always! Were you a Paganini I would laud you to heaven, yet remain your critic all the same. Do not think harsh of me." Then he passed the violin down the line, while one guest after another examined it, several sounding its melody, there being scarcely a man present but was more or less its master. "Yes, we must watch that instrument," continued the venerable professor, "for I wonder to whom it will pass when 'Old Pinchon' dies! There are but four besides it in the country, including the one which Bompart, the violin maker, lately secured from a noble Madrilenian family, and which he holds at

twelve thousand dollars. It is the exact counterpart of this, though perhaps a little richer in tone."

How often since has the young musician recalled those words with wonder—those words uttered so complacently amid the din of a Christmas wedding feast! But ah, how soon had he bitter occasion to revert to them with tragic vividness!

When the moment of departure came, lest anything ill befall the borrowed treasure, the bridegroom bore the violin away with him, and the old Cremona received its share of the rice shower and parental blessings as the two mated fledgelings flew from the mother nest. Across the city the happy pair were driven, and half an hour later the violin lay in a cozy window niche, not so far from the bedside but that its custodian could put forth his hand and be assured of its security. The window, hung with heavy, old-fashioned curtains, looked out upon a stone-paved court; another across the bridal chamber, commanding a lovely view of the Hudson.

In the midst of joys that know no bounds, seemingly established to endure forever, how mysterious is the coming of shadows, and how apparently aimless in its cruelty is visitation of disaster! With the first dawn of that memorable Christmas day, when the angels seemed to have filled the world only with "glad tidings of great joy," the young husband was awakened by the cries of his loved one, who stood at his side, bending over him her pallid, terror-speaking face.

"The violin!" she moaned. "Oh, the violin—quick!"

Dazed, with the blood seeming to have left his bosom, the musician raised up, staring at the open window and the bare sill with blurring eyes.

"My God!" he murmured; "not stolen?"

"No! no! no!" came the helpless cry, glancing appeal into the pale face. "The room was close—I raised the window—it shot out and fell!" And as the sobbing plaint died the bride of a day sank upon her knees at the bedside.

The young musician arose, staggered to the open window and leaned far out, remaining motionless with horror. There lay the noble Stradivarius upon the ice-glazed pavement, dashed to pieces!

It requires some moments to realize great calamities. Men in battle have been known to run a great distance with a bullet hole through them. Paul Anselm lay upon the window sill staring downward upon the mangled ruin, till a blood-red mist floated before his eyes; and recovering from the vertigo, he struggled back without words to speak his terror. Then the sight of the sobbing wife of his heart turned all his thoughts into a new channel, and he hastened to console her.

"What care we," he pleaded, bravely, "so long as we have each other's love, and trust, and confidence? What are a thousand Cremonas to our happiness? What is all the world beyond the circle of our love? With a little harder labor we shall replace the violin, and there is no reason in your tears. We love; to such as love, and labor faithfully in that faith, all things are possible. Cheer, my heart! This shall be a merry Christmas yet."

Then he folded the dear woman to his bosom, making light of that which, alas! too soon gathered a deeper, blacker misfortune. Hastily dressing, the young husband went below, gathering up and concealing from his loved one those fragments of a fallen god—concealing them from her who perceived even more prophetically than did he the extent of their calamity; and thus they went forth into the joy of a Christmas whose sad dawn should encrimson all their lives.

Gone! With the coming of the storm cloud, gone indeed were those sweet and cherished illusions too much of heaven to abide long upon earth; gone, those tender, devotional joys of a love that has given all its past and future into the sacred keeping of another; gone, that faith in the all-wise accordance of God—that justice whereby labor and watching such as theirs had been rewarded, and life now assumed a new attitude; art was profaned with the dread thought of the imminent money struggle. But, be it said to the young poet's honor, fostered and encouraged by the heroism of his beloved wife, before nightfall of that dark Christmas day "Old Pinchon" received back a Stradivarius, though it was the Cremona of the violin maker Bompart, bought with one-third in money and the rest a debt assumed—a debt which, like the fateful albatross, bowed them down for a period of thirteen long years!

* * * * * *

One, two, three children came pattering down the sunbeams of heaven into the modest home, and though gratitude and joy were their greeting, and they found their share of love, long days of toil and nights of mental perplexity were the price of their coming. But with what fortitude did the fond heroine at the battler's side take up the cross with him, cheering with household war cries his faltering steps, binding up the wounds with a woman's enduring tenderness, enthusing, praying him to be valiant for her children's sake, though privation and sacrifice and long watching began to draw deep leaden lines under the soft girlish eye glance, and care left little footprints

across the wan temples. Oh, prodded on by landlords' writs and tradesmen's threats, how easy is it to descend, to relinquish ideals, to grovel and cringe and dare from very desperation, that the morrow's sun may not rise upon a refugeless mother and hungry babes!

But suddenly the heavens parted—so quickly, strangely that they doubted the great white ray that shot out of the rent veil. With these years on years of onward, upward toil, ever sustained and fortified with the godly heroism of the wife of his heart, rewards came at last, and with such swiftness that the good fortune seemed as unreal as their calamities appeared of old. One night when the musician sat crouched down by the hearth fire, worn with toil and melancholy, riven with despair, there came a command from one in authority to take the place of one of the foremost leaders of the day—the latter, indisposed, having chosen him from thousands as best fitted to assume so important a place. That command came like a reprieve from Heaven, and the young wife leaped up, clasping her arms about her hero's neck. "At last!" she murmured. "I prayed God for this: it is come." The next day, a little pale with fear lest his task be too great, he mounted the rostrum, and swept the upturned faces of his hundred musicians with a glance. What did they see? A man with the eyes and chin of a lion, a frame hard knit and powerful in action—all in all the essential type of the commander. And what saw he as he gazed about him? His former colleagues and associates who had long since chosen to forget him in his upward struggle—elegant *dilettanti* now his underlings. Then the truth burst upon him: that his calamity had after all been his making. He recalled the words of his venerable *maestro* at the wedding feast—those words at the time seeming so inopportune and cruel, but now their very truth came home to his heart. With the ease of the past he would indeed have been one of these splendid mediocrities, content to be a follower, not a leader, of men. Yes, in an instant he saw the stern law of art worked in his own life effort: that with all the wealth of nations, all native genius, all luxury and advantage, there is no excellence attainable in an art without labor—noble, consecutive, heroic; no lasting glory without a martyrdom. He saw that he had traveled over the darkling and arduous path where the coward would have perished, and after thirteen years of battle he had gained the citadel, with those who were once his superiors in all that the world accounts fortunate now his followers, his aids. It was a revelation; and how triumphant and grand!

Never was such an ovation in the history of metropolitan opera as that given the young leader at the close of the grand event. Even the orchestra shouted with praise as the great singers drew their leader before the curtain, bound that he should divide honors with them, and the audience shouted his name till it rang through press and public esteem to the ends of the continent. And the wife of his heart—what words can express the measure of her joy, her hero worship? And the next day, when he returned to the scene of their life battles, the canceled document from Bompart in his hands, she kissed him in silence, great tears of joy glistening in the downcast eyes. "We will burn the bond, dear," he said, softly. "Come."

"No, not now," came the mild interruption. "It lacks but a week before Christmas, and we shall have the wedding feast over again, even as of old, if may be. Then we shall burn it to ashes upon the feast table."

"And follow it with our honeymoon. Ah, what a Christmas will it be, with these dear little ones to share it with us now, my sweet!" Then they sat at supper and made plans for the prosperous future.

Suddenly the wife looked up, a pleasant expression illuminating her face, as she said, "My husband, now that the spectre is driven forever from our hearthstone, why not take down the old Stradivarius which lies in its dust robes above the window, and let Bompart mend it? He may make it tenantable to one string—enough to give forth a note of thanksgiving at the Christmas feast."

"An idea!" said the musician. "We shall make the old wreck itself sound our triumph!" And then, like a Red Cross orderly who bears back of the line of battle a wounded comrade, he lifted down the dust-cowled Cremona, and the next day bore it to Bompart's.

Before the white-haired connoisseur the master unfolded the long parcel with reverent tenderness, and then the old man turned the fragments over and over in his lank hands. At last he shook his head, replacing his gold-rimmed spectacles to the faded case. "Too bad," he muttered; "it is not worth the trouble!"

The musician's heart leaped to the vindication of the old violin. "What! a Stradivarius not worth restoring?"

Then the venerable judge faced him, smiling. "Why, man," he said, calmly, "were you not so in earnest I would think you were joking with me. That is not a Stradivarius—never was, my friend. It is only a clever forgery!"

TUNIS, WITH DISTANT VIEW OF DJAMAA SIDI MAHREZ.

TUNIS.

By R. Lambert Playfair.

The old Regency of Tunis, which it is now the fashion to call Tunisia, corresponds roughly to the ancient proconsular Province of Africa, including Byzacena, Zeugitana, and the region of the Syrtis, as well as the more famous territory of Carthage. The original inhabitants were, no doubt, a branch of the Berber nation which extended from the Atlantic Ocean to beyond the banks of the Nile. The modern word *Zenata*, applied to the remnant of them which still exists, is derived from the same root as *Canaanite*, and Procopius asserts that in his time two pillars existed near the Straits of Gibraltar containing the inscription: "We flee from the robber Joshua the son of Nun." It is probable that there was an invasion of the country from the farthest East, even before the arrival of the Phœnicians, who formed a series of colonies along the coast which rose to a high pitch of commercial prosperity. The most important was Carthage, which created for itself an imperishable name, and long disputed with Rome the government of the world. The first Punic war was a contest between these two powers for ths possession of Sicily; the second resulted in the utter prostration of Carthage and the loss of its fleets and possessions out of Africa. Even in that continent native states sprang up under the auspices of Rome, which greatly aided that power in its struggle with Hannibal, so that by B.C. 195 Carthaginian authority was practically extinct and Roman influence supreme.

The time of Trajan and the Antonines was the most prosperous in the history of North Africa, and it is to this epoch that most of the splendid remains still existing belong. Then came the introduction of Christianity, in spite of the grievous persecutions which added so many brilliant names to the noble army of the martyrs. The African Church, weakened at length by internal dissensions, crushed by the Vandal invasion, and hardly restored by the Byzantines under Belisarius, was utterly exterminated at the great battle between the Exarch Gregorius and the victorious Arab invaders, which took place at Sufetula in 647 A.D.

Since then Tunis has remained in the hands of the Mohammedans; one dynasty after another has held sway, sometimes independently, at others as vassals of the Porte. It has been remarked that Mohammedan rule consisted of three epochs: first, that of power; second, that of piracy; and third, that of decay. To these may now be added a fourth; by the Treaty of the Kasr-es-Saeed, on the 12th of May, 1881, the Regency passed under the protection of France, and has entered on a

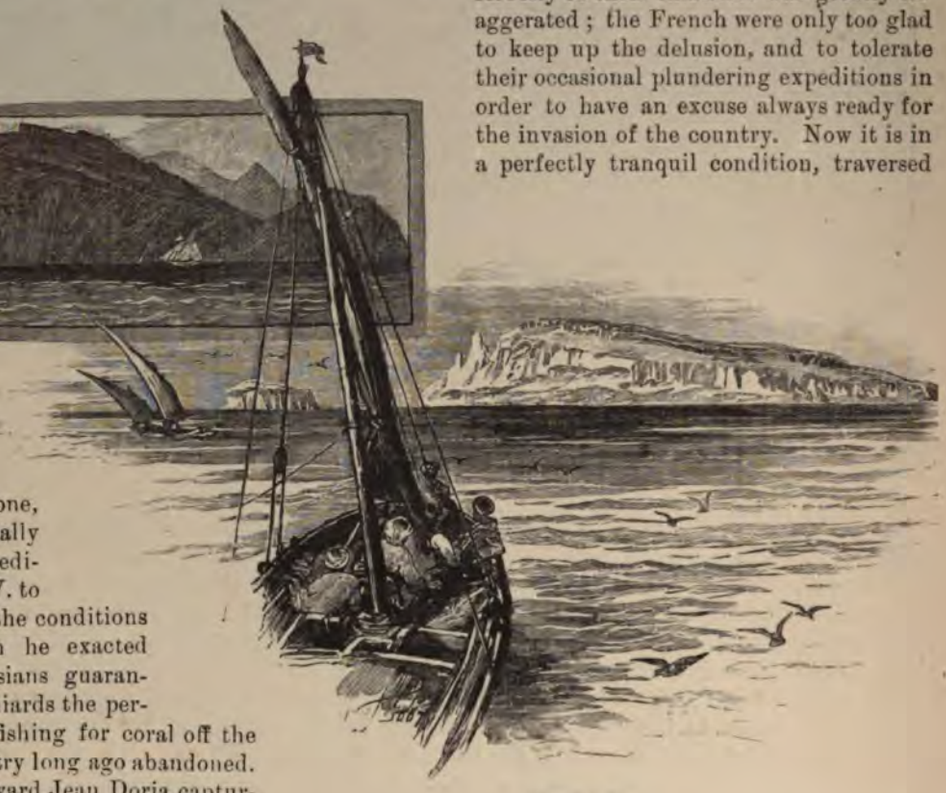
career of prosperity which a few years ago would have seemed incredible. It is still governed in the name of the Bey, but the virtual ruler is the resident general, who is declared to be "the depositary of the power of the French Republic in the Regency."

The first place of interest which a traveler sees in making the coast of Tunis from the westward is the small island of Tabarca, lying close to the shore, and crowned by the ruins of a mediæval fortress, not unlike a castle on the Rhine. From the earliest times its history has been an interesting one, but it is especially so since the expedition of Charles V. to Tunis. One of the conditions of peace which he exacted from the Tunisians guaranteed to the Spaniards the perpetual right of fishing for coral off the coast—an industry long ago abandoned.

ZEMBRA.

Shortly afterward Jean Doria captured the celebrated Turkish corsair Dragut, and on the partition of the spoil the latter fell to the lot of one of the Lomellini family of Genoa, who exacted as the price of his ransom the cession of Tabarca. Charles V. undertook its defense and built the castle, the ruins of which still exist. Both the Spaniards and the Italians, into whose keeping it successively passed, neglected to keep it in an efficient condition, and in 1741 it was captured by the Tunisians, who enslaved the greater part of the garrison and of the population whom they were supposed to protect. About five hundred, however, escaped to the island of San Pietro, in Sardinia, where their descendants still exist—a people quite distinct from the ordinary Sardes.

The country inland is mountainous, rich and finely wooded, the home of the once dreaded *Khomair*, or *Kroumir* as they are erroneously called, whose alleged "invention" by M. St. Hillaire was the pretext for the occupation of Tunis by the French. Till then their country was a blank on the map; no traveler, save the writer and his companion, the Earl of Kingston, is known to have passed through it in recent times, and its inhabitants were far more hostile to the tax gatherers of the Bey than they were represented to be to the European traveler. But the ferocity of their character was greatly exaggerated; the French were only too glad to keep up the delusion, and to tolerate their occasional plundering expeditions in order to have an excuse always ready for the invasion of the country. Now it is in a perfectly tranquil condition, traversed by excellent roads, which connect the coast line with the general railway system of Algeria and Tunis.



ZEMBRETTA.

Beyond this is a place which will certainly one day make the nations of Europe, England in particular, aware of its existence; an "Answer," it may be, to the Egyptian "Question."

The little town of Bizerta, the ancient Hippo Diarrhytus, is a miniature Venice, built on the canal which connects the Lake of Bizerta with the sea. The former is one of the most remarkable places in the Mediterranean; it contains fifty square miles of anchorage for the largest vessels afloat, but the most valuable portion is the river-like reach between the main body of the lake and the sea. It has a length of five miles, and a

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breadth of about one, with a depth of from four to six fathoms. The western bank is low, and covered to the water's edge with olive trees; the opposite shore slopes gradually up to a height of two hundred feet in some places; it is well wooded, parklike in appearance, and would form a splendid suburb for a great city, such as will, in all probability, be built here one day, when the present entrance is made navigable for large vessels, and the lake becomes an important strategical position. The entrance canal works are about to be put in hand, and even now it has been made a torpedo station.

The lake swarms with fish; the writer saw ten thousand dorades and five thousand large gray mullets captured here in a single day!

Continuing our voyage eastward, we round Ras-ez-Zebib, where are the tunny fisheries of Count Raffo, and Ras Sidi Ali-el-Mekhi, the ancient Promontorium Apollonis, where the Gulf of Tunis may be said to begin. On our left are the little islands of Zembra and Zembretta, the Ægmurus of the ancients; and on our right another inland sea, once the winter station of the Tunisian fleet in the old piratical times, that of Porto Farina. This is called by the Arabs Ghar-el-Melah, but it has now been completely silted up by the alluvial deposits washed into it by the River Medjerda, the far-famed Bagradas, on the banks of which took place the combat between the army of Attilius Regulus and the monstrous serpent, 225 B.C. They besieged it, says Pliny, with ballista and implements of war, as one would have attacked a city.

But a much more authentic battle took place at Porto Farina in comparatively modern times. In 1665 Blake, having long accounts to settle with the Government of Tunis, appeared off the place with a squadron of nine vessels, and, after divine service had been performed, coolly proceeded to anchor as close to the great batteries on shore as his vessels could float. In a short time the whole artillery of Porto Farina, not less than one hundred and twenty guns of large calibre, opened fire upon his squadron; under cover of which Blake sent his boats into the lake to destroy the enemy's fleet. His own short and modest account of this daring feat is worth quoting. "Next morning very early we entered with the fleet into the harbor and anchored before their castles, the Lord being pleased to favor us with a gentle gale off the sea, which cast all the smoke upon them, and made our work all the more easy, for, after some hours' dispute, we set on fire all their ships, nine in number; and the same favorable gale still continuing, we retreated out again into the

roads. We had twenty-five men slain, and about forty hurt, with very little other loss."

It is curious to see this once important arsenal and fortress, with its extensive public buildings and large docks, now utterly deserted, and with so little water in its harbor that a ship's boat has some difficulty in landing.

The predecessor of Porto Farina was Utica, *the ancient city* before the Phœnicians colonized Carthage, now represented by the miserable Arab village of Bou Chater. It played an important part in all the Punic wars, but it is especially famous as being the scene of the unnecessary self-sacrifice of Cato, who committed suicide here after the decisive battle of Thapsus, and the defeat of the Pompeian party in Africa. This place is now at a considerable distance inland, owing to the change which has taken place in the delta of the Medjerda; some ruins still exist of the ancient city, but they are neither very extensive nor very important.

After leaving this, Cape Carthage is doubled, and the Arab town of Sidi Bou Saeed is passed, then the site of great Carthage itself; while the opposite side is bounded by a picturesque chain of hills, and eventually we arrive at the Goletta, or Port of Tunis.

The name Goletta is a corruption of the Arabic words Halk-el-Oued, or Throat of the Canal, an artificial passage cutting the town into two portions, and communicating between the sea and the Lake of Tunis. The fortress which defends it has been frequently besieged; the most memorable occasion being that by Charles V., who, in July, 1535, arrived here with a fleet of nearly five hundred vessels and thirty thousand regular troops, consisting of the flower of European chivalry. After an obstinate resistance Goletta was taken by assault, and the garrison retreated to Tunis, closely followed by the emperor's army. Ten thousand Christian slaves confined in the citadel of Tunis effected their escape, sided with the invaders, and Charles became master of the place.

STREET IN TUNIS.

For three days Tunis was given over to pillage, and it is said that thirty thousand of the inhabitants perished and ten thousand more were carried off as slaves. The Bey, whom Charles placed on a throne surrounded by so much carnage, signed a treaty acknowledging that he held it in fee of the crown of Spain, and agreed to pay a subsidy for the support of the garrison left at the Goletta. A ship canal is now being constructed from the sea, through the lake, a harbor will be made at Tunis, and it is expected that the works will be completed during the year 1894.

From the Goletta to Tunis is a short journey of eleven miles by the Italian railway, which was one of the immediate causes of the occupation of the country by the French. It had been constructed by an English company, and when it was determined to wind this up a great struggle took place between the French and Italians for its

THE BAB-EL-BAHR (MARINE GATE), CITY OF TUNIS.

possession. It was put up to auction in the vice chancellor's chambers in London, and adjudged to the Rubattino Company for £165,000. This, with the well-known Enfida case, it was which induced the French to assert their supremacy in the government of the country and to undertake military operations in it, the pretext being the predatory character of the Khomair before mentioned.

Tunis is a much more ancient city than is generally thought. It was certainly known by its present name before the foundation of Utica and Carthage; it was probably built by native Africans, and not, like the others, by Phœnician settlers. The modern town has been constructed almost entirely from the materials of Carthage. It was originally surrounded by a wall, but a great part of this has disappeared. The marine gate, or Bab-el-Bahr, is now quite isolated, and the walls on each side only exist in the name of the street, Rue des Remparts. Inside is the British Consulate, and outside, stretching away to the lake, is a wide boulevard, bordered with stately houses, including the French Residency, the principal hotel, numerous cafés, as well as public and private buildings.

This gate is, in fact, the limit between the new French city which is springing up and the old native town, which still retains its original character. The interior of the latter presents a confused network of streets and lanes, one or two of which, wider than the rest, run nearly through its whole length; they are wonderfully clean and well lighted for an Oriental city. The lower part and the faubourg nearest to it are occupied by Christians and Jews; the upper part used to be entirely, and still is to a great extent, reserved for the Mohammedan population. It is built in the form of a crescent crowned by the Kasba, in which were kept the Christian slaves who so materially aided Charles V. in his attack; all the old buildings within it have been demolished, and replaced by modern French barracks.

Nothing is more attractive to a stranger than the native bazaars; they are narrow and tortuous, well shaded by the houses themselves, and frequently covered in with planks and matting. The trades generally keep together, so that a purchaser has the advantage of comparing all the various articles of the same sort in one place. The principal are the Souk-el-Attarin, or Bazaar of the Perfumers; the Souk-el-Ferashin, where carpets and all manner of gayly colored stuffs are exposed for sale; the Souk-es-Seradjin, or Bazaar of the Saddlers, full of splendid embroidery on leather; the Souk-el-Turk, where arms are sold; and many others.

The most interesting building in Tunis is the Dar-el-Bey, or Town Palace, where the Bey still holds receptions, driving over from his residence near Carthage for the purpose. Some of the rooms are gems of Moorish architecture, equal to anything in the Alhambra, while the more modern state apartments, though rich in their way, appear offensive beside the incomparable geometric tracery and tilework of the ancient portion.

Throughout Tunis—except, strange to say, in the sacred city of Kerouan—Christians are not permitted to enter any of the mosques. The principal here are the Djamaa-ez-Zeitouna, or Mosque of the Olive Tree, a sort of university where a number of youths receive a religious education (it was built in 698 A.D. on the site of the cell of a Christian anchorite); the Djamaa Sidi Mahrez, distinguished by its large dome surrounded by smaller cupolas; and numerous other mosques, Zaouias or colleges, and tombs of Mohammedan saints.

Domestic architecture under the native government attained a very high standard of elegance and perfection. In no other place east of Morocco did the Turks or Arabs attempt to manufacture those beautiful tiles inspired by the still finer models of Persia and India. They were content to import them thence, or to employ Spanish imitations, or the faïence mosaics of Morocco. But in Tunis they were made in great perfection, and a remnant of the art still survives. One or two Arabs retain the old tradition as regards design and color, but the quality is no longer what it used to be, and every tile is marked with three unsightly blotches, caused by the "crow's feet" which are used for keeping them apart during the process of baking. The same may be said regarding the wonderful plaster geometric tracery for which the Tunisians became so celebrated after the expulsion of the Moors from Spain; there are very few who can now do the work at all, none who can equal that executed only fifty years ago.

The costume of the people harmonizes well with the picturesque character of their surroundings. The upper classes and government officials wear the inelegant semi-European uniform now general throughout the East; but the *bourgeoisie* have a dress peculiar to the country, more tasteful and elegant than is met with elsewhere. It consists principally of a flowing robe, called kurta, of very fine woolen stuff, generally dyed of a quiet brown color, and exquisitely embroidered with tracery of green or other bright-colored silk. All wear the red cap, here called chachia, which is manufactured in greater perfection at Zaghouan than anywhere else in the Mohammedan world. The women are so closely muffled up

that one cannot see even the outline of their form; but this is amply compensated for by the Jewish ladies, whose greatest charm is supposed to consist in obesity—and, as they wear short lace-like jackets and very tight cotton trousers, but little is left to the imagination of beholders.

There are many beautiful walks round Tunis, though the country is rather bare and deficient in the luxurious vegetation which is so striking at Algiers. Perhaps the best view is from the hill to the southeast of the town, crowned by two conspicuous buildings—the tomb of Sidi Bel Hassan, and the Bordj Ali Rais. A good complement of this view is obtained from the Belvedere on the opposite side of the town. The Palace of the Bardo is also worthy of a visit; it is about half an hour's drive from the town, and contains the beautiful state apartments of the Bey, used by him on great religious festivals, and a museum of antiquities collected in various parts of the Regency.

But the great excursion to be made is to the site of the mighty Carthage, which had a career of seven hundred years of uninterrupted prosperity and glory from its foundation by the Phœnicians till its destruction by Scipio 146 B.C. It was again rebuilt as a Roman colony on a scale of great magnificence, and subsequently became the chief seat of Christianity in Africa.

Little remains of Carthage save a few cisterns, some shapeless masses of masonry, and the antiquities which have been collected and preserved in the Museum of St. Louis. It was the cherished scheme of the distinguished prelate who presided over the Roman Catholic Church in Africa, the late Cardinal Lavigerie, to rebuild Carthage as a monument to the glory of France on the spot hallowed by the death of St. Louis. He built a cathedral, a seminary and several convents; but the rise of Carthage would mean the fall of Tunis, and it is difficult to divert commerce from its ancient channels, and hard to condemn so important a city as Tunis to decay.

The situation of Carthage was singularly well chosen, on the shores of a magnificent and well-sheltered bay. It consisted, properly speaking, of three separate towns—the Byrsa, or citadel, where are now the Chapel of St. Louis and other religious edifices; the Cothon, or artificial harbor, shown to the right of our illustration; and the Magaria, which stretched behind these to the seashore near Sidi Bou Saeed.

The great cisterns have been restored and are now filled by pipes from the modern aqueduct of Zaghouan, which has replaced the magnificent structure of Trajan, one of the grandest works ever carried out by the Romans in Africa, of which a noble fragment yet remains between Tunis and Zaghouan.

The most considerable of the ruins of Carthage is the Basilica, at a place called by the Arabs Damous-el-Karta, evidently Domus Caritatis. It was remarkable for its great size as well as the richness of its materials. It contained a mass of sarcophagi, and no less than twelve or thirteen thousand fragments of inscriptions have been preserved of bishops, priests and all the other ranks of the hierarchy.

Instead of reaching Tunis by sea, a traveler can approach by railway from Algeria; the general system of the latter colony joining the main Tunisian line at Ghardimaou, in the basin of the Medjerda.

There are many interesting places on the way. Close to the station of Oued Meliz is Chemtou, where are fine quarries of Numidian marble, second only in importance to those of Arzew in Algeria, and the extensive ruins of the Roman Colonia Simithensium. These consist of a long aqueduct, the *thermæ* of the city, a theatre, an amphitheatre and a basilica; but the great feature of the place is the colossal bridge over the Medjerda. It is a work of great magnitude; the southern side is nearly complete, but the rest lies in huge masses, incumbering the bed of the river, as if broken up and tossed about by some great convulsion of nature. An inscription tells us that it was reconstructed by Trajan from its foundation, and by the titles given to the emperor we gather that it was after he had assumed that of Dacicus, but before the Arabian and Parthian campaign, about A.D. 105. It formed, probably, the point of departure for Sicca Venerea.

A little farther on the line is Souk-el-Arabaa, in the immediate neighborhood of the Roman city of Bulla Regia. Its position was, no doubt, determined by a copious spring of sweet water, which in this region of brackish rivers was a priceless treasure. It was probably the residence of some of the Numidian kings, and is mentioned in the Itinerary of Antonine as a station on the road from Hippo Regia (the Hippo of St. Augustine and the modern Bône) to Carthage. The ruins cover an area of many acres, and consist of large buildings and numerous smaller vaulted edifices, now buried in the soil, generally above the spring of the arches. The fountain rose in a large semicircular *nymphæum* of cut stone, from which leaden pipes issued for the distribution of the water in various directions. Immediately in front of it was a triumphal arch, which was destroyed by the French contractors to make culverts for the railway. There are also the usual *thermæ*, theatre and amphitheatre, very much

AMPHITHEATRE AT EL-DJEM.

buried in the earth, which may, perhaps, be found to have protected them from total destruction.

Still farther on is Beja, mentioned by Sallust as Vacca, which Edrisi describes as "a beautiful city built in a plain extremely fertile in corn and barley, so that there is not in all the Moghreb a city so important or more rich in cereals." It was surrounded by an ancient Byzantine wall, adopted and reconstructed by the Arabs; but this has been to a great extent pulled down, to give place to modern French improvements. The mosque called Djamaa-el-Keber, dedicated to Saidna-Aissa (our Lord Jesus) was originally a Christian basilica, restored and embellished—as we learn by an inscription—in the time of the Emperors Valentinianus and Valens.

At the Oued Zergaa, a few miles farther on the line, a horrible massacre was perpetrated by the insurgent Arabs shortly after the French occupation. The station master was burnt alive, and ten other employés were murdered.

Before reaching Tunis the line passes through a portion of the great aqueduct

RUINS OF UTICA.

TUNIS, WITH TOMB OF SIDI BEL HASSAN.

of Carthage, which is here very different in construction to that which crosses the plain of the Oued Melian. Instead of being of finely cut stone, the piers are constructed of *pisé*, or rammed earth, in blocks of about one meter thick, standing on a foundation of solid masonry, faced with

CAPE BON, OR RAS ADHAR.

a broad, square plinth of *pisé*. The specus is high enough for a man to pass, and the total height varies from twenty-one to twenty-four meters.

Having now conducted the imaginary traveler to Tunis from the west, we will accompany him southward along the coast of the Syrtis Minor. We round Cape Bon, or Ras Adhar, the Hermean promontory, beyond which the Carthaginians so often stipulated that no Roman ships should pass. This is the extreme point of the Dakhel, a large tongue of land, which extends in a northeasterly direction between the Gulf of Tunis and Hammamat, and is crowned by a remarkably fine lighthouse, the brilliant light of which is seen from a distance of twenty-five miles.

Beyond is Kelebia, the ancient Clypea, a city founded by Agathocles, Tyrant of Syracuse, the first position occupied by Regulus on his arrival in Africa, and the last which remained to the Christians after the Mohammedan invasion. The ruins of the Acropolis are still very perfect. Near it is Nebuel, celebrated for its pottery, which is really curious, on account of the tradition which it retains of Roman art, and its beautiful yellow and green glaze.

Thence directing our course in a southwesterly direction we come to Susa—or, as the French generally write it, Sousse—the ancient Hadrumetum, capital of the province of Byzacium, the history of which is quite an epitome of that of Carthage; founded by the Phœnicians, made a Roman colony by Trajan; always conspicuous during the Punic wars, destroyed by the Vandals, restored by the Byzantines; occupied by the Arab invaders; a favorite resort of Turkish pirates; taken by Charles V., and subsequently retaken by Dragut the corsair. It is now a military station, and under French rule is regaining some of its former importance. In itself it has no particular attraction save as being the starting point for two interesting excursions—to Kerouan, the holy city of the West, famous for its mosques and other religious institutions, which, alone of all similar buildings in Tunis, are accessible to the Christian traveler. Before the French occupation no Christian could enter its gates without a special permission from the Bey, and a Jew was not allowed even to approach its walls. Now the place is full of stores and wine shops, and the music of the barrel organ is heard in its streets. The pious Mohammedan guardians do not even disdain to earn an honest penny by showing the unbliever over its most sacred shrines.

Next to Mecca and Medina no city was considered so sacred in the eyes of Western Mohammedans. It was founded by Okba Bin Naffa, in the fiftieth year of the Hegira (A.D. 670). The country where it now stands was said to have been infested with wild beasts and noxious reptiles, but at his bidding they all retired peaceably, to the great marvel of the Berber inhabitants, who became converted to El-Islam.

Kerouan is surrounded by a crenelated brick wall strengthened by towers and bastions, and pierced by five principal gates and two posterns; but beyond this there are suburbs to the south and west, which contain several important shrines and several great cisterns. The largest was built by the Aghlabite dynasty, and is capable of containing 5,800 cubic meters of water; a smaller one above of 4,000 cubic meters is intended to receive any *débris* that may be washed down, and allow only the clear water to flow into the main one. These have been thoroughly restored by the French.

The great mosque of Sidi Okba is the principal object of attraction, and occupies nearly all the northern angle of the town. It consists of a rectangle divided off into three parts—the portion exclusively reserved for worship, the vestibule adjoining it, and a great cloistered court from which rises the minaret. The effect on entering the first is very grand. It contains seventeen naves, each of eight arches, supported by coupled marble and porphyry columns, the spoil of the chief Roman edifices in North Africa. There are 296 in this portion of the building, and 439 in the entire mosque. The entrance door is of beautifully sculptured wood, with a long inscription from the Koran in relief. The *mihrab*, or sacrarium, has the archivolt supported by two columns of alabaster, sent by one of the Byzantine emperors to Hassan Bin Naaman in 689. The walls are of exquisite plasterwork, through the openings of which can still be seen the original rude Mihrab of Sidi Okba, which has been jealously preserved in all the alterations and restorations to which the building has been subjected. The pulpit is of wood, splendidly carved, each panel being different. The court is surrounded by a double arcade, with coupled columns, and under it is an immense cistern, occupying the entire area. The most striking peculiarity of the mosque is the grand simplicity and cathedrallike aspect of the interior. There is nothing tawdry about it; everything speaks to the Moslem of the solemn character with which he invests his Jehovah.

The only spring of water in the city is the well called El-Barota, supposed to have a communication with Zemzem at Mecca. There are many other religious edifices, both in and outside the city, all of which can be visited, but the most important is the Djemaat-es-Sehebi, wherein is

TUNISIAN BAZAAR.

interred one of the companions of the Prophet, Abdullah ibn-Zemaa el-Beloui, whence its familiar name, "Mosque of the Companion." With him are buried three hairs of the Prophet's beard—one under his tongue, one on his right arm, and the third next his heart. This has given rise to the superstition amongst Europeans that he was the Prophet's barber! The shrine of "the Companion" itself is a small chamber, with fine embroideries, but the architecture is in the worst taste. All the rest of the building, however—the minaret, the vestibule and the cloister—are splendidly adorned with plasterwork and faïence, a perfect marvel of beauty.

A very interesting excursion from Kerouan, which is not now nearly as difficult as it used to be when the writer made it before the French occupation, is to Sbeitla, the ancient Sufetula, where the first great and disastrous encounter between Christianity and Mohammedanism in North Africa took place, when the army of Gregorius was utterly exterminated by Abdullah ibn-Saad, and so much booty was taken that every horse soldier got three thousand dinars and every foot soldier one thousand.

This ancient city must have been one of great magnificence; the form is still perfectly apparent, and many of the streets can be traced in their entire course. It is full of ruins, but the most important is the Hieron, or sacred inclosure, on the north side of which are the magnificent remains of three temples, partly attached, and together forming one design. It is entered by a triumphal arch of excellent construction. The porticoes of the temples were each supported by six monolithic shafts of great size, and must have been on a splendid scale, judging from the sculptured fragments lying on the ground, of a very decorative character. The cellas are still pretty nearly entire. There are certainly no Roman ruins in North Africa to compare for extent and beauty with those of Sbeitla.

The second excursion which a traveler should make from Susa is to the Amphitheatre of El-Djem, which will require two days. It is all that remains of the ancient city of Thysdrus, where Gordian I. was proclaimed emperor. It is very similar to other edifices of its kind, but in some respects it surpasses all of them in magnificence. The first and third orders are Corinthian, the middle one is Composite, the fourth also was Corinthian, but it is not certain that it was ever finished.

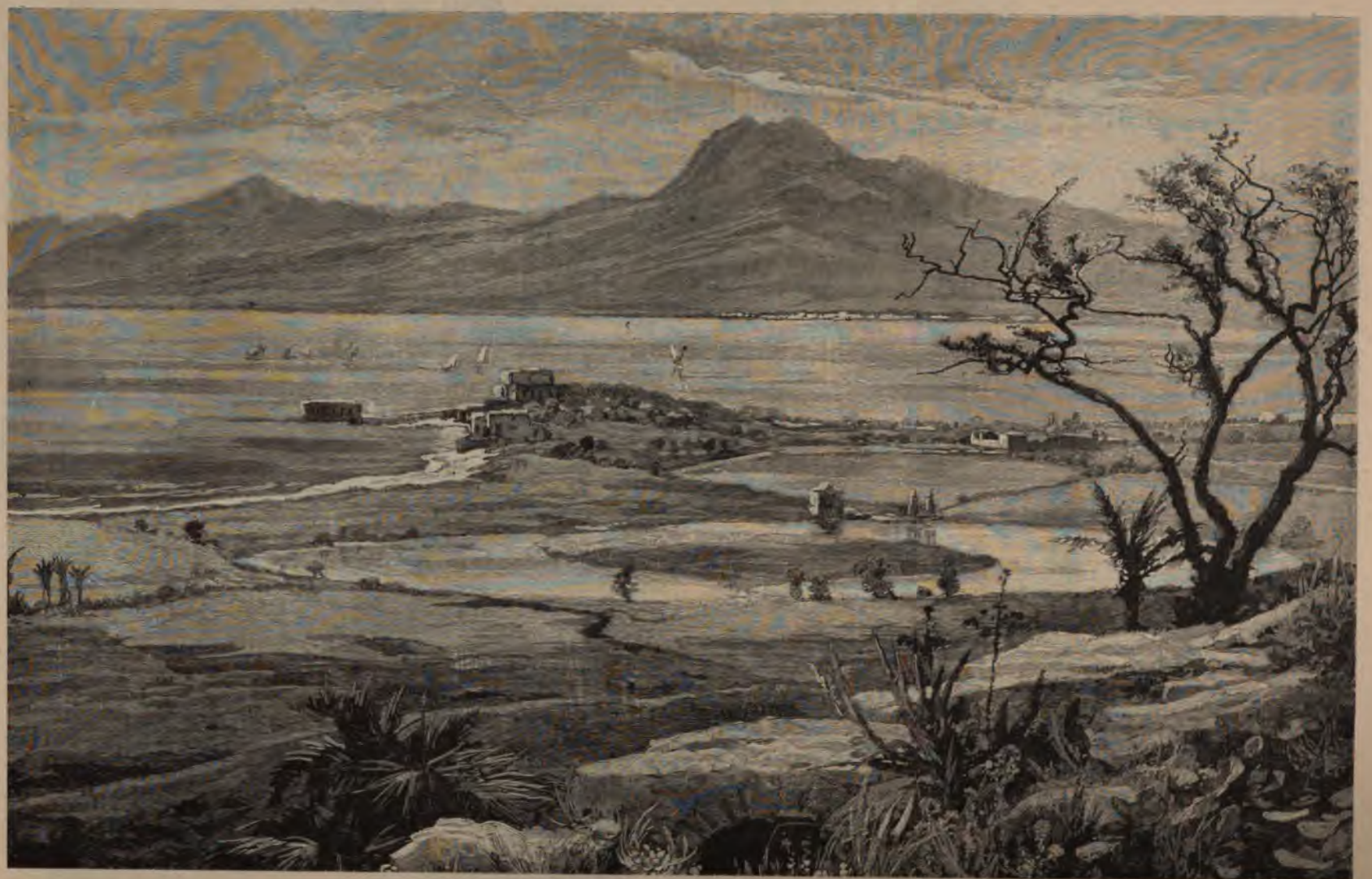
Owing to the strength of its masonry, this vast building has often been used as a fortress, to the

great destruction of the fabric. Fully one-third of the perimeter has been thrown down, and the interior has suffered more than the exterior walls.

Still directing our course southward, we come to Monastir, the ancient Ruspina, and farther

LANDING AT GOLETTA.

still to Mahadia, the Turris Hannibalis, or country seat of Hannibal, whence he embarked after his flight from Carthage. This is an interesting place to Englishmen, as being the scene of the very first expedition to North Africa in which their countrymen bore a part. The operation is thus described by Froissart: "In the thirteenth year of the reign of Richard II. (1390) the Christians took in hand a journey against the Saracens of Barbary, through sail of the Genoese; so that there went a great number of lords, knights and gentlemen of France and England, the Duke of Bourbon being their general. Out of England there were John de Beaufort, bastard son of the Duke of Lancaster, also Sir John Russell, Sir John Butler, Sir John Harcourt, and others. They set forward in the latter end of the thirteenth year of the king's reign and came to Genoa, where they remained until the galleys and other vessels of the Genoese were ready to pass them over into Barbary; and so about midsummer in the fourteenth year of the king's reign, the whole army, being embarked, sailed forth to the coast of Barbary, where, near to the city of Africa, they landed. At which instant the English archers stood all the company



SITE AND BAY OF CARTHAGE.

INTERIOR COURT OF A TUNISIAN HOUSE.

in good stead with their long bows, beating back the enemy from the shore, which came down to resist their landing. After they had got to land they environed the city of Africa, called by the Moors Mahadia, with a strong siege; but at length —constrained with the intemperancy of the scalding air in that hot country, breeding in the army sundry diseases—they fell to a composition on certain articles to be performed in behalf of the Saracens, and so sixty-one days after their arrival they returned home."

About one hundred miles still farther south is Sfax, the most important commercial city in the Regency, after Tunis, occupying the site of the ancient Taphroura; and still farther on Gabes, the ancient Tacape, which can hardly be called a town, but is rather an assemblage of villages scattered through a beautiful oasis of palm trees.

This place has obtained a certain amount of notoriety owing to the daring scheme of Commandant Roudaire for the creation of an inland sea by the submersion of the Sahara. The limits of our article will not permit us to enter into this subject; the company formed by M. Roudaire has wisely abandoned the scheme; it has now taken to sinking artesian wells and fertilizing the desert. This seems to be the true solution of the question of an inland sea; a sea of verdure and fertility caused by the multiplication of artesian wells, which never fail to bring riches and prosperity in their train.

The most southerly place of any interest in the Regency is the island of Djerba, on the opposite side of the Syrtis Minor, so surrounded by shallow banks that a vessel cannot approach nearer than four miles; even when landing in a boat the traveler must look well after the tide, or he may chance to find himself high and dry before he has reached the shore. This is the only place in the Mediterranean where there is a regular daily tide depending on lunar influences; the rise and fall is seven feet. This island is mentioned by various classical authors as Meninx, Brachion and Girba. Gallus and his son Volusianus were raised to the purple hence, *creati in insula Meninge quæ nunc Girba dicitur;* but it is far more celebrated as being the Homeric island of the Lotophagi.

Much controversy has arisen regarding the *lotus*, which so enchanted strangers as to tempt them to desert their companions and their fatherland. The passage in the "Odyssey" (ix. 90) is as follows: "On the tenth day we set foot on the island of the lotus eaters. . . . Now when we had tasted meat and drink I sent forth certain of my company to go and make search what manner of men they were who live here upon the earth by bread, and I chose out two of my fellows, and sent a third with them as herald. Then straightway they went and mixed with the men of the lotus eaters; and so it was that the lotus eaters devised not death for our fellows, but gave them of the lotus to taste. Now whosoever of them did eat the honey-sweet fruit of the lotus had no more wish to bring tidings nor to come back, but there he chose to abide with the lotus-eating men, ever feeding on the lotus, and forgetful of his homeward way."

The date of Djerba is excellent, and the island is the first place where it forms the daily food of the inhabitants at which a vessel coming from the eastward would touch, so that it would naturally produce a deep impression upon travelers.

The wine made from the sap of the tree is as familiar as the fruit itself, and may have contributed to render the sailors oblivious of their "homeward way."

The modern capital is Hoomt-es-Souk, close to which was the celebrated Bordj-er-Roos, or Pyramid of Skulls, which was seen and described by Sir Grenville Temple in 1832. It was twenty feet in height, and ten feet broad at the base, tapering toward a point, and composed entirely of skulls, reposing in regular rows on intervening layers of bones. The catastrophe which furnished the material for this extraordinary monument was the massacre of the Spanish garrison of five thousand men, commanded by the Viceroy of Sicily and the renowned Andrea Doria, by the Turks in 1560.

The most remarkable feature of Djerba is the great inland sea which separates it from the mainland, and into which small vessels can pass both from the east and west; at El-Kantara, about the middle of the eastern passage, are the ruins of what must have been a magnificent city, certainly the most important place in the island. Other Roman ruins exist all round the margin of the lake, proving that in ancient times it was a haven of safety, and perfectly navigable for the vessels then in use. There can be little doubt that here, and not in M. Roudaire's basin of the Chotts, we must place the famous Lake of Triton, the position of which has always been a puzzle to geographers.

There is one more inhabited place in the Regency, south of Djerba, Zarzis, which is likely to become an important strategical point; but here all interest for the traveler ceases, and we come upon that long stretch of sandy country which forms the coast of the Syrtis Major, where the army of Cato nearly found a grave. This is only relieved by rare patches of vegetation, till we come to the beautiful peninsula of Cyrene, whose cities were adorned with so many splendid edifices; which was celebrated by the most famous historians and poets of Greece and Rome; where were the gardens of the Hesperides, and where

> "Lethe's streams from secret springs below
> Rise to the light; where heavily and slow
> The silent, dull, forgetful waters flow."

ISABELLE.

By Lillian Whiting.

The summer comes and goes; you do not come;
And yet we know with you that all is well,
And that your love is with us as of old,
Isabelle!

What have you found the other side of life?
What of its strange, sweet mysteries could you tell,
Beyond the sunset, past the morning star,
Isabelle?

The summer came again with tender bloom;
With golden sunlight—silver rain that fell
O'er emerald grasses where pale roses leaned,
Isabelle!

The gold and rose of morn on sapphire seas;
The sunset's glories that you loved so well;
The air all shimmering with its opal tints,
Isabelle!—

All these have come, have gone; you did not come.
Yet with you, sweet, we know that all is well.
The light dies softly over shore and sea,
Isabelle!

THE HUSBAND OF YOUNG MRS. DAYRE.

By Lillie Gill Derby.

"If you are trying to make anyone believe we have been married ten years, you are certainly succeeding," she says, in sternest tones, bending upon her unsuspecting lord and master a look that would be scathingly severe were it not for the suggestion of mischievous merriment lurking in the blue depths of her eyes.

"My darling girl, I beg your pardon," he answers, in contrite tones, hastily laying aside the newspaper he has been perusing with puckered brows. "What can I order for you? Will you have some hot coffee, or another muffin?"

"How like a man!" she laughs, shrugging her shoulders. "Do you think I should only appreciate neglect—" with an emphatically suggestive pause after the word, "when it would interfere with my physical comfort? To think," she says, gazing at him reproachfully from under her pretty, arched brows—"to think that in less than a week after I have become Mrs. Kenneth Hinston Dayre my husband's indifference should excite the comment of the world!"

"Dorothy!" he exclaims, in horror, glancing around uneasily at the other occupants of the dining car, and discovering, with something akin to alarm, that not a few of their fellow travelers are watching, with varying degrees of attention, the progress of the *tête-à-tête* breakfast, and that apparently no detail of Dorothy's dainty costume, no changing expression of her face or his, has escaped observation. He little notices or cares that in the countenances around him, betraying sympathetic interest, amused indifference or cynical irony, life histories are written; he only realizes, with a sense of resentment that includes dining car, passengers and waiters alike, that he and Dorothy, by the mere figuring, however inconspicuously, in the rôles of bride and groom, have furnished unconscious entertainment to a number of amused spectators.

Mrs. Dayre, inwardly convulsed, outwardly unconcerned, sips her coffee with graceful deliberation, glancing occasionally at the landscape flying past, blotted and blurred by the falling rain, and shortly inquires, in would-be supercilious tones: "May I ask, if you please, what you found in that Denver newspaper so utterly absorbing? Whom do you know in Colorado who interests you more than I?" in accents suggestive of reproach.

"Dorothy," he says, oblivious of the implied rebuke, and casting about him a glance of righteous indignation, "if ever again I look the second time at a bridal couple I hope I may——"

"No, you don't!" interrupts his wife, airily. "The very next one you see you will watch with absorbed interest; you will try to interpret every glance and gesture; you will——"

"Indeed I shall not!" he vociferously protests.

But Dorothy only laughs at him, a single, tiny, bewitching dimple appearing and disappearing under one corner of her mouth. Truly she makes as pretty a picture as one might hope to find in many a long day's search. The soft gray dress fits perfectly a slender, graceful figure, and the dainty turban rests on a small head, beautiful in its contour, and carried with an air of gracious pride. Indeed, there is a suggestion of the *grande dame* in her manner which is altogether irresistible in so diminutive a personage, and adds quite two inches to her stature. Her hair, soft brown, brightening into gold wherever the light may chance to touch it, is arranged in a pretty fashion all her own. Her features are not perfect, yet of such delicacy and individuality that the face, once seen, must remain forever a charming memory.

"Mr. Dayre," she asks, demurely, "may your wife humbly suggest that your consciousness of the interested attention you have been exciting is entirely apparent, and is inspiring additional amusement? And, if I might be permitted, I should recommend that a feigned indifference, if you do not feel it—assuming a virtue if you have it not—would be more likely to mitigate the—er—kindly notice with which these people are so gracious as to favor you."

"Favor *me!*" he exclaims, indignantly. "Perhaps you think they haven't even glanced at you! Why, that woman opposite, with the blue shawl around her shoulders and a complexion which savors of the delicate hue of the pumpkin, knows exactly how your dress is made down to the smallest details, and I dare say has planned to array in a gown identically like it her own graceful, sylph-like form," with wrathful sarcasm. "And that hideously ugly man eating breakfast by himself has been staring at you till I'd like——"

"I don't think he's so ugly," Dorothy breaks in, in a cheerfully argumentative tone, and gazing critically at the person in question. "While his nose, I suppose, might be improved, his eyes really aren't—— But, Kenneth," with an impressive nod and a very nice air, "I decline to be led into a discussion. I can readily divine from your belligerent manner that you are thirsting for a quarrel, and being determined to maintain peace, I refuse to argue."

Then, a moment after, the dining car being comparatively empty, she says, in a coaxing tone, leaning back against the soft cushion of the seat with a comfortable, cozy air, as though she had no intention of moving for hours and was altogether contented with the prospect, "Now, tell me what you found so engrossing in that Denver paper? Really, I could enjoy a second cup of coffee—it is very nice—and you may talk to me while I drink it."

"Couldn't you be induced to have another muffin?" he asks, insinuatingly, remembering three for the disappearance of which he was not responsible.

"Thank you, no," replies his wife, politely. "If 'reading maketh a full man,' so do three muffins."

"I suppose one might be pardoned for referring to your quotation as 'breakfast Bacon,'" Kenneth suggests, with a kind of carefully dubious air.

"He can't help it," Dorothy murmurs, in accents apologetic, apparently addressing the salt-cellar; "it's in his Irish blood."

"At least the remark was pat," her liege lord returns.

Dorothy casts in his direction a glance utterly annihilating, and, scorning other response, repeats, "What was so interesting in that Denver paper?"

"How do you know there was anything that would prove of interest to you?" inquires Mr. Dayre, pleasantly—too pleasantly.

"'AS THE NEWLY ENGAGED COUPLE WERE ABOUT TO COMMENCE A GAME OF TENNIS CLAYTON SUDDENLY APPEARED.'"

"Wouldn't *anything* interest me that interested you?" answers his wife, with a much-injured air.

"Well, how do you know *I* was interested?" cross-questions Kenneth, solicitously, as though the discussion were one of serious moment.

"Kenneth, you are temporizing. I would not stoop to such subterfuge. Do you imagine me so obtuse that I cannot see you are simply trying to gain time? Answer at once. *What* was in that paper, and where did you get it?" She sits up very straight, essaying to look as impressive and

commanding as her four feet eleven inches will permit.

The enemy yields, and the order is given for a cup of hot coffee.

"I found the paper lying here on the seat when we came into the car," Kenneth explains, "and a name with which I was once familiar caught my eye and recalled an incident to my mind. The notice is very brief, only a few lines in the Telegraphic Brevities: 'John Clayton, of Glenniston, was killed in a saloon last night in a drunken brawl. The deceased was well but unfavorably known in many parts of Colorado, having led a vagrant life and figured frequently in the police courts. It is said the man claimed to be related to prominent families in the East.'"

"Did you ever know him?" asks Dorothy, in surprise.

"Yes. While I never liked the man, I knew him very well. Circumstances seemed continually throwing us together."

Kenneth pauses a moment as if arranging his story. Dorothy does not interrupt him.

"I knew him first at college," he commences, slowly and meditatively, "where he entered in the same class with me. Naturally we were thrown more or less together, and a semblance of friendship was kept up between us, but there was always underneath a spirit of antipathy. At the time I had never known him to do a dishonorable thing, and yet I could not overcome a kind of intuitive feeling that he was not deserving of respect."

For an hour the rain has fallen steadily, but the sun, scarce vanquished ere again in the ascendant, renders faintly luminous with promising gleams of coming brightness the scurrying clouds. The glittering drops course rapidly down the window pane in ceaseless succession; now they glide in sinuous curves, graceful, uniform, consistent; now deflect in sudden, eccentric tangents, progressing in devious lines, uncertain, capricious, changeful; now they cross and recross each other's glistening tracks; and now melt one into another, restless, incessant, falling at last in little splashes on the sill.

"You would not have liked him, Dorothy, I am sure," Kenneth continues, glancing absently at the brightening sky. "He was rather undersized—I remember him so well—very dark, with heavy brows, and eyes too close together. His mouth, it seemed to me, had in it something cruel; yet in spite of it all he was accounted a handsome man. The chin and jaw were strong and clearly chiseled. Indeed, there was nothing weak in the face, but there was also nothing gentle or relenting, and one easily divined that an injury, either fancied or real, he would never forgive."

Dorothy mentally contrasts with her husband the portrait he has drawn of the murdered man, noting for the thousandth time, with tenderness and pride, the almost boyish frankness of Kenneth's face, the direct gaze of his clear gray eyes, the sweetness of the mouth, only half concealed by the fair mustache.

"Poor fellow!" he goes on to say. "Perhaps he was not so much to blame. He inherited from his mother, I have been told, a melancholy, almost morbid temperament, and they, too much alike, could never meet without a disagreement and quarrel, while his father, whom he seems to have idolized, died suddenly when Jack was seventeen. Mr. Clayton had left a large estate, and Jack, the only child, expected to be a wealthy man. He mapped out for himself what his future life was to be. He would engage in no business. He would spend his time in reading and travel. He would be absolutely and entirely his own master."

Dorothy has forgotten to sip her coffee, which is growing cold, as she watches expectantly her husband's face.

"It was the old story of the dishonest trusted agent," he proceeds. "When Jack was in his last year at college it was discovered that much of his mother's property had disappeared, and that little more of his inheritance remained than would suffice for the completion of his college course. The disappointment embittered his already melancholy temperament, and perhaps—after all——"

Kenneth glances abstractedly at the newspaper, and then reads through several times the brief, tragic paragraph. He is silent for a time, lost in retrospect, then, suddenly recalling himself, murmurs, "He was not so much to blame."

He raises his hand to his forehead and pushes back the hair, rather as if to gain time to arrange the details of his story than as if the gesture were involuntary. Presently the narrative is taken up again.

"After we were graduated I did not see him until a year from the following August. I had been abroad in the meantime, studying and traveling, and he had been tutor to the crippled son of a rich merchant. On my return to America, early in August, I went directly to my father's country place, at Riverly-on-the-Delaware. Jack and his pupil were staying at the hotel. You may imagine how much Clayton enjoyed the routine of teaching and the subordination of his position.

"Well, one night at a hop given by the young people of Riverly in a large, barnlike hall, mea-

grely decorated with flags and Japanese lanterns, there appeared a stunningly pretty girl, dressed in some sort of soft pink stuff, and carrying a bunch of gorgeous American Beauties. Jack—undemonstrative, taciturn Jack—exclaimed that 'her beauty irradiated and glorified the bare ugliness of the place!' She was, really, fascinatingly pretty, but it was even more her bewitching little mannerisms that rendered her irresistible. She had a fashion of slowly pushing back the hair which curled around her forehead, looking at you the while out of her dark eyes with an appealing air as she hesitated a moment before speaking—and then her remark was usually a bit of impertinence to which you could not take exception if you tried.

"Before the evening was over half the men in the room were her slaves, but from the first she seemed to prefer Clayton and—and another man. I always wondered," hastily, "what she could see in Jack, but I suppose the very melancholy, the gloominess of his nature, so in contrast to the sunniness of her own, attracted her."

"And the other man?" asks Dorothy.

"He was just the usual sort. Nothing remarkable about him, but she seemed to like him for some reason or other. She was a flirt to her fingers' tips—all her baby innocence was but a sham—and she encouraged first one and then the other. Jack grew fearfully jealous, and was sullen and silent or wildly hilarious by turns. It never occurred to the other man to be jealous, for he despised Clayton too utterly as a rival, regarding the adored one's favors to him as only a manifestation of her sweet beneficence toward all human creatures.

"Well, to make a long story short, the self-confident swain proposed and was accepted. The next morning, as the newly engaged couple were about to commence a game of tennis, Clayton suddenly appeared. His face was dark and lowering. With slight preliminary he ordered mademoiselle's astonished companion immediately to discontinue his attentions to her, and when, in return, it was demanded by what right he arrogated to himself such authority, he replied, in a tone of mingled hatred and triumph, 'By my right as her affianced husband.' Tableau! He was politely called a liar for his pains. Carelessly shrugging his shoulders, Clayton responded, with a laugh, 'Suppose you try to prove it.'

"Mlle. la héroïne, as you may imagine, was not a little disconcerted by the turn affairs had taken, and seeking safety in flight, disappeared within the hotel. The two men separated without a word.

"Late that afternoon Jack's rival, after having spent the intervenient hours in alternate hope and despair, faith and distrust, obtained an interview with the much-agitated and confused young beauty, of whom he demanded an explanation of the morning's mystery. Then followed a *très mauvais quart d'heure*. Not to weary you with details, the perfidious young person explained that, while she had engaged herself to Mr. Clayton several days previously, it was only in fun, because he amused her with his tragic intensity; that she felt no affection for him, and had just told him so. She expressed deepest regret for her foolishness, begged forgiveness, and at last melted into tears on finding her outraged lover still furious and unrelenting. But to no avail. Clayton left Riverly that night, and the other man took his departure the following day, the former venting his outraged feelings in bitter hatred of his rival; the latter, cured of his infatuation, inveighing against all womankind.

"Whatever became of mademoiselle, I never heard. Jack went almost immediately to Colorado, where the other fellow also drifted some months later, the two, oddly enough, settling in Glenniston. I need not go into the details of how Clayton pursued with implacable hatred his quondam rival, stooping even to trying to fasten upon him the stigma of cheating at cards. Jack never married, but drifted from bad to worse until—you know the rest."

Dorothy does not speak for a moment, and then she asks, softly, "What became of the other man?"

"Oh, he returned East after a year or two," answers Kenneth, "the episode almost forgotten in the rough excitement, the continual change of a mining camp. He bore the fair deceiver no ill will; she had passed completely from his life. Instead," and Kenneth's voice grows tender as his eyes stray to his wife's sweet face, "he married a girl as infinitely her superior as the blue skies are above the earth."

And a truant sunbeam, idly straying, kisses lightly into gold the brown of Dorothy's pretty hair.

THE UNIFYING OF ITALY.

By Frederick S. Daniel.

THE two greatest European events of this century have been the welding of Germany into a strong power and the formation of Italy into an independent nation. The union of both as nations, so long dwarfed into many separated, small, clashing principalities, has been mutually helpful and was simultaneously completed in 1870. Both stand firmly now before the world, upon which they have had an increased influence in the common cause of civilization. To-day Italy, though up to 1848 merely "a geographical expression" as Metternich said, is ending the century as one of the five great powers of Europe, and, as a member of the Triple Alliance, plays an important part in European politics, more particularly in connection with France and the Papacy and its numerous adherents everywhere. The process by which the unifying of Italy was reached, and its actual results, constitute, therefore, subjects not only intrinsically instructive, but also have a very timely interest as bearing on the present troubled situation in the Old World.

COUNT CAMILLO BENSO DI CAVOUR.—CONTEMPORARY PORTRAIT, PUBLISHED AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH (1861).

VISIT OF GARIBALDI TO KING VICTOR EMMANUEL AT THE QUIRINAL, SEPTEMBER, 1875.

It may be said that Bismarck made United Germany, and that Cavour made United Italy, in so far as they were providential instruments and in so far as their single, though far-reaching, influence could go. It is very true that they appeared at the right moment to mold and direct the upheaval of two great nationalities ever strong in themselves, and then bursting to take a due share of sunlight, to act an untrammeled part, on the globe. The yearly increasing fame of these two statesmen stands, and will stand, in proof of their achievements. Their deserts are not to be detracted from either through the ripeness of the times in which they worked or through the abundant means that were at their disposal—material means on the side of Germany, moral means, or the force of universal public opinion and favor, on the side of Italy: their merits are clear and

unmistakable—each was indispensable to produce the results we now are witnessing.

Cavour and Bismarck were alike in many respects, in many widely different. The first, after an active career of thirteen years, had been laid in his grave at Turin the year before the second stepped on the political scene at Berlin, to run his much longer working stretch of twenty-eight years, from 1862 to 1890. Hence as Cavour was his precursor, it has been said that Bismarck used him as a model, and from him got the practicable suggestion of uniting Germany's scattered provinces. This may be so, yet in being the one man to do what he did, he was entirely original, for United Germany remains his Fact. Both were geniuses, though of the inferior order, since genius is to be classed in innumerable gradings, and seats among the summities are not to be cheaply had. In original statesmanship both stand unequaled since Washington. Of the two, Cavour exhibited the more comprehensive intellect; Bismarck displayed the stronger will in the sense of recklessness, of a kind so useful at moments, though Cavour's will, while cautious, was far more tenacious and obstinate. His whole life was the persistence in a single aim. He commenced the building up of Italy in 1849, and, absorbed in his set task day and night, never let go his hold until his premature death in June, 1861, and, dying, clutched still at all the threads he had been so masterfully weaving. "Get Rome and make it the capital of Italy!" were his last words.

The methods of both statesmen were pre-eminently diplomatic, invariably diplaying a proneness to *finesse*, keen ability, a skillfulness of course based on the last resort of kings and republics, viz., the main force of armies; the Italian's finessing was natural and graceful and made no mistakes, the German's was wholly artificial and occasionally blundered. The plans of both were at times accidentally checked. And it should be borne in mind that there was placed a constant personal check on Bismarck by the Prussian royal family grown into an idolized force of tyrannizing weight; and, finally, this checking weight falling into the hands of the present emperor's mother, ruled from the English court, laid the grand old man on the shelf at Friedrichsruhe Castle, where he is inclined to fret quite in a little national way, and according to the wont of statesmen forcibly retired. Cavour, on the other hand, never suffered from any like balking restraint. At the outset he pocketed Savoyard royalty, and so was enabled to rule supremely as prime minister in his little kingdom, where it was understood that Victor Emmanuel was a figurehead, the king only in title. "I and my king" was a formula which he frequently and freely made use of in referring to the king, who really admired him, and was only too happy over his own subjection.

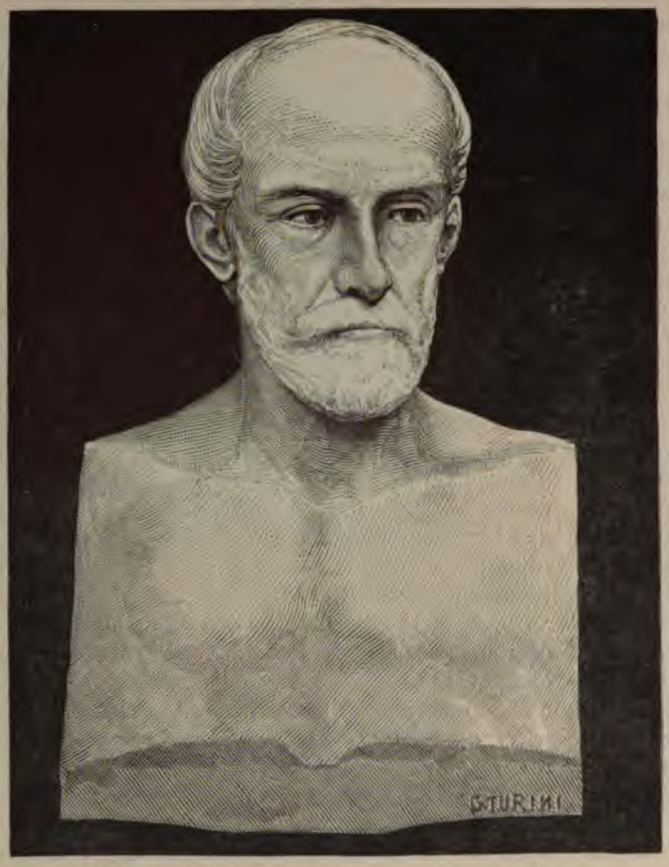
For the rest, Victor Emmanuel, whose reign from 1849 to 1878 will be memorable in history as the one under which the independence and unity of Italy were accomplished from 1849 to 1870, was thoroughly patriotic, courageous and honest far above the ordinary run of kings, and by his very effacement in the presence of Cavour contributed to the success of the cause. Endowed with meagre capacity, he had sense enough to do quickly whatever the premier required of him, and was more than content to leave statecraft in such able hands, while he himself indulged his jovial disposition in sportive pastimes, or fought with the army as "first soldier of Italy" without making the least pretense to generalship. Throughout his rôle was confined within negative limits, nor could it possibly have been contributive in any active sense. Even after Cavour's death, when so much remained to be done, it was the guidance of able counselors and the force of lucky circumstances that carried to completion the original plan and policy with comparative easiness. Still, as he was the reigning sovereign, nominally at the head of the movement, his name became so famous that his action during the momentous struggle was overestimated; the truth is, while it cannot be forgotten, its real dimensions were small, and will be so recorded on the page of history. Interment at Rome was thought to be his due, as the first king of Italy, and there now his remains lie splendidly entombed in that fine old edifice, "the Pantheon, pride of Rome," honored in death, as he was loved in life, by his countrymen. All the other members of the Savoyard royalty are entombed at the Superga, the royal burial place near Turin.

Leaving aside the national aspirations and capacities that naturally existed in Italy from the time of ancient Rome to the time of Napoleon I.—for though divided off the Italians were one people—the practical beginnings of Italian unity and independence are clearly traceable to the thorough shaking up which that conqueror gave to all Europe, and to no portion of it more than Italy, gifted and enthused by reminiscences and visible, tangible relics of an illustrious past. It was Napoleon I. who first, for his own selfish ambition, fired the modern Italians by stirring appeals addressed to their patriotism. "Your ancestors were great and glorious—take my hand, rise up and be something yourselves!" he told them. During twenty years he kept them in a continual state of agitation, made soldiers of them, and

then bequeathed the warring idea to germinate in the peninsula, which he recognized as the source of the Latin race, France its head. Upon his death Metternich dictated terms to Europe at the Congress of Vienna, and the celebrated Treaty of 1815, signed, truly, by the swords of the conquering Russian, Austrian, Prussian and English emperors and kings, rearranged the European map most capriciously and unfairly, and reinstated the secular *régimes* of ignorance and tyranny that Napoleon had knocked asunder with so much pleasure. Italy, especially, was sliced up once again and given into the virtual control of Austria and the Pope, with subservient princelets restored in Naples, Tuscany and Piedmont. During thirty-three years thereafter Metternich's policy of obscuring absolutism was paramount on the Continent, and Italy was militarily held as in a vise. A large Austrian army was stationed around immense fortresses in the two northern provinces of Lombardy and Venice, from which the rest of the peninsula was trodden into terror and abject submission. The dream of unity put forth by the middle-age and renaissance Italian poets and writers seemed then impossible of realization. Amidst the prevailing gloom and discouragement sporadic attempts at insurrection and revolution were made at various points in Italy, but were suppressed by the military with lightninglike rapidity.

Yet, meanwhile, national aspirations which had been so thoroughly aroused were ripening, and in the best way, by healthy, gradual, natural growth. At length a spark, the Paris revolt that overthrew King Louis Philippe, served to kindle the fires of the revolution of 1848, which speedily overflowed into Italy, Hungary, and even Prussia. The war for independence which was made in Italy from 1848 to 1849 by the Piedmontese king, Charles Albert, was the most important phase of that revolution. It was partially successful from a military standpoint, and lasted much longer than could have been at first expected, because the raw levies of insurgent Italy were no match for the numerous regulars of Austria led by Marshal Radetzky. During the campaign two remarkable characters destined to wide notoriety, Garibaldi and Mazzini, became first conspicuous by their share in furthering the movement, the first by arms, and the second by his high-sounding speeches and proclamations. Mazzini had been known as an agitator and plotter, and the uprising of the Romans gave him a coveted opportunity to try his hand at making and running the "God and people" brand of republic which was always so feasible in his own mind. Practically it amounted to nothing, and the only thing of mark done under the bubble Roman Republic which he fathered was the gallant defense of the city by the enthusiastically stubborn Garibaldi against the French force under General Oudinot sent to take it back, and which took it, for the Papacy, when Pius IX. returned to the chair of St. Peter from the Neapolitan fortress of Gaeta, where he had taken temporary refuge. The ending of the war for independence sent Mazzini back to London to proclaim and plot anew, and shipped off Garibaldi to the shores of the New World. He landed at New York, and in conjunction with a fellow countryman who gave him assistance turned his efforts for awhile into building up a candle factory on Staten Island; but as the business did not suit him, and his tastes found no congeniality in the peaceful, commercial atmosphere of the United States, he set sail for South America, the land of incessant revolutions and big pronunciamentos, and there, in the little republics south of Brazil, indulged freely his belligerent propensities during nine years. The struggle of 1848 lasted nearly a year only because of the incapacity of Radetzky, who displayed a good deal of the same old remarkable lack of generalship which characterized Austrian armies when opposed to Napoleon I., and seeming to be inherent in the Austrian Empire, almost wonderfully kept together, so constantly warring with numerous armies, and so generally defeated when with any fair director they should have won victories. It was Radetzky's overwhelming numbers alone that finally brought the fighting to a close on the bloody field of Novara, near Milan, in 1849, where the defeated king, Charles Albert, abdicated the crown of Piedmont and fled to Portugal to die an exile. His son, Victor Emmanuel, instantly succeeded as king, and, having submitted to Austria's terms of peace, hastened to Turin to take up his duties as ruler over the little kingdom, whose people the year previous had instituted a liberal constitution from which both king and parliament solely held their powers. From this moment, or the date of his accession to the throne, began the real, practical work for the unity of Italy, which, after the lapse of twenty-one years, was secured on the 20th of September, 1870, when Rome was at last captured from Pius IX. and the temporal power of the Papacy overthrown.

Turin, the capital of the new constitutional kingdom, which occupied hardly a fifth part of the peninsula, became at once the headquarters for many eminent refugees, proscribed, with their estates confiscated, in the other principalities; in unison with the free press and parliament they started a very effective propaganda warfare against the

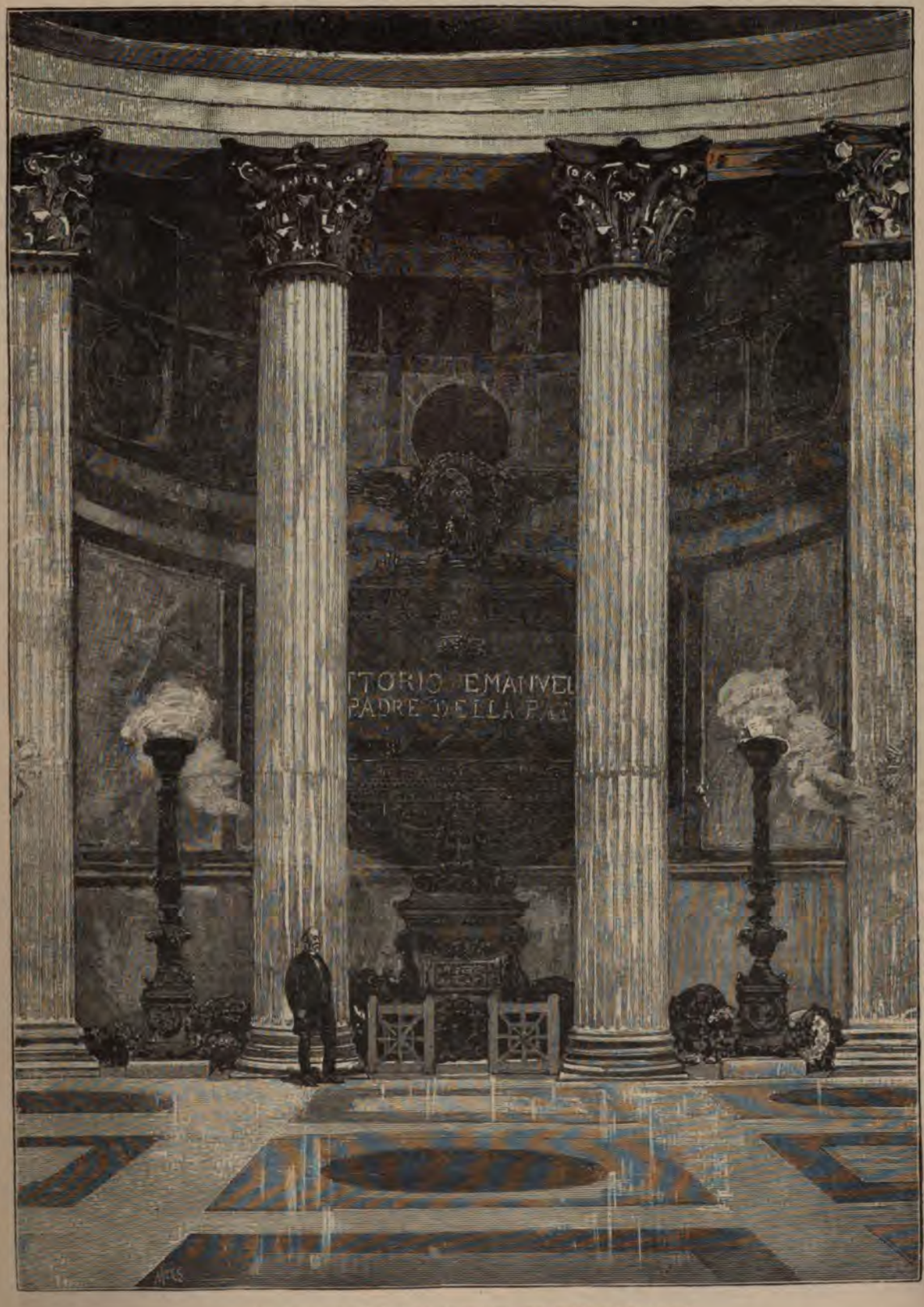


BUST OF MAZZINI, IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

two great obstacles to national unity, viz., Austria and the Papacy. Turin rose to an eminence and importance, therefore, such as it had never known before, and soon attracted the attention of the cabinets, press and people of other countries, not excluding the warmly sympathizing Republic of the United States. To an American journalist appointed to represent this country diplomatically at Turin the query was put before he started for his post: "Why in the world are you going to such a place as the Island of Sardinia? You might as well go to the Sandwich Islands—you ought to do better than that!" He replied: "You are not posted; Turin is not the capital of the Island of Sardinia, but of the Kingdom of Sardinia, and what I want to see there is the only experiment of constitutional government now in progress on the Continent." He was right in desiring to see it, as it was a most interesting and instructive study and spectacle for all who were so fortunate as to observe it "on the spot" and "from the life," as it were.

It was only after a couple of years of the new reign that it was made manifest to all that great aims were being conceived in the quiet, comfortable little capital—aims that possibly might one day be backed up with armies. As the seat of the only free parliamentary government on the Continent it ranked high, and when Premier Cavour fairly started with his prolific series of brilliant speeches and diplomatic notes its importance increased enormously. People everywhere inquired about Turin, as now confidently expecting great changes in European affairs to issue from its midst; and, as a matter of fact, this really was to be

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI IN EXILE—LONDON, 1837–1868.



TOMB OF VICTOR EMMANUEL, IN THE PANTHEON, ROME.

the outcome. Never before was a campaign of education so intense, active and efficient as the one then and there carried on for the promotion of Italian unity and liberation. The spirit of liberty had never been so rife, and there had never before been so many new agencies and instruments for its dissemination. The speeches that Cavour delivered in parliament were so many lightning bolts from the clear sky of his magnificent diplomatic couchings that smote Italy's enemies hip and thigh, without the slightest ability on their part to see or parry the blows. It was verily a new spectacle for all. The noising abroad of this prodigious novelty, to wit, official talking for the cause of freedom, swept like a whirlwind broadcast over the deadened military monarchies, influenced public opinion in them, and excited a lively interest above and beyond the dull, narrow doings of the courts and nobilities.

The decade from 1849 to 1859 was a busy period for Count Camillo Cavour (he was a genuine count, but cared not for the title, and always signed his notes in plain style, "C. Cavour"). In these few years he laid all his plans and made all his preparations for the work of Italy's redemption, which was his sole ambition. It is plain enough now that unity was virtually secured in these years of incessant study, activity, watchfulness, eager waiting, because he knew that he could not afford to make a miscalculation through overhurrying, and hence took his time and bided the right opportunity for striking. It was then that he originated his system of international politics based on the right of race nationality—a system which was to transform Europe and become, as it now is, generally accepted. He was the prime mover and practical executor of this modern conception, the central figure of his time, and therefore his personality and the manner in which he did his work rightly claim attention.

Born in Piedmont, Cavour was most familiar with the dialect of his native province, and he and "his king" invariably spoke together this wretched jargon-mixture of all tongues; it was not a little comical to hear them use it in weighty matters as well as in light chatting. But he also knew and spoke fairly well the Italian and French languages, not to mention a bit of broken English picked up while pursuing his studies in early life in England, which he left a warm admirer of its institutions, and which influenced him to remain as long as he lived a disciple of the English school of politics. As a student and as a diplomat he traveled and made himself acquainted with Europe's different countries, and the stock of solid information so gained was at once made use of through the press on his return home. His writings had a practical, stimulating drift, and attracted some attention even before the revolution of 1848, when he was called into the king's council; but he was unknown, except in a provincial way, until Victor Emmanuel appointed him prime minister. In this capacity he leaped immediately into eminence as an important personage to count with on the broad scene of European affairs. The citizens of Turin quickly perceived, when he took his high office, that there was a real man at the head of the government, and ere long they became so confident that he would turn out to be the father of his country, so attached to his free-and-easy ways, that they spoke of him familiarly and affectionately as "Papa Camillo," a designation that was adopted as a proud title throughout the peninsula. The cabinet that he formed was composed of able men whom he had the discernment to choose, for he was fully alive to his need of helpers, not mere clerks, and he knew moreover that these able men would ungrudgingly acknowledge his genius by giving him their best efforts, as in fact they did. Chief among his assistants were Rattazzi, Lamarmora and Lanza, who all eventually became noted prime ministers in their turn. He himself was premier and minister of foreign affairs, and, sometimes, in cases of death or resignation, took charge of several other departments at the same time. Foreign affairs, high state policy, he kept exclusively in his own hands, augmented the revenue by a more thorough system of taxation, and expended it freely wherever good could be effected, especially so for the army, which his colleague in the war office was urged to perfect for prospective campaigns. No dreamer, but intensely practical, he saw fighting ahead, and so prepared for it. "We will have to fight!" was an injunction he never tired of impressing on the workers gathered around him, and he made it his duty to see that each and all did their level best. He was exacting in his discipline, and it indeed yielded him fine returns. His management had very little regard for the ancient official routine which he found so deeply planted. Wherever he could reform, he did it with a progressive, revolutionary hand, and no old fogyism could be spared or stand in his way. For instance, one of his first measures was the taxing and confiscation of church property, something that had never been dreamed of before in the kingdom, where convents and monasteries had been considered exempted, sacred institutions; and this measure had a twofold aim—to make a direct, tangible attack on the Papacy, while putting much needed money in the state's treasury. This was the entering

wedge by which he brought on the conflict between the state and the church that he desired in order to place the discussion in a clear light before the world by means of the press and diplomatic notes. The challenge so given was promptly taken up, and the religious-temporal quarrel between Turin and Rome began in earnest, and was waged with bitter fierceness on both sides. It was his chief business to attack Austria and the Papacy, and he hastened to let them know they could expect no mercy from him. The many diplomatic missives which he and the Papal secretary of state, Cardinal Antonelli, exchanged were ably written from the point of view of each. Antonelli based his argument on law and precedent, while Cavour stood simply on the inalienable right of the Italian nationality to be free, regardless of all religious arrangements and interference. The discussion lasted long, but as soon as the premier had familiarized public opinion with his main ideas he curtailed the correspondence, because aware that the cardinal would keep the so proclaimed antagonism in sufficient prominence, and, for his own part, he had in hand another and more pressing business—to attack Austria.

The religious obstacle could be left aside for awhile, even left to the last, but Austria was first and foremost to be thrust out of the peninsula; and this was the problem to be solved, the hard knot of the whole situation. It could not be untied by negotiation with words, but was to be cut by the sword. The sword was indispensable, but where was it to come from? His own little army, so lately defeated, was utterly inadequate to cope with the powerful invader. As Italy could never free herself, it followed, of course, that her independence could only be gained by the arms and assistance of some foreign power. That being his fundamental idea, he determined to procure the help of the most powerful ruler in Europe, Napoleon III., then wielding the strongest military machine known, the French Army. The very idea of getting this help was enough to stagger the boldest; yet, withal, his daring, shrewd genius did enable him to get it, and, by getting it, Italian unity became what it is to-day.

With this fixed determination he kept his eye on France all the time, and, while waiting for the hour to make his appeal for help, busied himself in Turin with speeches in parliament and attending to diplomatic and financial affairs. His daily routine was passed between the Foreign Office and the Carignano Palace, in which sat the "House of Commons," of which he was the leader, after the true English, Palmerston style. The two edifices were not far apart, and he always walked when going between them, and he was called upon to do so several times a day, to receive a foreign diplomat, or to hear and reply to a speech. His route was along the same streets, across the Palazzo Castello square and under the Fiera porticoes, and no sooner did he appear moving along with his slow gait, and dragging a big cane by his side, than the passers began to point him out with the smiling remark, "Papa Camillo!" But their smiles were as nothing to the beaming look apparently stereotyped upon his countenance, which was the picture of quizzing, mocking good humor. Though not striking, his air was distinguished; he was low in stature, somewhat chunky and fat, though not awkward or homely, very fair in complexion, with light hair, a round head with regular features, and, as he was nearsighted, he constantly wore a pair of steel spectacles. His eyes were sharp and keen, observant and commanding. He dressed elegantly in black cloth — the old-fashioned broadcloth—and, whether in his seat in parliament or standing amidst the diplomatic corps at a court ball or review, his easy manners made him a favorite, for no one was more accessible or approachable. When speaking in parliament his gestures were few, his style grave and matter-of-fact, whether announcing cogent arguments or making witty rejoinders, and his wit was of a superior kind, enjoyed by all present, even his antagonists, when its incisiveness did not alight on their own individualities. The press helped his oratory by spreading it broadcast over Italy. There were two very able papers at Turin. One, the *Union*, edited by Bianchi-Giovini, fought for the cause of Unity, while the other, the *Armonia*, edited by Don Margotti, contended as vigorously for the Papacy and for Austria. Their articles were copied far and wide, and exerted an extensive influence on the popular mind.

When the Crimean War occurred Cavour offered the aid of Piedmont with a corps of 15,000 men to the Allies, who willingly accepted, and General Lamarmora commanded them, and assisted in the taking of Sebastopol, Russia's great fortress in the Black Sea. The premier was only too glad of this little opportunity to curry favor with France and England, and especially with Napoleon III., who was ever on the lookout for allies; besides, he was thus placing prospective Italy on the strong, winning side. Still another opportunity offered to bring him nearer to his desired goal, and he seized it with alacrity. The king's daughter, Princess Clotilde, having arrived at a marriageable age, he proposed that she should be made the means of forming an alliance between the Napoleonic and Savoyard dynasties, and Victor Emmanuel consented. Her marriage with

Prince Napoleon was agreed upon between Cavour and the French emperor in their now historical interview, which took place at Plombières in the autumn of 1858. Something more was agreed upon in that interview, and in substance it was to the effect that the emperor would drive Austria out of Italy by force of arms in return for the cession to the empire of two provinces belonging to the Sardinian Kingdom—Savoy and Nice. Cavour's tact, skill and eloquence convinced the emperor that success was in store for them; that the empire wanted precisely that public opinion and favor which was supporting the Italian cause, and that by freeing Italy he would acquire imperishable fame—and in this he was not mistaken, for that is the only important act of Napoleon III. which his collapse left standing. In this way it was not a one-sided bargain, and Cavour thus placed himself in other than a suppliant attitude at the feet of the powerful ruler whose word or nod meant so much.

THE PRINCE OF NAPLES, ROYAL HEIR APPARENT.

When he returned home rumors of good news for Italy were speedily and secretly set afloat, and the rumors proved to be true forerunners of facts. The marriage occurred in January, 1859, and the French army, headed by the emperor, crossed the Alps in April following, and in conjunction with the Piedmontese defeated the Austrians in two battles, Magenta and Solferino, and drove them across the Mincio into the quadrilateral fortresses. The French success was so easy and rapid that

BREACH AT THE PORTA PIA, THROUGH WHICH THE ITALIAN TROOPS ENTERED ROME, SEPTEMBER, 1870. FROM A CONTEMPORARY PHOTOGRAPH.

HUMBERT I., KING OF ITALY.

Prussia, though then ruled by weak and sluggish ministers, instinctively became alarmed, and, on the strength of Austria's membership of the old German Confederation, threatened to take a hand in the war if the emperor continued it. Thereupon the emperor, who did not feel very well established at home or abroad, prudently concluded to stop, and cut short the high-sounding programme of freeing Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic, which he had announced when he left Paris for the seat of hostilities. Cavour felt sore over the check, but he could not help himself, and his own countrymen were so indignant and disappointed that they compelled him to resign so as to make their only possible show of resentment. The emperor returned, on his way back to Paris, through Turin, and rode through its streets, seated beside the king in the royal carriage, but the vexed and mourning citizens were chary of scattering flowers and applause as they paraded to the royal palace. The emperor was vexed, too, but he put on the look of a victor who had done Italy some service—and truly he had, for he had done the most difficult job, driven Austria out of Lombardy.

Later Cavour came to the understanding with him that the bargain of ceding Savoy and Nice could be justified by his allowing the Italian army to take possession of the Pope's territory (excluding Rome itself, held by French troops), and of the King of Naples's kingdom. The treaty of cession was signed in the spring of 1860, and the two provinces were duly annexed to France, to which they belong still. In this connection a very amusing occurrence took place in Turin, where Garibaldi was sojourning. He was a native of Nice, and, considering himself to be an Italian of Italians, he was enraged over the cession of his native province to the foreigner. As soon as he heard the news he became frenzically wrathful, and appealed to the United States Minister at Turin to raise the American flag over Nice in order to prevent its annexation to France! The enthusiastic warrior was so wrathful, in fact, that he could scarcely utter speech, much less weigh the preposterousness of the demand he made. Cavour, who understood and greatly admired him, quieted his anger by placing him, a month after, in command of an expedition of filibusters, "The Thousand," sent from Genoa to capture Sicily, which they did almost without striking a blow; but, subsequently, Garibaldi was unable to take the Neapolitan fortress of Gaeta, and the royal army was ordered to his assistance for the purpose of entirely crushing out the adherents of King Bomba, when this was easily done. At the same time the royal army invaded the states of the Pope, and took all his territory except the so-called "patrimony of St. Peter," the reserved district of Rome held by the French troops by way of precaution against revolutionists since the year 1848. There only now remained outside of the Italian fold Rome and Venice, two gems which the premier at once set to work to capture: but before his plans could be put into execution his career was ended by his death, which plunged Turin and all Italy into despair.

Thus the only substantial gains made in the cause of Italian unity were the results of Cavour's genius. The solid work he performed centred universal interest on him, and the class of enthusiasts and idealists, of whom Mazzini was the principal, were left with little to rant about, and quite neglected by the public gaze. Mazzini, however, persisted in his usual agitation, as if nothing had happened; and indeed conspiracy had become second nature to him. His sincere patriotism and high sentiments had had before the war of 1859 a limited beneficial influence; but after that year his advocacy dwindled into a small-comedy light. He lived to see the completed unity of his beloved country, and was honored by the government and people at his death, in 1872, by a magnificent funeral and lying-in-state in the Capitol at Rome. Certainly Mazzini and Garibaldi, who was similarly honored upon his death a few years later, were factors in gaining the independence of Italy, but comparatively minor factors, by no means necessary: not to their minute, fragmentary exertions was it due, but alone to the brilliant genius and solid labor of Camillo Benso di Cavour.

His plan, so far built upon by himself, was rounded out to a finish quite accidentally, indirectly and easily, through the uprising of another genius in a foreign land, Bismarck, to whom Germany and Italy are so much indebted. In promoting his own ambitious scheme of unifying the Fatherland he sent the German army in 1866 to attack Austria on its northern frontier, and, by treaty of alliance, induced the Italians to attack at the same time the Austrian army ensconced in Venice and the quadrilateral fortresses, on the empire's southern frontier. Victor Emmanuel was counseled to seize this extraordinary chance by Rattazzi, a man of ability, and the cleverest of Cavour's successors. The attack was made, and substantially resulted in keeping Austria's armies widely separated from each other, though, while the Germans succeeded splendidly at Sadowa, the Italians were defeated at Custozza. Bismarck then had Austria crushed at his feet, and could have annexed it save for the trick which Napoleon III. played upon Prussia—the same, in fact, that

the latter had played against him in the campaign of 1859—by declaring that he would interfere if Austria should be unduly punished. Bismarck announced that he would let go his hold provided the cabinet of Vienna would cede Venice to his Italian allies. This Francis Joseph consented to do, and ceded it nominally to the interference made in his behalf by the Emperor Napoleon III., for him to dispose of it at his will and pleasure. Venice was thus secured through and by Napoleon III., secondarily acting. It was he also who at last added Rome, indirectly and involuntarily, by being compelled to withdraw his soldiers who were protecting the Pope during the war of 1870, when the Italian troops under Generals Cadorna and Bixio battered down the Porta Pia, entered through the breach, and took the city, that became from that instant the capital of the united peninsula.

Since its union Italy has leaned upon Germany by preference and of necessity, and readily helped to form the Triple Alliance for the special overawing of France. This is why the French unanimously and loudly proclaim Italy to be the most ungrateful of nations, and manifest on all occasions a bitter opposition against Italians, individually and collectively. Indeed, riots are frequently raised in France against Italian laborers, and they are forced to leave the country. Italy replies that Napoleon III. was paid with Savoy and Nice, and that her feelings are as ever kindly toward France, but that these cannot be allowed to go so far as to let her have her own way just now, because she might, and probably would, restore Rome to the Pope and pull to pieces the unity that Cavour built up. This is why the Papacy, also, has been compelled to lean upon France, even under partially hostile republicanism; and besides, France has ever been the strongest, as she is to-day the only strong, Catholic nation of the world.

There has been substantial improvement in Italy since attaining its independence. The political condition is fairly good, though bereft of any original, powerful guidance such as Cavour gave. Its politics are carried on with the momentum acquired under him, and it is as much as his very ordinary successors can do to keep them running in the set routine. In the last few years Prime Minister Crispi, alone, gained some notoriety on account of his efforts in promoting the Triple Alliance, and the reigning king, Humbert, continuing his father's example of ready acquiescence in ministerial decisions, remains its steadfast friend, in spite of all the manœuvres made by the Vatican to detach him. This policy has produced excessive burdens in the way of taxation, quite setting at naught true economy, and hence the material suffering of the people has been, and is still, keenly felt. Some alleviation has been obtained through emigration to the New World, generally of the poorest and worst, ay, criminal, elements of the population, nearly doubled in the last three decades and now over thirty millions; and it is truly and openly proclaimed that the country could spare ten millions and be the stronger. The social status is altogether higher, owing to the influence of education and the increased interprovincial intercourse. In science, literature and art, however, there has been greater barrenness than under the old *régimes*, as attention has been more strictly confined to material development. The Italian character in itself was too fixed under the degradation of so many centuries to have perceptibly altered. Subjection to a lengthened train of peculiar if not unique surroundings, resulting in highly detrimental developments, yielded its originally wretched and enduring outgrowth. It has terrible defects, plainly due to the prolific soil and easy climate, which have always bred an excessive sensualism leading directly to the nourishment of passions based upon violent, unhealthy action. There is reason to believe that the changed national condition may in the long run bring about in this respect a betterment, and that the race, certainly gifted with the "*prime-sautier*" order of mind, may again afford the world valuable contributions, as it undeniably did in former ages.

MARGHERITA OF SAVOY, QUEEN OF ITALY.

THE GROUP ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

RIDING THE BLOCKADE OF PLEVNA.

(*September*, 1877.)

By Archibald Forbes.

A battlefield by night, with just a small crescent of the moon and a few bright stars to light up the ground covered with dead bodies, all lying in different positions, some dreadfully shattered, some apparently quite uninjured, as though the spirit had fled without reason and left the body while yet it slept. Close by the battlefield is a huge redoubt of earth surrounded by a trench. On the top of the redoubt and in the trench are hundreds of soldiers; running down from the trench near the fort are yet other intrenchments, from the top of which project many scores of bayonets, the steel of which glistens in the soft moonlight and starlight rays, and tells of great numbers of armed men hidden away in the fosses. In the distance, on an opposite hill, sparkle many fires—the camp fires of a large army. Now and then the sound of a bugle is heard; sometimes a flash as from a cannon is seen, and then a shell comes hurtling and screaming over the redoubt. Close to the fort itself is a little cavalcade fresh from a valley in the rear. Having been challenged, the sentry is now waiting till it can explain why it is there in the dead of the night. Such was our position as I halted, and had time to gaze over those dreadful environs of Osman's stronghold.

I suppose the frequent contemplation of ghastly scenes renders a man very callous to even the most dreadful spectacles; yet it was with feelings of no ordinary emotion that I looked around on the ground where still lay eight thousand unburied Russian corpses. For here had raged the fiercest of the fight on those two terrible days—the 11th and 12th instant; here the enemy had fallen like wheat beneath the scythe. Taken between two fires, broken, dispersed, demoralized, they had run hither and thither helplessly for shelter, the while that the pitiless bullet, bayonet, sabre and shell were doing their deadly work. And here were the fearful results. Great heaps of dead literally covered the ground, many lying one upon another, having fallen so thickly as not to find room upon the bare earth whereon to die. They were in every conceivable posture—had received every description of wound. As I looked upon the

scene I said to myself, Who shall say that any picture of battlefield is unlike the reality, when there is more variety of horror here than mind can imagine? Many of the bodies were naked, others nearly so, having been stripped by Bashi-Bazouks and others needing clothes. Most of the dead were very young, mere striplings, not at all fit for the hardships of war—beardless boys with thin faces and fair hair, who ought to have been at home learning to read and write and gain an honest livelihood. They were to be found in holes where they had apparently hidden themselves when the storm of fire burst upon them, hoping against hope that they might perchance escape; they were by hundreds in the fosse of the redoubt, where they had been killed in trying to get over its parapet; they were under the hedges; two had been killed in a tree, and were there still lying athwart the boughs; wherever it was possible for them to be found, there they were. I believe M. Lorie sketched a heap lying immediately under the parapet of the fort.

Having seen many battlefields, it yet remained to me to be amazed at the terrible slaughter that had taken place on this hill. I know that the Turks did not suffer severely, although they were first of all beaten on the redoubt, and afterward had to retake it; and I cannot attempt to explain it. All I know is that twenty-four cartloads of Turkish dead—in all perhaps one hundred and twenty bodies—were first of all removed from the field yesterday morning. Then another lot, say one hundred, were taken away and buried. After this I saw four carts, holding fifteen or twenty, and I believe about sixty more bodies were afterward found on the field—in all three hundred or so. But here were eight thousand Russians lying stark and cold. Our wounded would amount to another seven hundred, or perhaps a few more; in all, perhaps, one thousand or one thousand one hundred Turks were put out of combat. The Russians had left eight times the number behind them; and I am quite unable to explain it on any other ground than that at last the Russians were so terror-stricken that they were unable to run, and so were caught and killed without very much trouble.

We had started once before from Plevna, and failed in our effort. Our troubles on that first occasion were manifold from the beginning. One of the baggage horses rolled over, a cavalier was dismounted, and we had to halt every few moments for some one in trouble. When at length we neared the first fort a serious difficulty began.

It was very dark; we could hear Turkish soldiers calling out to know who we were, and threatening to fire, and yet could not ascertain their whereabouts. "Where are they?" was the question we asked each other the while that we tried to scan all the ground immediately above us, when a guard descended from the hill and took us all into custody. It was not a very serious matter, though it afterward appeared that the men were just about to fire when somebody suggested it might be as well to ascertain who the strangers were. We quickly told our story, and were passed on to the second battery.

But now came a far more serious difficulty. We must go up to the redoubt which had but lately been taken by surprise at the top of the hill, and to do this we must ascend in the very face of all their men, in the dark. Worse than all, though we did not know it at the moment, was the fact that a large body of Russians had been seen near the redoubt shortly before sunset, and that the troops had been told to keep a sharp lookout, especially for cavalry. A sharp lookout they certainly kept, for we had not gone more than half a mile or so before we were challenged, and had only time to rein up before arms were presented at us, and we were once more nearly erased from the list of able and effective men. Happily for us, the soldiers were very cool; they contented themselves with covering us with the muzzles of their rifles till we were safely inside the intrenchments without power of escape had we been foes, and then the commandant of the fort was sent for, and we formed the group on the battlefield of which I have already told you.

The commandant said we must go no further. "I have seen five thousand Russian cavalry down in the hollow yonder myself," said he, "to-day; and there are great numbers of infantry there, too. They will attack us in an hour. If they do not, you may go on." In vain I urged that the Circassians could take us by a bypath. The commandant would not hear of it. "Circassians!" he said. "They will either run away and leave you, or murder you themselves. Do not go." I still thought that I might succeed, and again begged to be allowed to proceed. The commandant hesitated, the more so as I showed him a permit to pass, given me by Osman Pasha, when at this critical moment the Turkish colonel who was with us showed the white feather. "He would not go to certain death," he said, and he began to undo the cords of a pack horse which contained some of his and my baggage. Instanter there was a mutiny. The sergeant said he would retreat if his officer did. The Greek groom declared he would go no further; and a Bulgarian, who was with us to lead a pack horse, got down from his saddle and said he, too, would return.

My hopes of escape were dashed in a moment. The eloquence of the Turkish commandant and the fright of the Turkish colonel had done it all. One of the Circassians now gave in, and urged me not to go. I was obliged to return.

Strange enough, about an hour later the Russians did attack that very redoubt in great force, fighting for two or three hours, and adding some hundreds more to their dead already on the field, gaining nothing, and wasting ammunition. So that, perhaps, on the whole, we were better off than we might otherwise have been, although to me the scheme appeared feasible. I am bound to say that in all this I was supported by M. Victor Lorie, who never flinched for a moment, and who would certainly have accompanied me to the last.

How I eventually escaped from the blockade at Plevna, and rendered myself at Pera, is necessarily a matter which more intimately interests me than anyone else. As, however, in the course of that twenty-nine hours' ride from Plevna to Orhanie, previously mentioned, I noted sundry curious facts in the interior as well as the environs of the Russian camp, I may, perhaps, be pardoned if I narrate my experience.

Saturday afternoon, September 15th, had nearly run its course, when four ruffians, whose faces would have entitled any one of them to summary conviction before any magistrate, entered my tent at Plevna. Was it true that I was searching for guides to Orhanie? It was, undoubtedly. What would I pay, considering the risk to be run? "That," I replied, "has already been fixed by Osman Pasha. Whoever takes me through the Russian lines will have two thousand piasters." Hereupon a long parley ensued, during which the dangers of the trip were dwelt upon, and more money demanded, which was steadfastly refused. At last some sort of agreement was made, and then came the arrangement of details.

I was to wear my sword and revolver, dress as nearly like a Russian as possible, and especially in the matter of headdress eschew a fez. We could only take the slightest quantity of baggage; nothing that would rattle or clank would be permitted, and I must be prepared to fight at any moment, as running would probably be out of the question. All of which having also been agreed to, we adjourned to Osman Pasha's tent to get permission to start.

At first my hopes were dashed. "You cannot go," said the marshal. "You will never get through. Of thirty Circassians who have tried singly, only two have ever succeeded; the others have been captured and killed: it is impossible

"MY TURN CAME THIRD."

OSMAN PASHA.

for a party of several men to go through the Russian camp without being caught. And even if it were possible, I am very certain that you would then only have jumped out of the frying pan into the fire; for, failing the Cossacks, your own Circassians would murder you for the sake of your horse and your clothing."

In vain I pleaded that I must make the attempt at all hazards. The marshal sat without uttering a word for several minutes. At last he said: "Well, if you will go, do so; it is certain death. You have but a very poor chance of escape. But since you are determined to try, I will take care that Circassians do not kill you; for I will send a couple of Zaptiehs with them to guard you from your friends. If you are to be murdered, Cossacks shall have the task, not your own rascals;" saying which, he sent for two men, one a Circassian himself, but a trusty military policeman for all that, and the other an Albanian Turk, to whose care he confided me, with sundry menaces in case aught but a Cossack should chance to touch me; and ordering the Circassians to divide the reward with these men, bade me "adieu," and so let us go.

Six o'clock saw our little party of eleven quitting the town of Plevna by a narrow path which runs just under the Gravitza redoubt. Thus we were fairly on our way. A bright night, with a risen moon, not a cloud in the heavens—everything about as favorable for such a trip as might be. On we went; the Circassians, two abreast, jogging silently along, with their Winchester rifles slung over their backs, each, however, charged with twelve cartridges; then the Albanian Turk, next myself and servant, a groom with a baggage horse, the last Zaptieh with a spare horse for me, my own having been wounded twice during the battle of the 12th, and still suffering from a suppurating bullet hole below the knee; last of all the Turkish officer with his servant, and another horse for case of extreme need.

During the first hour all went well enough; indeed, too well, for to my astonishment the Turkish cavalry outposts failed to challenge us, perhaps recognizing the Circassian headdress, and let us go on without a moment's delay. It was polite and agreeable, but not soldierlike. We had now some little distance to traverse before we should reach the Russian lines, but what that might be we had no means of knowing; it was now, therefore, that our task began to be very difficult, as we had innumerable reasons for not stumbling upon a line of sentinels anywhere just then. We had accordingly to send out scouts, each taking it by turn, to see if the road was clear—a task which, I am bound to say, is much more exciting than pleasant, especially if you chance to be mounted on a wounded horse.

It so happened that I was the first to see a little camp fire and a number of men lying upon the ground, a spectacle of some interest, as betokening the serious approach of danger. I told our Circassians what I had seen, and indicated the direction; upon which one of them, changing his cap and sundry other articles of dress in such a way as to become, in a minute or so, the very type of a Cossack, rode to the front, and gallantly leading us on at a gentle trot, was soon up to the place where their infantry lay. In the very best Russian, I suppose, he answered their challenge. At least, I suppose he talked to them in their own loved tongue, for the idiots let us pass them at once, and we were instantly free in the Russian lines.

I remember in my very early days gloating over the adventures of Fenimore Cooper's heroes, and enjoying the imaginary romantic adventures of the men who so pleasantly eluded their dusky pursuers; but I am bound to say that the realities of that Saturday night were far from being agreeable. Do what we would, we seemed to be treading upon bayonets and sabres at every step—not actually, of course, but figuratively—for, despite the precaution we took of halting every few moments, it was by the merest accident over and over again that we did not rush into the arms of

the very men we were trying to avoid. The party would be halted, men and horses would hide up together, and we would be obliged to wait perhaps a quarter of an hour in order to let some party of stragglers, going from one part of the camp to another, pass by without noticing us. Then we would be led by all kinds of winding paths, keeping as much as possible in the shadow of the hills and trees, or cautiously threading our way through a field of thick maize, till another whispered "Halt!" was heard, and we all had to cower down again.

THE COSSACKS ON THE RIDGE.

A second time infantry challenged us, and again the Circassian dressed as a Cossack quieted them. We were fortunately not challenged by cavalry. At one time, after skirting the foot of a round and large high hill, on which a great number of small camp fires and one very large one (which we, rightly or wrongly, took for the headquarters camp fire) were burning, we going so close as to be able to hear the voices of the men who sat round the blaze, and to see their faces distinctly, came to a little open plateau upon which the moon shone brightly. How I wished that a great black cloud would come and smother that tantalizing crescent, as it beamed out and made the plateau nearly as light as day! I am a devout admirer of nature. Any other time I should have been rapt in ecstasy at the sight of that moon and the landscape it lit up; but now I felt as though the "bonnie bright moon" were a Russian. What were we to do? There were no means of skirting the open space; we must go across, and a long conference in whispers took place. At last it was settled that each member of the party should take it in turn to dash across the plain, alone, an interval of time elapsing between each essay.

My turn came third, and how satisfied I presently was to find that I had flitted over without getting a shower of bullets I need scarcely say. At length all were safely across, and we started again; but not a moment too soon, for we had scarcely entered a little valley, in the shadow of which we were jogging along, when we saw, on the ridge just above our heads, a hundred Cossacks or so, who, for reasons best known to themselves, happened at that moment also to halt. You may be sure we did not question their right to do so. On the contrary, we crouched down, holding our horses' heads with one hand, and our firelocks with the other, hoping earnestly that the Cossacks would not descend the hill, but somewhat afraid that they would. As we waited the hoarse whisper of the Albanian Turk was heard, and his counsel was that every man should be ready to fire at a moment's notice, but that no one should do so unless the Cossacks came down upon us, and only when they came to within ten yards. We were then all to blaze away as fast as possible, and the moment the Cossacks were startled and confused make an attempt to retreat into the maze of wooded country close by. There we squatted like a band of brigands, every moment seeming an hour, till the Cossacks once more mounted with a great clatter and rode on.

Yet even now a *contretemps* occurred. My wounded stallion, which hitherto had been quite let, neighed loudly before the enemy were two hundred yards off. How he was seized by three Circassians, thumped, tied round the mouth and kicked I need not tell. We heard the Cossack steeds neighing in return. Would they come back? we asked, as we listened with our ears on the ground.

A few anxious moments—no sound of return—and then one of our party stole to the top of the ridge, and peering cautiously over, saw the Russians going quietly away. How joyfully we hailed the signs he made!

Boot and saddle once more, and the gentle, wary amble again. Still very carefully; so carefully, indeed, that the clanking of my sword against a spur caused the whole cavalcade to halt, so dangerous was even the slightest noise in that still night's ride deemed. We were now in the very centre of the Russian lines. All around—fortunately some distant, though some were close—burned the lights of their camp fires, and we were fast approaching a village which we believed to be that of Gravitza. A strange route for safety, truly, and a still stranger one considering that we needed to reach Lukowitz by daylight, but yet the only path at all open. I carefully watched the moon as we approached the open piece of ground on which the village stands; it actually seemed to look harder than ever out of the heavens and to burn more brightly than before. "Bonnie bright moon," I thought, "would that I had the power of quenching thy beams for one short night!"

The Circassians seemed aware that a new danger awaited us here, for they halted and began to listen carefully. Three dismounted and went on a reconnoitring trip, returning in about a quarter of an hour to say that all was apparently clear. We must skirt the village, keeping as far from it as possible on account of the Bulgarian dogs, which would be sure to bark if they scented us.

Scent us they did with a vengeance five minutes later, when they began such a *tapage* as made our blood, as well as ourselves, stand still. Lights were moving in the village, too; somebody was evidently aroused, and then we were not three hundred yards distant.

Down got every man; down went every horse into a kind of deep ditch or ravine, and there we rested half an hour while the dogs' barking died away, and the lights ceased to move. We must be up and ride hard, it was clear.

So it went on all night. Once we came to a hill, down the broad uncovered face of which we had to descend in full view of another village, the name of which I know not; though, as we had again by this time changed our course to a westerly direction, and soon afterward forded a

stream, I imagine it to have been either Karagui or Rakwo. Dogs barked again, and we had another gallop. Then we rode, passing the hills by Aglen, and had to push through a path which was so narrow and so overhung with interlacing branches and tendrils of strong plants that we could hardly get along, and had to use our swords, gently, it is true, but frequently, to cut a way for ourselves. The moon had by this time gone too, and the night was now dark, so that difficulties in the way of locomotion increased.

At last we saw the first streaks of gray dawn, and with it heard the voice of our leader to go quickly. "Haideh! Chabouk!" "Get along, quick!" said he, and we all made a rush over hill and valley for a long hour, our horses sometimes stumbling and sometimes pitching, but always going on, till just as daylight came we ran down the hill into the village of Lukowitz, and without more ado entered the yard of a Bulgarian farm.

The place into which we had thrown ourselves contained two houses with a yard, in which still slumbered some seventy persons of all ages belonging to six families. My first thought was to throw myself on a little straw on the ground and seek a quarter of an hour's repose; and so well had I carried out my intention that I was already dreaming of much more comfort than I enjoyed, when a Circassian tapped me on the shoulder and said longer sleep was out of the question, as the Cossacks were close at hand, and we must be off.

A morsel of bread, with some honey which the Bulgarians gave us and a drink of water, was all we could take; we were again in the saddle immediately, and once more we rode on.

Now it was broad daylight, and we had to traverse all the long span to Jablanitza, up to which place the Russians had penetrated many times and oft before. The journey was becoming very interesting—indeed, I heartily wished for a little less amusement. However, we went forward, singly now, with a baggage horse in charge of the Greek groom, and my spare horse with the Albanian Zaptieh, in the rear. Every man had to scout, as we might be surprised at any moment. I chose the left-hand side of the path, as my horse, being wounded, was somewhat untrustworthy, and I desired to catch a glimpse of the enemy first if possible.

Perhaps it was lucky I did so, for not an hour after we left Lukowitz I saw some dark body moving on my left not half a mile distant, and gave the alarm. Away we went and on they came, we rapidly distancing them all, except the spare horse and the baggage carrier, which could not come fast. The Cossacks were gaining on them every moment, and it was clear must catch them. So thought the Zaptieh and groom, for at that moment they let go both spare horses and galloped on to save themselves, so that I lost at once most of my clothes and other things, and a couple of steeds.

I will only say one word about that white horse. From the bottom of my heart I hope some distinguished officer in the Russian service will be on his back when the roar of the battle is heard. If so, he will come to certain and headlong grief, and I shall be avenged. For that vicious nag no sooner hears a well-sustained fire close by than he stops, throws himself down and rolls over. I tried to cure him of the habit, but happily never succeeded.

To leave the horses—we went on as fast as possible, and soon lost sight of our pursuers; but we did not slacken our pace materially till we reached Blaschnitzchevo, where we halted for ten minutes, but whence we were once more obliged to run another short chase. Yet, as we had now nothing to lose, nothing was lost, and toward five o'clock we entered Jablanitza, where we found a hospitable Bulgarian, who stealthily gave us some bread and a little piece of meat. He shook hands with me five or six times, and wished me all kinds of success, though he could not speak a sentence of my language, and I not a word of his. The only really good Bulgarian, I think, I have ever seen. He was almost alone in the village; all others had flown, and were encamped on the roads for many miles away. We had to move on, for we must reach Orhanie that night, still six hours' hard ride; for there were dispatches from Osman Pasha—relating, I suppose, to re-enforcements—to deliver; and I also had a telegram to send.

Away once more, riding our hardest over the weary roads, passing scores of thousands of miserable refugees on our journey, starving, helpless, without home, without hope in the world. Far away from Christian sympathy, the objects of Christian hate, these poor Moslem women and children moaned out their misery to us, all unable to help or soothe them. I gave away a little money to them—all I could spare—and what bread we had was freely divided. It was the only thing we could do. Orhanie was reached at eleven o'clock, after twenty-nine hours' hard riding—all of us very weary, but very grateful.

Afterward, three hours' sleep, and so by Araba to Sophia, traveling all day, and seeing continually the same awful spectacles of misery everywhere.

Thus Sophia was reached, and next day Tatar Bazardjik—I traveling always till Stamboul came in sight, and my journey was finished.

PECULIAR PETS.

By J. Carter Beard.

Nothing seems better calculated to bring out the best part of the nature of the brute creation, or to increase their mental capacity, than close intimacy with the human race. There are, to be sure, some notable exceptions to this rule. The sheep, the goat and the donkey seem to be benefited neither mentally nor physically by being brought under man's dominion, the wild members of these races excelling their familiar tame congeners as much in intelligence, strength and activity as in their handsomer forms and more graceful bearing. But apart from these and a few others, of so wild or ferocious or so dull or insensible a nature as to preclude all idea of domestication, the true and only way rightly to comprehend the characters of animals is to live in close association with them; to gain their friendship, their entire confidence, and to observe their apparently most trivial actions with the closest attention. The most fascinating study of this kind is that of odd animals it has, perhaps, seldom occurred to anyone to make pets of. Curious, quaint creatures from remote corners of the world present unread pages of natural history to the investigator of their peculiarities. One of the queerest pets with which it has ever been my fortune to become acquainted was a North American porcupine. There are two species of this animal inhabiting our country, constituting the genus Erethizon (E. dorsatus, an Eastern, and a

BUTTS, THE PORCUPINE.

Western species, E. epixanthus). My friend was from British Columbia, and consequently a Westerner. He was shaped not unlike a prickly, a very prickly, pear. His legs were so short, they did not materially interfere with the general resemblance. His rounded back and small head answered to the larger part, and his thick, cylindrical tail to the smaller extremity, of the fruit. The tail was prehensile. He had four toes armed with stout claws on each of his fore feet, and five similarly equipped on each of his hind ones.

He liked cold weather and hemlock bark better than anything else in the world, unless it was sweet potatoes and snug sleeping quarters. And he hated dogs. Great Scott! how he hated dogs! You couldn't tease him or get him mad. His prickers always lay down sleek and harmless, however much he was poked and tousled, and a bit of sweet potato, which he would sit up and beg for like a dog, reconciled him to any amount of rough play. But let a dog make his appearance, and you would likely see a pitched battle that always had the same result. Butts, as the porcupine was called, would swell up like a frog, erect his bristling spines, thrust his head between his fore legs, jerk his spiky tail sideways, and refuse to budge an inch out of the way.

NOSEY'S DIVERSIONS.

And woe to the misguided cur that disregarded these preparations!

Slap! whack! banged that prickly war club of a tail in his very teeth as he rushed open-mouthed upon the curious-looking Erethizon, and the battle always ended in favor of the porcupine.

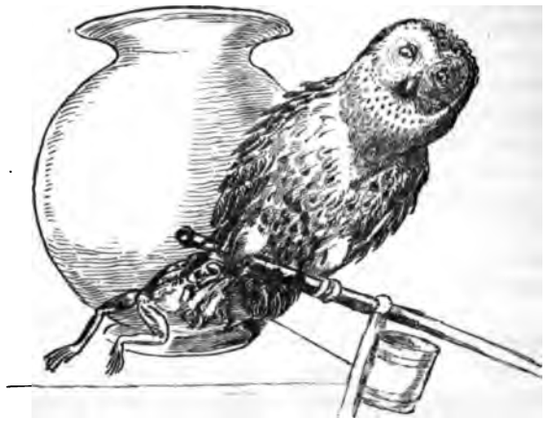
The sharp, rigid quills that arm the tail and body of the animal are barbed at the pointed end, and adhere very loosely to the skin upon which they grow. With nose, mouth and tongue full of these spines, that, after the manner of barbed weapons, work deeper into his flesh at every mo-

"THE OLD GENERAL."

tion, the poor dog flies howling in agony and terror from his tormentor, and if not relieved from the adhering quills will certainly at last die, for he cannot of himself extract them. Even the puma has been found dead, with his open jaws, which he could not close, full of porcupine quills. I well recollect, though a boy at the time, of the terror and consternation caused in a mining camp, where I was living with my father, by an Irishman, a late arrival from Cork, who broke in upon the silence of midnight with a series of the most startling and blood-curdling yells that I ever heard, insisting that the devil was sticking him full of his red-hot darning needles. The fact proved to be that Butts had selected Barney for a bedfellow, and the Irish lad, rolling over upon him in his sleep, had had the full benefit of his quills. Butts was fond of cottonwood leaves, and I frequently teased him by pulling down a branch full of the latter far enough to be just out of his reach, to see him struggle and hear him cry to get at it. I used to gather the quills he shed, or that I could get at, and save them for One Nostril Ebiniho, an old Indian who visited us once in awhile. He would stain them in bright colors and work them into moccasins for me. The Indians make great use of porcupine quills in decorations and ornaments.

Butts would eat almost anything given him, and a good deal that was not. He made short work of a lot of botanical specimens and roots that Professor Deitzer had gathered in Lower California, and with which he was on his way to a school of technics, in Indiana, I think, when he unfortunately accepted Mr. Enstein's (my father's partner) invitation to spend a few days at our camp. The professor did not take his loss as quietly as Sir Isaac Newton is said to have done when his little dog Diamond upset the lamp and burned his most valuable papers. Indeed, greatly to my grief and indignation, Butts was given to the professor, who ected his body and stuffed his pelt.

One of the most peculiar of animals in appearance and of habits as a pet is the Nasua, which, being interpreted from scientific Latin, becomes in English "Nosey." Sailors coming from South America often bring them to New York, Boston and other ports, calling them "ant eaters," but the South American ant eater is a very different creature. The Nasua, or coati mondi, looks like the caricature of a raccoon with an extremely long nose. Mr. Samuel Lockwood, writing of one that he owned, says that this nose correctly indicates the prying curiosity of the creature, and is into everything. He writes: "Her nasal prominence reminds me of a queer Spaniard once employed in government service to detect spurious coin. His 'counterfeit detector' was a sensitive proboscis. By sticking this organ into the glittering coin, he literally nosed out the bad from the good. To that man his nose was the instrument of his profession; and to Nasua her nose was equally important. It even prompted a nickname and a juvenile pun—'Nosey's nose knows too much.' Inappeasably inquisitive, she is incessantly intruding that organ into everything. Having made no allowance for an extra-tropical temperature, this little South American made a failure in an attempt to lift with her nose the lid of a pot in the cook's domain. The next attempt, which proved a successful one, was made on the knife box, whose closely fitting lid was pried open and every article inspected, in happy ignorance of a certain proverb about edged tools. It is enough that anything is hollow to excite her curiosity, which is of a thoroughly simian character. The dinner bell was turned over; but, unable to detach the clapper and chain, it was soon abandoned in disgust. A round sleigh bell received more persevering attention. Unable to get her nose or paws into the small hole at the side, the clatter



TACKLING AN OWL.

SWALLOWING THE ALLIGATOR.

within set her wild with excitement, and evoked a desperate attack on the little annoyance with her teeth. She gave it up at last as a bootless job. A bottle of hartshorn was next made the subject of investigation. We had purposely loosened the cork, and promised ourselves a 'nice sell'; and *we* got it—not Nosey. She was not in the least disconcerted by the drug. In fact, she had a strong nose for such things. A man gave her his tobacco box. Resting it upon the floor between her two paws, that possessed uncommon flexibility, she turned it over and over, and round and round, exercising alternately her nose, paws and teeth upon it with great energy, without avail. It seemed that the smell of the contents infatuated her, as she showed no disposition to stop. The man opened the box for her. She was in raptures. In went the nose, and also both front paws, among the fine-cut. Very soon that wonderfully mobile organ had separated every fibre, so that the mass seemed trebly increased. The same man let her have his dirty pipe, when her velvety nose was instantly squeezed into the rank nicotian bowl. In drinking, Nosey, instead of thrusting her long snout into the water and sucking it up, as might naturally be expected, curved up her proboscis and lapped her drink like a dog. In climbing, strange to say, she always went up backward, catching her hind claws into any projection or roughness she could find, and pulling herself up to take a new hold. She would in this seemingly awkward manner ascend a tree quite rapidly."

My brother had a large tame frog that he kept in a fish globe. The one idea that occupied whatever brain the creature possessed was to get outside of every living thing within reach. It was interesting to see him devour a mouse. Catching the animal in his gaping mouth, he would push the mouse about with his fore feet until the head pointed directly down his throat, when, with a general convulsion, like that of a man getting into an overcoat, the mouse would disappear, all but the tail, which would hang out for a space of time before it was swallowed. Fearing that froggy might be lonesome, my brother procured him a mate somewhat smaller than himself. Next morning, however, frog No. 2 was not to be found, while the "Old General," frog No. 1, appeared to have transformed himself into a large party-colored ball. He had swallowed his wife. He once ate an alligator. Do not start—it was a small one, a baby alligator, such as people coming from Florida bring with them. Still, it was an alligator, and quite a mouthful for any frog. A young sparrow that strayed into the room where he was kept fell a prey to his voracity; and I once saw him actually leap upon a tame owl and seize the bird by its leg to swallow it. His abnormal appetite was the cause of his death. He swallowed a perch from my brother's aquarium, and the sharp spines of the dorsal fins killed him. His obituary was published in the *Scientific American*.

Many of the animals at Central Park are pets of the keepers. Several years ago a baby camel that had lost its mother and was brought up on the bottle was carried about, fed, nursed and attended to as if it were a human child. It thrived and grew astonishingly, but did not seem to take into account or be conscious of its increased size. As I sat in the animal inclosure one day, sketching, it spied me out, and immediately rushed up and tried to climb into my lap. It was almost full grown. I was reminded of the fable of the donkey, who, envying the affection and caresses bestowed by his master upon a favorite lapdog, tried to imitate and emulate the playful tricks and gambols of the little animal. The grieved amazement of the huge creature when I drove him away was irresistibly ludicrous and indescribably absurd. I was actually obliged to station a park policeman with a club to keep guard over him, and he stood as near to me as he was allowed until I finished my work, complaining, and I might almost say weeping, at my cruelty in not accepting his endearments.

"ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF PEOPLE."

CHICAGO, 1893.

By Anne Rhodes.

Streaming in and out through the beautiful and stately portals of the White City a great and motley throng, each day until daylight dies, passes unceasing. This city which has arisen beneath the wand of the most artistic spirit America has ever known, a city so harmoniously proportioned and peerless in poetic beauty that gazing thereon the heart is stirred with a wordless joy—this city is without nationality; its atmosphere is flavored with the spice of many countries, and its inhabitants have gathered from the uttermost parts of the earth together, a multitude most truly cosmopolitan. But surging to and fro, here and there is dropped vagrant expression of personality, expression eloquent of climate, condition and custom, and faces stand clearly out against the shifting background bearing each the impress of passion, of temperament and of humor.

Not unnaturally observant eyes first light upon the stranger dark races, quickly noting that subtle variations in color are less significant than are differences of form, and that not only the turn of mind and manner, but almost the history of a nation, lies upon each countenance.

Most interesting, and contrasting sharply, not alone in form and color, but strikingly in the outward evidences of inward mental construction, are the Singhalese, inhabitants of the Island of Ceylon, and the Samoan and other South Sea Island tribes. Both properly speaking of the Aryan race, until lately they have stood almost at the extremes of development. For, while the Singhalese long since reached a considerable degree of civilization, among the South Sea Islands human sacrifices have been common, and not only enemies and strangers, but wives, children and friends, were ruthlessly slain, cooked and eaten. Not until 1854 was the custom modified, and only in 1878 did the natives agree finally to abandon the perennial feasts of human flesh which, more

LAPLANDERS.

than anything else, had tended to brutalize their natures and bar their progress to civilization and prosperity. This result came about through the influence of missionaries, who, about the middle of the present century, gained a footing on the Fiji Islands, and gradually spread their gentle principles throughout a nation which proved in the main to be tractable and childlike. They are now a simple Christian people; 800 churches are scattered over their islands, with an attendance of 100,000 natives; good schools are distributed about, their language has been reduced to written form, and reading and writing are common accomplishments.

The inhabitants of the South Sea Islands are of mingled Malay and Papuan extraction, and vary in form and color, and in degree of recent barbarity, according to the predominance of one or the other of these sources of their race; the Malay strain being the finer, smaller, lighter but less honest, and the Papuan dark, heavy and naturally wild, but when tamed tractable and honestly inclined.

NUBIAN GIRLS.

SINGHALESE, FROM COLOMBO.

Studying the countenances of the young inhabitants of the South Sea Island villages at the World's Fair, situated part way along on the Midway Plaisance, it is easy to read the indications of their slow, simple natures. The people there appear all to be young, under forty, for instance, and represent very well the present condition of the nation. Their faces are broad, flat and inexpressive; in repose verging toward sullenness, and when animated bright with the gayety of children. Their foreheads are low and placid; their noses, depressed at the bridge and generally retreating, suggest weak individuality and a lack of force, which supplies a logical clew as to why they were so easily won from an aboriginal condition and quickly brought under the influence of Christianity. Between their eyes, ordinarily, is a wide space, eloquent of a lack of enterprise; and imperfectly formed and vaguely marked eyebrows express a corresponding mental vagueness and a total lack of concentrative power. Their mouths have the animal quality always seen in imperfectly civilized nations, but it is passive animalism and without viciousness, for the chins are small and weak, and the lower lips retreat, leaving the full upper lips to overhang in a fashion impossible to fiery, ardent temperaments given

to self-gratification and lawlessness. Not a trace remains of the brutal fierceness which indulged in orgies of human flesh. Their expression when speaking is innocent and almost ingenuous, and a good-natured, jolly, careless laugh is a frequent interruption. But hanging on the walls of the Anthropological Building, among a collection of ornamented implements and antiques from these islands, are portraits of former chiefs and old men, and here in their eyes lies the glint of savagery, and upon their faces, beneath a certain surface stolidity, is the stamp of hideous and brutal cruelty. Happily, under the influence of civilization these traits have apparently disappeared forever. Living in the midst of a tropical vegetation, the life of these people is easy, their islands are prosperous and peace prevails in their lands.

Although deriving their extraction from common sources, there are tribal differences between the inhabitants of the several groups of islands. In color the Samoans are lightest and the Fijians very dark. The Samoans have fine, velvety skins, a clear cigar brown in tint, and not a blemish is to be seen on their firm, healthy limbs and bodies. They are of medium height, are plump rather than sinewy, and do not give the impression of possessing any great endurance. The Fijians are much the same in form, although a trifle larger in build, but have in their skin coloring a curious blackness, which is a direct Papuan inheritance, and stamps them as the coarsest race, although the most active, and even perhaps the most intelligent. In no case is the hair woolly, as with the Africans, but coarse, strong and bushy. It is worn short both by men and women, and has sometimes a brownish tinge, which, failing to harmonize with their rich skin coloring, appears rusty and out of place.

They are florid in taste. On their heads and about their necks are garlands of gaudily dyed native immortelles and dried seed pods, and necklaces of hard red sea beans are their greatest delight. For their only garment the men wear a very short full skirt. They are tattooed, but never on face, hands or neck, the most usual device being a broad band around the waist, and the feet and legs, stockingwise, to the point where they disappear beneath the fringed edges of the skirt. The women are not tattooed, and wear skirts to the knee, low-cut waists, and garlands of pods and flowers in their hair. These garments are made of cloth manufactured by a slow, laborious process from the bark of the paper-mulberry tree. The bark is soaked in water many days, the outer shell stripped off, and the soft, inner bark beaten into thin, tough sheets in a manner similar to that by which gold is beaten into gold leaf. Any desired size is attained by spreading the edges with a mucilage made from arrow root and beating them together. After the cloth is dry its dull tan-colored surface is decorated with fine tracery and varied designs in a brown dye of sepia tint made from the bark of different trees. Only too often the native dress, which has a certain beauty of its own, is spoiled by the addition of cheap European finery or the intermixture of gaudy and shabby material. Their implements, too, are indicative of the gayety of their taste, which is yet not without a crude idea of art. They are of hard black wood, and are often inlaid in really beautiful patterns in pointed bits of mother-of-pearl, polished bone and carved shell. Every household possesses a large bowl gayly ornamented. In this is mixed the native drink, kava, made from the dried roots of a wild pepper plant, and passing strangers are invited to enter and partake of the cheer. After long use a bluish-white enamel covers the inside of the bowl—a deposit from the liquor somewhat like ivory in appearance.

From the greatest degree of barbarism—for surely cannibalism marks the outer limit—these peoples have been reclaimed to a state of honest simplicity, peace and, for their climate, industry, in a time so brief that scarce a single generation has passed since civilization first turned its eyes in their direction. And a rough but significant glimpse of their history is given in the reading of two signs which hang near together on the stockade surrounding the village on the Midway —although there would seem to be a touch of humor in their juxtaposition. From one we learn that: "The natives are all Christians, and are intelligent and honest. They are, perhaps, the most hospitable people in the world." The second reads:

Visitors
Will greatly oblige the
Management
If they will kindly refrain
From asking these people any
Questions concerning cannibalism
As it is very annoying to them.

At the opposite end of the scale of refinement and intellect are the Singhalese. They are a most attractive people. In form they are rather below medium height, slender, graceful, refined in ap-

pearance and manner, and strongly European in cast. Their color is a clear brown, neither light nor dark, but that middle tint peculiar to the inhabitants of India, of which country their rich and fertile island is so nearly a part.

Examining their personal characteristics critically, they appear to be constructed lightly, brightly and neatly. Their heads are slender and long, denoting the possession of rapid, brilliant minds, keen senses and quick wit, while their foreheads have the slope peculiar to ready intuition and suggest subtlety of intellect. Their country has been seized and swayed by successive invaders, and the weak will which yielded to any foe lies on their small pointed chins and oval faces. Their eyebrows are fine in line, but distinct and neatly finished, indicating patience, reflective habit and refined mental taste. Noses are clear-cut, aristocratic in form, suggesting an individual personality, although not any special force, and a total lack of originality. The gaze of their eyes is penetrating, shrewd and investigative. Bearing out the refined indications of their personality, their hands are slender and sinewy, the fingers of that spatulated shape, with prominent joints, ascribed by the disciples of chirognomy to keen, inquiring and penetrating natures with delicate, studious tastes. They lack something of stability, and are neither robust nor virile, but there is shed about them, as an aroma, an atmosphere of sparkle, cleverness, tact and cheerful gayety; and it is scarcely surprising to hear from their lips an almost perfect English, and to receive at their hands the courteous attentions of a cultivated race. Their speech is animated and accompanied by eloquent gesture; their smiles are brilliant, lighting with vivid appreciation ever-varying and expressive countenances, and revealing strong, shapely teeth of dazzling whiteness. Their hair, soft, silky and jet black, is worn long by men and women, is drawn smoothly back and fastened in a smooth, flat knot midway on the back of the head. A semicircular comb of tortoise shell surrounds the crown of the head.

Natives of a warm country, the Singhalese are clad in linen, cotton, or, if of high caste, silk, in white or soft tints. Their garments consist, for the men, who are foppish and effeminate in appearance, in a piece of cloth wrapped around the body below the waist, skirtwise reaching to the feet. It is worn plain and tightly drawn in the back, and hangs in full folds in front. With this is a coat shorter or longer according to individual taste, and a shirt and vest more or less European in style. The women wear a more ordinary costume, a skirt and low waist, with sometimes the addition of a bertha or fichu.

Ceylon has been held by the Portuguese, Dutch and English successively. It has been the battle ground of these nations against each other, and has also been torn by internal revolution. But the refined and somewhat effeminate people have remained unchanged for centuries. Their language, almost purely Sanskrit in origin, is uncontaminated; and they live a life of industry, cultivating, with the aid of artificial irrigation, tea and "paddy," which, when the outer husk is removed, is rice, and is the staple of their diet, since animal food, necessitating the taking of animal life, is to the followers of Buddha strictly prohibited.

Scattered midway between these two nations is a great concourse of tribes, rivaling the stars in infinity of number, and though varying but slightly the one from the other, yet covering the gamut of semi-civilization through all the phases of simplicity and knavery. And wandering along the Midway, stopping at this village and at that, the suggestion comes that certain traits are closely allied to certain localities, and vary only in degree with tribal differences of mental cast, and that, as a rule, the keener and sharper the brain the more base the cunning and deeper the ingrain strain of dishonesty. For, although a high grade of honesty marks the extremes of the dark races as expressed by the Singhalese and inhabitants of the South Sea, dishonesty and craft, with all their attendant traits, exist as the leading characteristics of the intermediate Eastern nations.

In Cairo Street are a group of tribes. The Nubian is weak of will, possesses a short chin and unemphatic features. His craft is the deceit of a tricky child, easily penetrated, but never cured. His, as a rule, is a position of servitude and slavery, as he is easily dominated by the greater forces by which he is surrounded. The Soudanese is coarse and animal, but his eyes are bright and sparkling, are rapid of motion and keen as those of a bird. In his theatre on the Midway there is nothing of the sensuous or voluptuous common to Orientalism, but instead a vigorous yet monotonous dance, accompanied by loud poundings of bare feet, made familiar some years ago by the various Zulu bands exhibited in this country, with coarse, wordless shouts and thumping of musicless instruments. The Soudanese also is a child, but a vulgar, noisy, romping child, quick-witted, treacherous, and a genuine *mauvais sujet*.

The Arab in his flowing robe is honest to his fellow tribesman, which signifies nothing, and is a custom rather than a trait; for he is full of malice for the outside world, and his glove of velvet conceals a cruel hand, as befits the descend-

ant of Ishmael, whose creed is, Destroy or be destroyed.

The Egyptian of wealth and power is sensual, pleasure-loving, lazy, idle and incapable of truth. His taste and sensual nature are displayed in the dance so dear to his heart, the *danse du ventre*, originally a religious ceremonial of very ancient origin, probably from the mysteries of Isis, but long since diverted from its sacred uses to the wider field of mundane diversion, but a diversion uncouth and devoid of grace to New World eyes, for the full appreciation of which is evidently necessary the possession of an Oriental temperament.

TURKISH WAITER.

But the crowning meed of dishonesty is reserved for the Turk. Note the malignant treachery of his face, the covert sneer, the cruel mouth, the long, calculating eyebrows and deep-set, cavernous eyes. They gleam piercingly from beneath veiling shadows; but does he catch an observant eye, and the fire dies, a curtain falls, the light from within is quenched, and his glassy orb, blank and expressionless, does but reflect the world without in sullen concealment of the cruel, lying wretch within.

Horrible indeed are the faces in the Street of Cairo, and eloquent of immorality and wickedness. Superficially picturesque, but to analyze repellent. Actual and moral filth peeps forth everywhere, and a shudder of disgust turns back the inquiring footsteps, away from the haunts of Oriental trickery, away from the abodes of the dark-skinned strangers, for a whiff of purer air and a touch of a world more, or perhaps less, human. And wandering aimlessly, they stumble over a settlement from Lapland.

As a breeze from the North Pole which stuns and chills is the native atmosphere of these people. Their white skins are hard and colorless, and a grand patience sits outlined on their countenances. Chilled and benumbed for generations, they are slow, simple, but hard and industrious. Their round faces suggest honest deliberateness, and the widespread eyes placidity and good temper, though little enterprise. Their customs, implements and garments are derived from Sweden and Russia, upon whose confin s their borders rest. They are a solid but unprogressive nation, know little of the changes of fashion or invention, and are content to remain as they have been, unchanged for generations.

Back again to the busy world of the Fair proper. The Esquimau intercepts the way. A primitive type of man, a crude and untutored animal is he. His face is sullen and lowering, his skin coarse, his eyes dull and expressionless. Eloquent these of his lack of intellectuality; but it is his hands which mark the lowness of his status—long, thick palms and short, stubby, unskillful fingers placing him quite far down in the scale of humanity.

On through the beaten paths winding in and out among the beautiful temples of modern art and industry, we, who here feel ourselves to be verily the heirs of all the ages, with eyes grown keen from service, catch the varying traits of the passers-by. All sorts and conditions of men and women are they, each shedding a modicum of influence in a small and simple sphere, each dropping a pebble into the ocean of Time, where the ever-widening circles ripple together, crossing and recrossing, clashing and uniting in ceaseless motion, reflecting the light as from countless prisms of many hues.

Thus are we in touch with the world, at home with life.

JACK O' THE LIGHT.

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter XXXII.

IN consternation and dire confusion Bruna's wedding ended.

The bride who had left Crag Head full of joy, and with the brightness of the morning in her beautiful face, returned to it cold, white and silent as a marble statue. Miss Cicely wept, and betwixt her sobs murmured: "These unlucky Daryls! There is no happiness for any of them!" And Esther from her full heart answered: "That is true. We are, indeed, an unfortunate race."

They reached the sunlit, flower-decked house. At the door the servants were drawn up to receive the bridal pair and shout congratulations. Alas! Bruna alighted from her carriage *alone*, and with something in her colorless face that struck her household dumb. A hurried gesture from Miss Cicely silenced all voices, and the bride, making neither sound nor sign, swept up the stair to her own chamber. Esther and Miss Rainsford followed.

"Where is Gabriel Ferris?" was Bruna's first question, uttered in a dull, bewildered tone.

"We left him at the church door," quavered Miss Cicely. "He was going back to Witch Hollow. My poor dear child, we must remember that Jack was very young at the time of his offense—that he was under the influence of Mark Daryl—that he may have been insane or drunk. Yes, come to think of it, we have always heard that he was drunk, have we not——"

Bruna was standing rigid and deathly in the centre of the floor.

"Please—please, Miss Cicely, leave me to myself!" she interrupted, and the old spinster beat a hasty retreat from the room, drawing Esther with her. Bruna was alone with her own thoughts.

How long she stood there, staring blankly into the mocking, golden noon, she never knew. It was Miss Cicely's voice outside the door that aroused her at last.

"Gabriel is come, Bruna," it said; "and he brings a letter for you."

The door flew open. Like a ghost, Bruna appeared on the threshold, and extended her hand mutely. Ferris, who was waiting in the corridor, advanced, and held out a sealed letter.

"He asked me to give you this," he said, hurriedly. "I promised to put it in your hand myself. I will wait below stairs—perhaps you may want me."

She made no answer. The door shut. On its inner side, safe from all intrusion, Bruna broke the seal of the letter.

"I do not mean," she read, "to bore you with a long confession—a story like mine should be told briefly.

"My full name is John Bevil Lithgow, and my acquaintance with Mark Daryl began at the gaming table. Five years ago my people attempted to marry me to Miss Winthrop. I rebelled. My father tried coercion in a mild form. I left home in high dudgeon, dropped the name of Lithgow—for, after all, my regard for the governor was too strong to permit me openly to disgrace him—and called myself simply John Bevil. The vice of gambling I had acquired among my father's South American friends. Having money galore, I did not scruple to indulge in it to the top of my bent. At that time it was my one only passion, I won heavily from Daryl—drank heavily with him also. I wish you to know exactly what I was when I first crossed your path—a wild, reckless fellow, escaped from all restraint—a young madman, tossed by an evil chance in Daryl's way, and quite content to join him in his dissipations. He knew me only by the name of

Bevil. My family connections I was careful to keep a close secret.

"The night when he went to Fogport for an interview with his dying brother we had been playing for high stakes, and, as usual, Daryl had lost. Some demon instigated me to insist on immediate payment; so I followed my comrade to Fogport, determined to have my share of whatever he might succeed in wresting from Anthony Daryl. You know the story of that night—how readily I gave myself to the scheme of cheating my old schoolfellow Ferris of a wife—I had long cherished a grudge against Gabriel, for his part in driving me, disgraced, from Bear Mountain Manse.

"But I will tell you something which you do *not* know, Bruna: The moment I looked upon you, my senses, half drowned in drink, returned to me with a shock. I was filled with shame and amazement—and another emotion, strange, nameless, unutterable. I knew not whether you were angel or mortal. I could have fallen at your feet and worshiped you. I burned with sudden self-loathing. A mingled terror, rapture and abasement seized me. As I stood beside you at your father's deathbed and blundered through that farce of marriage I endured the torture of hell; and yet, for my life, I could not have relinquished your little white angelic hand, nor staid the unholy ceremony!

"After my rupture with Daryl at the door of Crag Head, when we two parted company forever, a horrible fright and remorse possessed me. The enormity of my offense grew and grew before my eyes. I longed either to put a bullet through my own head or go back to the Crag and grovel at your feet. Proper reflection, however, led me to adopt a third course—I wrote a penitent letter to my father, and sailed immediately for South America.

"During the four years that passed before I, as Garcia's lieutenant, encountered Gabriel Ferris, you were constantly beside me—a white, ghostlike, starlike creature, with your torrent of pale-gold hair, and your brown, pathetic, sightless eyes—the sweetest ever seen. I tried to rid myself of you in the excitement of perilous adventure—all to no purpose. I resented your constant intrusion on my thoughts; I was impatient of your haunting presence. Yet, the more I strove to cast your memory from me the closer it coiled round my heart.

"I said to myself: 'I will remain in South America indefinitely and do penance for my sin. Miss Daryl's friends can speedily obtain an annulment of the marriage. Then she may, if she will, wed Ferris. I have done neither of them any permanent injury. After all, am I not the real sufferer?'

"Time passed. I met Ferris, and learned from him the true condition of affairs. Then the live coal which had been burning in my heart for years flamed up fiercely. You will now understand why I followed him back to the States—why I purchased Witch Hollow. By holding myself resolutely aloof, while that half-hearted Gabriel wooed you a second time, I expiated my sin, and satisfied, in some small measure, my conscience. But all the while I had only one thought and purpose in life—one mad, overmastering, sleepless desire—to win you for myself. How could I hope to do that except by deceit and concealment? When your gracious white hands were stretched forth, to draw me up the face of the crag, on the night of my second appearance at the headland, was it possible for me to confess myself to you? When you began to welcome me kindly to your home—to treat me with neighborly courtesy—could I disclose my secret? And when I found that you *loved* me, Bruna—great Heaven! the task was more difficult than ever! Should I risk my happiness by acknowledging myself to be the Bevil that you abhorred—Mark Daryl's comrade, the reckless young ruffian who had married you by force at your father's deathbed? No, I could not!

"'Some time,' I thought, 'when I am absolutely sure of her—when I have made her love me for all time and eternity—I will reveal everything. But not yet—not yet.'

"My passion for you made me a coward.

"I would to God that you had suspected the truth, Bruna! Then the shock of to-day would have been less violent. I saw you grow white with horror there in the church. You looked again like the blind girl in her father's death chamber. Your eyes took the same lost, strange expression which they had worn on that fatal night. A knife seemed stabbing through my heart as I gazed at you. I knew that my cause was hopeless.

"You cannot pardon me? Well, I must not blame you. Yet, had you loved me with one-half the passion which my guilty soul feels for you I should not have sued in vain for forgiveness. After all, your affection was weak, trivial, Bruna. You are a saint, I am a sinner; but by no possibility could I recognize a barrier to our happiness even in an offense as heinous as mine. I would allow no deed of the past to come betwixt you and me. In short, mine is a passion that could forgive anything—everything.

"My darling, farewell! I shall never trouble you more. But for the interference of that viper Daryl I might, in time, have won you entirely;

but that hope is now destroyed; besides, your hatred of Bevil was more deep and bitter than I thought. It matters little what becomes of me now—I have no future. For the second time I have made you my wife—for the second time forged your fetters; but I fly from you, even as before. In a few days the world will be between us. Verily, you might have loved Lithgow, but Bevil has sinned beyond pardon! I love you and I have lost you. All the disaster of my life is summed up in those words. Mark Daryl has done his worst; you will suffer no more evil at his hands; and knowing now who the real Bevil is, you can have no further fear of him. Farewell!"

A quick step, a swish of silken garments, and Esther Daryl and Ferris, waiting silently, sadly in the hall of Crag Head, looked up and saw Bruna descending the stair, still in bridal white, and with Lithgow's letter open in her hand.

"Gabriel," she panted, "you heard what Mark Daryl said in the church. In some way he discovered my approaching marriage, and hurried to Fogport to declare it null and void."

"And cover us all with confusion," said Gabriel, gloomily. "Yes, my father has a peculiar genius for turning up at the wrong moment."

Esther's eyes grew large and dark with apprehension.

"Oh!" she cried; "I wrote to him not long ago, reproaching him with the Jim Crossley plot, and I said that Bruna would soon be under the protection of one who was able to defend her from her enemies. Is it possible—oh! can it be that those few words——"

"Exactly!" cried Ferris, with conviction. "Of course, he at once suspected the truth. In a place like Fogport he, doubtless, had little trouble in discovering all that he wished to know. Now that he can no longer rob Mrs. Lithgow he has turned his attention again to his niece. But do not grieve over your share in the matter, Esther, for sooner or later Mark Daryl must have discovered Bevil in Sydney Lithgow's son."

Bruna did not seem to hear. She was leaning against the staircase, with Jack o' the Light's letter clasped convulsively in her two hands.

"He gave you this to bring to me, Gabriel?"

"Yes."

"You remain his friend, then?—you forgive him the wrong he once did you?"

"Most certainly. Remember the great obligations which he has laid on me since that time! I owe him my life, and all the prosperity I have ever known. Forgive him? Yes—a thousand times yes! I told him that as soon as I reached Witch Hollow."

She drew herself up. A sudden rosy flame swept her colorless face. Her brown eyes shone—her lips parted in a smile; a rush of warm life seemed to thrill all her benumbed veins.

"And shall I be behind you in generosity, Gabriel? Shall *I* remember when you forget?" she said. "Has he done nothing for *me* in the way of expiation? Oh, go! he is about to leave Witch Hollow—bring him to me—I was beside myself in the church. He calls my love weak—trivial. Tell him to come and hear all that is in my heart."

Gabriel looked very grave.

"He has already left Witch Hollow. How can I bring him, Bruna? You know his impetuous ways. He wrote that letter, and went off on the noon express. He told me plainly that he should never return."

She moved buoyantly toward him, the smile on her lips sweetly confident, the color pulsing softly in her cheek.

"He cannot have gone far, Gabriel. Why, scarcely more than an hour has passed since we left the church! The noon express! Well, you will find him—you will fetch him back to the Hollow—you will tell him that I am waiting for him—I, his wife! I have never been very kind to you, cousin—indeed, I think you have received rather shabby treatment from us all; but do me this service, and I will be grateful till my death day. Oh, he thinks me a hard, implacable creature! If you ever cared for me in the least, help me now, Gabriel—do you not see that I must *die* if you refuse to help me?"

He seized her firm white wrists.

"Be reasonable, Bruna. By this time Jack is far beyond my reach. I have not the faintest knowledge of his plans and purposes. But when he has time to reflect he will *know* that you forgive him—he will return of his own accord."

She writhed.

"I cannot leave him to reflect—I must send a messenger after him *now*. Do not waste another moment—you *must* follow him at once. You will not? Then you were never my lover, Gabriel, and as my kinsman you have no loyalty, no pity!"

"Bruna, I will obey you, but I shall not find Jack. We are too late to overtake him. As I go forth, I shall return. I tell you I have no idea of the way he went. He was desperate—distracted. There is no chance whatever of catching him—you ask impossibilities of me."

He dropped her hands, and rushed out of Crag Head—away, on what he knew to be a vain and hopeless quest. The day passed—he did not return. At nightfall came a telegram: "It is useless. I can find no trace of him."

The white bride, shut in her old sea nest, read

the words, and passed them to Esther and Miss Cicely—the faithful companions of her melancholy vigil.

"Ah, Miss Cicely," she murmured, "you spoke truly when you said there could be no happiness for the unfortunate Daryls!"

Miss Cicely, in tears, answered:

"Courage — courage! Doubtless he will go back to South America and lead more revolutions; but surely Sydney Lithgow will know how to communicate with him there. All may yet be well, my child."

But Bruna did not answer. With her face to the pane she stood staring out at the path which led through the woods to Witch Hollow. The night was falling in clouds and darkness. The golden promise of the morning had gone out like a great hope ruthlessly quenched. A thick blur of rain filled the long, lonesome avenue. A bitter wind tossed the pine tops, and blew in lamentable blasts over the black, tumbled sea.

Chapter XXXIII.

A middled-aged woman, dressed in shabby black, and carrying a basket on her arm, stood at a stall in busy, crowded Quincy Market, haggling over the price of a chicken, which the white-frocked proprietor was holding toward her in one brawny hand. Her basket contained some brown paper parcels, a crisp head of lettuce and the white globes of a few eggs. The woman was evidently a servant, making the day's purchases. She examined the chicken critically, and protested against the amazing length of its legs and neck, to which the phlegmatic marketman replied:

"*I* didn't construct that bird, ma'am. He's the work of natur', and legs or no legs, he's cheap at thirty cents per pound!"

The woman took some money from her pocket, counted out the price of the fowl, laid him carefully in her basket, and walked away. As she did so a gentleman, who, from an opposite stall, had been watching with extraordinary interest the commonplace transaction, stepped out of his shelter and followed her.

Jostled by the crowd, the woman passed out of that busy hive of buyers and sellers, crossed a street, dodging left and right among the wagons of suburban farmers, and walked rapidly away from the market.

The gentleman pressed after, keeping her always in view, but carefully avoiding everything that could draw her attention to himself. Her errands done, she was going home. From street to street she led him, and finally turned into a dreary square where all the houses wore an appearance of genteel decay. Reaching one that was, perhaps, a trifle less inviting than its neighbors, the woman and her basket disappeared through the servants' entrance. Dr. La Merle, left alone on the sidewalk, stared hard at the house, and particularly at a silver plate glimmering on the front door.

"Marthe!" He read the name with a great start. "Grand Dieu! but this is strange!" Then mounting the steps resolutely, he rang the bell. A disheveled maid answered it.

"There is a woman named Sarah Rose in this house," said Dr. La Merle; "permit me to see her."

Polly stared at the elegant Frenchman. Solomon in all his glory could not have dazzled her more.

"Yes, sir—this way, sir," she answered, and La Merle was ushered into Mme. Marthe's dismal room. A vicious green parrot on a perch greeted the visitor with a volley of sailor oaths.

"Oh, Lor', sir, that bird!" cried Polly, striving to silence Coco with a flirt of her sooty apron. "His temper is in ruins since Miss Esther went away."

The maid retired and closed the door behind her. A moment later it swung open again, and Sarah Rose, still dressed for the street, heavy, placid, respectable, entered.

At sight of La Merle she uttered a cry, and would have retreated, but quick as thought the French doctor barred her way.

"*You*, sir!"

"Yes," he said, sternly; "and you will not escape me a second time. I saw you in the market—I followed you."

The same lively terror which she had manifested at Witch Hollow appeared again on her stolid face. For a moment she looked around like a wild creature in a snare; then, to La Merle's relief, she collapsed suddenly in the nearest seat.

"I have had a long and tiresome search for you," said Dr. La Merle; "but all things come at last to the man of patience. At any cost I meant to find you again. Weeks ago, at M. Lithgow's shore house, you eluded me by a ruse—ah, that will not occur another time. If you are wise, Sarah Rose, you will now tell me all that I wish to know."

She clapped her large red hands to her face in nervous terror.

"And what do you wish to know, sir?"

"The true story of my wife and child."

She seemed to ponder his words; her mind was slow and heavy, but at length he saw her tremble.

"For 'eaven's sake, speak low, sir! If you

A CHRISTMAS MARAUDER IN SEARCH OF DESSERT.

make any uproar old madame will be busting in upon us, and she's cross as two sticks. Where am I to begin, sir?"

She had surrendered! Limp, discouraged, overpowered by his superior will, she gave herself, figuratively speaking, into his hands. He set his back against the drawing-room door, as though to prevent egress and ingress alike, and said, in a calm, determined tone:

"Begin at the flight of your mistress with the American, Daryl. You know something about that. It was on the day when she thought I had fallen by her lover's bullet among the sand dunes near Ostend."

"Yes, sir, I remember!" groaned Sarah. "And you promise not to blame me for things I couldn't 'elp?"

"I promise. Go on."

"I never rightly understood it, sir, but my mistress, in the 'ands of Daryl, seemed like a bird bewitched by a snake. She had no power to resist, no will of her own. I've 'eard such a state of things called by a long, 'ard word, but I can't speak it."

"Hypnotism," said La Merle, laconically.

"That's it. Mistress would cry and wring her 'ands when she knew you was raging with jealousy, and vow to abandon the stage and fly to 'er mother in America; and the very next time she sang in hopera and Daryl looked at 'er from the audience and flung 'er flowers, why, she would tremble and smile, and change color, all as 'elpless and as much 'is slave as before.

"Yes, she fled with 'im on the London boat, sir, the night you was shot in the duel; but she was like a dazed woman—seemed not to sense anything. I went with 'er—so did the child and its nurse. Daryl wanted to leave us all behind, but she wouldn't consent. Of course, she thought you dead, as did all of us, for that matter, and as soon as we reached London Daryl brought a person as called himself a clergyman to my mistress, and there was some sort of ceremony performed over 'em.

"I never believed 'twas the right sort of marriage, though, nor that the man who did it was a real parson. But the poor lady was too far gone to know the difference. She 'ad a raging fever on 'er by the time we reached London. Daryl took us to a villa in St. John's Wood—a lonely 'ouse, shut in a garden, and there she grew worse and worse till 'er life was despaired of. A sick woman, sir, wasn't a pleasant thing to Mr. Daryl; besides, she raved constant of you and 'er mother in America; so, pretty soon 'e got tired of it, and went away from the villa, and left 'er mostly to me."

La Merle drew a heavy breath.

"Did he treat her badly?"

"Lor', yes, sir; and neglected 'er shameful. After awhile the fever left 'er, but 'er wonderful voice that 'ad been 'er pride and 'er for'tin was all gone, and 'er beauty with it.

"For weeks she lay on a sofa in a darkened room, wasted to a shadder, and with a 'eartbreaking look on 'er face. One day she asked for pen and paper, and she wrote a letter to 'er mother in America, and give me a 'alf-crown to post it, poor dear. 'And show it to no one, Sarah,' she said, 'and tell no one about it;' and I promised fair. So I puts on my shawl and bonnet, and sneaks out of the villa; and who should meet me at the gate but Daryl 'imself! And 'e spies mistress's letter, and snatches it like lightning, and says 'e, 'You're not to post anything that *she* may write, Sarah. 'Er own people 'ave cast 'er off—she shall 'old no communication with 'em. Bring all 'er letters straight to *me*. She's fast losing 'er mind, and must be properly watched.'

"Then 'e puts a pound note in my 'and, sir, and I took it, and never told mistress."

The remorseful tears glistened on Sarah's cheek as she thus recalled the sin of her youth.

"Well, sir, she wrote three more letters to America, and trusted 'em all to me; and I—Lord pardon me!—I give everyone to Daryl, and the poor lady wondered and wondered why she never got an answer. But I was that afraid of the man, I didn't *dare* do other than 'e said. I'm sure 'e'd 'yptonized *me* as well as mistress, for I was weak as water before 'im. Oh, sir, now you know why I run away from you at Witch Hollow—why I was so scared to meet you there. My conscience pricked me dreadful. I thought my punishment 'ad come at last, and though I deserved it I took straight to my 'eels, sir."

She looked timidly, anxiously at La Merle.

"Go on with your story," he said. "You have nothing to fear from me."

"Thank you, sir. Poor mistress got weaker and weaker, and of course Daryl grew more and more weary of 'er. She 'ad money that she'd earned on the stage, and 'e spent it scandalously. She tried to stop him, but 'twas no use—'e was born a spendthrift, and 'e gambled besides. Mistress 'ad jewels, too—pearls and diamonds that crowned 'eads 'ad given 'er, for she'd sung at most of the courts of Europe. 'Er rings and necklaces and bracelets were fit to dazzle one's eyes. Daryl wanted to sell 'em; but sick as she was she blazed up and said:

"'No; they are my daughter's fortune—they shall be sold only for 'er benefit. When I am dead take my child and my jewels to America—

give all to my mother—tell 'er to provide for little Alicia's future with these trophies of my past victories. She 'as been very 'ard and unforgiving, but she will pity 'er innocent granddaughter. The gems are for the child—for 'er only.'

"Again and again, sir, I 'eard the poor lady say this same thing to Daryl, and 'e always answered, 'Yes, to be sure'—the 'ypocrite!—and soon after she died. We 'ad been at St. John's Wood exactly five months."

La Merle started. His topaz eyes glowed like embers touched by the wind of the bellows.

"And my child," he said, hoarsely—"she died with the mother, eh?"

"No, sir!" answered Sarah Rose; "not that ever *I* 'eard. She was fine and 'ealthy the last time I saw 'er, which was after poor mistress's burial. You told me at Witch Hollow that she was dead; but I didn't believe it then, and I wouldn't believe it now, if twenty men like Daryl should swear it on the Book."

At that moment Coco the parrot moved on his perch, and uttered a plaintive call:

"Esther! where's Esther?"

"Hear that, sir!" said Sarah Rose. "I've asked who the bird means, and madame shuts me up short like a jackknife, and that wild image Polly begins to cry, and says it's as much as 'er place is worth to mention Esther. I can't"—and Sarah looked bewildered—"think what it means, sir."

La Merle laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Tell me the truth: Did Daryl have a daughter?"

"Never. Why, haven't I just said that mistress was in 'er grave at Kensal Green five months after the Belgium duel?"

"Great Heaven! my child was left to that man's care?"

"Certainly. There was no one to claim 'er, sir. I was discharged as soon as mistress died, but 'e kept the nursemaid, a dull, simple body, not likely to give 'im trouble. I took service with a family going to Yorkshire, and the day I packed my box at the villa, says I to the nurse, 'Master will soon be carrying little miss to America, for 'er poor ma wanted 'er to go there to 'er own people.' 'No,' says nurse, pert as could be; 'master's gone and 'dopted 'er for 'is own daughter, Sarah, and I'm not to call 'er the same name any more—I've 'ad positive orders.' 'Oh,' says I, spitefully, 'e 'as no mind to give up the jewels, then! For the sake of poor mistress's diamonds 'e will 'ang fast to little miss!' I went away from St. John's Wood that very day, sir, and never saw any of 'em after; but, so far as I know the story, I've told it, neither adding nor taking. Ten years I staid in Yorkshire; then I came to America, and went out to service 'ere; but I never forgot mistress, and often I've wondered what became of the little one——"

"Wait!" interrupted La Merle, breathlessly. "Tell me again—there was no child but mine?"

"None—God is my witness, sir!" Her voice fell to a whisper; her heavy face put on a troubled look. "I've something strange to say to you—something, maybe, that you'll 'ardly believe. After I run away from Witch Hollow I 'ad to find a new situation, of course. I went to an employment bureau, and was sent to this 'ouse, to take care of its owner—a sick old woman named Marthe. I've a good memory—I 'adn't forgot 'ow I'd seen that name on the letters that Daryl took from me at St. John's Wood. It belonged to the American mother of poor mistress. When I came to my new place I asked that scarecrow in the kitchen—Polly—if Mme. Marthe ever 'ad a daughter. 'One that died,' says she. 'At home, or in furrin parts?' says I. 'At home,' says she. And soon after madame was ill and out of 'er 'ead, and all one blessed night she lay a-muttering about Esther—I didn't know who *she* was. And Alicia—Alicia!—*that* name went through me like a knife, sir. I was serving the mother of my poor dead mistress! You and I are under 'er roof this very minute. In the last few weeks I've been tempted forty times to go down on my knees to old madame and tell the same story I've told you, though she's that cross, it seems as if my 'ead would tumble off my shoulders a dozen times a day, and a saint from 'eaven would lose 'is temper with 'er, sir."

Dr. La Merle looked around the dismal drawing room.

"This house," he murmured, "her old home! Ah, mon Dieu! And by following your steps, Sarah Rose, I come to the door of the American mother. Strange!"

"Esther! Esther!" shrieked Coco again from his perch.

La Merle looked at his companion with a queer smile.

"He has a memory—that bird. He is calling a young person who lately lived here—a relative of madame's. I know her well." Then he grasped his head suddenly with both hands.

"So my child did not die, and everything that I heard about her death was a tissue of lies, told by Daryl to cover up his own villainy! And I—shut from the world in a madhouse, what means had *I* of discovering the truth? For the sake of the jewels he changed the name of Alicia La Merle to that of Esther Daryl. He robbed me of my daughter, and my daughter of her mother's legacy!" His hands dropped again to his side; he

resumed his usual manner. "Sarah Rose," he said, quietly, "take me at once to Mme. Marthe, and tell her who I am—the husband of her dead Alicia, and the father of her young granddaughter, who is falsely called Esther Daryl."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MARK DARYL sat in the parlor of his uptown hotel, and read the following note, which he had just received from his daughter: "I have returned to the house of my grandmother. Madame and I are completely reconciled. She is about to make a new will, and she bids me say that she must talk with you at once on matters of importance. Come quickly, for she is in a state of great mental disturbance."

Daryl put down the message, and burst into a laugh.

"In a state of great mental disturbance!" he muttered. "And does the old beldam want me to soothe her—*me?* Well, that's a good one! Esther with her again? What the deuce can this nonsense mean? The minx must have quarreled with Bruna. Perhaps madame means to set me down for something in her new will, and so is seeking a reconciliation with me as well as with Esther.

"'Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel.'

It's the improbable thing that always happens. By Jove!" with a burst of self-admiration, "how I've made the loose change fly in my day! I always had an amazing talent for spending money—I never could take lessons from the frugal bee."

Mr. Daryl was still an inmate of the fashionable hotel where little Telfair had found him; but his funds were running low, and he felt that he must vacate his present quarters, or make an immediate effort to replenish his purse.

"I may as well pay my respects to madame in her crazy old barrack," he mused. "The worst she can do is to snarl at me. Under any circumstances a decrepit old woman is not greatly to be feared. Besides, I ought to keep a firm hold on Esther. As the *fiancée* of Adolphus Telfair she is really my best card at present."

And so Mark Daryl walked jauntily into the net spread for him—that is, he made ready and went straight to the old house in the square.

Polly admitted him. It was evening. In her dismal drawing room madame sat waiting for her visitor. Her yellow armchair had been placed close to a wax candle that made an oasis of light in a desert of darkness. An Indian shawl wrapped her wasted figure. Her cold, keen eye—keener even than of old—and Roman profile looked strangely forbidding. It was not without some secret misgivings that Daryl approached her.

"I hear that Esther has returned to your care, madame," he began. "I also understand that you wish to speak with me on important business. Well, here I am—what can I do for you?"

Madame pointed stiffly to a chair.

"Sit down. The last time you entered my house I did not see you. You came to entice Esther away from the only home she had ever known. Yesterday I sent for her to return to it."

"Yes?" said Daryl, warily.

"I sent in great haste, for I had curious news for the child. After she deserted me I made a will giving all my possessions to public charities. That document I have just burned"—she pointed to a handful of ashes on the hearth—"and my lawyer is now ready to draw up another."

"Very sensible of you, I'm sure," commented Daryl, in a sprightly tone. "Perhaps you will be good enough to mention me in the new paper—I am in need of money."

"Indeed!" said madame, dryly. "When was it otherwise? My fortune will go entirely to my granddaughter, and in my new will I wish her to be called by her rightful name. I ask you—what may that be? Up to the present date she has been known as Esther Daryl"—her old face grew threatening and terrible—"but, liar! deceiver! thief! there is not a drop of your blood in her. She is no Daryl!"

The attack was sudden and unexpected. Thrown off his guard, he gave a start of amazement, and cried out:

"You old witch! Who told you that?"

Madame's sunken eyes flashed ominously.

"I say the girl is not Esther Daryl," she screamed, "but Alicia La Merle, the child of my daughter's lawful husband! Here—you, there in the corner—come this way!"

At this call the darkness at the far end of the drawing room swayed and moved, and Esther herself emerged from it, followed closely by Sarah Rose.

The pair approached till they were face to face with Daryl. The moment his eyes fell on Sarah a deep purple hue suffused his countenance. With an oath he leaped to his feet.

"What!" he shouted; "a trap?"

Esther was holding Sarah's hand. Her firm grasp made the woman's faint heart strong.

"You remember me, Mr. Daryl?" she faltered. "I haven't changed much in eighteen years?—well, no more have you, sir."

"'Pon my soul! I am cornered, it seems, and by a lot of women!" shouted Daryl, in a fury.

"You remember," persisted Sarah, "that I was for a long time the waiting woman of Mme. Astarte, the hopera singer, and that I lived with 'er

"I came to earn my living 'onestly, sir—I'm a servant now in this 'ouse."

"The deuce you are!"

"THE MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE."—FROM AN OLD PAINTING AT SIENNA.

in the villa at St. John's Wood, the same where she died?"

"You brazen baggage!" cried Daryl, "how came you on this side of the ocean?"

With a fearless mien Esther went up to Mark Daryl.

"The whole truth is known," she said. "Sarah has revealed everything. I think my guardian

angel sent her to us; or perhaps the spirit of my poor mother, whom you wronged so deeply, Mark Daryl. It is useless for you to deny Sarah's story—from your treatment of me I might have known long ago that no tie of blood existed between us!"

"There was never a child but Dr. La Merle's daughter!" cried Sarah Rose, stoutly.

Daryl uttered an angry curse.

"I don't know as I need trouble myself to make denials," he said, assuming a bravado air. "First and last, you have been a vast deal of torment to me, Esther. Plague take your sex! Some one of it has been at the bottom of every misfortune of my life. Well, then," with a mocking smile, "call yourself Alicia La Merle, my dear, if you like the name better—*I* have really nothing to gain or lose by the change. I never wanted you—far from it. But your mother, an unreasonable woman in many things, was mad to keep you constantly by her side. As for your father—I thought I had killed him, though, as I afterward heard, my bullet just missed his heart. Of course, your mother's death flung you altogether on my hands. You were saddled to me hopelessly."

"Fie, sir! my mistress ordered that the child should be sent to America!" cried Sarah Rose; "and she left a fortune in jewels to little miss—legions of times I've seen the magnificent bracelets and the necklaces and the pendants with my own eyes, and, as 'er waiting woman, 'andled 'em, too."

"Hold your tongue, creature!" commanded Daryl, sharply. Visibly disconcerted, he turned again to Esther. "It was not convenient for me to leave England at the time your mother, the opera singer, died. Of course, she had jewels, as this woman says—she was a prime favorite in her day; but, you see, I was obliged to sell them for your benefit shortly after her death. It cost—ahem!—a great deal of money to keep you, with a nursemaid, in London, for five years, while I was preparing to return to America. As for the rest of it, why, I gave you my name—called you my child—just to cover the spots on your mother's reputation and stop the mouths of curious people. It was a simple way of preventing awkward questions. At last I brought you across the sea, and left you where, of course, you belonged—in the house of your maternal grandmother. Now"—with a burst of righteous indignation—"how can any reasonable person condemn such a course of action? You ought to thank me, Esther, for condescending to call you my daughter—for the loan of a name as ancient and high-sounding as that of Daryl. Under the circumstances my generosity was highly commendable. Certainly the deceit has done no harm——"

"*No harm!*"

The words were echoed by a new, strange voice. From the dark background of the room burst another figure—a man with red hair standing stiffly about the startling pallor of his face, and the pupils of his yellowish eyes expanding ominously. Mark Daryl leaped behind Mme. Marthe's chair.

"Keep off!" he cried, in a panic. "I am unarmed—keep off!"

Dr. La Merle advanced, aflame with many wrongs and bent on vengeance. His slight figure seemed to grow tall with every step.

"Years ago, monsieur," he hissed, "I swore to deal with you some day as with a dog! You destroyed my wife, you stole my child, and in stealing, robbed her, like the thief, the brigand which you are! Does a man of your stamp deserve mercy?"

Like lightning his hand went into his breast pocket. Something flashed bright in the candlelight. With a shriek Esther flung herself between the two men.

"Oh, do not soil your hands, or your soul, with his blood!" she cried to La Marle. "Give him a little time to repent of his sins—God knows he is too wicked to die now!"

Then, with desperate courage, she reached for the revolver cocked in the doctor's hand.

"You must not—you must not!" she sobbed. "Oh, father, father! grant me the first request that I, as your child, make of you—do this wretch no harm—surely you would not spoil all our joy with such a deed?"

The tender, imploring voice of his new-found daughter bent and swayed La Merle with irresistible power. Her little, pale face shone betwixt him and his enemy. He hesitated, his fingers relaxed their clutch on the deadly weapon, his hot veins grew cool. The thirst for vengeance, long cherished, all consuming, died suddenly in his heart. Daryl, sallow with fear, crouched behind madame's chair, and measured with his eye the distance betwixt himself and the door.

"How deuced dramatic!" he muttered. "Long ago the doctor and I tried our skill with pistols, and he got the worst of it, I remember."

But even this gibe did not move La Merle, for Esther had flung two slender arms around his neck, and was holding him fast in her embrace.

"In spite of Mark Daryl we have found each other, dear father," she sobbed, "and we will yet be happy together!"

Mme. Marthe rose suddenly, majestically to her feet, and pushed Mark Daryl toward the door.

"You do not deserve to leave this house un-

harmed," she said; "but go—go, and thank Heaven that you are able to get off with your life!"

Waiting for no second bidding, Daryl went.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A FRAGMENT from Verdi's "Aïda" echoed dreamily through the wainscoted parlor. Janet opened the door.

"Mr. Telfair, miss."

The music ceased. Esther arose from the piano.

"Show him in."

A fire of pine knots, piled high on the hearth, was making a merry dance of light and shade in the room. Its crimson glow fell full upon Esther as she advanced to meet her lover. He had not seen her for a fortnight, and he was at once struck by some indefinable change in her whole appearance.

"Eh?" he began, starting back a step. "You look a little queer, don't you know? By Jove! I've been gone an unconscionable while, have I not? Two whole weeks, and so many things have happened in that time!" He bent and kissed her hand.

Esther's manner forbade a warmer greeting, and little Telfair, like a true gentleman, disdained to take more than was willingly given.

"Sorry it happened so, but I wrote you about it, you know. My uncle, old General Telfair, wired me an urgent message—very sick. I had to hurry to Washington, of course. He was always no end of a slow, solemn prig. He never died for a week afterward. Why, I made it all quite plain to you, did I not?"

"I cannot remember," answered Esther, wearily. "I have had no time to read letters. It does not matter now, Mr. Telfair—it really does not."

Telfair looked blank for a moment. Such words from the lips of his *fiancée* had a queer sound. He rallied bravely, however, clapped his hand to his pocket, and drew out a legal-looking document.

"Ah—oh, here it is!" he said, cheerfully; "the deed of settlement, you know. I hope you'll like it—a block, in a goodish sort of location—it's all arranged——"

She recoiled as he tried to put the paper in her hand.

"Oh, impossible!" she shuddered. "Don't! I cannot take it—no, no! I am glad you came here to-night, Mr. Telfair—there is something I wish to say to you. Many strange, strange things have happened to us all since you went away."

He looked at her with mingled surprise and anxiety.

"Yes; I met Gabriel Ferris at the Vendôme this morning. He told me—bless my soul, what didn't he tell me? Never heard such a series of amazing revelations! I'm afraid you're a good deal upset, my darling—you seem quite unlike yourself, somehow. Oh, come now! Isn't it a matter for congratulation that you are *not* Mark Daryl's daughter? He's a queer chap—that Daryl. As for Mrs. Sydney Lithgow's troubles, and Jack's lunacy in marrying a wife and instantly bolting for parts unknown, why, these things, sad as they are, have no particular bearing on *our* happiness, eh? I hope—ahem!—I really hope your new father, Dr. La Merle, is not going to cut up rough, and offer objections to—to *me?*"

"Oh, no!"

"That's fortunate!" cried Dolly, brightening, "because as a father-in-law I infinitely prefer La Merle to Mark Daryl. I have only to change the name here," indicating the document in his grasp, "to make everything all right."

Esther extended her hand imperatively. He put the deed in it. Without a word she tossed the paper into the fire of pine knots, and watched it shrivel and fly away in black flakes up the wide-mouthed chimney.

"You can never make it right, Mr. Telfair!" she cried, wildly. "Everything is wrong—wrong! An earthquake has shaken us all in the last few days—I feel bewildered, uncertain whether I am myself or some other person. If I seem hard and unkind do not blame me. Esther Daryl exists no longer; but it is not too late to repair one, at least, of her many mistakes. Perhaps my new name has brought to me new views of life. At any rate, I must now tell you the truth. I do not love you—I can never love you. And so permit me to return your ring."

She drew his diamond from her finger and laid it in his hand. Esther's late experiences had, indeed, moved her greatly. The world—*her* world—seemed turning upside down. She was not the daughter of Daryl, nor the cousin of Bruna, nor yet the sister of Gabriel Ferris!

"When I promised to become your wife, Mr. Telfair," she said, with a red spot of shame glowing on her pale cheek, "my sole thought was of your wealth and social importance. Being reckless and unhappy, I determined to marry you, though I knew that both you and I would be supremely miserable. You see," with a wan smile, "my better self is in the ascendant. I ask you to forgive me. My future belongs to others, and if not happy, I would like to have it blameless."

Little Telfair stood as though stricken to the heart. For a lean, middle-aged dandy in eyeglasses, he looked exceedingly tragic.

"By Jove!" he cried, aghast, "can you, do you, mean all this?"

"Yes," she replied, mournfully, "every word. You are kind and good and generous—carry your devotion to some nobler woman, who will reward it with the best love that she can bestow. *I* am powerless to give you even a meagre return—a single thought that is worthy of you."

He looked at her fixedly. Had he a rival? Her sad, listless, little face seemed to forbid the suspicion.

"And you refuse to marry me, Esther?" he said, dolefully. "Are you going away with Dr. La Merle—over seas, I mean?"

"Not yet. I have a relative, old and ill. Once I deserted her most heartlessly. Now I shall go back to her house and attend her while she lives. When I have done my best for Grandma Marthe my life will belong entirely to my father."

Though cut to the heart, little Telfair uttered neither complaint nor reproach.

"Well," he said, cheerfully, "for several weeks you have made me very happy—not every man has so long a period of perfect bliss allotted to him, don't you know? I am grateful for what I've received. As for this ring," he looked ruefully at the beautiful jewel, "you have honored me by by wearing it—really, I couldn't bear to see it in the possession of another person. Let it follow the deed of settlement." And he flung the bauble into the crimson coals. "I'm awfully sorry, you know," and his voice broke; "but for your sake I'll try to act like a man—I will, indeed! And you're not to feel badly for me—no, no. It's all right, since you wish it to be like this, darling." And then he pressed her small cold hand, looked wistfully into her weary eyes, and with the fortitude of a hero departed from her presence.

Meanwhile the quest of Gabriel Ferris had prospered badly. Search as he would, he could obtain no tidings of Jack o' the Light. The latter had vanished as completely as on the night of his first unfortunate appearance at Crag Head. Even Sydney Lithgow knew nothing of his son's whereabouts.

"History repeats itself!" sighed Miss Cicely. "Poor Bruna! Twice married, and twice deserted!"

After some days of fruitless search Ferris appeared again at Crag Head.

"I have done all that I can do, Bruna," he said, gloomily. "I told you he would not be found."

She heard him with a composed air. Her first anguish was past. She was pale, but tranquil. Evidently she did not mean to wipe her beautiful proud eyes again on friends or strangers.

"Many thanks for your efforts, cousin," she answered. "I regret that I have caused you so much trouble. I will ask nothing more of you."

With admirable heroism she took up the burden of everyday life just where she had dropped it to become the bride of dashing, fascinating Jack o' the Light. Her rides on the shore were resumed, and the books and music that she had loved. To these occupations she added long walks about the neighborhood, with Romeo and Petrel, and frequent visits to the cottages of the Fogport fishermen, especially when sickness was there before her, or tidings of disaster from the fishing fleet. Miss Cicely marveled at the girl's quiet fortitude. After Gabriel's search was given over she rarely spoke of Lithgow, even to her faithful old friend. It seemed to Miss Rainsford that he had flashed across the Crag Head sky like a meteor, and gone out, alas! in utter darkness and silence.

Dr. La Merle came down to the Crag to offer his sympathy to Bruna in her day of trouble.

"Ah, my child!" he sighed, and took her hands in his own, and held them in eloquent, tender silence. By and by Bruna heard him murmur: "To love you, and to leave you! Ma foi! He has dealt with himself mercilessly. Ah, so brave and lovable, and yet so ignorant of a woman's heart!"

Bruna shivered.

"Let us talk of Esther, dear doctor. I wish you great joy of your daughter. I have lost a cousin, but you have found a consolation for your old age. How strange! how delightful!"

"Yes, yes!"

"Yet, when you first met her at the Crag you detested her, you remember."

"I then believed her to be the child of Daryl."

"You have long been a lonely, desolate man, monsieur. I foresee that this daughter, restored to you as by a miracle, will make you very happy. And after all your provocation you actually forbore to harm Mark Daryl when you had him at your mercy! That was noble, that was grand!"

With amazing lightness La Merle began to move back and forth on the hearth rug.

"Ah, it was the little daughter's work! But for her I must have killed him. Thousands of times I had sworn to shoot him at sight. Yes, the opportunity was in my hand at last. But I owed a thank offering to Heaven for the child's recovery, mademoiselle—a sacrifice, and I made it—the vengeance for which I long prayed! Pouf!

My little one stepped between us, and Daryl went out of the place unharmed."

Bruna beamed a grave and gentle approval on her friend.

"And now," continued La Merle, another sacrifice is demanded of me. I must yield the *enfant* to Mme. Marthe. My child would do penance for the past. Well, let it be so. I can wait. I can be generous. Madame is old and heartbroken. Shall I not give her such comfort as I may, for the sake of one who is dead?"

This allusion to the woman who had wrecked his life sealed Bruna's lips for a space; but presently she said, in a low voice:

"Where is Mark Daryl now?"

"I know not. He has vanished from his hotel —from the city. I fancy he will never care to cross my way again."

MAKING NOODLES (ALSACE-LORRAINE).

And so Esther, as the Crag Head people continued to call her, went back to the old house in the square—to Mme. Marthe, and Coco and the cats—there to remain so long as the old woman should live.

"It is my duty to do so," she said to Bruna.

Autumn passed, and winter, gray and desolate, came to the land. Essex woods tossed skeleton arms to the sky. Salem Bay lay, "a dark wonder," writhing and moaning under the scourge of the east wind. One sunny December day, as Roger brought the bay horse to the door of Crag Head, where his young mistress, in her blue riding habit and long gloves, stood waiting to take a morning canter, he proceeded to relieve his burdened mind of a piece of news.

"Somebody's gone and set up housekeeping again at the Holler, miss," he said; "Witch Holler, that's been shut fast since your wedding day. Who the parties are I don't know; but they got in as still as corpses. I thought you ought to be told how you had new neighbors in that place, miss."

"When did you make the discovery, Roger?" asked Bruna, as she sprang into the saddle.

"Last night, as I was riding from Fogport, I saw light in the winders, and shadders passing to and fro—wimmen's shadders, every one. Most likely it's a lot of wimmen folks that's took the house."

Bruna gathered up her rein and went off down the avenue at a sober pace. A curious suspicion was dawning in her mind. When she reached Witch Hollow she turned her horse through the gate, and rode straight up to the entrance of the ancient mansion. She sprang from the saddle, and gathering up her habit, mounted the steps resolutely. Somewhere inside the house she could hear an *étude* of Thalberg played with skill and feeling; but the sound ceased as Bruna raised the brass knocker and let it fall heavily. A servant opened the door.

"I wish to see Mrs. Lithgow," said Bruna.

"Mrs. Lithgow does not receive visitors," answered the maid.

"Tell her that Bruna Daryl, the wife of her son, is waiting here."

The servant vanished. In a moment she reappeared, and flung the door wide open.

"Come in," she said; and through the ancient hall Bruna was conducted into a little sitting room, bright with blossoming plants and a snapping wood fire. From a cottage piano, open in a corner, a fair woman in black advanced to meet her—Mrs. Sydney Lithgow.

Deposed, yet still a queen, wasted with recent illness, but wearing the same grace and distinction that the world had so much admired in her days of prosperity—yes, it was indeed Mark Daryl's unhappy wife who had taken possession of Jack o' the Light's old abode. For a moment the two women stood speechless, eyes searching eyes, cheeks pale, hearts beating with heavy strokes. Then, without a word, they rushed into each other's arms.

"My poor, poor girl!" sighed Myrtle Lithgow.

"Surely your tribulation is greater than you can bear!" murmured Bruna, mournfully.

"Don't think of me. Yours is the sadder lot, because you are young. Youth and sorrow make an ill-matched pair. Have you heard anything yet from that unhappy boy?"

Bruna choked down a sob.

"No!"

"Oh, my dear child! I fear that he is lost to us forever." The elder woman led the younger to a seat. "How good of you to come to me here!" she said, sadly. "When I was ill at Newport Jack offered me this hermitage. I accepted it gladly—nothing could better suit my present needs. A woman who has met with disasters like mine should hide herself henceforth from the world. At Witch Hollow I can live in strict retirement, forgotten by friends and foes alike."

Bruna pressed the frail white hand of this uncrowned queen.

"He—Mark Daryl—will not trouble you further?"

A slight spasm crossed Myrtle's face.

"No; his malice is exhausted. He has nothing further to gain by tormenting me."

"And where is Sydney Lithgow?"

"That name, forever dread, yet ever dear,"

brought a deeper pallor into Myrtle's white face.

"Abroad. But he sends me the consolation of a daily letter."

Involuntarily Bruna's eyes filled with tears. She, alas! had no like comfort. *Her* portion was doubt, silence, horrible uncertainty.

Long and earnestly the two women talked together.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Lithgow, "I well remember the time of Jack's wild courses. His father and I were striving to marry him to Maud Winthrop. He could never endure what he called nagging, for his temper was hot and imperious. He disappeared from home, and for a time would hold no communication with us. It was then that he fell, a mere boy, into Mark Daryl's evil company. Bruna, tell me with your own lips that you quite forgive poor Jack."

Bruna's eyes grew large and luminous.

"Yes, I do—I do!" she answered. "On my wedding day, there in the church, I was shocked and indignant beyond measure; but later, when I read his letter, my anger died, and I felt that my love was great enough to cover everything."

Myrtle looked deeply distressed.

"Oh, how is he to know that? Where shall we

find him? Weeks ago Sydney Lithgow instructed various agents to search among his South American friends, but Jack has not been heard of in that quarter of the world. He never regarded his own sins with indulgence—he was no adept at framing self-excuses. He considers his offense unpardonable. You told him you could not forgive him. He believes it."

Bruna trembled.

"He will come back some day," she said. "I feel it here," with her hand on her heart. "I can wait for him—all my life I can wait if need be. Yes, sooner or later, he will surely come!"

Presently she arose to go.

"As Jack's wife you will visit me often in my retreat, will you not?" pleaded Myrtle, wistfully. "The door which I shut against the rest of the world will be always open to you. And bring Miss Rainsford. I have not forgotten the debt of gratitude which I owe to that dear old saint," she added.

Bruna promised, and then said, gravely:

"Pardon me, you have not yet mentioned my cousin Gabriel?"

A faint tinge of red appeared in Myrtle's cheek.

"Gabriel offered to take up his permanent abode with me as my protector, my defender," she said, "and I believe Sydney Lithgow also wished it; but I could not, would not, consent. I am ambitious for Gabriel's future, and what right had I, a faithless mother, to demand sacrifices of the son whom I once disowned and deserted? His presence is a continual reproach to me—I cannot bear it. Sydney Lithgow will keep him in a post of importance, and watch over his future for my sake. My mind is at rest concerning Gabriel."

From that day Bruna became a constant visitor at the Witch Hollow house. A deep and strong attachment sprang up betwixt those two fair women, and through many succeeding weeks and months it cheered and brightened their dull and lonely lives like a sudden fire kindled in a dark and desolate place.

(To be continued.)

SUSPENSE.

By Emile Andrew Huber.

If at a stage of players
We two were lookers-on,
Would we not wish the lover
Might never quite discover
His love, nor she betray hers,
Lest the sweet play be done?
If at the stage of players
We two were lookers-on?

If churchward rolled a carriage
With us two lone inside,
Would we not wish discreetly,
Thus mystically, sweetly,
To never reach the marriage
And never quite decide?
If churchward rolled a carriage
With us two lone inside?

If earth were but as heaven
Whose angels never wed,
Would you not still be parling,
Always almost my darling—
When now you never even
May be my friend instead?
If earth were but as heaven
Whose angels never wed!

MOTHER AND CHILD. (DANAE AND PERSEUS.)

(From Simonides.)

Closed in the fine-wrought chest,
She felt the rising wind the waters move.
Then, by new fear possessed,
With action wild
And cheeks bedewed, she stretched her arms of love
Toward Perseus: "O my child,
What sorrow wrings my breast!
Whilst thou art sunk so deep
In infancy's calm sleep;
Launched in this joyless ark,
Bronze-fastened, glimmering-dark,
Yet, pillowed on thy tangled hair,
Thou slumber'st, nor dost care
For billows past thee bounding
Nor breezes shrilly sounding,
Laid in thy mantle red, sweet face, how fair!
Ah! but if Fear
Had aught of fear for thee,
Thou even to me
Wouldst turn thy tender ear.
But now I bid thee rest, my babe; sleep still!
Rest, O thou sea! Rest, rest, unbounded ill!
Zeus, Father, some relief, some change from Thee!
Am I too bold? For *his* sake, pardon me!

Lewis Campbell.

A PHILANTHROPIC LEOPARD.

By Francis S. Palmer.

One hot day Gaston Langfield, an English lad of eighteen, was following a slight trail that led among the great ferns and dense underbrush of the tropical forest which covers the Congo Valley in Africa. He was not alone; behind him in single file came twenty negro carriers with heavy packs on their shoulders, and before him walked the negro guide.

It was near the hour for the noon rest, and when a suitable place had been reached a halt was ordered; the carriers were glad to throw down their burdens.

Gaston ate his lunch, and selecting a shady spot, stretched himself out on the ground. A year before he had come to Africa with a party of immigrants who were now settled at a little station near the Congo, and under the command of Captain Burney, an officer in the British service. Now, owing to the failure of the crops the settlers had tried to cultivate, added to unfriendly feelings on the part of the natives—who themselves were short of food—there was danger of starvation in the little colony. Captain Burney had waited till the last moment, hoping to get supplies from the neighboring tribes. All efforts to do this having failed, there was now nothing left

"THE NEXT INSTANT SOMETHING FLASHED THROUGH THE DENSE FOLIAGE OVERHEAD."

save to send for help to the nearest settlement, a larger one down the river. By offering unusually big pay a band of negro carriers and a guide were secured; and when the captain looked about for some one to go with them his final choice was Gaston Langfield. The lad was large and strong for his age, and had the reputation of being prudent and reliable; moreover, he was on good terms with the blacks. They were often his companions on hunting expeditions, and he understood their habits and language.

It was a three days' journey to the station down the river. Already—at the time the story opens—Gaston and his party were on the return trip, and the men were heavily loaded with provisions. So far all had gone well, and by to-morrow night they ought to reach the home station. That was the time set for their return by Captain Burney. He had estimated that with care the food at the station would last till then; but there must be no delays.

Gaston, lying there in the shade, was congratulating himself on his good fortune; there had been no trouble in getting supplies at the larger station, and the carriers were unusually docile.

This train of thought led him to look at the group of negroes who, some thirty yards distant, were lounging on the ground. The noon heat was stifling, and most of the men lay around in listless attitudes; but the guide, Numar, a chief of the tribe and a man of more intelligence than his fellows, was talking earnestly, using the many gestures with which the savage assists his meagre language.

Gaston listened carefully, but at that distance he could not understand what was being said. Suddenly Numar sprang to his feet, continuing his harangue in a loud, excited voice; often his supple arm was extended toward the white lad's prostrate figure. Evidently they thought him asleep. He grew suspicious. Perhaps Numar was persuading the others to murder him and steal the provisions. He had taken pains to treat them well, and they seemed very friendly; but he knew that, where his profit was concerned, the savage could be guilty of the most gross treachery. At this time the tribes themselves were threatened with famine. Only he stood in the way of the blacks taking to their own people this food they carried; and his destruction would be an easy matter. Though armed with a rifle, he could not for any length of time hold his own against twenty savages.

Numar's speech must at once be stopped. Gaston jumped from the ground and shouted to the men to make ready for the march.

"Young master," returned the guide, "they are not yet rested; it is too soon to march again."

His only reply was a repetition of the command, and the blacks sullenly obeyed.

The party, you remember, marched in this order: at the head was Numar; then followed Gaston, and after him came the carriers in single file.

For an hour they went on quietly, and Gaston had begun to think his suspicions too hasty, when he was startled by an outcry from one of the men behind him. He turned to discover the cause: a man had fallen to the ground, screaming with pain or fear.

Gaston would have run to his assistance had he not noticed the strange behavior of the other blacks. Instead of paying attention to their companion, they all stood still, gazing at himself. His suspicions were again aroused, and he looked to see what had become of Numar.

Just as Gaston wheeled about the guide was poising his assagai with the evident intention of hurling it at him. The blacks throw these short spears with great skill, and the boy knew that death was very near him. But the sudden turning of his intended victim, with the sight of the terrible rifle, was too much for the guide's nerves; the assagai shot through the air, but only to quiver in the trunk of a tree standing at Gaston's side. Before the rifle could be raised Numar had sunk to the ground and disappeared in the underbrush.

Gaston turned toward the carriers; their packs lay on the ground, but the men were hidden. Now the plot was clear. The disturbance among the carriers was intended to make him look back so that Numar could the more safely hurl his assagai. Around the spot where Gaston stood there was little underbrush. While he held a loaded rifle he felt sure that no native, while daylight lasted, would expose himself by coming into this more open space. Gaston placed his back against a large tree and waited.

The quiet of the forest was disturbed only by the discordant notes of brightly colored birds and by the chatter of monkeys. A wave of desolation swept over the boy and left him almost unnerved.

At length Numar broke the silence, his voice coming from somewhere near the edge of the thicker underbrush.

"Young white man, we will not carry the food to your people. We are now near our own villages. Our people want food, and they shall have this that we are carrying. It was thought best to kill you; but, as things now are, we will promise, if you make no trouble, to take you with us to the village and treat you well, and finally send

you back to your friends. For we do not want to kill you, but we do want the food. If you still wish to make trouble we will wait till night, and then kill you."

Gaston hesitated. He had reason to believe that if he surrendered Numar would keep his promise of good treatment. That would be the safer course for the negroes; and, besides, he thought they were personally friendly to him. On the other hand, he thought of the colonists—men, women and children—who were dependent on him. Possibly coolness and courage could yet save the precious provisions. Yes, he must be faithful to his trust—even in the face of almost certain death.

When he answered, it was with a firm voice.

"No, Numar; your men must carry these packs to Captain Burney, or he will join your enemies, and make war, and burn your villages. The white man is terrible!"

Numar made no reply.

To Gaston, waiting there in the awful hush of the forest, every glistening leaf seemed a spear-head. He shuddered to think of night, when, through underbrush and along vines and branches, the savages would creep, unobserved, till near enough to destroy him. Then, in this moment of fear, his thoughts went back to an English village—to a vicarage and the family there, from whose prayers he was never absent. And of a sudden he felt strong—strong to do his duty, and if need be to meet death.

The next instant something flashed through the dense foliage overhead and darted down into the underbrush where Numar was hiding. There was a shrill shout, and the guide rolled into sight, locked in the embrace of a leopard. For a moment the man and the beast struggled desperately. Then all was quiet again, and the leopard, victorious, crouched over the motionless figure of the black.

Perhaps to his hunter's instinct was partially due the swiftness with which Gaston raised his rifle and sent a bullet through the animal's head. It leaped high into the air, and dropped lifeless by the side of its victim.

Before Gaston moved from his station by the tree he reloaded his rifle. Numar had lain as though dead, but now the woolly head was raised, while he carefully looked around to see what had become of the leopard. Then he glanced at Gaston, and saw, directed toward him, the menacing rifle barrel. New life seemed infused into him, and he raised a supplicating hand.

"Don't shoot! Master, don't shoot!" he cried, "The food shall be carried where you wish! Only help me heal these wounds which the terrible beast has given. You—you alone can save me!"

Gaston saw a way of escape. He did not doubt that Numar's superior rank, added to his well-known cunning, would enable him, if he wished, to bring the carriers, once more, into a submissive state.

"Numar," he said, stepping forward so as to talk more easily with the wounded man, "you are badly hurt, and the leopard bites will be certain death unless I cure you with that wonderful ointment I carry, and which I alone know how to use. But before I help you you must promise to do just what I say. Order the carriers to put away their weapons and again shoulder the packs. If you do not do this I will shoot you as you lie there."

Numar groaned, and surrendered. Just now his own life seemed the most important consideration. He gave a peculiar shout, and immediately twenty dark faces appeared above the underbrush. He spoke to them, explaining the situation, and all came forward submissively.

They looked on with awe as Gaston bandaged the wounds of their chief and applied what they thought was magic ointment. A litter was arranged, and on this Numar was lifted. Before the journey was resumed he made a speech to the carriers.

"You see, master," he said, turning to Gaston, who had been busy taking the pelt from the beautiful creature he had shot, "I have told them they must now obey you and keep you from danger. The life of their chief depends upon your good will and safety; if evil happened to you I might not be cured of the leopard bites."

That afternoon and all the next day they marched on without accident of any kind, and on the morning of the seventh day of their absence reached Captain Burney's station, the precious packs safe on the carriers' shoulders.

Gaston and his troop were hailed with rejoicing, for the last of the food had been distributed the evening before. The boy had promised Numar that his treachery should be kept a secret; and, in return, the chief pledged himself to bring the neighboring tribes into more friendly relations with the whites. The kind treatment Numar received at the station (where he staid till cured of his wounds) caused him to become a stanch friend to the colonists.

Thus none of the settlers learned how important a part in their rescue from famine was played by the leopard. But Gaston showed his appreciation by hanging up the animal's pelt in the place of honor in his cabin.

THE LIBRARIES OF NEW YORK.

By the Rev. James Bassett.

First Article.

The Directory of the City of New York gives the names of forty-nine libraries. Three of these have branches, making in all fifty-eight. But the branches are not at all included in this enumeration, and some important libraries are omitted which I have included in this review, and some are too unimportant to justify any public notice of them.

INTERIOR OF THE SOCIETY LIBRARY.

Very few of these collections are sustained by organizations existing solely for the support of a library. Most of them are adjuncts of guilds, societies and institutions which have other objects in view, and to which a library is merely incidental. Nine are connected with institutions of learning, seven with missions and churches, some with clubs, and others with secret societies. Some are distinguished as *free reference*, and others as *free circulating*. By the former phrase it is meant that books may be consulted in the reading room, but cannot be taken away. By the latter term it is intended to denote that books may be borrowed for a limited period.

Having personally examined the libraries of the city of New York with a view to ascertain their condition and advantages, I propose to present in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly the principal facts and conclusions which the examination has suggested.

One of the first impressions created by these collections as a whole is their inadequacy to the reasonable demands of the population to be supplied. The Astor contains the largest number of volumes, 245,349. The Mercantile Library follows close to it with 239,793. Columbia College comes next with 150,000. The New York Historical has barely 100,000, and no other library attains to that number; but the recent additions to the Lenox will probably bring that collection next to that of Columbia College. All the so-called public or association

libraries of the city combined possess less than 2,300,000 volumes. The thirteen largest have in all, and on the highest estimate, 1,304,413 volumes. But a large part of these are practically unavailable to the populace, some by virtue of the fact that they meet the wants of specialists only, and some because the terms of use are virtually prohibitive to the people at large, and necessarily so by the nature of the institutions with which they are connected. Of twenty-three of the more important collections six only are really available to the populace. These six have together 555,660 volumes. The inadequacy of the supply is shown not only by the paucity in numbers and by the restrictions or prohibitions involved in the terms of use, but by inaccessibility of location as well.

There is no free library of one hundred thousand volumes north of Ninth Street. There are some free libraries, however, in the upper part of the city which give promise of larger resources in the near future. The Library of the Young Men's Christian Association on Twenty-third Street has much to gain before it attains that number of volumes, or space to store them. The Library of the Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen is doing valuable service with their 98,000 volumes on Sixteenth Street, but their building is contracted and inadequate. Lenox Library gives promise of soon attaining large proportions in the way of books as well as of buildings, but it is practically unavailable to the large population west of Central Park. Six of the most important libraries of the city, and containing about 755,195 volumes, or nearly one-third of all the public libraries of the city, are within five blocks of a common centre, and below Thirteenth Street. The patronage which the three free libraries of the six receive shows that they are well placed, and need not be removed to meet the wants of the people. We do not know of any practically free library which needs to be removed on account of lack of patronage, yet it remains true that there is a very large uptown population to whom none of the libraries now established are really accessible.

The total of volumes above stated may appear to be a large number, but it is to be considered in view of the demands of so large a population as that which composes the city of New York; but whether adequate to the demands of the populace or not must be determined in great part by

INTERIOR VIEW, ASTOR LIBRARY.

the statistics of circulation, whether by reference or by loan. Our investigations on this point are restricted very much by the fact that quite a number of the libraries keep no record of readers. But the most successful ones among them furnish some data from which fair inferences may be drawn. The six libraries having the largest circulation report for the last year 1,308,515 volumes drawn. Whether this be a record of which we may be proud may be inferred from the fact that *one* library of Chicago reported the great circulation of 1,414,469 volumes. The main library of Boston, with fifteen branches, had a circulation of 1,812,432. The City Public Library of Chicago, having headquarters in the City Hall, and possessing 180,000 volumes, reported for the last year a circulation of

2,115,386. The largest circulation by any one library of New York was for last year 447,597. Is the difference between these figures of New York and other cities due to the difference in the tastes of the people or to the condition of the libraries? The circulating library of New York which offers the best figures which this city can bring to the comparison, the New York Free Circulating Library, is a young institution, with very meagre resources in books, buildings and funds, having but 62,378 volumes in all its branches. The records of all the principal libraries of New York show a very great increase, in the course of their history, in the number of books and extent of circulation; but whether this growth is at all commensurate with the growth of the wealth and the population of this city may be left to the reader to infer from the data given above.

The libraries of New York disclose some of the causes of success and of failure in the management of libraries. A library is a success or a failure so far as it meets or does not meet the purpose of its creation. If a specialty it is judged by the extent to which it attracts specialists. If designed to supply the populace or average readers the measure of its success is the number of persons who avail themselves of its advantages. Of the factors of success, we mention first accessibility. It must be in a locality where it can be reached by the people who are expected to use it. It is seen that the residence districts are more favorable localities than the business sections. For this reason the trend of libraries as well as of families has been uptown. Nearly all the older collections have been moved several times. This is a very important factor of the success of the miscellaneous and popular collections, since they are patronized to some extent by women, and to greater extent by children and young people. But the subject of accessibility is to be considered not only as to the matter of location, but as it is affected by restrictions relating to the use of books. The number of patrons, that is, readers, may be limited by terms which, though ostensibly practicable for all, are practically prohibitive to many. While the conditions are practicable, the management may possibly be discourteous and offensive.

However desirable large numbers of books may be, it is shown by the statistics that the extent of patronage of a library is not dependent on the size of the collection of books, although it is reasonable to believe that the enlargement of the resources of successful libraries would, within reasonable limits, increase the patronage. The Library of Cooper Union had the last year but 33,300 volumes, 167 magazines and 297 newspapers, yet the number of volumes drawn in the course of the year was 260,000, and the number of visitors to the reading room was 561,000. The number of volumes drawn was nearly equivalent to drawing the whole library eight times, besides the readings of magazines and newspapers. The popularity of the library is not owing to any superiority of the collection of books, but must be attributed to the long standing and prestige of the institution as a resort, and to the large supply of newspapers and magazines. The place is widely known, and the fact seems to be established by the statistics of other free libraries that a large supply of periodical literature leads to the reading of books as well as to the reading of newspapers and periodicals. This is a success of a small but popular *reference* library. Undoubtedly an important element of this success is the feeling on the part of the populace that the institution is designed for their use, and that they are entirely welcome to the library hall. Other factors of success are observable in the management of the free *circulating* libraries. The loan of books meets the wants of many persons who could not use a reference library. The branches of the circulating libraries give a decided advantage, since they are so many centres of distribution, but the branches must be successes in order to make any considerable success for the institution as a whole.

The branch of the New York Free Circulating Library, known as the Bruce Branch, had last year but 15,000 volumes, yet the total circulation of that branch was 147,932, or nearly equivalent to the use of the whole branch ten times. The Free Circulating Library of the Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen exhibits similar results; but it has, I believe, no branches. The patrons of the free circulating libraries are for the most part children and very young people, and this fact accounts in great part for the extent of the circulation. This class of the population is virtually excluded from the reference libraries owing to the fact that they are in the schools during the day when the libraries are open; and quite a number of libraries exclude children by express enactments to this effect.

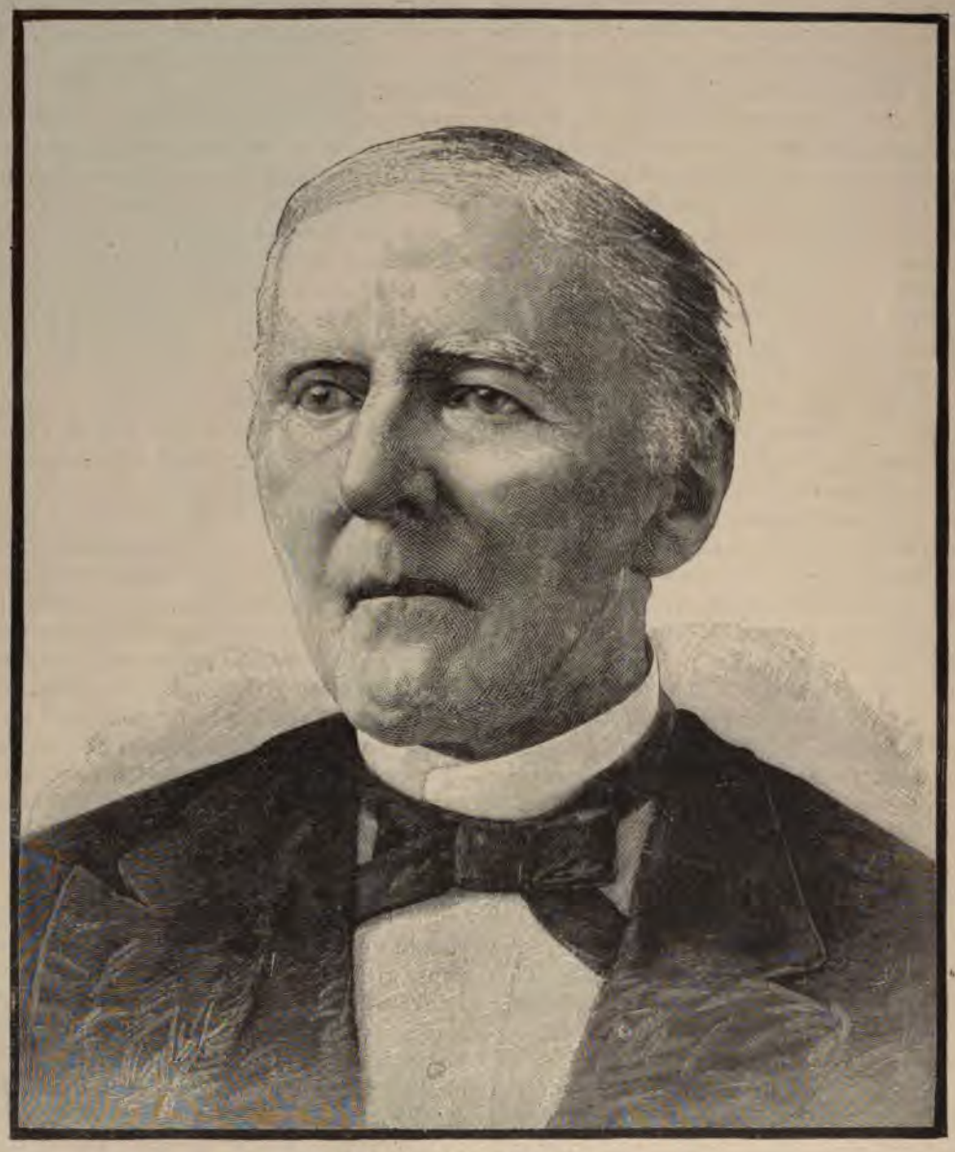
It should not be inferred from the success of free circulating libraries that all should be managed on that plan. The collections of this class are made up chiefly of the so-called popular works, the current and comparatively cheap books. While but few of these books are lost, the wear and tear are very great, for many volumes fall into the hands and homes of the untidy or careless, and are badly soiled and mu-

tilated, and soon made unfit for circulation with cleanly people. Such books—amounting to several hundred—are every year given away by the Young Women's Christian Association Library; but such books in the New York Free Circulating Library are, so far as is possible, cleaned, rebound and restored. It is evident that such a system should not be adopted by a library of costly and rare books, like the Astor or the New York Historical. The rare and costly books when once destroyed could not be replaced at all, or only at great cost. Some persons would favor the expedient of placing the rare and costly books in rooms where they would be accessible for reference, and loaning the cheaper grades, and throwing away the mutilated volumes. Some persons have suggested that, in place of the loan system, the cheaper books be given away at the first. It is thought that it would cost less than to circulate the same number of books under the loan system. This plan would save the cost of the reception, repairing and actual waste by wearing out of books. The increased expense created by an increased demand for books under this plan would be offset by the production or publication of the books in increased quantities and at reduced rates. Objections to the plan may easily be started. Some might sell or pawn their books; but that can be done under any system of circulation. A more serious objection is in the conjecture that the plan is so personally charitable that the offensiveness of the charity would be felt by many persons who now avail themselves of the loan system. A like objection was once started against free schools, but now all classes are quite willing to accept the benefits of that institution. We consider the plan especially as an economical system of effective circulation.

Apparently against such a plan is the fact stated in the Report of the New York Free Circulating Library that the cost of circulation by that institution was but $\$.06\frac{1}{10}$ per volume. This statement of percentage is valuable as showing approximately what it costs to *handle* a book—to give it out and receive it again—but it does not cover all the cost of the administration of the library, the cost of keeping the books which are not given out, and the cost of loss by wear and tear of books. These are important factors of the financial problem. The more a book is used the sooner it must be replaced by a new one. A large percentage of circulation argues a large percentage of loss by use. Whatever the interest or cost of maintaining room more than needful for the actual number of books circulated, and whatever the value of the work which the clerical force could do in the way of giving out and receiving more volumes than they now circulate, and whatever the amount of loss in value of books there may be by use, these are all factors of the actual cost of maintaining a library of a given number of books. The true relation of expense, then, to volumes, is not to volumes circulated, but to the whole number of volumes actually in the library, as nearly every report professes when the annual expenses of a library are stated. The cost of replacing worn-out books, like the cost of cleaning and repairing books, should be included in the annual expense account. The actual annual cost, then, of maintaining the New York Free Circulating Library, and so of securing the circulation named, is about $43\frac{1}{2}$ cents per volume, a sum which would buy two volumes of the cheap editions of many of the standard novels. At a cost of 20 cents per volume the annual expense of the New York Free Circulating Library would purchase 138,541 volumes. If the gift of one volume caused the circulation of it among four persons, the total circulation would be 554,164; but some agency would be required to effect the distribution by gift, and in the absence of any extended experiment on this plan it is impossible to argue safely what the cost would be or what the extent of circulation. Considering the agencies most likely to be required, and the uncertainty of effectual distribution, it is not probable that any such satisfactory results would be secured as are now obtained by the system of the New York Free Circulating Library. However, the data given above furnish evidence to believe that under proper management the plan might be productive of very large and good results, and that it will justify an effort in that way on the part of those persons who are disposed to benefit the people. The plan is a suggestion of the Librarian of the New York Historical Society, in stating which I trust that I have not misrepresented his views. It should not be thought that it is proposed to dispense with reference and free circulating libraries. Books of reference and other works too costly to give away in any considerable number will always be needed by the populace as well as by the specialist; yet it is well known that the largest part of the books commonly circulated are works of fiction, juveniles and books of the lighter literature, all of which are the cheapest works, and therefore most easily given away in large numbers. But it is the circulation of this class of books which imposes upon the circulating libraries the largest part of their labor and expense.

It is a curious fact revealed by the statistics of the libraries, so far as they give light on the subject, that in the amount used in annual expenses the New York Free Circulating Library has had,

relatively to the number of its books, more of the "sinews of war" than any other library, although it is apparently one of the least endowed of all. The fact that it has had the sinews is one of the reasons of its greater success in the way of circulation. It has spent in making itself efficient



THE LATE SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

43 cents for every volume it owns. The Astor Library has spent about 17 cents per volume;*

* We include in the estimate of expenses a large sum paid out for books, because a like item appears in the estimate of other libraries. The sum paid by the Astor for books is much greater than the amount paid by any other. This amount out, the sum expended during the year on each volume is about 9 cents.

the Mercantile Library, 12 cents; and the Cooper, 18 cents per volume. The increase of branches increases the circulation, but necessitates an increase of the forces employed, and so relatively to the number of volumes increases the expenses.

There is a marked difference in the character of the readings of the libraries even in case of the large miscellaneous collections, but the largest number of readings is usually in that class of books in which the collection is strongest. In the Astor Library the greatest number of readers were in history, 38,859; but the readers of literature follow close in a force of 38,039. Readers of American history number 24,597; but

SUGGESTED DESIGN FOR THE TILDEN TRUST LIBRARY BUILDING—FORTY-SECOND STREET ELEVATION.

British literature is the choice of 16,407. Novels as such do not appear in the tables of classification. Readers in the departments of science and art number 78,819; painting, sculpture and archæology having the largest number, 9,473; chemistry and physics come next, with 7,385 readers.

In the Mercantile Library the contrast in readings compared with those of the Astor is remarkable. Fiction leads with more than half of the whole number of volumes drawn, reaching the enormous number of 93,257, of which 82,464 are in the English language. The next largest number is in literature, 24,013; history, geography and travel, 17,125; biography, 10,114; making a total of 144,509 out of the grand total of 161,208 volumes drawn.

For the Library of Cooper Union we have the statistics given in the Report of 1892. The total number of bound volumes drawn in the year was 167,451; of this number 37,433 were in "general literature, including history"; 13,692 were works of fiction; 31,812 were of the Lovell and Seaside libraries; 4,443, specifications and drawings of the United States patent offices; 8,358 in "general science." The preponderating preference of the readers is seen to be in favor of literature and fiction as compared with works of a scientific character.

The New York Free Circulating Library in the Report of 1892 gives us the per cent. of readings, or volumes. Fiction in the four branches of this library has an average of 42½ per cent.; juveniles, 28½ per cent.; science has 3 per cent.; art, 2½; literature, 8½; and history, biography and travel, 7½ per cent. Much of the juvenile reading is fiction. In the two we have 71 per cent. of the whole.

The classification of the readings of the Young Men's Christian Association is greatly in contrast with this. The largest number of volumes drawn in the year closing January 1st, 1892—that is, for the year 1891—was in science and art, 43 4-10 per cent. Next was general literature, 13 5-10; fiction, 10 2-10; cyclopedias and dictionaries, 9 1-10, and history, 6 6-10, per cent. In the sciences the largest number of volumes drawn was, in medical and surgical science, 10,173 volumes. Many

PLAN FOR UTILIZING THE OLD CITY HALL BUILDING (REMOVING IT TO BRYANT PARK) FOR THE TILDEN TRUST LIBRARY.

of the libraries do not make any classification of readings. As may be seen from these figures, the free circulating libraries deal chiefly in fiction. Statistics of other circulating libraries are to the same purport. The largest part of their expenses is for the circulation of fiction. Into this one factor of these libraries the element of evil may enter more than is possible to any other factor. Notwithstanding the evident attractiveness of this factor, it is a question whether it pays in intellectual and moral returns to maintain great collections of fiction for the populace. It is said in this connection that the people are the best judges of what they should have; but the correctness of the reply will not be doubted, that neither the State nor charitable organizations think it best to give every man, or association of men, whatever these men or associations think they should have. There are some persons who argue that the novel cultivates a taste for more substantial reading. There are periods of life when milk and a light diet are useful; but there is prevalent only one opinion as to making the novel the staple literary diet. In the popular judgment, a confirmed habit of novel reading is closely allied to a confirmed habit of idleness.

An inspection of the libraries suggests some inquiries as to the literary proclivities and disabilities of women. All the libraries are open to women as well as to men. A few frequent the reference libraries, but the number is small compared with the number of males. The reports of a few libraries only make any mention of the attendance of females. Of 414,076 visitors to the reading room of Cooper Union, only 4,407 were women. A larger proportion — mostly young girls—visit the free circulating libraries. The report of one of these gives the number of applications of readers as 3,920 males and 2,961 females. The applications of females at the Bruce and Harlem branches were in excess of those of males. These two branches are more distinctly in residence districts than the other branches. The statistics of the libraries and the evidence of the reading rooms show that women do not to any considerable extent as compared with men consult the libraries. Is it to be inferred that as a class they are not readers? or is the fact to be attributed to the uncongenial arrangements of public libraries? It is argued by some persons that women are not readers, and cannot be, owing to the demands of domestic and social life. Most of them, it is said, have household cares which demand their attention day and evening. Those of them who are clerks do not receive wages large enough to permit them to put out their sewing, and they must, therefore, toil evenings for themselves and the members of their homes. Men have leisure at night to read. But it is to be said in reply to this that there are many women comparatively free from household duties, and who have more leisure than they know what to do with.

The example of the Young Women's Christian Association Library shows that there are many working and self-supporting women who read. The large number of patrons of that institution are of the class referred to as having no spare time. So that it seems most reasonable to believe that the conspicuous absence of women from the libraries is due to the fact that these institutions are so commonly the resort of men. Women are in the majority in the churches, but they do not constitute any considerable part of the other common assemblies. The library of the Young Women's Christian Association shows that women will resort to a well-appointed library appropriated exclusively to their own use. The general fact reflects credit upon our women as indicative of the possession of womanly instincts and a sense of proprieties. This remark should not be thought to reflect discreditably upon those women who now go to the public libraries, since it is evident that the demands of study, and the impossibility of meeting those demands in other places, may compel resort to places where the conditions are not wholly congenial. Another fact indicating that we have here the true reason of the absence of women from the libraries, and that they are readers, is that libraries in the residence districts have a larger circulation and patronage than those located in business quarters of the city. A fair inference is that the increase of patronage is to great extent from the females; and this inference is sustained by the statistics above referred to in connection with the statement of applications at the Bruce and Harlem branches. Not until well-endowed and well-managed libraries have been established for women can it be known how well they may be utilized.

Libraries are now more than ever before regarded as important factors in the system of education; the estimate of their importance will increase as they are perfected and their results known. The system of State or municipal aid has given an impetus to the creation of free circulating libraries. The law, since it bases the aid on the extent of the circulation of a library, is likely to cause some deterioration in the quality of the books circulated, since light literature is more commonly sought than more substantial or profitable books. It would seem practicable to make some modification of the law so that it would

favor those libraries which steadily and conscientiously deal in histories, works of science and the useful arts. As the law now stands it practically bids for the circulation of works of fiction, and puts the libraries of a substantial character at a disadvantage.

It is a fact worthy of note in this connection that nearly all the free circulating libraries of New York entitled to appropriations of public funds mention in their reports that they have not received from the authorities the amount to which they are entitled under the provisions of the law.

The libraries will render good service to their patrons, and be mutually helpful, if they will adopt a uniform table of statistics. At present the reports cover different periods of time and different topics, and make different classifications of the same matter, so that safe conclusions can be drawn from a comparison of the statistics in regard to a few subjects only. There might be an agreement as to the period when the fiscal year shall begin, and also as to the classification of books, so that it would be understood from the tabulated forms whether the terms "literature" and "general literature" included works of fiction or not. As a means of securing this uniformity some library, or bureau, might issue tabulated forms. From reports so unified safe conclusions as to methods and results might be drawn.

The people of the city of New York are greatly favored in the possession of such magnificent institutions as the Astor and Lenox Libraries, and such efficient institutions as the Cooper Union, the Mercantile, the New York Free Circulating, the Mechanics' and Tradesmen's and other libraries, and have been honored by them; but it is to be remembered that the city as such has paid nothing for them, and that they are all works of charity, the legacies of such public-spirited men as Cooper, the Astors and Lenox. The city owes much to these institutions, and the example of Chicago might appropriately be followed by this city. In the year past that city appropriated to her Public Library alone the sum of $113,199. The city of New York, the metropolis of the nation, may reasonably be thought to be much more able than the metropolis of a section of the country to aid her public institutions.

Few persons other than experts in library practice can understand how much labor is required to administer a large public library, whether reference or free. There is the labor of the selection of books, requiring a knowledge of new publications. There is the arrangement of books, classification and numbering; the taking of books from shelves and replacing them, keeping records of the number of readers and kinds of reading, preparing lists and catalogues, collecting fines and fees, as in some libraries—these are but a few of the duties. Not the least of the demands made of the attendants is the instruction of those applicants for books who do not know how to use catalogues or to find books, and the education of those who do not know what they want. To be a successful librarian requires the patience of Job, the politeness of Chesterfield and the strength of a horse.

The Tilden Trust Library is too embryonic to offer any reliable ground for a statement of what it will be. At present it has no existence in fact except in a collection of 10,000 volumes of Mr. Tilden's private library, which by adjustment with his heirs at law has been set over to the trustees, and is now kept in the late ex-Governor's residence at 15 Gramercy Park. It is not, however, open to the public, and will not be until arrangements for the library shall have been perfected.

The visions of the Tilden Library caught by the public in years past have been in fairy contrast with what is seen in the impoverished state of most of the libraries of New York, and the plans formed for it are so broad that no mention of the libraries of this city would be complete without a reference to the present prospects of the trust.

On the decease of Mr. Tilden it was believed that the library fund would realize at least $5,000,000 from Mr. Tilden's estate; but the heirs appearing to contest the provisions of the will, it was thought best to accept the terms of settlement offered by the grandniece of the testator. By settlement with the heirs the trustees have come into the possession of $1,800,000, and have reason to believe that this sum will be increased to $2,000,000.

This amount, however, is not sufficient for the purchase of land, the erection of buildings, the purchase of books and the equipment of the proposed library on any such broad scale as Mr. Tilden had planned, or as seems to be most desirable. In this dilemma the trustees addressed a communication to the Mayor and Common Council of the city of New York, asking an appropriation for the library. The plan proposed to the city rests upon certain changes which have been contemplated by the city authorities, as the removal of the City Hall, and of the reservoir on Bryant Park. It has been proposed to erect new buildings in the place of the old City Hall. The trustees of the Tilden fund ask the city to remove the old building to Bryant Park and to erect there a

structure suitable for the library, giving the building and site. It is believed that by giving this assistance the city will enable the trustees to devote the two millions to the equipment and endowment of the library.

Legislation has already been completed which provides for these changes, and gives promise of the success of the plan proposed.

It remains for the authorities and people of New York so to aid the trust that they shall secure to themselves a library worthy of the wealth, greatness and wants of this city.

EVOLUTION OF BUSINESS LIFE IN CITIES.

By Mary A. Taft.

Should the shades of the grandsires and great-grandsires of the New York business men of the present time be permitted to return to this terrestrial sphere and visit the daily haunts of their descendants it is doubtful if those dignified, portly old gentlemen might not have a feeling of awe mingled with the wonder inspired by the changes made in a few decades in the business world. They were a sturdy race, these ancestors of ours; they did great things in their day and were not lacking in self-esteem; hence it would not be strange if the new order of affairs did not entirely meet with their approval, or if, with a sigh for the good old times and a grim shake of the head at the luxuries that have become our necessities, they should hide their diminished heads and gladly pass again into oblivion.

The first impression would be that this new New York was very much up in the air, and perhaps a puritanical suspicion of sorcery might mingle with their astonishment at the workings of the busy, noisy city. Massive structures, twelve and sixteen stories high, solidly built of stone and iron, replace the low, flimsy buildings such as fed the flames to the amount of $20,000,000 worth of property in the great fire of 1835. Inside, handsome cars carry numbers of passengers to the topmost floors in half the time taken to mount one flight of the ill-lighted stairs of former days. Thousands of people are being constantly taken from one end of the city to the other in heavy trains that move rapidly through midair; and down below, cars are gliding swiftly along with apparently no propelling power whatever. These are strange sights, but not more marvelous than the transformation as darkness approaches, when from the tops of tall poles there flashes out a clear white light which illumines the city as if by magic.

Business men deny with surprise that they have anything in the way of comforts and conveniences not actually necessary for their daily routine, and say their prayers, if they say them at all, without a word of thanks to the kind Providence to whom they owe it that their lots were cast in the latter part of this nineteenth century. The better classes of offices, fifty or more years ago, were to be found in bank buildings. Single rooms over stores, and old residences vacated as the city increased in size, were also used for office purposes. The buildings were not more than two or three stories high, and staircases were steep and narrow, with hallway lighted only from the outer door and adjoining rooms. There was no water, no plumbing or conveniences of any kind. The fire in the stove or grate was in the charge of the office boy, if there was one, under whose gentle ministrations it waxed or waned as the chance might be, throwing out, perhaps, a burning heat in its immediate vicinity, but under no circumstances reaching the window corners which were left to Jack Frost, who, more active then than now, brought forth ice, snow and low temperature with a lavish hand.

One of the few old buildings which have not been remodeled out of all semblance to former days stands on Fulton Street. Sixty years ago it was known as an old building, and the interior has undergone only such repairing as was absolutely necessary. A room on the second floor was evidently a parlor, and the dark marble mantelpiece, supported on either side by marble pillars, with the high old-fashioned grate in the fireplace, shows it to have belonged to a once handsome residence. The small-paned windows are secured on the inside by solid wooden shutters, and opposite the mantelpiece, high up on the wall, is what appears to be a large molded picture frame. Investigation shows a window which originally allowed a few rays of light to pass into the dark hall on the other side. Since the room has been used for business purposes it has been boarded up on the inside to prevent the entrance of marauders. This is a fair sample of the rooms used for old-time offices. They believed in wall papers then, and the present occupant of the room tells how, some twenty-five years ago, twenty different layers were scraped off before the original green finish of the wall appeared. Nothing short of a

blissful ignorance of microbes, bacteria and the like could have preserved our revered forefathers through such unsanitary conditions and brought them safely to a hale, hearty old age.

About 1870 the office population of New York was spreading up Broadway above Canal Street, but the tide turned, and drifting back, is concentrating in the lower part of the city within a certain radius having Wall Street for its centre. The elevated roads have been a great factor in this centralization, and the perfection of elevator service and fireproof construction has made high buildings, and consequent increase of room, practicable. The Pitt Bank, built during the war, was one of the first fireproof buildings to go up in the city. It had no elevator, but was arranged in suites and steam heated. It was soon after the war that the idea of making buildings several stories higher was carried out and steam elevators introduced. It was not believed that the enterprise would be successful. A few old men leased the upper floors for merely nominal sums, the first floor bringing more money than all the rest put together. By the time the first leases had expired public opinion had changed. When easy of access it was found that the fourth and fifth stories possessed the advantages of being farther from the dust and noise and in every way more desirable. A third floor which now has a rental value of $10,000 brought when the idea of high building was in its infancy only $300 or $400. Before the introduction of the elevator the offices had been arranged in suites; a janitor was employed to take care of the halls and corridors, but the tenants took charge of their own premises. It next became obligatory upon tenants to engage the janitor to attend to the work, and with another evolution the care of individual offices, light and heat were included in the contract, the additional cost being added to the rent, which at the present time averages from $1.50 to $7 per square foot.

AN OLD-FASHIONED OFFICE, IN A FULTON STREET BUILDING.

MODERN LAW OFFICES.

The introduction of steam for heating purposes was important. In 1862 it had been quite generally used for two years, but its management was not thoroughly understood. A member of a firm introducing it into New York, upon going home late one evening, found a message awaiting him to the effect that the apparatus he had put into a certain building would not work, and the place was cold. With many misgivings he hastened to investigate, and found—that the fire was out. The first pipes and fittings used in this country were of English

make, and the first wrought-iron pipes were used by a gas company in Boston, who began with a lot of condemned gun barrels, which they fastened together.

It was not until 1870 that the hydraulic elevator came into use, and now it is possible to ascend to the height of sixteen or twenty stories at almost any rate of speed. In a few instances they run at 600 feet a minute; but, the velocity of a cannon ball not being desirable for a human being, 300 or 400 feet is quite satisfactory. In the tallest buildings the upper stories are to be as quickly reached as the ones below by means of the express elevator, which will not stop at the lower floors. In smaller buildings, where the hydraulic elevator entails too great expense, the electric elevator has been made serviceable within the last two years, and is supplied with motive power from the electric subways, the amount of the supply being registered on a meter the same as gas. It was no longer ago than 1876 that the telephone was invented, and now it is possible to carry on a conversation between all important points within 300 miles of New York. Indeed, since the Columbian Exposition we have been in telephonic communication with Chicago. The telegraph is an older friend, dating back to 1845. In 1846 the Western Union had only one office in New York city, where they now claim 260, with 20,000 throughout the United States.

> 'Bold Cyrus Field, he says, says he,
> I've got a pretty notion,
> That I can lay a telegraph
> Across the Atlantic Ocean."

That is one of the verses of a jingle in an old school reader which relates the history of the laying of the cable in 1866; and now we can flash a message to far Australia, and even send money to all parts of the world. Cyrus Field was also one of the first to become interested in rapid transit in New York; and in August, 1878, the first excursion train passed over the elevated road from Hanover Square to the Grand Central. The Third and Ninth Avenue lines were called the New York Elevated, the Sixth and Second, the Gilbert, afterward changed to the Metropolitan; and in the final union of the roads we have the Manhattan line of to-day. The first elevated trains were run by cable, the fare being ten cents during the daytime and five cents during two hours each morning and evening—commission hours. A few figures will show the necessity of rapid transit and the increase of travel on the elevated roads. On the first Wednesday in June, 1878, there were carried over the Sixth Avenue Elevated Road 4,000 passengers, and on the first Wednesday in June, 1892, 212,621. During the month of May, 1880, there were carried over all the roads of the Manhattan line 5,565,306 passengers, the number increasing to 18,378,242 carried in May, 1892.

The necessity for the prompt dispatch of the mail in tall buildings was met by the introduction of mail chutes, which may be placed in all buildings four or more stories in height, carried up through each floor, and a collection made every twenty or thirty minutes during the busy hours of the day. As all mail matter is under Uncle Sam's special jurisdiction, his consent must be obtained before a chute can be placed in a building. He stipulates forthwith that the chute must be in a public place, easy to take apart in case of obstruction, and that an elastic bottom is supplied to prevent injury to the mail matter. There are some fifty buildings in New York which are supplied with chutes, and it is understood that permission to place them in other buildings has been withheld, the number of carriers employed not being sufficient to warrant enlarging the routes. It is interesting to note, in the great competition in all branches of business, that only one firm has the right to manufacture these chutes, which have been in use since 1883.

The improvements in offices and office buildings has more than kept pace with the improvements in residences. The sanitary arrangements are now so perfect as to give an almost artistic sense of pleasure. Corroded pipes are no longer hidden away in dusty cubby holes, but stand out in the simplicity of superior workmanship, a guarantee of healthful conditions. There are no longer networks of supply and vent pipes intersecting the floors as they run from bowls set in any out-of-the-way corner that seemed most convenient. The pipe line follows a definite course, and the bowls must be within five feet of it. Tiled floors and hard-finished walls give no lodgment to dust and dirt, and the building superintendent sees that the carpenter regularly employed by the establishment, and the janitor, with the army of scrubwomen and other employés, keeps everything in the perfection of order and cleanliness.

The interior of the private office the occupant has fitted up according to his individual tastes, and thousands of dollars have been spent in some of the more elegant ones. One of the handsomest offices in New York is that of a downtown lawyer. The suite of rooms is large and well lighted, the private office of the proprietor being furnished in carved mahogany showing the coat of arms of the owner with an oak-leaf design, hard floor and rugs. There is a handsome mantelpiece with a mirror, and shelves on either side for books, and in the fireplace is a well-filled grate. The fire

screen, of heavy plate glass, framed in mahogany, stands in front, and on one side are the shovel and tongs of brass. On two ends of the largest and handsomest desk are the coat of arms of the owner, and those of the United States, New York and Ireland. The shield of the former appears on other pieces of furniture. A large lounge and chairs are covered with leather. It is a business office, and everywhere are books and papers, with all the paraphernalia of a busy lawyer. Many offices of large companies show beautiful interior decorations — white and gilt filigreework, hard wood that it has taken years to season into proper condition, various kinds of marble. Carvings and Eastern designs enter into the finishing of the rooms, even the large safes being incased in highly polished wood and ornamental ironwork.

The improvement in safes, locks and keys has been very great. Some of the first safes in use had a massive appearance, with great nail heads appearing every few inches along the corners, but were really nothing more than wood covered inside and out with sheet iron. These were followed by iron safes made of one solid thickness of metal, with a key so large as to require another safe to keep it. Long keys and short keys, thick keys and thin keys, the combination key and then the combination lock, all came in turn ; and now we have a time lock that, with its clockwork wound and set, will not open to king or president until it has run to the time set. The door to the safe has a network of great bolts, and the body of it is made of layers of different metals that resist the greatest force, while inside the burglar-proof is the fireproof safe with its lining of non-combustible material that defies the flames. Door keys show equal improvement. The janitor has a master key that will open all the rooms on a floor, and a man can carry the keys securing dozens of buildings with greater ease than one old-fashioned brass key weighing two or three pounds.

The business man can now sit in his office on a hot summer's day and enjoy a breeze furnished by a little electric fan motor which keeps him cool at the cost of a cent or two an hour, and with a dozen electric bells attached to his desk he can call as many different employés to receive orders. Or, if he has a fancy for sitting in different parts of the room, he has the bell punches placed in a small block of wood, the wires passing through a tube connecting with it making it portable, so that he can lounge in a comfortable chair and still have his office force within reach. A ring at a bell on the wall brings messengers, police or fire department. The typewriter and the stenographer who operates it are to be counted among the greatest blessings of the man of to-day, and it would be hard for him to dispense with them, although he has had them hardly a dozen years. His mind need not be distracted by any of the minor needs of an office, for a firm stands in readiness to put in a cabinet containing toilet articles and keep him supplied with fresh towels at a nominal cost. Ice is brought to him regularly, and he can have a clock that is regulated from Washington every day, or there is an electric clock if he likes better, and even an eight-day clock will be kept in good running order by a firm who make a business of putting them into offices. A perpetual calendar is also added if desired.

So closely is a modern business building connected with the outside world that a man can sit in his office and make all the arrangements for a trip to Europe, say farewell to friends in all parts of the country, obtain the necessary supplies, and be ready to start in little over an hour. A building like the Equitable, for instance, is a little city by itself. All sorts of business are represented there, and there is hardly a want that could not be supplied. For material needs there is a café to satisfy the inner man ; a barber and bootblack will treat the outer man, while the manicure and chiropodist will beautify and ameliorate. Books can be ordered and will be delivered from an uptown library, and all the periodicals of the day are on sale ; you can buy cut glass and mineral waters, a large painting or a box of bonbons ; you can select your theatre tickets or a lot of land ; put your money in the bank or invest it in insurance policies ; and on the upper floor of the building you might have a shirt made to order, but the nearest John Chinaman would have to be called upon to laundry it. You need not go for him yourself, however, for there are messenger boys in waiting who will deliver your message, if not with winged feet, at least in a reasonably short time.

The law library of the Equitable, with its 14,000 selected volumes, which, with the convenient fittings, cost some $100,000, has been a great attraction to lawyers. The Mutual Life Insurance Building, another handsome structure, light and convenient, has the nucleus of a law library for its tenants which will in time be equally good. One of the most unique features of the Equitable is the Lawyers' Club, which makes its home in the building, occupying nearly two floors. There are a thousand odd members, including many prominent downtown business men, lawyers and others. It was organized "to provide a suitable meeting and lunch room and library for the use of, and to promote social intercourse amongst, the members." The rooms, open from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M.,

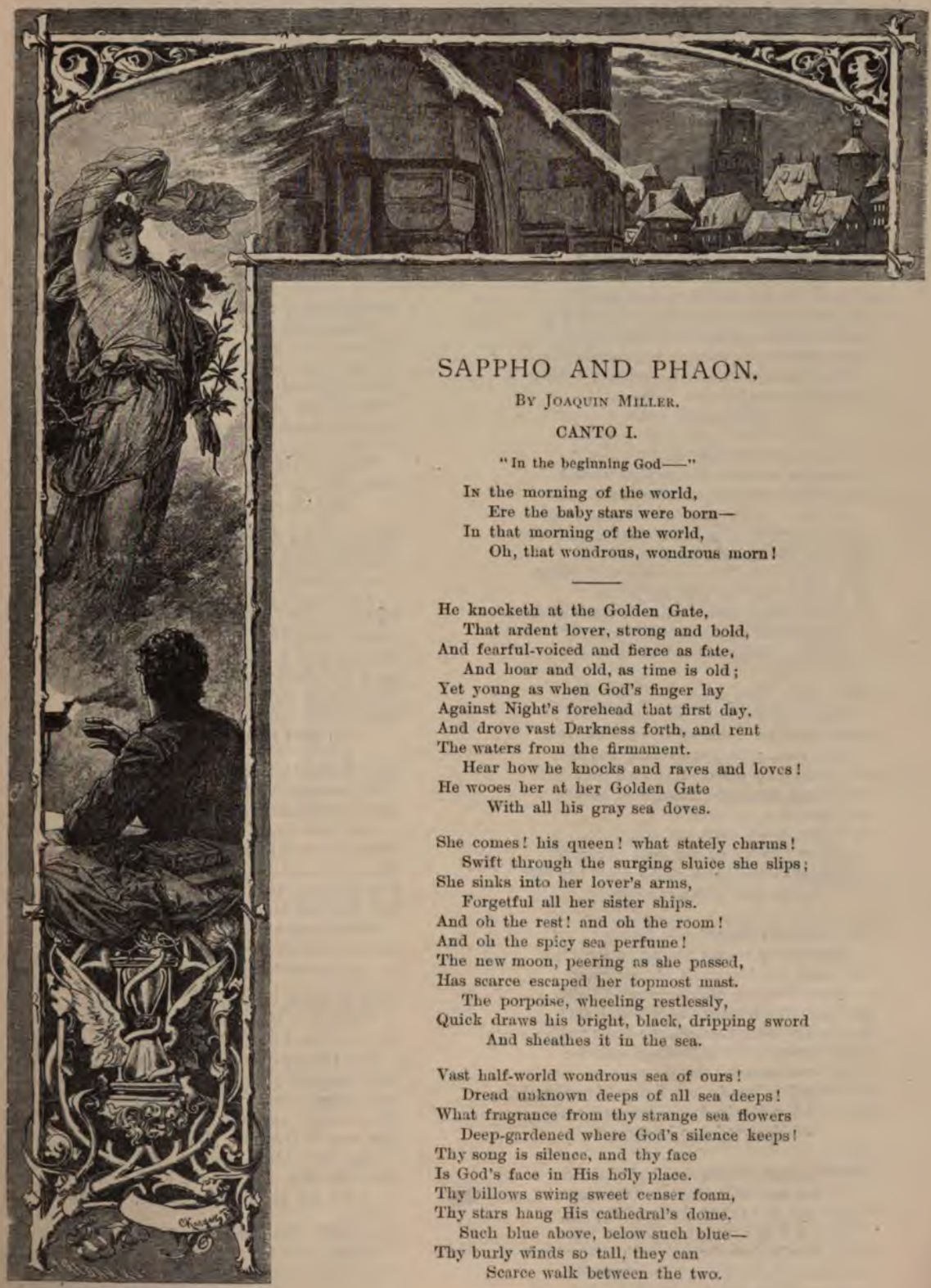
are handsomely furnished and commodious, with every accommodation for the comfort and convenience of the members. The wives and daughters of members may take their friends to luncheon in the ladies' apartments, where are dining rooms, private parlor and dressing rooms with bath, a supply of dainty toilet articles mounted in silver, and a maid always in attendance.

It takes nearly as much machinery to run a large business building as for an ocean steamer, and the engine room below is one of its most interesting departments. There are engines that furnish the power for the elevators, engines that pump up water for the fire lines on each floor, and for hot water for cleaning and cold water for offices, besides the dynamos that generate the electricity; and in some cases engines for running ventilating fans, air pumps for ventilating purposes and operating pneumatic tubes.

If the unhappy dwellers in flats, who obtain their supply of oxygen through the medium of ill-ventilated air shafts, knew of these delightfully airy homes, the office of building superintendent would be in great demand. These particular apartments, perched high up in the air, might be the ones discovered by Jack of the Beanstalk fame. There are windows on all sides, looking down the bay, over the East River, and farther over to Jersey and the North River, and if there isn't a refreshing breeze there on the hottest day in summer, then there isn't one to be found. There are bedrooms, parlor, dining room and kitchen—the latter such as has been described as the "kitchen of the future," with its tiled walls and floor.

The cost of a modern office building is estimated at $50 a cubic foot, and we can form an idea of the value of property fifty years ago by referring to the diary of Philip Hone, who is described as a "leader of fashion and former Mayor of New York city." He says, under date of November 21st, 1838: "The house at the corner of Wall and Hanover Streets has been sold to the North American Trust and Banking Company for the enormous sum of $223,000—higher than anything which has yet been heard of." And later, March 7th, 1840: "The ancient mansion of the late Mrs. E. White, No. 11 Broadway, opposite Bowling Green, was sold at auction one day last week, and brought only $15,000. The lot is thirty-nine feet front on Broadway, twenty-seven feet wide in rear, and extends through to Greenwich Street nearly two hundred feet." This was during the latter part of Van Buren's panicky administration, and Mr. Hone goes on to say: "This is the saddest proof of fall in real estate in this devoted city." The same site now would be worth some $600,000, and a modern building situated on the corner of Hanover and Wall Streets not less than $1,500,000.

A PRIVATE OFFICE.



SAPPHO AND PHAON.

By Joaquin Miller.

CANTO I.

"In the beginning God——"

In the morning of the world,
Ere the baby stars were born—
In that morning of the world,
Oh, that wondrous, wondrous morn!

He knocketh at the Golden Gate,
That ardent lover, strong and bold,
And fearful-voiced and fierce as fate,
And hoar and old, as time is old;
Yet young as when God's finger lay
Against Night's forehead that first day,
And drove vast Darkness forth, and rent
The waters from the firmament.
Hear how he knocks and raves and loves!
He wooes her at her Golden Gate
With all his gray sea doves.

She comes! his queen! what stately charms!
Swift through the surging sluice she slips;
She sinks into her lover's arms,
Forgetful all her sister ships.
And oh the rest! and oh the room!
And oh the spicy sea perfume!
The new moon, peering as she passed,
Has scarce escaped her topmost mast.
The porpoise, wheeling restlessly,
Quick draws his bright, black, dripping sword
And sheathes it in the sea.

Vast half-world wondrous sea of ours!
Dread unknown deeps of all sea deeps!
What fragrance from thy strange sea flowers
Deep-gardened where God's silence keeps!
Thy song is silence, and thy face
Is God's face in His holy place.
Thy billows swing sweet censer foam,
Thy stars hang His cathedral's dome.
Such blue above, below such blue—
Thy burly winds so tall, they can
Scarce walk between the two.

The proud ship wrapped her in the red
That hung from heaven, then the gray,
The soft, dove gray that shrouds the dead
And prostrate form of perfumed day.
Some noisome, pygmy creatures kept
The deck a spell, then, leaning, crept
Apart in silence and distrust,
And then below in deep disgust.
An albatross—a shadow cross
Hung at the head of buried day—
At foot the albatross.

Then came a warm, soft, sultry breath,
A weary wind that wanted rest:
A wind as from some house of death
With flowers heaped: as from the breast
Of such sweet princess as had slept
Some thousand years embalmed, and kept,
In fearful Karnak's tomb-hewn hill,
Her perfume and spiced sweetness still—
Such breath as bees drop down to meet,
And creep along lest it may melt
Their honey-laden feet.

The captain's trumpet smote the air!
Swift men, like spiders up a thread,
Swept suddenly. Then masts were bare
As when tall poplar's leaves are shed,
And ropes were clamped and stays were clewed.
'Twas as when wrestlers, iron-thewed,
Gird tight their loins and take full breath,
As set firm face, as fronting death.
Three small, brown birds, or gray, so small,
So ghostly still and swift they passed,
They scarce seemed birds at all.

Then quick, keen sabre cuts, like ice:
Then sudden hail, like battle shot.
Some creatures creeping down, like mice,
And man, poor pygmy man, was not.
The great ship shivered as with cold
An instant, staggered back, then bold
As Theodosia, to her waist
In waters, stood erect and faced
Fierce Cæsar; on she kept her way,
And laughed the black storm from her face
As on some summer's day.

The black sea horses rode in row;
Their white manes tossing to the night
But made the blackness blacker grow
From flashing, phosphorescent light.
And how like hurdle steeds they leapt!
The moon burst through, the black troop swept
Right through her hollow, on and on;
A wave-wet scimiter was drawn,
Flashed twice, flashed thrice triumphantly;
But still the steeds dashed on and on,
And drowned her in the sea.

What headlong winds that lost their way
At sea and wailed out for the shore!
How shook the orient doors of day
With all this mad, tumultuous roar!
Black clouds shot through with stars of red,
Strange stars, storm-born and fire-fed;
Lost stars that came, and went and came;
Such stars as never yet had name.
The far sea lions on their isles
Upreared their huge heads terrified,
And moaned a thousand miles.

What fearful battlefield, what space
For light and darkness, flame and flood!
Lo! Light and Darkness, face to face,
In battle harness battling stood!
And how the surged sea burst upon
The granite gates of Oregon!
It tore and tossed its seething spume,
And wailed for room and room and room!
It shook the crag-built eaglets' nest
Until they screamed from out their clouds,
Then rocked them back to rest.

How fiercely reckless raged the war!
Then suddenly no ghost of light,
Or even glint of storm-born star:
Just night and black things of the night;
Just night and midnight's middle noon
With all mad elements in tune:
Just night and that continuous roar
Of wind, wind, night, and nothing more.
Then all the hollows of the main
Sank down so deep, it almost seemed
The sea was hewn in twain.

How deep the hollows of this deep!
How high, how trembling high the crest!
Ten thousand miles of surge and sweep
And length and breadth of billow's breast!
Up! up, as if against the skies!
Down! down, as if no more to rise!
The creaking wallow in the trough
As if the world were breaking off!
And how poor pygmies wallowed there
Deep in the trough and tried to pray,
To hide from God in prayer!

Then boomed Alaska's great last gun
In battling ice and rattling hail.
Then Indus came, four winds in one;
And then Japan in counter mail
Of mad cross winds, that Waterloo
Was but as some babe's tale unto.
The typhoon spun his top in play
And whistled as a glad boy may
To see his top spin at his feet:
The captain on his bridge in ice,
His sailors mailed in sleet.

What glorious, unnamed newness, space!
What shoreless, boundless, rounded reach
Of room was here! Fit field, fit place
For three fierce emperors, where each
Came armed with elements that make
And unmake seas and lands, that shake
The heavens' roof, that freeze or burn
The seas as they may please to turn.
And such black silence! Not a sound
Save whistling of that mad, glad boy
To see his top spin round.

Then swift, like some sulked Ajax, burst
Black Thunder from his battle tent.
As if in pent-up, vengeful thirst
For blood, the veins of Earth were rent,

And sheeted crimson lay a wedge
Of blood below black Thunder's edge.
A pause. The typhoon turned, upwheeled,
And wrestled Death till heaven reeled;
  Then Lightning reached her fiery rod,
And on Death's fearful forehead wrote
    The autograph of God.

But Indus won the day, the night.
  Three little birds came dimly back
And perched upon a spar of white
  Where lost Alaska lay in black.
Dear Indus laid her breath of balm
Like oil upon the waters. Calm
The sea, serene the coming morn,
As on Dakota's fields of corn;
  Save that a great, heartbroken sigh
Now sank the proud ship out of sight,
    Then sent her to the sky.

A man all night had kept the deck,
  A silent, seeing man, who knew
The pulse of nature, and could reck
  Her bravest heartbeats through and through.
That inky night! That icy night!
The captain on his bridge all white
With sheeting ice and sleeting snow!
The pygmies in the trough below—
  The swine that plunged into the sea;
Just these down there, and up on deck
    The seamen, God, and he.

The ship climbs up a crumbling height
  Of heaving, surging, seething snow—
Then down, down, down and out of sight,
  As if a caverned league below.
Then up! up! up! She meets the light!
She bows before God's fair firstborn,
The holy virgin, maiden morn,
Arrayed in woven gold and white.
  Put by the harp, hush minstrelsy!
Nor bard nor bird has yet been heard
    To sing on this vast sea.

CANTO II.

"And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

Such light! such liquid, molten light!
  Such mantling, healthful, heartful morn!
Such morning born of such a night,
  Such night as never had been born!
The man caught in his breath, his face
Was lifted up to light and space.
His hand dashed o'er his brow as when
Deep thoughts submerge the souls of men:
    And then he bowed, bowed mute, appalled
At memory of scenes, such scenes
  As this swift morn recalled.

He sought the ship's prow, as men seek
  The utmost limit for their feet,
To lean, look forth, to list, nor speak,
  Nor turn aside, nor yet retreat
One inch from this far vantage ground
Till he had pierced the dread profound
And proved it false. And yet he knew
Deep in his heart that it was true;
  So like it was to that first dawn
When God had said, "Let there be light."
    And thus he spake right on:

"My soul was born ere light was born,
  When blackness was, as this black night.
And then that morn, as this sweet morn!
  That sudden light, as this swift light!
I had forgotten. Now, I know
The travail of the world, the low,
Dull creatures in the seas of slime
That time committed unto time,
  As men plant acorns patiently,
Then turn in silence unto dust
    And wait the coming tree.

"That long, long blackness, seams of flame,
  Volcanoes bursting from the slime,
Huge, shapeless monsters without name
  Slow shaping in the loom of time;
Slow weaving as a weaver weaves:
So like as when some good man leaves
His acorns to the centuries
And waits the stout, ancestral trees.
  But ah, so feebly memory
Reels back from all that fearful scene,
    It breaks the heart of me!

"Volcanoes crying out for light!
  The very slime found tongues of fire!
Huge monsters climbing in their might
  O'er submerged monsters in the mire
That heaved their slimy mouths and cried
And cried for light, and crying, died.
How all that wailing through the air
But seemed as some unbroken prayer,
  One ceaseless prayer that long night
The world lay in the loom of time
    And waited so for light!

"And I amid these monsters there!
  A grade above, or still below?
Nay, Time has never time to care,
  And I can scarcely dare to know:
I but remember that one prayer,
Ten thousand great mouths in the air,
Ten thousand monsters in their might,
All eyeless, looking up for light!
  We prayed, we prayed as never man,
By sea or land, by deed or word,
    Has prayed since light began.

"Great sea cows laid their fins upon
  Low-floating isles as good priests lay
Two holy hands, at early dawn,
  Upon the altar cloth to pray.
Ay, even so, with lifted head,
Poor slime-born creatures and slime-bred,
We prayed. Our sealed-up eyes of night
All lifting, lifting up for light.
  And I have paused to wonder, when
This world will pray as we then prayed,
    What God may not give men?

"List! Once I saw—what was I then?
  Ah, dim and devious the light
Comes back, but I was not of men,
  And it is only such a night

As this that was of war and strife
Of elements, can wake that life—
That life in death, that slimy, cold
And blind and loveless life of old.
  But list! I saw—heed this, and learn
How old, how holy old is love,
    However time may turn.

"I saw, I saw, or somehow felt,
  A sea-cow mother nurse her young.
I saw, and for the first time knelt,
  To see her head, low, loving, hung
Above her nursling. Then the light,
The lovelight from those eyes of night!
I say to you 'twas lovelight then
That first lit up the eyes of men.
  I say to you lovelight was born
Ere God laid hand to clay of man,
    Or ever that first morn.

"What though that monster slew her so,
  The while she bowed and nursed her young?
She leaned her head to take the blow,
  And dying, still the closer clung,
And gladly gave her life to save
The helpless life she erstwhile gave,
And so sank back below the slime,
A shuttle in the loom of time.
  This one thing more I needs must say:
The monster slew her and her young;
    But love he could not slay."

The man stood silent, peering past
  His utmost verge of memory.
What lay beyond, beyond that vast
  Bewildering darkness and dead sea
Of noisome vapors and dread night?
No light! not any sense of light
Beyond that life when love was born
On that first, far, dim rim of morn:
  No light beyond that beast that clung
In darkness by the light of love
    And died to save her young.

And yet we know life must have been
  Before that dark, dread life of pain;
Life germs, love germs of gentle men,
  So small, so still; as still, small rain.
But whence this life, this living soul,
This germ that grows a godlike whole?
I can but think of that sixth day
When God first set His hand to clay
  And did in His own image plan
A perfect form, a manly form,
    A comely, godlike man.

Didst grow this soul germ from the deeps
  Before God's spirit moved upon
The waters? High-built Lima keeps
  A rose path like a ray of dawn;
And simple, pious peons say
Sweet Santa Rosa passed that way;
And so, because of her fair fame
And saintly face, the roses came.
  Shall we then say, ere that first morn,
When God moved, garmented in mists,
    Some sweet soul germs were born?

CANTO III.

"And God said, Let there be light."

Life is so brief, so very brief,
  So rounded in, we scarce can see
The fruitage grown below the leaf
  And foliage of a single tree
In all God's garden: yet we know
That goodly fruits must grow and grow
Beyond our vision. We but stand
In some deep hollow of God's hand,
  Hear some sweet bird its little day,
See cloud and sun a season pass,
    And then, sweet friend, away!

Clouds pass, they come again; and we?
  Are we, then, less than these to God?
Oh, for the stout faith of a tree
  That drops its small seeds to the sod,
Safe in the hollow of God's hand,
And knows that perish from the land
They shall not! Yea, this much we know,
That each, as best it can, shall grow
  As God hath fashioned, grow again,
To do its best in cloud or sun,
    Or in the still, small rain.

Oh, good to see is faith in God!
  But better far is faith in good:
The one seems but a sign, a nod,
  The one seems God's own flesh and blood.
How many names of God are sung!
But good is good in every tongue.
And this the light, the Holy Light
That leads through night and night and night;
  Through nights named death, that lie between
The days named life, the ladder round
    Unto the Infinite Unseen.

Rise up! How brief this little day!
  We can but kindle some camp light
Here in the darkened, wooded way
  Before the gathering of night.
Come, let us kindle it. The dawn
Shall find us tenting further on.
Come, let us kindle ere we go—
We know not where, but this we know:
  Night cometh on, and man needs light—
Some camp-fire embers ere we pass
    The weird archway of night.

The strange, strong man still kept the prow,
  His soul still saw, before light was,
The dawn of love, the huge sea cow,
  The living slime, love's deathless laws.
He knew love grew before a blade
Of grass, or ever light was made;
And love was in him, of him, as
The light was on the sea of glass.
  It made his soul great, and he grew
To look on God all unabashed;
    To look dead eons through.

  Illuming love! what talisman!
That word which makes the world go round,
That word which was the word profound,
That word which was the great first Cause
Before light was, before sight was!

And now he knew him not alone;
For, as from lip-touched telephone,
A flash came, and he felt, he saw,
Saw with his soul some presence there,
And felt that great first law.

For there, half hiding, crouching there
Against the capstan, coils on coils
Of rope, some snow still in her hair,
Like Time too eager for his spoils,
He saw such face raised to his face
As only dream of dreams give place;
Such shyness, boldness, seashell tint,
Such book as only God may print,
Such tender, timid, holy look
Of startled love and trust and hope—
A gold-bound story book.

And as the great ship rose and fell,
Or rocked or rounded with the sea,
He saw—a little thing to tell,
An idle, silly thing, maybe—
Where her right arm was bent to clasp
Her robe's fold in some closer grasp,
A little isle of melting snow
That round about and to and fro
And up and down kept eddying.
It told so much, that idle isle,
Yet such a little thing.

Was her heart, then, so cold and dead,
It might not melt a bit of snow?
The strange man bowed his massive head,
And held it low in thought, so low!
And then he held his head up strong,
As glad men lift the head in song.
He knew she, too, had spent the night
As he, in all that wild delight
Of battling elements; she, too,
He knew, was of that oldest time
When oldest stars were new.

Her soul's ancestral book bore date
Beyond the peopling of the moon,
Beyond the day when Saturn sate
In royal cincture, and the boon
Of light and life bestowed on stars
And satellites; when martial Mars
Waxed red with battle rage and shook
The porch of heaven with a look;
When polar ice shafts propt gaunt earth,
And slime was but the womb of time
That knew not yet of birth.

To be what thou wouldst truly be,
Be bravely, truly what thou art.
The acorn houses the huge tree,
And bravely, truly bears its part
And bides the miracle of time.
For miracle, and more sublime
It is than all that has been writ,
To see the great oak grow from it.
But thus the soul grows, grows the heart—
To be what thou wouldst truly be,
Be truly what thou art.

To be what thou wouldst truly be,
Be true. God's finger sets each seed,
Or when or where we may not see;
But God shall nourish to its need
Each one, if but it will be true
And do what it is set to do.
Thy proud soul's heraldry? 'Tis writ
In every gentle action; it
Can never be contested. Time
Dates thy brave soul's ancestral book
From thy first deed sublime.

Wouldst learn to love one little flower,
Its perfume, perfect form and hue?
Yea, wouldst thou have one perfect hour
Of all the years that come to you?
Then grow as God hath planted, grow
A lordly oak or daisy low,
As He hath set His garden, be
But what thou art, a blade or tree.
Thy treasures up in heaven laid
Await thy sure ascending soul,
Life after life—be not afraid!

Wouldst know the secrets of the soil?
Wouldst have Earth bare her breast to you?
Wouldst know the sweet rest of hard toil?
Be true, be true, be ever true!
Ah me, these sabre cuts of wrong
That hew men down! Behold the strong
And comely Adam bound with lies
And banished from his paradise!
The serpent on his belly still
Eats dirt through all his piteous days,
Do penance as he will.

Poor, piteous, prostrate, tortuous snake,
What soul crawls here upon the ground?
God willed this soul at birth to take
The round of beauteous things, the round
Of stars, the round of boundless skies.
It lied, and lo! how low it lies!
What quick, sleek tongue to lie with here!
Wast thou a broker but last year?
Wast known to fame, wast rich and proud?
Didst live a lie that thou mightst die
With pockets in thy shroud?

Be still, be pitiful! his soul
May yet be rich in peace as thine.
Yea, as the shining ages roll
That rich man's soul may rise and shine
Beyond Orion; he may reel
The Pleiades with belts of steel
That compass cities in their reach;
May learn and learn, and, learning, teach,
The while his soul grows grandly old,
How nobler 'tis to share a crust
Than hoard a car of gold!

Nay, mock not souls born yesterday.
That man who gathered bones and wrought
In buttons truly went his way
As ever went a king of thought.
Perchance in some far after time
Girard may rear a pile sublime
From gathered star dust, where learned souls
May list upon his college rolls.
That man who gathered muck and grew
To be the richest of all men
To his poor self was true.

Oh, but to know, to surely know
How strangely beautiful is light!
How just one peep of light will glow
And grow more beautifully bright
Than all the gold that ever lay
Below the wide-arched Milky Way!
"Let there be light!" and lo! the burst
Of light in answer to the first
Command of high Jehovah's voice!
Let there be light for souls of night.
That they, too, may rejoice.

The little isle of ice and snow
That in her gathered garment lay,
And dashed and drifted to and fro
Unhindered of her all the day,
Had gone. The warm winds of Japan
Were with them, and the strange, strong man
Sat with her, saying, hearing naught,
Yet seeing, noting all; as one
Sees not, yet all day sees the sun.
He knew her silence, heeded well
Her dignity of idle hands
In this deep, tranquil spell.

The true soul surely knows its own.
Deep down in this man's heart he knew,
Somehow, somewhere along the zone
Of time, his soul should come unto
Some soul seaport and pleasant land
Of rest where she should reach a hand.
He had not questioned God. His care
Was to be worthy, fit to share
The glory, peace and perfect rest.
Come how or when or where it come,
As God in time saw best.

Her face reached forward, not to him,
But forward, upward, as for light;
For light that lay a silver rim
Of sealit whiteness more than white.
The vast, full morning poured and spilled
Its splendor down, and filled and filled
And overfilled the heaped-up sea
With silver molten suddenly.
The night lay trenched in her meshed hair;
The tint of seashells left the sea
To make her more than fair.

What massed, what matchless, midnight hair!
Her wide, sweet, sultry, drooping mouth,
As droops some flower when the air
Blows ardent from the ardent south—
That Sapphic, sensate, bended bow
Of deadly archery; as though
Love's legions fortressed there and sent
Red arrows from his bow full bent—
Such apples! such sweet fruit concealed
Of perfect womanhood made more
Sweet pain than if revealed.

How good a thing it is to house
Thy full heart treasures to that day
When thou shalt take her and carouse
Thenceforth with her for aye and aye;
How good a thing to give the store
That thus ten thousand years or more,
Poor hungered, pagan worshiper,
You kept for her, and only her!
How well with all thy wealth to wait
Or year, or thousand thousand years,
Her coming at love's gate!

The winds pressed warmly from Japan
Upon her pulsing womanhood.
They fanned such fires in the man
His face shone glory where he stood . . .
In Persia's rosefields, I have heard,
There sings a sad, sweet, one-winged bird;
Sings ever sad in lonely round
Until his one-winged mate is found;
And then, side laid to side, they rise
So swift, so strong, they even dare
The doorway of the skies.

How rich was he! how richer she!
Such treasures up in heaven laid,
Where moth and rust may never be,
Nor thieves break in and make afraid.
Such treasures, where the tranquil soul
Walks space, nor limit nor control
Can know, but journeys on and on
Beyond the golden doors of dawn,
Beyond the utmost round of Mars;
Where God's foot rocks the cradle of
His newborn baby stars.

As one who comes upon a street
Or sudden turn in pleasant path,
As one who suddenly may meet
Some scene, some sound, some sense that hath
A memory of olden days,
Of days that long have gone their ways,
She caught her breath, caught quick and fast
Her breath, as if her whole life passed
Before, and pendent to and fro
Swung in the air before her eyes;
And oh, her heart beat so!

Was hers indeed the harp that rang
When mourning Jeremiah sung?
Was hers indeed the soul that sang
While mute harps on the willows hung?
The Japan winds, the warm sea waves
Laid bare a thousand Grecian graves,
And Lesbian hills and Tempe vales
Retold ten thousand tender tales;
Ten thousand tales of weal or woe;
And she was Sappho, as of old—
And oh, her heart beat so!

How her heart beat! Three thousand years
Of weary, waiting womanhood,
Of folded hands, of falling tears,
Of lone soul-wending through dark wood;
But now at last to meet once more
Upon the bright, all-shining shore
Of life, in life's resplendent dawn,
And oh, so fair to look upon,
Tall Phaon and the world aglow!
Tall Phaon favored of the gods
And loved of woman so!

Her heart beat, but no word she spake.
She pressed her palms, she leaned her face—
Her heart beat so, its beating brake
The cord that held her robe in place

About her wondrous, rounded throat,
And in the warm winds it let float
And fall upon her reaching arm,
So warm, it made the morning warm.
  Then pink and pearl chased o'er her cheek,
And, "Phaon, I am Sappho, I——"
    Nay, nay, she did not speak.

Her dark Greek eyes fell on the sea—
  Lo, Phaon's ferry as of old!
He kept his boat's prow still, and he
  Was stately, comely, strong and bold
As when he ferried gods and drew
Immortal youth from one who knew
His scorn of gold. The Lesbian shore
Lay yonder, and the rocky roar
  Against the promontory told
And told all day the tale of love
    That never can grow old.

Three thousand years! yet love was young
  And fair as when Æolis knew
Her glory, and her great soul strung
  The harp that sweeps the ages through.
Ionic dance or Doric war,
Or purpled dove or dulcet car,
Or dove unyoked or close-yoked dove,
What meant it all but love and love?
  And at the naming of love's name
She raised her eyes, and lo, her doves!
    Just as of old they came.

What is there in a dear dove's eyes,
  Or voice of mated melodies,
That tells us ever of blue skies
  And cease of deluge on love's seas?
The dove looked down on Jordan's tide
Well pleased with Christ the Crucified;
The dove was hewn in Karnak stone
Before fair Jordan's banks were known.
  The dove hath such a patient look—
I read rest in her pretty eyes
    As in the Holy Book.

I think if I should love some day—
  And may I die when dear love dies—
I'd sail broad San Francisco Bay
  And seek to see some sea dove's eyes:
To see her in her air-built nest,
Her wide, warm, restful wings at rest;
To see her rounded neck reach out
And reach so restful round about—
  And seeing this, as love can see,
I then should know, and surely know,
    That love sailed on with me.

CANTO IV.

"And God saw the light, that it was good."

And they sailed on; the sea doves sailed,
  And love sailed with them. And there lay
Such peace as never had prevailed
  On earth since dear love's natal day.
Great black-backed whales blew bows in clouds,
Wee sea birds flitted though the shrouds.
A wide-winged amber albatross
Blew by and bore his shadow cross;
  Then seemed to hang it on the mast
The while he followed far behind—
    The great ship flew so fast.

She questioned her if Phaon knew,
  If he could dream, or halfway guess
How she had tracked the ages through
  And trained her soul to gentleness
Through many lives, through every part,
To make her worthy his great heart.
Would Phaon turn and fly her still,
With that fierce, proud, imperious will,
  And scorn her still, and still despise?
She shuddered, turned aside her face,
    And lo, a sea dove's eyes!

Then days of rest and restful nights;
  And love kept tryst as true love will,
The prow their trysting place. Delights
  Of silence, simply sitting still;
Of asking nothing, saying naught:
For all that love had ever sought
Sailed with them; words or deeds had been
Impertinence, a selfish sin.
  And oh, to know how sweet a thing
Is silence on those restful seas
    Where love's dove folds her wing!

The great sea slept. In vast repose
  His pillowed head half hidden lay—
Half drowned in white, Alaskan snows
  That stretch to where no man may say.
His huge arms tossed to left and right
Where black woods banked like bits of night,
As sleeping giants toss their arms
At night about their fearful forms.
  A slim canoe, a night bird's call,
Some gray sea doves—just these and love—
    Ay, love indeed was all!

Lo! suddenly the lone ship burst
  Upon an uncompleted world—
A world so dazzling white, man durst
  Not face the flashing, white light hurled
From heaven's high-built battlements
And high-heaved camp of cloud-wreathed tents.
And boom! boom! boom! from sea and shore
Came one long, deep, continuous roar,
  As if God wrought; as if the days,
The first six pregnant, mother morns
    Had not quite gone their ways.

What word is fitting but the Word
  Here in this vast world-fashioning?
What name can name the risen Lord,
  What hand lay hand on anything?
Come, let us coin new words of might
And massiveness to name the light,
The largeness, largeness everywhere!
White rivers hanging in the air,
  Ice-tied through all eternity!
Nay, peace! It were profane to say:
    We dare but hear and see.

Be silent! Hear the strokes resound.
'Tis God's hand rounding down the earth!
Take off thy shoes, 'tis holy ground—
Behold a continent has birth!
The seas bow down, Madonna's blue
Enfolds the seas in sapphire. You
May lift, a little spell, your eyes
And feast them on the ice-propped skies,
And feast but for a little space:
Now let thy face fall grateful down,
And let thy soul say grace.

At anchor so, and all night through,
The two before God's temple kept.
He spoke: "I know yon peak, I knew
A deep ice-cavern there. I slept
With hairy men, or monsters slew,
Or led down misty seas my crew
Of cruel savages and slaves,
And slew who dared the distant waves.
And once a strange, strong ship—and *she*.
I bore her to yon cave of ice—
And love companioned me.

"Two scenes of all scenes from the first
Have come to me on this great sea:
The one when light from heaven burst,
The one when sweet love came to me.
And of the two, or best or worst,
I ever hold the second first.
Bear with me. Yonder citadel
Of ice tells all my soul can tell:
Its thirst for love, its pain, its pride,
My soul's warm youth the while she lived,
Its old age when she died.

"I know not if she loved or no.
I only asked to serve and love;
To love and serve, and ever so
My love grew as grows light above—
Grew from gray dawn to golden day,
And swept the wide world in its sway.
The stars came down, so close they came,
I called them, named them with her name.
The kind moon came—she came so near,
That in the hollow of her arm
I leaned my lifted spear.

"And yet somehow for all the stars,
And all the silver of the moon,
She looked from out her icy bars
As longing for some middle noon—
As longing for some warmer kind,
Some far south sunland left behind.
Then I went down to sea. I sailed
Through seas where monstrous things prevailed,
Such slimy, shapeless, hungered things!
Red griffins with wide, batlike wings,
Red griffins, black or fire-fed,
That ate my fever-stricken men
Ere yet they were quite dead.

"I could not find her love for her,
Or land, or fit thing for her touch.
And I came back, sad worshiper,
And watched and watched, and loved so much!
I watched huge monsters climb and pass
Reflected in her walls of glass;
Dark, draggled, hairy, fearful forms
Upblown by ever-battling storms,
And streaming still with slime and spray;
So huge from out their sultry seas—
Like storm-torn islands they.

"Then even these she ceased to note,
She ceased at last to look on me,
But, baring to the sun her throat,
She looked and looked incessantly
Away against the south, away
Against the sun in middle day.
At last I saw her watch a swan
Surge tow'rd the north, and on and on.
I saw her smile, her first, faint smile!
Then burst a high-born thought, and I,
I nursed it all the while.

"I somehow felt, or guessed, or knew,
That somewhere in the huge earth's heart
Was warmth and tenderness and true
Delight and all love's nobler part.
I tried to think, ay, thought and thought;
In all the strange fruits that I brought
For her delight I could but find
The sweetness deep within the rind.
All beasts, all birds, some better part
Of central being deepest housed;
And earth must have a heart.

"I watched the wide-winged birds that blew
Continually against the bleak
And ice-built north, and surely knew
The long, lorn croak, the reaching beak,
Led not to ruin evermore;
For they came back, came swooping o'er
With clouds of calling little ones,
So dense, they dimmed the summer suns.
And so I knew, somehow, somewhere,
Beyond the ice-banked, heaving chines,
They found a softer air.

"Yea, I would find that land for her!
Then dogs, and sleds and swift reindeer;
Great, hairy men all mailed in fur
Who knew not yet the name of fear,
Nor knew fatigue, nor aught that ever
To this day has balked endeavor.
And we swept forth: the wide, black wings
Stretched tow'rd the Pole in endless strings.
I left her sitting looking south,
Still leaning, looking to the sun—
My kisses on her mouth.

"Then up and up, and on and on,
Until, as in the world of dreams,
We found the very doors of dawn
With warm sun bursting through the seams.
We broke them through, then down, far down,
Until, as in some park-set town,
We found earth's Eden. Very rare
The fruit, and all the perfumed air
So sweet, we sat us down to feed
And clothe us without thought or care,
Or ever other need.

"And all earth's pretty birds were here;
And women fair and very fair;
Sweet song was in the atmosphere,
Nor effort was, nor noise nor care.
As cocoons from their silken house
Wing forth and in the sun carouse,
My men let fall their housings and
Passed on and on, far down the land
Of purple grapes and poppy bloom—
Such warm, sweet land, such soundless land!
Just spice and sweet perfume!

"My reindeer fretted: I turned back
For her, the heart of me, my soul!
Ah me, how swift, how white my track!
All Paradise beneath the Pole
Was but a mockery till she
Should share its dreamful sweets with me.
I know not much what next befell,
Save that white heaven grew black hell.
She sat with sad face to the south,
Still sat, sat still; but she was dead—
My kisses on her mouth.

"What else to do but droop and die?
But dying, how my poor soul yearned
To fly as swift, south birds may fly—
To pass that way her eyes had turned
The dear days she had sat with me,
And search and search eternity.
And do you know, I surely know
That God has given us to go
The way we will in life or death—
To go, to grow, or good or ill,
As you might draw a breath?"

CANTO V.

"And God saw everything that He had made; and, behold, it was very good."

I do not say that thus he spake
By word of mouth, in human speech;
The sun in one swift flash will take
A photograph of space and reach
The realm of stars. A soul like his
Is like unto the sun in this:
Her soul the plate placed to receive
The swift impressions, to believe,
To doubt no more than you might doubt
The wondrous, midnight world of stars
That dawn has blotted out.

And Phaon loved her; he who knew
The North Pole and the South and named
The stars, strode forth and slew
Black, hairy monsters no man tamed;
And all before her soul was born,
Or Lesbos yet knew night or morn.
No marvel that she knew him when
He came, the chiefest of all men.
No marvel that she loved and died,
And left such marbled bits of song—
Sad, broken Phidian pride.

Oh, but for that one further sense
For man that man shall yet possess!
That sense that puts aside pretense
And sees the truth, that scorns to guess
Or grope, or play at blindman's buff,
But knows rough diamonds in the rough!
Oh, well for man when man shall see,
As see he must, his destiny!
Oh, well when man shall know his mate,
One-winged and desolate, lives on
And bravely dares to wait!

Full morning found them, and the land
Received them, and the chapel gray;
Some Indian huts on either hand,
A smell of pine, a flash of spray.
White, frozen rivers of the sky
Hung down the glacial steeps hard by;
Far ice peaks flashed with sudden light
As if they would illume the rite:
As if they knew this story well,
As if they knew that form, that face,
And all that time could tell.

They passed dusk chieftains two by two
With totem stick and stroud and shell.
They slowly passed, and passing through,
He bought of all—he knew them well.
And one, a bent old man and blind,
He put his hands about, and kind
And strange words whispered in his ear,
So kind, his dull soul could but hear.
And hear he surely did, for he,
With full hands, lifted up his face
And smiled right pleasantly.

How near, how far, how fierce, how tame!
The polar bear, the olive branch;
The dying exile, Christ's sweet name,
Such silence! Then the avalanche!
How far this little church for them,
Alaska from Jerusalem!
The two passed in, the silent pair
Fell down before the altar there,
The Greek before the old Greek cross,
And Phaon at her side at last,
For all her weary loss.

The bearded priest came, and he laid
His two hands forth and slowly spake
Strange, solemn words, and slowly prayed
And blessed them there for Jesus' sake,
And married them, then slowly turned
And swung the censer where it burned.
Meantime her eyes were Phaon's eyes,
But his were lifted to the skies,
As looking, looking that lorn night
With lifted face from out the slime;
As praying still for light.

* * * * *

God is not far. Earth is not far
From heaven's porch where pæans roll;
And man shall speak from star to star
In kingly language of the soul.
Yon star-strewn skies be but a town,
With angels passing up and down.
"I leave my peace with you." Yet these
Red wounds, the Pleiades,
Pierce heaven as in witness there:
While new moons rock the Child Christ in
Their silver rocking chair.

MRS. HARRIS'S EXPERIENCE.

By Ellsworth Talmage.

"One don't know much about one's neighbors after all," said Mrs. Harris's gossipy little dressmaker. "You may think they are pleasant, good people, but one has to eat salt with them as I do to know who you are dealing with, and I get deceived sometimes. Your skirt hangs lovely. Now, turn just a little this way;" and Mrs. Harris turned slowly around, her thoughtful face indicative of far different thoughts than the talk of the dressmaker suggested.

As the skirt was adjusted satisfactorily Miss Ferris continued: "Now, there are the Smiths down on Pine Street; you would think they were the most agreeable people in the world, but they are the crossest, hatefulest people to one another you ever saw. And the girls! Hm! I don't think much of them;" and the scissors slashed and snapped in a way that might have meant something to the Smith girls had they been there. "And there is your next-door neighbor, Mrs. Leighton, who pretends to be so awfully nice and genteel. I think she pays a good deal more attention to the gentlemen than she need to, for a woman who has not been a widow a year yet. Your husband takes quite a little notice of her. I saw them downtown together yesterday."

Mrs. Harris turned indignantly, and with a cold "That will do, Miss Ferris—I never discuss my husband's actions," left the room.

Indifferently as she had tried to treat the subject with the talkative Miss Ferris, the same thought had been in her own mind for some little time—that her husband was more interested in Mrs. Leighton than seemed necessary. She had liked Mrs. Leighton so much when she first came, but lately there seemed to be some secret understanding between her and her husband; and while she had striven bravely against the doubts that would come, they had given her many hours of unhappiness and pain.

That another should notice and comment upon what she herself had hardly cared to think of seemed terrible. She could not bear it. Their married life had been a long honeymoon until this matter came up; the perfectness of their love had prevented the petty jealousy from appearing that mars so many lives and causes so much unhappiness. But to-day — perhaps she was tired, more susceptible to impressions—she could not say how it was, but the doubt of her husband's fidelity crept in and grew apace.

The ringing of the tea bell aroused her, and going downstairs, she found the girl had placed the supper upon the table, although Mr. Harris had not come. Ringing the bell sharply, she said: "You can take the tea back until Mr. Harris comes. You know I always wait for him!"

"Yes, ma'am; but——"

"But what?"

"I heard Mr. Harris say he was going away, and I thought——"

"You can leave the tea. I guess I will not wait;" and as Maggie left the room Mrs. Harris seated herself at the table, but not to eat. What did it all mean? Her husband had said nothing to her about going away, and whom had he spoken to that the girl should know that he was to be gone? It must be Mrs. Leighton. How would it end?

She had no time to think further, for Mr. Harris now hastily entered the room, and going to her, took her face between his hands and kissed it, saying: "I am so glad you did not wait for me, little wifie. I was detained unexpectedly, and could not leave the office sooner. And what have you been doing all day?"

After a brief account of the day's doings she said: "Did you see Mrs. Leighton this afternoon?"

His face flushed as he answered: "Yes, I saw her downtown."

His manner more than the words troubled her, and it was with the heaviest heart she had ever known that she went to her room, pleading headache, the feminine word for heartache, as a reason for her early retiring.

With the morning came better thoughts, and resolutely putting aside the forebodings and suspicions of the night before, she descended to the dining room, determined to trust her husband and forget her doubts.

It was a beautiful morning, and stepping out upon the piazza to get the full benefit of the fresh air, the sound of voices reached her—her husband's and Mrs. Leighton's. He was saying, "Be sure and be at the office by three," and "Sure!" was the answer.

The awnings and vines covering the piazza hid her from sight. No one saw the white face and clinched hands that told of her sufferings. Where had her resolutions of the night before gone to? Had they vanished like the mist of the morning?

She was at the table when her husband came in. As he kissed her good-by he said: "You don't look well this morning, dear; don't overdo."

His tender manner and words almost unmanned her, but with a cold "Thank you, I shall try and survive through the day," she turned and left the room.

He had never seen her in this mood before, and it puzzled him not a little.

"She does not feel well," he thought, "but——" And a happy laugh ended his soliloquy as he buttoned his coat and left the house, whistling as he went up the street.

A strain of "Annie Laurie" floated back to her as she lay sobbing upon the couch in her room. Was she not Annie Laurie to him still? How could he forget and hold lightly the vows that had seemed so solemn and binding a short time ago? Hadn't she loved him with all her heart? Hadn't she striven to please him in every way? He couldn't be untrue—no! And hastily jumping up, she walked rapidly up and down the room. It could not be; she would not believe it.

But the words she had heard in the morning would ring in her ears; his evident embarrassment of the night before would haunt her; and, unable to bear it longer, she donned her street dress and left the house.

How long she walked, or where she walked, she did not realize; but finding herself in the vicinity of her husband's office, she went in, determined to ask him what it all meant. He was not in, the clerk informed her, so she seated herself by the window to await his return. So many people were passing by—were any of them so utterly wretched as she? With a sudden start she recognized her husband's form, but before she could attract his attention Mrs. Leighton joined him, and after a few minutes' conversation they walked away in an opposite direction.

There was no need of waiting longer. Slowly she left the office and walked toward home, unconscious of everything save the overwhelming loss of her husband's love.

There are moments in some lives when the world with all it contains is forgotten in the great and absorbing sorrow of the time, and we are so inwrapped and overshadowed by the misery and gloom that we are oblivious of everything and everyone save our own griefs and ourselves.

This was the condition of Mrs. Harris, and as she entered her home everything seemed to taunt her with past joys.

Here, only two years ago, she had entered as a bride. How proud she was of her husband! how tender he was to her! Together they had wandered through the rooms, she delighted with everything—for did not everything show his loving thoughtfulness for her and her comfort?—and he happy in her happiness, only regretting it was not a more sumptuous home for the dearest woman on the face of the earth. "But," he had added, "if all goes well it will not be long before I can build, and then my darling shall have a home worthy of her." And this idea of a home of their own had been a dream with both of them that was to be realized some day.

And now, with a long, quivering sob, she sank on her knees and prayed for release from her torture. Life was nothing to her without him; he was the only man in all the world to her, and to him she had given all love, respect and honor. Oh, how she had loved him! And she had tried so hard to please him, even in little things—as wearing his favorite colors and singing the songs he liked best. In reviewing the past two years she seemed to forget nothing. Would that she could!

To stay where she was was out of the question. To leave him would expose him to the criticism of unfriendly people, and she could not injure him. There was one way, but that—her soul shrank from the ordeal. Yet it was the only way. Then he could love whom he pleased, without wronging her and without sin to himself. He would never know why she had taken this course, save as his own conscience convicted him. She would never tell him.

Her plans once made, it was surprising how calm and composed she grew. Going to her desk, she looked through each compartment, saving this and destroying that, but keeping all his gifts sacredly by themselves. As her eyes fell upon a dainty little calendar she started, for it was the 9th, the anniversary of their wedding day. Taking a small vial from one of the drawers, she looked at it critically, but with a faint shudder she replaced it.

Not to-day, not to-day, not on her wedding day. To-night she would be happy. She bathed her face and arranged her hair, replacing her street dress with a soft, white gown; a rich fall of lace at the throat and wrists and a silver girdle at the waist gave an artistic finish to the toilet. Her face was pale, and there were black circles underneath the eyes, but the natural sweetness and beauty of the face could not be marred by one month's sorrow. A heavy silver bracelet lay on the table before her, her husband's gift a year ago. She hesitated a moment, then taking it up, clasped it around her arm. This one night she would try and forget her misery—forget all save that she loved her husband.

So absorbed was she in her meditations that she did not hear his step, and it was not until she felt his arms about her that she realized he was there.

"You little snow maiden, come down to tea,"

he said. "I shall have to see Dr. Perry about you if you don't get the roses back in your face before long."

If he noticed the pathetic little droop to the mouth he said nothing, and together they went downstairs.

The tea hour passed rather silently, and after they had left the table he remarked, inadvertently: "I forgot to say this morning, dear, that I wanted you to go out with me this evening. As you were not looking well I have ordered a carriage, so do not make any change in your dress,

"BEFORE SHE COULD ATTRACT HIS ATTENTION MRS. LEIGHTON JOINED HIM."

but put on your long cloak, and please ask no questions."

The carriage came as he spoke, and hastily throwing her cloak about her, they entered the carriage and were driven rapidly away. Not a word was spoken during the drive. Presently they stopped before a brilliantly lighted suburban residence. A smiling maid opened the door in response to Mr. Harris's ring, and he took his wife's hand and led her into one of the parlors. Throwing aside his own and his wife's wraps, he caught her impulsively in his arms. "Dear little woman," he exclaimed, "welcome home!"

"But—I don't understand——"

"Dearest, did you think I had forgotten it was our wedding anniversary? For two years I have been working and striving for this surprise for you. Dear, this new home is my gift to you to-day, and may many happy and prosperous years await you in it. Why! what!—tears? That will never do."

But Mrs. Harris had sunk down at her husband's feet, sobbing hysterically.

"I thought—I thought you did not love me—that you had forgotten me for some one else."

"Forget you! Love some one else! Why, child, I live only for you, love only you; no one else has even a thought of mine, dear—they are all bound up in you."

"But Mrs. Leighton——"

Mr. Harris looked puzzled; then, as his wife's meaning broke upon him, he looked down upon her gravely, even sternly.

"Has your knowledge of me for the past two years been such that even a doubt should creep into your heart of my fidelity to you?" And without waiting for a reply he continued: "Sweet, you are the one woman and the only woman in all the world to me. I love you more to-day than I did two years ago, if possible, and love means all the rest—honor, respect, fidelity and reverence. Now, as to Mrs. Leighton: after the house was finished I needed a woman's taste to aid in selecting some of the furniture, and wishing to give you a complete surprise, I asked Mrs. Leighton to assist me. Everything has been sent subject to your approval, and I did this with the best of intentions. Sweetheart, I would not have grieved you for the world; I will have no more secrets from you."

"Forgive me, dear!" and drawing his head down to her, she kissed him again and again.

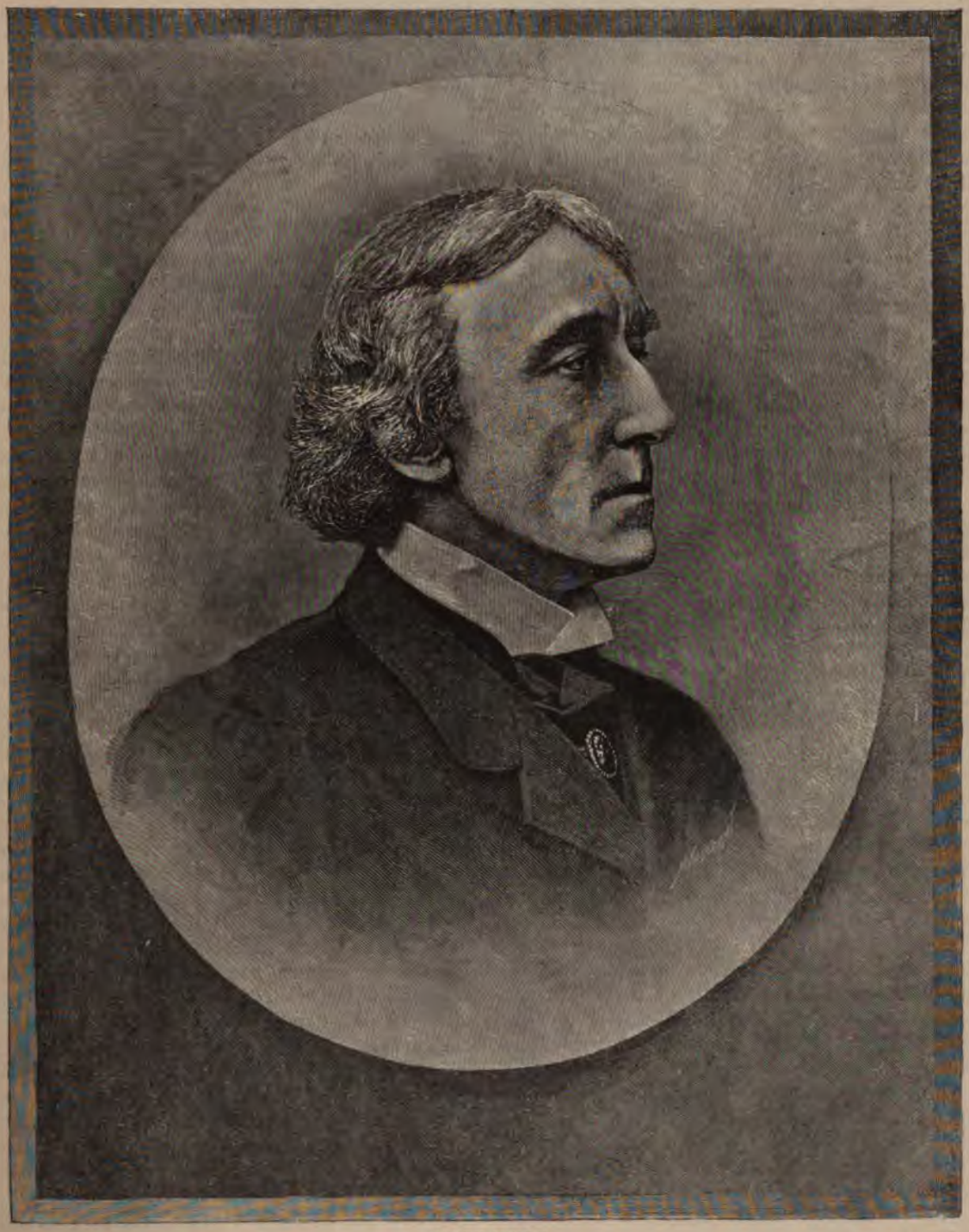
No other words were needed; each felt that trust and confidence must reign supreme if love remained, and neither forgot the lesson learned that night.

As they wandered through the beautiful rooms, prepared with so much care for her comfort and pleasure, Mrs. Harris made a mental resolve that she would never judge again on circumstantial evidence.

HENRY IRVING AS HOST AND GUEST.

By A. Oakey Hall.

Henry Irving, the actor and distinct impersonator of the characters whom he portrays, from the classic and majestic *King Lear* down to his *Alfred Jingle*, is at present again engrossing the attention of the American public; but the immense majority of his admirers do not know him,



HENRY IRVING

as London does, in his personation of host or guest at dinner parties or receptions. Those are rôles in which he is pre-eminent. And it is difficult to estimate whether as host or as guest he shines the best. I should vote for his greatest excellence as host—whether as a dinner giver to comrades at his favorite club, the Garrick, or to mixed guests of ladies and gentlemen at one of the large hotels devoted to banquets, or as a giver of suppers in the armor room and property drawing room of his Lyceum Theatre—those rooms being historical in the annals of gastronomy because once occupied by the famous Beefsteak Club, about which a gorgeously bound and illustrated volume exists, and whose glories have been piquantly described in the club annals of Cyril Hay, the author.

For Mr. Irving is regarded by all who know him as an ideal host. The first essential of such a one, and pre-eminently possessed by Mr. Irving, is absence of self-consciousness and conduct evidencing that the host considers the attendance of each guest as a favor to himself; for he is not an ideal host who acts as if he was conferring favor by his invitation, by his service, his *menu* and his own store of conversation.

Probably Mr. Irving shines best as a host when, after a first-night performance, he has cleared the stage and invited behind the scenes such ladies and gentlemen from among the audience whom his sharp eyes, unblurred by footlight flashes, have recognized. He is then full of magnetism and delight in his performance; and they come imbued with the mental electricity of time, place and occasion. As the first-night guest looks around he finds the curtain raised, and the auditorium an abyss of darkness strangely contrasting with its luxurious brilliancy during the performance. He peers into the borders of the mysterious "wings" of scenery; and up aloft at the equally mysterious "flies," "sky borders" and the ropes and wires and cold, lifeless skeletons of lime lights. But close to himself the first-nighter beholds not the martyred *King Charles*, or the *Mephistopheles*, or the *Shylock*, or the treacherous *Louis XI.*, or the pathetic and naïf *Vicar of Wakefield*, or the *Matthias* of ghostly bells, or the betrayed old king in the storm on Dover Cliffs, who a few half-hours before occupied the stage now crowded with charming women radiant in evening toilet and with smiling delight, or groups of men distinguished in Parliament, in *belles-lettres*, in science, law, medicine, and even in church circles (for often vicars, archdeacons and bishops deign to take delight in the moral lessons of life taught by Dramatic Schoolmaster Irving).

The first-nighter finds moving amid the groups a scholastic-looking private gentleman in evening dress whom he knows to be Henry Irving as host, but whom he cannot recognize as the character actor of the evening, so great is the transformation. At the rear of the stage will be a hastily improvised table—such as is used when *Lady Macbeth* drinks to the "general joy"; or to which the ghost of *Banquo* comes as an unwelcome banqueter. The table is spread with inviting sandwiches, mayonnaise salads and cold game; viands that are flanked by frappé bottles of champagne as sparkling to sight as to the ear are the conversation, critiques, sallies and repartees heard on every side.

Now, as first-night host, Mr. Irving flits from group to group, and singles out here a friend and there a mere acquaintance, neglecting no one, and speaking to each apt words of salutation and memory. Everyone addressed seems to feel as if the invitation and bestowed hospitality were especially designed for him or her. All greet the host with words of praise and emanations of pleasure. Some of the favorable critiques of the performance and representation just witnessed are highly complimentary, and perhaps often fulsomely expressed—is it not a social difficult task to praise anyone to the face? But nothing in the host's manner or countenance shows possession of vanity—and yet applause is the very mental lifeblood of the actor—but the critiques are being stored in his memory for the value of future reflection.

Presto! and the scene of hostship changes. It is two o'clock of the afternoon for a luncheon given by Host Irving. Dinners for an actor, whether he is host or guest, are difficult to manage because of the evening exactions for dress, make-up and performance. He must therefore during season time choose daylight for luncheons, midnight for supper time, or Sundays for dinner parties. The luncheon perhaps occurs at the Garrick Club in Garrick Street, within pistol shot of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres, and not far from the house of the Greenroom Club in Bedford Street. Host Irving is early in the reception room. He has had audience and last words with the *chef*. He is wearing morning costume. His Prince Albert coat is as immaculate in fit as if Poole had constructed it for the prince himself. His modest scarf and pin will not unduly challenge those to be worn by his guests. Like the perfect hostess, he knows that overdress on the part of an entertainer is not "in good form," and that supremacy of perfect toilet belongs to the guest always.

As the male guests arrive (club rules forbid the whisking of petticoats on stairs or in corridors of

the clubhouse) each sees in Host Irving's smile and manner a naturalness utterly devoid of mere conventionality or stage craft. It is a goodly company who have assembled to gastronomically flirt with anchovy or sardine or boned-turkey sandwiches, salad *à la poulette*, cold salmon *à la tartare*, cup bouillon, calf's-foot jelly, Chateau Yquem, El Pasto, or fruity Port such as the wine caverns of St. Catherine docks best know. Yonder stands Happy Thoughts Frank Burnand, editor of *Punch*, brim full of happy conceits that he is chary of dispensing unduly. Conversing with him is Johnny Toole, the comedian, with his unctuous laugh echoing against the walls rich with portraits of dramatic celebrities. Here, too, is the Lord Chamberlain, who is headsman, purveyor, of plays to be refused or given license; also Sir Frederick Pollock, biographer of Macready; Joe Hatton the versatile, with his magnetic contralto voice of greeting or observation; Clement Scott, the critical Willie Winter of London in dramatic matters; Private Secretary Bram Stoker, with his rich Milesian brogue and witty torpedoes of rhetoric; Editor Robinson of the *Daily News;* young Justin McCarthy, fast rivaling his father as Parliamentarian, orator, novelist and playwright; unctuous Charley Wyndham—brother-in-law of Bronson Howard, who, being tourist for the nonce in London, comes to beam his sprightly eyeglasses over the attractive *menu;* the eagle-eyed George Lewis of the bar; and the facetious Dr. Twain, whose medical amusement is to look after the ailments of countesses, the throats of *prime donne* and the fatigues of stage folk generally. These guests make the luncheon memorable. All are gay and piquant, and use wit and repartee as shuttlecocks for lingual battledores, as it were. The flow of soul is congruous. No such criticism can apply in behalf of the luncheon guests which circumvented a dinner once given by that mad wag Labouchere to a dozen noted wits—which criticism ran: "It was the dullest of affairs; for each wit was either jealous of the other or feared to say anything good lest it should be the basis of a plagiarism."

Or, *presto!* the scene of hostship changes to a Sunday evening at the Continental Hotel, where ladies and gentlemen alternate at the banqueting tables, at the head of which sits Host Irving. Representative guests in all the walks of life and social swims are in their seats. Irving's skill as host has been shown in his arrangement of places and neighbors. He knows how to cultivate and promote affinities among guests. He will not put a critic next to an author, lest the latter be bored by too much shop, or the former worried into forbearances. No mere pundit will be placed beside a woman of *esprit*. While the homeopathic law will not touch the *menu*, its foundation motto—*Similia similibus curantur*—will touch the arrangement of guests; and mutuality of tastes and sympathy will attend such arrangement. This is of the very art of perfect hostship.

Another specimen of such art befalls Host Irving in his tactful ability of drawing out the best characteristics of each guest, and so placing him or her at best ease. Host Irving knows how to start fruitful topics of talk, and how to fence a topic uncongenial to any particular guest, or else to turn it to pleasing account. Another art of hostship in which he excels is to prevent mere monologues or private dialogues between neighbors, and to diffuse the conversation, and put each end and all sides of the tables *en rapport*. *Lady Macbeth* in her toast already alluded to expressed the very result of good luncheons and dinners when Shakespeare made her use the phrase "general joy of the whole table." How many feasts are spoiled by forgetting those adjectives "general" and "whole"!

Whenever Mr. Irving is host each of his guests retires home feeling that from the advent of *hors-d'œuvres* to *chasse-café* and exeunt there has not been a suspicion of boredom, but only such recollections as haunt the stroller in a garden of delights.

But Mr. Irving can play guest equally well as he can enact host. He practices all the excellences that appertain to the popular and acceptable guest. What are these? These savor of absence of self-consciousness or of obtrusiveness. These exhibit presence of respect for the rights and feelings of others, deferential points in association, and above all presence of the ability to become good listeners and apt commentators in brevity upon the passing show.

When listening as a guest to host or comrade Mr. Irving plays the rôle of the Ancient Mariner in never withdrawing the respect of his eye nor turning away an ear. His face shows appreciation of interest in what is being said, even if he may not feel the interest. Is not the piquant-appearing listener as much a needful actor in conversational tilts as the talker?

As a guest Mr. Irving sinks personality or shop. Strangers at a reception, unaware for the moment that Irving is a guest, seem surprised when he is pointed out as the great actor.

"Why, I took him to be a professor from Oxford," a Western American lady in London at a social function was heard to say.

In private life he presents a very *distingué* appearance. The looker-on thinks how he would as Lord Irving grace a bench in the House of

Peers — particularly if he sat among the bishops, or "spiritual lords" as acts of Parliament dub them. I have heard a celebrated dramatic critic say: "If one wishes to fully test Mr. Irving's ability as a personator upon the stage" (and by the word "personator" I differentiate it from the word "actor," because most actors carry their individualities into performances, while the personator sinks these wholly in the character he assumes), "let the tester dine with Mr. Irving at an early five-o'clock dinner, and at eight o'clock see him in character on his stage, and he would find it hard to realize that Host or Guest Irving, with all his erroneously described mannerisms, is personally identical with Actor or Personator Irving."

CARICATURE FROM THE "PALL MALL BUDGET."

Whenever Mr. Irving is called upon as host to propose, or as guest to respond to, a toast, he is at his happiest. There is nothing elocutionary, affected, artificial or oratorical in his manner or speech. He delivers himself in a conversational, offhand, impromptu tone, which imparts point to his whimsical conceits, quips and pleasantries. Yet he can become oratorical, as he proved when making addresses on the Drama before English universities and Harvard College.

Whether as host or guest, Mr. Irving will always be found *en rapport* with his surroundings. He is a man of varied observation and enlarged reading. More than all this, he is a thinker. Consequently he can suit his intercourse to the moods of scientist, traveler, novelist, historian, politician and mere man of the world. Is not ubiquity of information as necessary to the perfect host or the pleasing guest as is prompt book to the actor?

Apropos of his ability as personator, a capital anecdote has been told about him, to the effect that, having to call for a friend at a fancy-dress ball late in the evening, the master of ceremonies stopped him at the door with, "Very sorry, Mr. Irving, but the rule is absolute that no one can enter unless he is personating some character."

Mr. Irving was in full evening dress, and he responded immediately, "Very well; then enter me in your admission book as personating a waiter of the period." The conceit took, and hearty laughter greeted Mr. Irving's entrance as, under the rules, he was announced as wearing the dress of a waiter of the period!

AN ADVENTURE IN THE SPANISH MAIN.

By David Ker.

"The folks in Barbadoes used to say, sir, that whenever a Liverpool steamer was signaled the police always got out their strongest handcuffs. Well, that ain't very polite to *us*, mayhap; but if I was to see in irons, hard and fast, half a dozen chaps that I could show you aboard this very craft, it'd be a deal safer for us all!"

"Is it really as bad as that, then?" asked I, startled in spite of myself by the grim emphasis of our veteran second officer's tone and manner.

"Ay, ay, it's as bad as that—and worse, too, maybe, as you'll be finding out for yourself 'fore long, I fancy."

Our outward-bound steamer from England to the West Indies was a very cosmopolitan affair, with a Cornish captain, a Scotch first officer, a "Geordie" second from the Tyne, a Welsh purser, an Irish doctor and two Lancashire engineers. Nor was the crew less motley than its officers. In addition to half a dozen Englishmen of the ordinary merchant-seaman type, we had a big Swede, a giant in strength and a child in simple

good nature, who was one of the best men aboard; two French half-breeds from the Channel Islands, merry little fellows, as brisk and active as cats; a dark, sinewy, brigandlike Maltese; two stalwart Dutchmen, and a nimble Manx lad from Peel in the Isle of Man.

Startling as it was, the officer's gloomy prediction did not take me wholly by surprise; for anyone who has traveled much soon gets to know whether the men with whom he has to deal are to be trusted, and I could easily see that our present crew were *not*. Under ordinary circumstances they might have worked along well enough, heterogeneous though they were; but unluckily we had been forced to ship at the last moment, in order to make up the number of our hands, a couple of those "sea lawyers" who are always fatal to good discipline—fellows who, partly from mere restless love of meddling, and partly from their habitual tendency to thrust themselves forward and be as important as possible, find fault with whatever is done on board, know everything better than anyone else, and, in the homely but expressive phrase of a popular proverb, "teach a duck to swim and a cock to crow."

The presence of these worthies soon made itself felt. Several of the men began to do their work sulkily, and as if under protest; and on the fifth day out a number of them came aft in a body, with some groundless complaint about their food, which was evidently intended to try the captain's mettle, and see whether he were made of yielding stuff or not. The brave Cornishman—who, though one of the kindest-hearted men alive, could be steadfast as a rock in case of need—met them with quiet firmness, promptly looked into their alleged grievance, and finding it utterly baseless, ordered them forward again at once.

After this all went quietly for a time; but I could see that there was mischief brewing nevertheless. Many of the hands wore that sullen, dangerous look which the Americans emphatically term "spoiling for a fight"; and I more than once heard muttered threats vented against the second officer, who, being a stanch disciple of that "good old school" which held that the only way of dealing with poor Jack was an oath and a knockdown blow, was naturally anything but a favorite with the men.

On our way to Jamaica we touched at one or two of the smaller islands, and each time I fully expected an outbreak of some kind, but my friend the "second" flatly negatived the idea.

"It ain't their game to try it on when we're in port and can bring down the police on 'em any minute," he growled, with a meaning shake of his iron-gray head. "They'll wait till we're well out on blue water again, and then they can have an easy penn'orth of us. The skipper's a deal too soft with 'em, he is. I wanted him to hand over the whole kit of 'em to the police at the first place we touched at, and ship a fresh crew instead; but he says he couldn't do that without 'sufficient reason.' Sufficient reason, indeed! When he wakes up some fine night and finds his throat cut mayhap he'll think *that* sufficient! But *I* know what's the matter with the old man—he don't

"MR. B—— WAS KEEPING AT BAY WITH AN IRON BELAYING PIN A GAUNT, ACTIVE FELLOW."

want his ship to git the name of havin' mutinies aboard, for fear of scarin' away passengers."

"Well, there don't seem to be many to scare away," said I, "for I'm the only one on board this time."

"*This* time, yes—but we carry plenty at some seasons; and if they got wind of any such games as this they wouldn't go by our line while they could find anything else to go by. So far the skipper's right, but it will end in our all gittin' our heads broke, as sure as a gun! You've got a revolver, haven't you? Well, that's a good job, for I fancy it's the only firearm in the ship; but mind you keep it handy, for it's bound to be wanted 'fore long!"

The hint was a startling one, but I took it with some reserve, knowing that Mr. B——, like other men of his class, was very apt to "show cause" for his own hardness by finding matter of offense where none existed. At the same time I could not help seeing that the threatening aspect of the crew grew more and more marked every day; and what with this, and what with the "Job's comfort" administered by my friend Mr. B——, the undefined but ever-increasing sense of danger weighed upon me till it became a perfect nightmare. A dozen times in a night I used to wake up with a start, thinking that I heard the rush of the mutineers come trampling over the planks overhead; and the steward never knew what a narrow escape he had of getting a bullet through him by mistake when he came tumbling into my cabin at daybreak one morning with a sudden roll of the ship.

That mischief *was* afoot there could now be no doubt whatever. For the last day or two before we sighted Jamaica I never went forward without finding myself eyed with sharp, suspicious glances by the sailors, who evidently supposed me to be playing the spy upon their proceedings; and when I stopped to exchange a few words with the big Swedish seaman (in whose native town I had once spent several days) I caught sight of a shadowy figure sneaking up behind us, and manifestly doing its best to overhear all that we said.

All this was certainly anything but encouraging. I had indeed heard plenty of people declare confidently that mutiny is in these days as impossible as piracy, except, perhaps, in the lonelier parts of the Pacific. But this comfortable theory hardly squared with the fact that quite recently, on a trading schooner upon the most frequented route across the North Atlantic, the captain and first mate had been forced to barricade themselves in the deckhouse, and to hold it with their revolvers against the entire crew till a passing vessel bore down to the rescue; while, on the very steamer in which I had myself returned from South America barely three years before, eight of the crew, while lying in the Rio de la Plata below Buenos Ayres, had seized one of the ship's boats and gone ashore in her, after telling off two of their number (as was afterward discovered) to fall upon and kill the officer of the watch if he should detect and interfere with them. "Facts is stubborn things," said the famous alderman; and in the face of such facts as these I could only follow Mr. B——'s advice, and "keep my revolver handy," for a Central Asian fever does not increase a man's fighting power, and, as I was then, any one of the ship's boys could have thrashed me with one hand.

But, as always happens in such cases, the fight came just when we least expected it.

Night fell soon after we cast anchor in Port Royal harbor, and the lights of Kingston glittered like a swarm of fireflies through the deepening gloom along the dark shore line, while the rising moon cast a weird, unearthly splendor over the shadowy outline of the Jamaica mountains. Early in the year though it still was, I was glad to sleep on deck; for it was one of those stifling nights, fully as hot as the day itself, which everyone who has sailed the Spanish Main knows to his cost.

But the vague foreshadowings of evil which had haunted my sleep for weeks past kept haunting it still. I dreamed that we were boarded by pirates, whose fierce faces and wild figures seemed horribly real as they came pouring in over our bulwarks, cutlass in hand. I heard their trampling rush across the deck—the stamping and shouting of a hand-to-hand fight—the mingled clamor of yells, groans, curses and heavy blows—and then I awoke.

Awoke—to what? To find the grim vision true, apparently, for the shouts and stamping still rang in my ears, and not five paces from me lay the captain, prostrate on the deck, with a man kneeling upon his chest and clutching his throat with both hands. Close beside them our brave little Scotch mate was rolling on the deck in a fierce grapple with an adversary a head taller than himself. A little to the right my friend Mr. B—— was keeping at bay with an iron belaying pin a gaunt, active fellow (whose lean, dark, wolfish face looked quite unearthly in the fitful moonlight) who was attempting to run in and stab him with a long knife; while just behind them, in the shadow of the bulwarks, another man, who appeared to have been struck down somewhat earlier in the affray, was slowly raising himself to his feet.

For a moment I stared blankly at this strange scene, hardly knowing whether I were awake or still dreaming. Then the truth flashed upon me —the mutineers were up at last!

There was not a moment to lose, and weak though I was, there was still *one* way in which I might be of service. My revolver was hanging in my berth close by, and I at once made a dart for it; but ere I could snatch it out the fight was suddenly turned in a very unexpected way.

There was a sudden shout—a quick tramping of heavy feet—and two tall figures came bursting into the fray. In a trice the half-strangled captain's assailant was torn from him, and dashed upon the deck with such force that he lay stunned and motionless where he had fallen; and the heavy thud of his fall was instantly answered by another, as the man beside the bulwarks (who was just about to assail B—— in the rear) went down beneath a blow of which he bore the mark for many a day after.

Then our new allies (who were no other than the sturdy Lancashire engineers) helped to secure the two other men, not without difficulty; for in clapping the irons on the first mate's assailant the second engineer's ill-judged zeal squeezed the mate's thumb into the handcuff along with the mutineer's wrist, and the more he roared the more the engineer pinched him.

One of the prisoners was an Irishman, who, still retaining his native drollery even in this ugly scrape, called out to us, as we bound him to the mast like a second Ulysses, "British subjects do ye call yourselves? I call ye British *objects!*" Half an hour afterward a dozen sturdy negroes in the uniform of the native police came on board and marched off with the four disturbers of our peace.

At first I was puzzled to guess why we had been attacked by these four men only, and not by the whole crew at once. But I afterward learned that, very fortunately for us, the mischief had exploded prematurely. The two ringleaders and a couple of their cronies had gone ashore without leave, and had returned late at night, heated with the fiery rum of the island; and, being stopped and called to account by the captain and his officers, had fallen upon them like furies. Happily, most of their comrades were asleep, and the few who *did* see what was going on, being taken completely by surprise, and uncertain what to do, ended by doing nothing at all.

But the punishment of the poor wretches fully matched their offense; for those who know what a West Indian "lockup" really is can judge for themselves what a night of misery would be spent in one by any man with his *hands tied.* When they were brought into court next morning their faces were so swollen and inflamed that we hardly knew them; and when to this was superadded their sentence of several weeks' hard labor upon the public roads beneath a West Indian sun, and—worse still for any Englishman—under the supervision of a "nigger" policeman, even our implacable second officer was fain to admit that the claims of justice were fully satisfied.

THE OLD YEAR.

By the Rev. James Bassett.

Farewell, Old Year! for aye farewell!
You'll long remembered be!
Such wonders great and fortunes fell
No other years shall see.

Fierce winds you loosed on sea and land,
And many a wreck they made;
Along the beach, beneath the sand,
The sailor's corse you laid.

In distant lands the scourge has slain
His thousand thousands o'er,
But here our guards protect the main,
And thousand thousands more.

As was the wont of years before,
A harvest full you gave,
Yet thousands pressed by famine sore
Appalled the good and brave.

What wrecks of homes, what dark days, too,
Old Year, have you not seen!
Yet praise we give—it is your due—
For what your best has been.

Of all your glories, this most true,
Columbian Year to see;
As he withdrew he oped to you
The city by the sea.

Ten thousands came from far to view
The city by the sea,
To close the gates was left to you,
O eighteen ninety-three!

Farewell, Old Year! Remember well,
Wherever you may be,
That long with men the fame shall dwell
Of eighteen ninety-three.

By D. McFarlan Moore.

The United States monitor *Miantonomoh* recently left the Brooklyn Navy Yard for Annapolis, Md. The preparations attendant upon a war vessel going to sea completed, the coal bunkers filled, and everything movable on deck having been lashed to its place, the moorings were quickly cast off, a dozen brawny hands hauled in the gang plank, and with a shrill blast of our whistle we slowly backed out into the East River. The vessel looked her best in the proud consciousness of being the largest and finest double-turreted monitor in the world. Her prow cut the waters directly toward that marvelous piece of engineering skill, the Brooklyn Bridge—a beautiful arch at the grandest entrance of America, a bow of promise over the New World. A wave from a passing ferryboat leaped over our starboard bow and bathed the white, dry decks for the first time on the cruise. The view from the deck was, perhaps, the most inspiring that could be found; the traffic-burdened wharves, the Battery, Governor's Island with Fort Columbus, the Statue of Liberty and the vessels in the bay made a gay scene in the bright sunlight.

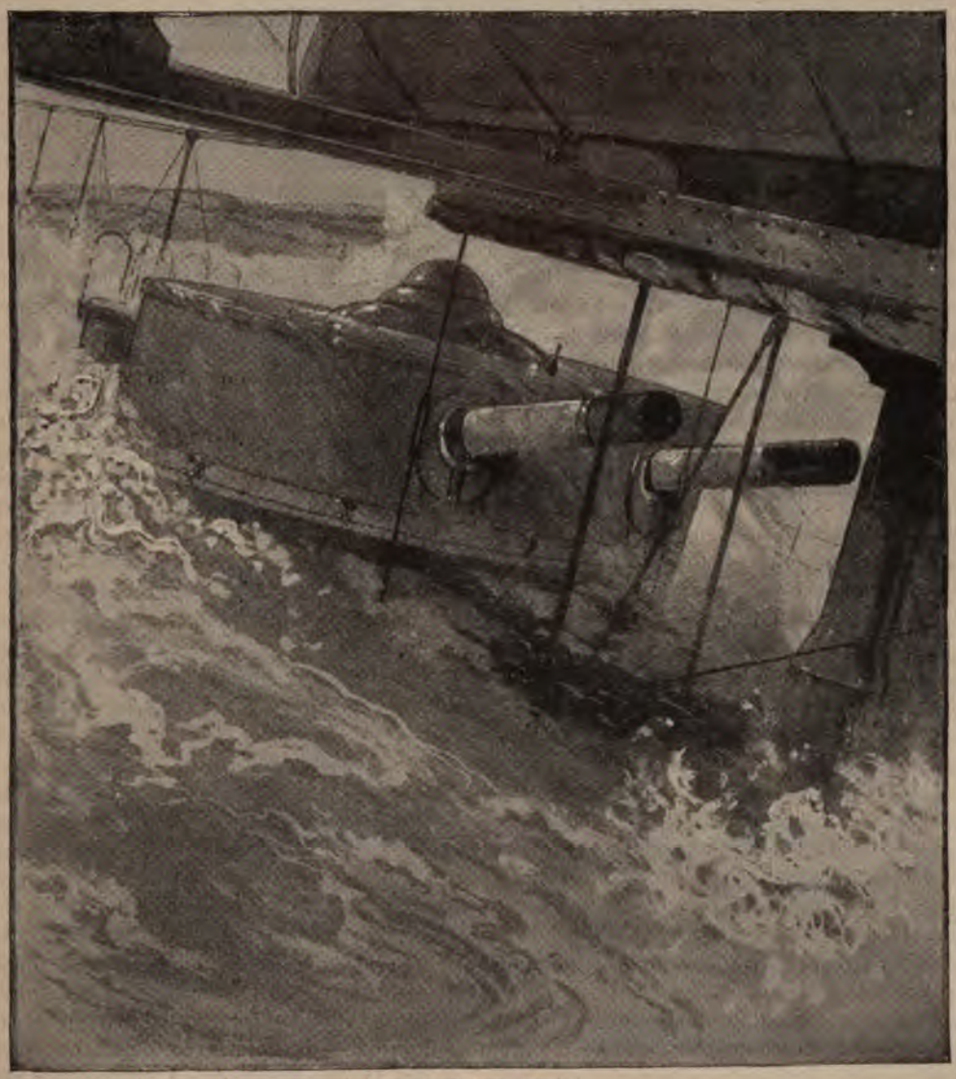
The hum of commerce was muffled, and the silence, as we left the metropolis behind, was only broken by an occasional "cough" from a tug, or a shrill whistle from other passing craft. The familiar landmarks faded from view, and a sense of the immensity of old ocean stole over us.

The *Miantonomoh* is 259 feet in length and 55 feet 10 inches in width, with a draught of 16 feet 6 inches and a displacement of 3,990 tons. Her deck is almost flat, and is only 28 inches above the water line. Her twin propellers are 14 feet in diameter, and driven at 60 revolutions by two compound engines indicating 1,429 horse power, giving her a speed of 10.5 knots. Both the forward and after revolving turrets, made of 10.5-inch steel, are each 20 feet in diameter, and about 7 feet in height above the deck. Each contains two 10-inch breech-loading rifled guns, 28 feet long in the after and 30 feet long in the forward turret, which are loaded and manœuvred by hydraulic power. They have a penetrating effect at ten miles with 500-pound shells projected by a charge of 250 pounds of powder, while they can each send a shot thirteen miles. Smaller guns are used for salutes and minor purposes. The military top on the mast is provided with two 1-pound machine guns.

I was in charge of the electrical steering apparatus. This was the trial trip of the first boat in the world to be steered by electricity, and was the first step in the demonstration that electricity will ultimately guide the vessels of the ocean. The *Miantonomoh* is equipped in every particular with the highest regard for excellence in naval shipbuilding. She is lighted by electricity, and all her guns, armor and fittings are of the latest type. Life on board a United States man-of-war is very pleasant to the unsophisticated "landlubber." The perfect navigation of the vessel, the order and discipline, the good nature of the men, and the culture, the courtesy and the warm hospitality of the officers, all tend to give one a very exalted opinion of the naval service. Naval officers are noted the world over as excellent entertainers, and as I was the only man on board not commissioned or enlisted, I enjoyed to the fullest extent their unrivaled hospitality.

As we were about to pass through the Narrows, between Forts Wadsworth and Tompkins and Lafayette and Hamilton, we signaled the United States training ship *Jamestown*, sailing up the lower bay. Her yardarms were filled with sailors getting things ready for port, and presented a striking appearance.

The process of swinging ship, of dropping and weighing the anchors, of changing the watches, of "turning in," the dipping of colors as a return salute to passing vessels, and the lowering of the flag at sundown—all these have an intense interest for the stranger. At five bells (6:30 o'clock) our vessel was just inside of Sandy Hook, and as the throb of the engines had ceased the order to anchor was given. The "chief bos'n's mate" blew his shrill whistle or "pipe," and in a voice like a foghorn called, "All hands bring ship to anchor." The officer of the deck gave the order to "Stand clear of the starboard chain, let go the starboard anchor," and the tripping ropes being sharply pulled, the anchor was released and descended to the depths with a splash. At sundown the beautiful custom of lowering the flag takes place. A bugle call brings all hands on deck.



TURRET AND GUNS.

By the flagstaff at the stern of the vessel, on the main deck, stands the quartermaster. As the rim of the sun dips below the horizon the officer of the deck orders the flag lowered. It slowly descends, saluted by every officer and man with a reverential uncovering of the head. It is the emblem of the country they have sworn to defend, the flag of a liberty elsewhere unknown. It was an impressive scene, this noble vessel lighted by the

glow of the setting sun, and the flag descending in the glorious light.

Night had come, and another bugle call sounded. All hands marched to the "hammock nettings," on the hurricane deck, where the hammocks are stored during the daytime. Another blast of the bugle, and each man shouldered his hammock of canvas, made up with the blankets in a bundle six feet long, and marched in single file to the forward hatch of the main deck, leading to the forward compartment of the berth deck. As they entered the hatch I noticed that they represented almost every nationality in the world except the Chinese. The hammocks are swung from hooks placed only two feet apart in the iron deck beams. Thus some of the hammocks are closer to the deck than others, presenting a zigzag appearance as viewed from the ends. The bugle at nine o'clock is the signal for "turning in," and soon all below was quiet and still, with hammocks swinging from every conceivable nook and corner, around the base of the forward turret, near the dynamos and in the passageways. The vessel is well provided with blowers and exhausters, however, which keep the air below decks tolerably pure.

The night was brilliant with starlight, and the lights on Sandy Hook, like a line of luminous sentinels, extended far out into the sea. At four bells (ten o'clock) the light in the wardroom, or officers' quarters, was turned out, and silence prevailed.

On awakening, at six o'clock in the morning, the rolling of the ship and the thumping of the engines told that the anchor had been weighed and we were steaming southward. The sun shone brightly, and the waves were sweeping the deck from stem to stern. Going to sea in a monitor of the low, free-board type is an experience unique in itself, and differs essentially from a cruise in any other type of vessel. The berth deck was awash the moment we got outside Sandy Hook—the seas several feet in depth, breaking over the spar deck and throwing the spray high over the forward bridge, soon penetrating by tons through the turret chambers, battened hatches, hawse stoppers and battle plates, flooding the forward compartments and making a terrible mess in that part of the vessel. We continued to ship a heavy sea with every roll of the vessel, which dashed completely over the turrets, burying the nozzles of the great ten-inch guns, and clearly demonstrating the impossibility of firing them at sea.

Owing to the intense heat below, the only place left for the men to stay was the hurricane deck, which is supported by stanchions about eight feet above the main deck. Indeed, at sea one feels as though he were rushing along on a platform without any visible support, and beneath him the turbulent waters ever changing from a deep green to a sparkling white as they dash themselves against the various objects on the deck below. The entire cruise was replete with novel experiences. To the unaccustomed eye the ever-changing panorama of the sea and sky was one continual delight. As the day progressed the man on watch above the pilot house, by use of the telescope, sighted a sail off our starboard bow. This was the flagship of the South Atlantic Squadron, the *Chicago*. As she passed us, about a mile distant on our starboard beam, a salute of thirteen guns was fired, we receiving seven in return. For this purpose two of the four breech-loading rapid-fire guns, placed on the hurricane deck, consisting of two six-pound Driggs Schroeder guns and two three-pound Hotchkiss guns, were used. The white, square-rigged sails of the *Chicago* looked grandly beautiful as she gradually disappeared from view. In the afternoon the wind became more brisk and the sea more rough, the waves breaking over the deck with greater violence. The prow of the vessel, with the two large white anchors perched one on each bow, would bury itself in the side of an approaching wave, which, breaking over the forward decks into a sea of foam with patches of green, swept across the battened battle hatches, struck the great forward turret, and glancing off its top, splashed heavily against the windows of the pilot house at the forward end of the hurricane deck about fifteen feet above the water. Standing on the after bridge at the other end of the hurricane deck, we could see the after deck first submerged in seething foam, and then rise on the crest of the next wave with the snow-white after turret at its centre. Trailing far astern, the two lines of white converging paths on the ocean's breast merge into one, then slowly fade away and lose themselves in the broad Atlantic. Late in the afternoon a Norfolk boat with a long line of black smoke streaming from the stack passed us and dipped its ensign, to which we replied with three blasts of our whistle, it being too moist on deck to get down to our flagstaff. A little later the officers on duty in the pilot house sounded one bell to the engine room, and the engines were immediately slowed down; as two bells followed, the engines stopped, and we drifted in the trough of the sea, the ship rolling heavily. An examination of the packing between the base of the forward turret and the deck was made. The continual submersion of the deck had caused the water to find its way below in such streams that all hands were kept busy at the pumps to prevent everything

from being flooded. Only slight repairs could be made at sea, however, and as four bells sounded we were again going ahead rapidly. The pleasant breeze of the day developed into a stiff wind toward night that whistled above the roar of the water sweeping the decks. At night, by the electric masthead light and the lights in the pilot house, aided by the stars fitfully shedding their dim light, we could see the whitecapped rollers breaking on our bows and dissolving themselves into hissing white foam. As we were at sea in a ship practically untried before, and of a type never noted for its seaworthiness, the indications pointed to a bad night. We remembered the sad fate of the original *Monitor* off Cape Hatteras, and this, together with the liability of a storm at sea in our disabled condition, gave cause for painful anxiety. Watch is kept continually day and night on the bridge above the pilot house, and the helmsman is constantly informed of the positions of passing vessels, lighthouses, etc. The navigator carefully studies the chart of the waters through which he is sailing and lays out the course, the helmsman changing the course, and therefore the reading of the compass, as directed by the navigator. At five bells I left the pilot house and crawled down the engine-room hatch from the hurricane deck to the engine room, then passed around the base of the after turret on the berth deck to the ward-room country, and retired for the night. At three bells of the middle watch I was suddenly aroused from my slumber by a messenger from the officer of the deck requesting me to report immediately at the pilot house. I arose quickly, and found it a new experience to tumble into my clothes and rush on deck into the darkness and amid the roar of the ocean. The steering gear needed attention, and I hastened to the tiller room, the temperature of which was 140°. The trouble remedied, I returned to the hurricane deck for fresh air, and remained in the pilot house until eight bells, being recompensed by seeing a most beautiful sunrise at sea. As the ship was rolling heavily the forward turret commenced to work loose, and the situation became so serious that the captain decided to put in behind the Delaware Breakwater, for repairs. We were then off Cape May, and in a short time the lightship, with its two large spheres at its mastheads, was sighted. We soon anchored in the still waters behind the breakwater between it and Cape Henlopen—an immense sand bank strewn with wrecks. One large two-masted schooner that had not yet gone to pieces lay beached high and dry, a skeleton among skeletons that in their destruction had dragged many a poor soul down with them. One of the cutters was lowered, and with the flag flying from her stern was rowed to the lighthouse and up to the town of Lewes, with the mail and telegrams.

The *Miantonomoh* carries on her davits one steam launch, one gig, one whaleboat, four cutters, a dingy and a skiff, in which are continually kept supplies of water and provisions to be ready for any emergency. It is a rule of the Health Department of the United States Navy that no vessel is allowed to take on board any fresh water after leaving United States territory, and that distilled water must be used as soon as the fresh water gives out.

The darkness of night again descended upon us. The sky was illumined with vivid flashes of lightning, and we were surrounded by the red lights of the lighthouses appearing one by one on the horizon. The anchor was raised, and leaving the capes of the Delaware, the monitor again steamed down the coast. As it was necessary to pick up a wreck buoy which lay in our course, the forward search light, mounted on a tower above the pilot house, was brought into requisition. A beautiful white column of light, one end of which inclined upon the water about a quarter of a mile ahead, streamed from the reflector, and was slowly moved from port to starboard, from starboard to port. When standing by the search light, with my cap well secured and the collar of a lieutenant's storm coat turned up as a protection against the strong wind, all seemed to be under the rule of darkness save the bright spot on the waters ahead, where could be seen the savage-looking whitecaps of the rollers which we were soon to encounter.

The passage of Assateague Beach next morning, which dawned bright and clear, brought out the sad story of the wreck of the President's dispatch boat *Despatch* from some of the sailors who had been aboard the unfortunate boat at the time. Indeed, the tales of the sailors were one of the interesting features of the trip, especially the ones of old Jack Norris, the coxswain of the second cutter and a veritable "old tar." The capes of Virginia, Charles and Henry, were passed about two o'clock, and we entered the mouth of the famous Chesapeake. As we passed Cape Henry's lighthouse we hoisted from our yard the four flags of the International Code, G, Q, T, M, reading *Miantonomoh*. Proceeding up the bay, the breaking of the seas over our bows became less and less frequent, and the sailors, one by one, ventured on the forward deck, as the heat of the sun was drying it rapidly. But suddenly the sky became clouded, a few drops of rain fell, and the calm of a few moments before gave way to a violent windstorm. The rain descended in torrents, and we could barely distinguish the outlines of a

three-masted schooner on our port quarter with her jib and fore gaff topsail blown away. The squall left as rapidly as it came, and when we passed that world-renowned resort, Old Point Comfort, the hills of "Old Virginia" could be plainly seen in the sunlight. After steaming up opposite the mouth of the Rappahannock, where so many important events during the struggle for the Union occurred, we came to anchor. The beauty of the night was enhanced by the peaceful light of a new moon. Toward midnight, however, the wind freshened, the ship began to take

VIEW OF FORWARD DECK, FROM TURRET.

considerable water, and another anchor was let go to hold the vessel, as the waves were playing tag over the deck and spattered their foam to the top of the superstructure.

By six o'clock on Saturday we were again under way, and about nine o'clock passed the mouth of the renowned Potomac. The early part of the day was spent in "cleaning ship," scrubbing down decks, and getting everything in shape for port. At stated intervals during the whole voyage soundings were taken and the log read. Early in the afternoon the vessels of the North Atlantic Squadron, lying at anchor, were sighted. As we drew near we saluted the flagship *Philadelphia* and the admiral's flag with thirteen guns. Our starboard anchor was dropped and a boat lowered for the captain to go aboard the flagship, from which floated the musical strains of the "Star-spangled Banner." The flagships alone are provided with military bands, and the use of the fife and drum has been abolished on all the war vessels, the bugle taking their places. Immediately ahead of the flagship, on guard, lay the *Newark*, the pride of the new navy. Astern of these, and in direct contrast to them, with a fresh coat of black paint, lay a vessel with a history every American is proud of, the *Kearsarge*, which on June 19th, 1864, sank the Confederate cruiser *Alabama* in the harbor of Cherbourg, France.

At dinner we were surprised with the words, "New York and Philadelphia papers!" and eagerly bought some to find out what the world had been doing while we were at sea. As the launch had already gotten up steam, and was making a great noise in its anxiety to get away, three of the officers, the steward and I started for Annapolis. As we neared the town the officers

related reminiscences of their academic days, recalled by various landmarks. The sinking sun left a brilliant sky against which the outlines of church steeples, the dome of the Statehouse and the clock towers of the Naval Academy stood boldly forth from a sea of dark-green foliage. Lying off the academy's wharf were three old war vessels, the *Constellation*, *Enterprise* and *Santee*, while the *Dolphin* and the *Vesuvius* represented the new navy. Far in the distance could be seen, standing high out of the water, the white sides of the *Philadelphia* and the *Newark*, while all that could be seen of the *Miantonomoh* appeared like a conical haystack floating on the water.

During the evening we attended the grand ball in the new boathouse. The decorations, the inspiring music of the large orchestra, the handsome women, the gallant officers and cadets in their uniforms, made the scene a very gay one.

A strong breeze sprang up while we were ashore, so that the trip back to the vessel in the launch was decidedly rough.

An early breakfast, a farewell, another trip to the wharf, a brisk walk past the Statehouse and Executive Mansion, and accompanied by "Chips," the carpenter's mate, in his natty sailor uniform, I was soon on the way to Washington, and my trip on the *Miantonomoh* was ended.

HOW I BECAME MY OWN LANDLORD.

A LESSON TO WAGE EARNERS.

By Robert Waters.

First, let me say that what I have set down in the following narrative is strictly true, and that my object in writing it is to show rent payers, especially the artisan class or those who live by wages, how they may escape from the bondage of rent. This class is legion, and I trust some of them may learn by my story how they may come by a house of their own.

When I was a little boy and used to wander through the streets of New York looking at the countless houses on every hand I often wondered how many of the occupants owned their own houses. There were so many houses, I imagined almost every other man I met owned one; and if this were so, why should not I, too, hope to own one some day? Being of a sanguine disposition, I believed that, in the words of the poet,

"All may do what has by man been done."

As time wore on, however, and I acquired a little more knowledge of the relations of capital and labor, I became less and less sanguine; my daydreams and fancy castles gradually faded away; and I finally settled down to the conviction that if ever I owned a bit of ground and a cottage in the country, or in the vicinity of New York, I might consider myself a lucky fellow. When one learns that not one man in ten thousand owns a house in New York, and that the mass of the property is not equally distributed among individuals, but in comparatively few hands, the castles of imagination receive a rude shock; and when one becomes practically acquainted with the smallness of wages and the dearness of property the prospect of acquiring a house and lot by savings from labor is by no means encouraging.

The payment of rent had been, in my youth, the severest drain on our family resources. To get the rent together was the first care of my mother, whose anxiety to provide for the monthly visit of our punctual landlord had made a deep impression on my mind. She knew well what would happen if she could not meet her landlord with money in hand; and many a bit of self-denial, many an economical twist, did she exercise to accomplish this laudable object. That landlord seemed to me the luckiest fellow in the world; for I thought he had nothing to do but to collect money for which he had done no work, and could go and enjoy himself or pass his time as he pleased. Time taught me that all landlords were not thus to be envied; but my ignorance was not greater, I imagine, than that of many older persons at the present day.

There is a story of two boys going to school, one of whom tells the other that his father is going to build a cupola on his house; whereupon the other exclaims, "My father is going to do better than that—I heard him tell mamma about it this morning—he is going to have a *mortgage* on his house!"

What a great effect an unknown word has on the untutored imagination! I was then about as blissfully ignorant as this little boy; but in due time I learned the meaning of such words from other sources than from the dictionary.

Finding, in my thirtieth year, that with an annual income of about one thousand dollars I could save nothing, and that the ever-recurring

rent bill was my chief burden, I began looking round for some means of improving this state of things. I saw that if I went on in this way I should remain poor as long as I lived, and determined that, if it were at all possible, this should not be the case.

The then comparatively new project of co-operation in housebuilding was brought to my notice, and I began to look into it. I did not think much of it at first; but after a little more study of it, and after seeing how it worked with others, I determined to try it. I perceived that in this way, and in this way alone, I might realize the dream of my youth.

Mr. John W. Farmer, a philanthropic citizen of New York, who believed in teaching working people how to help themselves, had just organized a co-operative land and building society in New York city; and I subscribed for five shares (which represented $5,000) in this society. Mr. Farmer is dead; but his good work lives after him. His society was the pioneer for many others, by which many a workingman has been helped to pecuniary independence. I found that most of the shareholders in this society were, like myself, men who were working for wages, and that their aim was, like mine, to get rid of rent paying. It is worth mentioning that most of them were Germans and Scotchmen—a fact indicative of the thrifty and aspiring character of these races.

The shares were set down at a nominal value of $1,000 each; the dues were $1 a week for each share, and there were, I think, five hundred shares in all, which were soon taken up at their par value. This, you see, made half a million of dollars, and all apparently easily accumulated. But the scheme was not a visionary one; it was better than any of Micawber's or Colonel Sellers's projects; and one could more truly say of this than of any of their schemes, "There are millions in it." It was called the First Co-operative Land and Building Society of New York," with headquarters first in Ludlow Street, then in the Bowery, and then in Delancey Street, and was, I think, the first society of the kind established in New York city. This was in 1867 or 1868.

When the income from the weekly dues amounted to $2,000 or more this sum was sold at a premium to one of the shareholders, who invested it in real estate, generally a little home of his own in the upper part or in the suburbs of New York, and returned the money in monthly payments at the rate of ten per cent. on the amount received. This, you see, made him his own landlord; and this ten per cent., you must bear in mind, paid up both capital and interest. As the number of shareholders who thus became property holders increased largely; and the returns or rent payments from them and the dues from non-property holders, which went on constantly increasing in volume, were calculated to pay every shareholder for each share he possessed a thousand dollars in ten years. Nor would they have failed to do this had the hard times between 1873 and 1878 not intervened. Those hard times caused many of the shareholders to draw out their deposits, which in itself was not a disadvantage to the others; but those who remained did not care to buy or to build a house at this time, and so the deposits and payments, being unused, finally rose to a dangerously large amount. There were over $25,000 in the treasury at this time, and no one wanted an appropriation for buying or building.

Now a way had to be found to set this money agoing. This was done by offering a considerable premium to those shareholders who would draw out their deposits and have their shares canceled. A large number availed themselves of this offer; and so all went well again. After such a society has got well agoing it pays to get rid of some shareholders by giving them a premium on their shares. This shortens the duration of the society. In the present instance the money was advantageously disposed of in this way, and the shareholders were honorably and satisfactorily treated.

The subsequent history of the society may be summed up in a few words. Though many other difficulties had to be overcome, and though the society lasted longer than ten years, every member of it, except perhaps those on whom foreclosure measures had to be taken, found his advantage in it. Many drew out their money with a premium; many got a house and home of their own, which was the beginning of the handsome competency they now enjoy; many paid off their remaining indebtedness by means of a "cupola"; some sold their property and paid up their indebtedness to the society; some, as I have said, had to submit to foreclosure proceedings, by which neither they nor the society profited; and some, who never borrowed any money at all, received at the end $1,000 in cash for every share they possessed. These, though they paid their weekly or monthly dues during the whole life of the society without ever borrowing a dollar, knew very well they could not lose anything; for every dollar lent out on property was secured by first-mortgage bonds. And I think these were, after all, the best off of all the shareholders; for what with the high prices paid for property in the flush paper-money days, what with lawyers' fees, taxes, assessments, and so on, the appropriation holders

finally paid pretty dear for their homes. But this was not the fault of co-operation, but of the times; and if they had not acquired a house in this way they would never have acquired one at all. That is the saving clause in these investments. I know I never would; and I think I paid as much, in one shape or another, for my property as any of the others paid for theirs.

When the society wound up we had a banquet in honor of the president, Mr. John Watson, and also in honor of the treasurer, Mr. Alexander Sutherland, who was presented with a gold watch and chain, and complimented on the fact that, though hundreds of thousands of dollars had passed through his hands, not a penny stuck to them. That was a very pleasant occasion.

Now let me tell what I did with my shares in this society. I had, as I have said, five shares; and I went on paying my weekly dues for some years before I ventured to borrow money. I was studying and learning all about co-operation during this time. At last I began to think of establishing a little home of my own, and seeing advertised for sale a lovely cottage in the vicinity of New York, with a pretty garden and attractive surroundings, I determined to buy it. It was just the spot to realize my dream of "love in a cottage" (for I was deeply in love at this time), as well as my dream of independence of landlords. So, paying a considerable premium on a loan of $3,000, I bought the cottage; renewed, painted and furnished it; and then married and settled down in it. I was now not only a married man, but a property owner; not only a houseowner, but a landowner, for I had two lots with my cottage; and thus my responsibilities began.

It is wonderful how different the world looks when one comes to have a house and a bit of land of one's own. There is education in it; it gives one practical knowledge of the workings of labor and capital, and one gets a different status among men. I needed no longer to look with deference to some vulgar fellow who could talk of his houses and lands, or who called himself my landlord; I was also a landowner, my own master, in a larger sense than I ever was before, and could use and enjoy the things about me more freely than I ever did before. I felt I had a footing in the world—a bit of this round globe belonged to me; it was mine, with all that was below it and all above it; and I determined that it should belong to my children, too.

Here, under my own vine and fig tree, I lived for fifteen happy years; here my children were born and my friendships made; here I studied and dreamt and wrote; and here I enjoyed all that rural comfort and domestic happiness could afford. I no longer dreaded the apparition of a landlord monthly at my door; I was my own landlord, and I "feared not any man."

Time flew; year after year passed without any serious trouble; my payments were made regularly every month; and I had the satisfaction of feeling that every payment brought me nearer and nearer to my goal. In less than ten years my payments were complete—my bonds were canceled, and I became the sole owner of the house I lived in. Never shall I forget that happy day when I came home and showed my wife my canceled bonds, and talked of the satisfaction of now being able to use all I earned to live comfortably. Many fine projects did we make that day, which, though some of them have never been realized, were none the less pleasant to think of.

But let me say a word about my experience while thus gaining my own home. This consisted of a pretty two-story cottage and a lovely garden, situated on the most elevated part of Jersey City Heights, within twenty minutes' ride of New York city, and from which a superb view of Newark Bay and the Orange Mountains could be had. Having two lots with the house I bought, I had room for half a dozen fruit trees, a fine grape arbor, a row of blackberry bushes and a patch for vegetables; and as I took a pride in keeping my place in good order, I had more enjoyment out of it than if I had been a mere landlord's tenant. Every improvement I made was for me and my children, and not for a landlord; and this gave zest to the work. To be sure I was obliged to make a monthly visit to New York, with the return payment in my hand; but there was such comfort in feeling that every visit brought me nearer and nearer to independence, that this visit was never other than an agreeable one. What other rent payer ever experienced such a feeling? I wanted to be able to use my whole salary for food and clothes and books, and all the other comforts and enjoyments of life, and I hated the idea of working forever for a landlord, who seemed to me little better than a slavemaster. I determined not to be one of his slaves.

As I took no thought of saving anything but the payments to the society, which I considered equal to banking so much money every month, I lived comfortably and easily, enjoying all that my income (which had increased considerably) could otherwise afford, and taking no thought for the morrow. Why should I? I was growing richer every day.

So far I had used only three of my five shares in the society; I could use two more, and procure $2,000 for another investment. So, after a time,

I borrowed this sum, and bought a two-story frame house, with one lot, in the vicinity of my first purchase. From this house I received almost as much rent as I had to return in monthly payments to the society. So this, too, went on satisfactorily.

I shall not forget the day on which I received the first monthly payment of rent from my tenant. What! was I really become a landlord, receiving rent from a tenant! I looked at the money—$20 in one-dollar bills; and then I began to think. Was I really become a capitalist—receiving money for which I had not toiled? I could hardly believe my eyes. Many things came into my mind. I thought of the enviable individual who used to collect rent in the old days from my mother, and I wondered whether my tenant looked upon me in the same way in which I used to look upon him. I had never before received any money for which I had not toiled; and for this, I thought, I had not toiled, and almost felt ashamed to accept it. But a little reflection convinced me of my error. The house was not yet mine; I had partly paid for it, and what I paid I had certainly earned by toil. I had taxes and repairs and insurance to look after; I had responsibilities of which the tenant knew nothing—and besides, I was obliged to invest the money in real estate; for there was no other way that would content the society. So I satisfied my conscience that the transaction was perfectly fair, and that I had nothing to be ashamed of. The house was like goods which I had bought on borrowed money and sold the use of to my tenant at a profit.

FIRST HOUSE.

Moreover, the tenant was entirely satisfied; he had probably found his interest in the bargain as much as I had found mine; and so I felt it was all right, and went on with my payments.

In due time this house became my own, too; the "cupola" was entirely removed; and now I was the fortunate owner of two houses and three lots, all without any incumbrance.

This gave me considerable satisfaction; not only because I owned the property, but because it proved that I could get forward in the world as well as teach others how to do so. A certain gentleman of my acquaintance had sneeringly designated me as one who taught other people how to get on in the world without being able to do so myself. Now I thought I could give *him* the lie at any rate.

But I did not stop here. Having two houses clear, I entered in due time into another co-operative society, organized on a better plan than the other; and my venture in this society turned out quite as satisfactorily as the others. The shares in this society were set down at $200 each, and the dues at 25 cents a week on each share. I subscribed for twelve shares, and in due time borrowed $2,100—the remaining $300 being the premium paid to the society—with which I built me a new, convenient and comfortable house on the remaining lot of my first purchase. In this I now live; and if I live one year longer this also will be clear. I shall have no "cupola" on it, and shall, if all goes well, use all my income to live, as I have done heretofore; I shall enjoy the comforts of life, and still leave something to my wife and children when I am gone.

I may mention here that I have found it in every way better to build a new house than to buy an old one. There are too many changes and repairs to be made in an old house; and in the end these make it dearer than building a new one. And further (which may sound very comical coming from one who hates "cupolas"—on his own house), I have found that the renting of a house to a tenant is not nearly so profitable or pleasant as selling it to him for half cash, and letting the remainder remain in a "cupola" on the same. It is a lovely thing to have a "cupola," from which you derive a steady income without any expense for repairs, or insurance, or taxes.

Thus I had become a property owner, a landlord and a "bloated bondholder"; and all without any particular exertion on my part, or any particular talent for business. In fact, I was preeminently unsuited for ordinary business, as I had nothing of the smartness, foresight and rapid calculating power of the business man. I had no

SECOND HOUSE.

skill in circumventing the devil and driving hard bargains. But I had—what few business men have—the satisfaction of knowing that with every dollar I paid for my property I was helping some other fellow to get a house and home of his own. Never did any man earn his house and home more honorably or more equitably than I did? Co-operation is a real "live-and-let-live" policy, a real advancing of others' interest while promoting your own. How different this is from the methods of those who grow rich on the ruin of others—who acquire property at the expense or to the injury of other people! There is no Jay Gould business in co-operative methods. There are no widows' tears or orphans' curses connected with co-operative property. On the contrary, the co-operative property owner may have the pleasing reflection that with every payment he has made for his property he has helped some other fellow, or perhaps some poor widow or helpless orphan, to the comfort and convenience of an independent home.

No life insurance company or savings bank can show so fair a record or so equitable a distribution of profits as the co-operative building society. Indeed, a score or more life insurance companies and savings banks went to pieces and left their depositors wailing, while we co-operators in the First Co-operative Society were safely acquiring our little houses and homes. I know it can be proved by statistics that fewer co-operative societies have failed than any other benefit societies whatever.

Even for those who do not want property the co-operative building society is the best savings bank. Had I not bought or built any house at all, but simply gone on paying my weekly or monthly dues to the society, I should have been just as well off; for in the first society I should have received $1,000 for each share I had, and in the second I should receive $200 for each share. At the present moment all those who wish to withdraw their money from this second society receive all they have deposited and a premium of $35 on each share besides. Those are the profits made by the co-operators in buying property and returning the purchase money in rent. They can draw their money as easily as from a bank, and with a much greater interest.

One feature of this new society, which is found in nearly all the societies now organized, is this: The monthly payments are no larger after borrowing money than they were before; but the borrower has simply to pay interest quarterly on the sum borrowed, which interest decreases with every payment he makes, until there is finally neither interest nor monthly payments to be paid. If the borrower wishes to pay up in advance, he is allowed a considerable reduction on account of such payment; and if he should be overtaken by sickness or other misfortune, and be unable to pay, time is generally allowed him to make good his deficiencies.

Now, what I wish to emphasize by this story is this: That a workingman, or any man working for a salary, by taking shares in a building society—which is now so carefully organized and guarded that a fraud or deception can scarcely take place—is much more likely to come to a house of his own, and escape the bondage of rent paying, than in any other way. If he have regular employment, with a fixed salary, he may do this with comparative safety (there is no absolute safety in anything); and as the weekly or monthly

THIRD HOUSE.

dues must be provided for, he will generally manage to do this as regularly or as easily as he provides for his rent. Thus he will more certainly acquire a fund than by any irregular or voluntary savings. And if he do not want to buy or build a house, he can get his money back with interest when he wants it; and it is a good thing to have a fund within reach when a fair opportunity offers to use it, or when necessity compels the use of it.

People will not, when they can, put part of their earnings aside every week or month; there are so many *necessary things* staring them in the face and crying out, "Buy me!" that they cannot resist the temptation to buy as long as they have a penny in their pockets. Now the payments to the society become the *necessary things*, and these outcry and outstare the others, and so secure the savings.

Many women are now beginning to see the value or advantage of these societies; and as they appreciate the value of a home even better than men, they catch at the idea quicker than their husbands or their brothers. Every time I go to the society's rooms to pay my dues I find nearly as many women as men who come there for the same purpose. Some of these are the wives, others the mothers and sisters, of the shareholders; but many are acting on their own account. These are the women who will make good wives; for they appreciate the value of money as the means of comfort and independence. There were not half a dozen women in the first co-operative society to which I belonged, while there are at least fifty in the last one.

When a woman is once made to understand that every dollar saved is a little workman, who brings in from five to twenty cents every year to its owner, and never gets tired, sick, hungry or drunk, and never ceases to work as long as its owner lives, her mind is made up: she will never throw such workmen foolishly away, but will rather endeavor to increase their number, so that they may keep her and her "heirs and assigns" in comfort forever.

I do not mean to set up co-operation as the panacea for all earthly ills; but I do mean to say that it is the only practical way I know, for one living on a salary, to acquire a home of his own and a footing in the world. It is a safe road to pecuniary independence. Nor is there anything unworthy in this effort to acquire some of this world's goods. Sir Philip Francis used to say that "no man could be honest until he had secured pecuniary independence." He cannot help, when poor, sometimes "knuckling under" those who are wealthy or powerful. Burns, who despised no man so thoroughly as the mere money getter, thus wrote to a young friend:

> "To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
> Assiduous wait upon her;
> And gather gear by every wile
> That's justified by honor—
> Not for to hide it in a hedge,
> Nor for a train attendant,
> But for the glorious privilege
> Of being independent!"

Now, I say to him or her who wishes to attain this "glorious privilege," join some building society at once; begin as early as you can, say at twenty years of age; and by the time you are thirty you will have your own house and home, which is half the battle of life. Begin, if you please, with three or four shares in a new society—new societies are starting almost every day—which will entail an outlay of about a dollar a week, and you will be amazed to see how rapidly this trifle grows into a good round sum. Time flies, and the sooner it flies the better off you are. Soon you will perceive that you can "go one better," as the sporting phrase is, and subscribe for a share or two more. This will cause you to study and rightly understand the relation of capital and labor; and, while still able to enjoy it, you will come to a position of comfort and independence, and confer the same on those who, dearer to you than life itself, may need it when you are no longer able to help them.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

IMPRESSIONS AND OPINIONS. By George Moore. Cloth, $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

WAGNER. A SHORT ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE AND WORKS. By Edward Francis. The "Petite Library." 128 pp. Cloth. Brentano's, New York.

MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER. By H. Rider Haggard. Illustrated. 328 pp. Cloth, $1. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS' AMATEUR LITERARY COMPETITION PICTURE BOOKS: "Told by the Sunbeams and Me." 88 pp.; 16 colored illustrations; boards. Price, $2. 102 prizes to the value of $500, for the best 102 short stories on the subject of the last colored picture in this book. Limited to children under 15 years of age. "Sunny Tales for Snowy Days." 88 pp.; 9 colored illustrations; boards. Price, $1.50. 90 prizes to the value of $400, for the best 90 short stories. Limited to children under 14 years of age. "All but One. Told by the Flowers," 64 pp.; 7 colored illustrations; boards. Price, $1. 84 prizes to the value of $350, for the best 84 short stories. Limited to children under 13 years of age. "Peeps into Pictureland." 24 pp.; 16 colored illustrations; boards. Price, 75 cents. 84 prizes to the value of $250, for the best 84 short stories. Limited to children under 12 years of age.

THROUGH THE BERNESE OBERLAND. By F. Ebersold. CARLSBAD. By J. Hardmeyer. "Illustrated Europe" Series, Nos. 155—161. Orell Füssli Zürich.

POEMS OF NATURE AND LOVE. By Madison Cawein. 211 pp. Cloth, $1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

LITERARY MEMORANDA.

THERE was a time when "magazine verse" was an expression of disparagement, mild but contemptuous, inevitably associated with that petty borderland of literature bristling with human platitudes, stuffed birds, wax flowers, and centre-table albums. Let us turn off this odium upon the preceding generation, and say squarely that to-day not only the best thought, philosophy and fiction in prose, but also the most exalted verse of the foremost living poets, finds its original exploitation in the monthly periodicals It would not be difficult to substantiate this latter assertion with quotations from half a dozen of the current magazines at the present writing. A very notable example, indeed, is Joaquin Miller's splendidly imaginative poem, "Sappho and Phaon," in this number of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY. But the magazine poem to which we now desire to call special attention graces the pages of an esteemed contemporary, and is from a woman's pen. We mean "Hagar," by Mrs. Eliza Poitevent Nicholson, appearing in the November number of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, with illustrations by Otto Guillonnet. Mrs. Nicholson is best known to literature by her Mississippi pseudonym, "Pearl Rivers," signed to many a graceful poem, sketch and story. In journalism she holds an honorable rank among the country's representative "molders of public opinion," being editor and proprietor of that old and influential Southern journal, the New Orleans *Picayune*. If in the present instance she appears under her comparatively unfamiliar full married name, it is doubtless because she has made a radical departure, and a sudden advance, from the line of work with which she has been hitherto associated. "Hagar" is a dramatic poem of the highest order. It is the passionate outburst of the discarded Egyptian woman, going forth from the tents of Abraham with her little son Ishmael into the desert. Proud and scornful, she takes with her only a crust of bread and a jug of water.

> "If it were not for Ishmael's dear sake,
> My feet would tread upon this bitter bread,
> My hands would pour this water on the sands,
> And leave this jug as empty as my heart
> Is empty now of all the reverence
> And overflowing love it held for you."

In words of fiery scorn, beneath which still smolder the embers of past love, she reproaches her Hebrew lord:

> "'Your god commands it'? Then my gods, the gods
> Of Egypt, are more merciful than yours.
> Isis and good Osiris never gave
> Command like this, that breaks a woman's heart,
> To any prince in Egypt. Come with me,
> And let us go worship them, dear lord.
> Leave all your wealth to Sara. Sara loves
> The touch of costly linen and the scent
> Of precious Chaldean spices, and to bind
> Her brow with golden fillets, and perfume
> Her hair with ointment. Sara loves the sound
> Of many cattle lowing on the hills;
> And Sara loves the slow and stealthy tread
> Of many camels moving on the plains.
> Hagar loves you."

But anon the mood changes. The momentary relapse into tenderness is past. The outraged heart again and once for all faces its cruel destiny.

> "It was not Hagar's voice
> That spoke those pleading words. Go back! go back
> And tell your god I hate him, and I hate
> The cruel craven heart that worships him
> And dares not disobey. Ha! I believe
> 'Tis not your far-off, bloodless god you fear,
> But Sara. Coward! Cease to follow me.
> Go back to Sara. See! she beckons now.
> Hagar loves not a coward.
> * * * * * *
> I go!
> But I will teach my little Ishmael
> To hate his father for his mother's sake.
> His bow shall be the truest bow that flies
> Its arrows through the desert air. His feet,
> The fleetest on the desert's burning sands;
> Ay! Hagar's son a desert prince shall be,
> Whose hand shall be against all other men;
> And he shall rule a fierce and mighty tribe,
> Whose fiery hearts and supple limbs shall scorn
> The chafing curb of bondage, like the fleet
> Wild horses of Arabia.
>
> "Farewell! I go, but Egypt's mighty gods
> Will go with me, and my avengers be.
> And in whatever distant land your god,
> Your cruel god of Israel, is known,
> There too the wrongs that you have done this day
> To Hagar and your firstborn, Ishmael,
> Shall waken and uncoil themselves, and hiss
> Like adders at the name of Abraham."

Such is the conclusion of Mrs. Nicholson's poem, which is fine and strong in a way that only a woman's treatment of such a theme could be. After this revelation of her powers a new and augmented interest will attach to the future work of the already well-known and admired "Pearl Rivers."

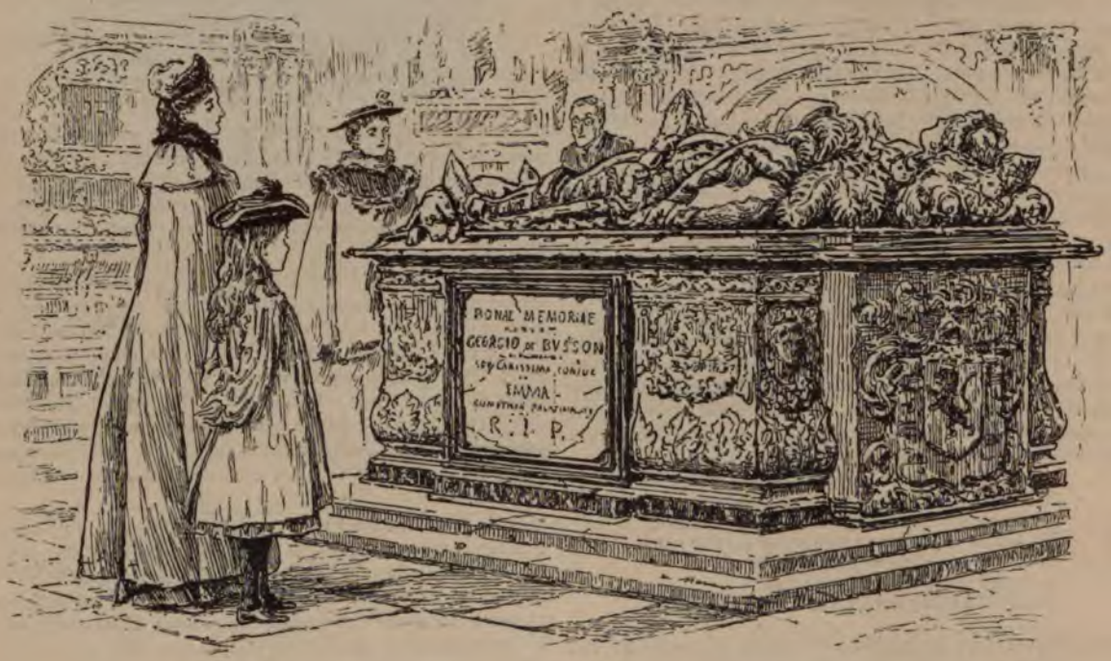
MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS, the art publishers, have issued for their competition series this year four prize story books, each filled with richly colored illustrations, and entitled respectively: "Told by the Sunbeams and Me," "Sunny Tales for Snowy Days," "All but One. Told by the Flowers," and "Peeps into Pictureland." The feature of this series consists in the numerous and liberal prizes offered for the best original prose stories by children, having for their theme the last colored illustration in each volume.

SOME excellent books appropriate for Christmas presents to the young folks come, as usual at this time of the year, from the J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. Among these is "Chronicles of Faeryland," by Fergus Hume, giving nine fantastic and thoroughly interesting tales, which will be much enjoyed by the little people. Another is "Twenty Little Maidens," by Amy E. Blanchard, containing, as its name implies, a score of little stories about as many little girls. Almost every young lady will find here something about the doings of a child with her own name. It is well illustrated by Ida Waugh. Another suitable Christmas gift is "A Dog of Flanders, and Other Stories," by Louisa de la Ramé (Ouida). This contains four good tales, with a number of illustrations by Edmund H. Garrett.

DAINTY little volumes are the books comprising the "Petite Library" (Brentano's, New York). Prettily bound, well printed, and giving much information in concise form. They are devoted to the lives of great musicians and poets. In one just published Edward Francis gives an interesting account of Wagner's life and works.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON sustains his reputation as a strong and forcible writer of stirring tales in his latest book, "David Balfour" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York). This is a sequel to "Kidnapped," and the opening pages contain a splendid summary of that story, so that those who did not read the earlier book will know what it was about and can easily follow the further adventures of the remarkable hero.

PROFESSOR ROBERT WATERS, who contributes the interesting and helpful paper entitled "How I Became My Own Landlord" to this number of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, has grouped together a selection of his voluminous contributions to the periodical press, and issued them in a handsome book, under the title of "Intellectual Pursuits" (Worthington Company). Being a teacher by profession, Mr. Waters naturally addresses this work "mainly to young persons ambitious of excellence in a literary, an academic or an oratorical career." The word *young*, however, he broadens to mean all who are *young intellectually*, considering all those who are still striving for improvement and growing in knowledge as belonging to that class. "Only those who have stopped learning are old." The chapters of "Intellectual Pursuits," therefore, will interest a wide circle of readers, particularly inasmuch as they are filled with apposite personal illustrations, suggestive quotations, wise saws and modern instances. The chapters are so "meaty," and each so completely covers its topic and ramifications, that one may dip into the book anywhere, certain of being instructed and entertained by the pages under his eye, without reference to what precedes or follows. In the chapter headed "A Word to Beginners in Literary Work" we find the following just appreciation of the conditions of modern magazine writing: "Nothing less than regular employment as reporter or editorial writer can be counted on to make a living. No young man, let him be ever so gifted, should for a moment expect to support himself as a writer of books, or as a contributor to magazines. That is where poor Chatterton, and others like him, made their grand mistake. It takes at least six months to write a good novel or a good biography, and, supposing its author succeeds in getting a publisher, he may consider himself lucky if he get four or five hundred dollars for it. Of five thousand articles sent every year to ——— *Magazine*, only two hundred were accepted or could be accepted. Consider the amount of disappointment and suffering this fact alone reveals. And what is the reward of the successful contributor? Five to ten dollars for a thousand words—that is the usual fee. Even if he get two or three articles in every month, what a shabby compensation this affords! There has lately been a new departure in this magazine business. The editor of a first-class magazine does not now depend upon unsolicited contributions to fill his pages; in fact, he does not care for them at all. Knowing what he wants, and having the means to pay for it, he can get it without wading through oceans of manuscript. He makes a liberal offer to several well-known writers for an article from each of so many words on a living topic of the day, and he gets them. Thus he makes up his magazine without much trouble. Do we not see that most of our leading periodicals are now stocked with articles from well-known or famous pens? That is what pays; for not only does the name of the writer attract, but the subject he writes on, which is sure to be one uppermost in the minds of men. The reader may ask, Pray, how came these writers to be famous? By writing for years without any pay at all; by writing hundreds of pages as mere practice work; by working like galley slaves for half a lifetime with no other compensation than—fame."



UNHAPPY INFLUENCE OF MODERN MUSIC-HALL MELODIES.

"THERE LIES THE BRAVE KNIGHT, DARLING, WITH HIS FAITHFUL DOG AT HIS FEET AND HIS WIFE BY HIS SIDE!"
"AND HAS SHE GOT A DOG, TOO, MUMMY?"
"NO, DARLING, ONLY A CUSHION."
"AH, I SUPPOSE HER DADDY WOULDN'T BUY HER A BOW-WOW-WOW!"

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

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JOSEPH BONAPARTE.—FROM THE PORTRAIT BY GOUBAUD, EXECUTED AT BORDENTOWN IN 1831.

THE AMERICAN ST. HELENA.

A REMINISCENT SKETCH OF OLD BORDENTOWN.

BY WILLIAM S. WALSH.

WHY does the funny man consider it funny to call New Jersey Spain? Of course one answer might be that the funny man's idea of fun is a crude and imperfect one. But that is not an answer which would satisfy the anxious archæological student. He wants to know why the crude and imperfect humor of the funny man has taken this particular direction.

In other words, how and when did the jest originate?

Thereby hangs a tale. Let us tell that tale in the most dramatic manner that we can command.

On the 29th of August, then, in the year 1815, the American bark *Commerce*, homeward bound from Bordeaux, France, landed at New York with two mysterious passengers, whom the captain treated with the utmost deference and respect. They were registered as M. Bouchard and his secretary. But the captain (the sly rogue!) was not to be fooled. He had determined in his own mind that M. Bouchard was no less a person than General Carnot, the great military and civic leader, who had been the real hero of the Hundred Days, and to whom Napoleon had paid the sad compliment of saying, "Would that I had met you sooner!" And being of a cheerfully garrulous frame of mind, the captain lost no time in spreading the news on his arrival in port. It came to the ears of the mayor.

"Surely," thought the latter, "here is a chance to honor our great ally in the person of one of her choicest representatives."

So, with a picked company of New York citizens, he made his appearance at the modest lodging house which the traveler had chosen. M. Bouchard was greatly surprised at the unexpected honor. He was still more surprised when he was hailed as General Carnot.

"No," he said, briefly; "I am not General Carnot."

"Are you really M. Bouchard?" queried the disappointed mayor.

"No; that is not my name, either."

The mayor pricked up his ears.

"Then, may I inquire," he asked, expectantly, "under what title you do pass?"

"I pass under the title of the Count de Survilliers," answered the Frenchman. "But here in America I believe I may safely announce the truth: I am Joseph Bonaparte."

This was better and better. Who was General Carnot in comparison with the brother of Napoleon, the elder brother, and in his own self an ex-king—a double ex, in fact—for he had ruled successively over Naples and Spain. A royal reception befitted the royal guest.

But Joseph was timid and refused any public honors. He was disposed to keep as quiet as possible. He did not wish to make his refuge in America too conspicuous. Indeed, as yet he was not entirely certain that America would prove a haven of safety. England might claim him, or Spain, or France, and he did not know what might happen. He proposed to retire to some secluded country place where he could forget the storms of Europe, and end his life in the security and peace of a private citizen.

Such was this man's proposal. But providence —or the American legislatures, not quite so wide a remove from providence as they are at present —seemed for a time as if it would dispose otherwise. Every State had its laws against the holding of real estate by aliens. Legislature after legislature refused to make an exception in favor of the illustrious exile, until at last he reached New Jersey. There his application was successful. On January 22d, 1817, a general act was passed at Trenton "to authorize aliens to purchase and hold lands in this State."

Even before the final passage of the act Joseph had concluded arrangements for the purchase of a tract of land known as Point Breeze, in the immediate vicinity of Bordentown, N. J.; and because an ex-King of Spain was allowed to put up a little Kingdom of Yvetot in New Jersey the humorist still considers it droll to speak of that State as being out of the Union and a portion of Spain.

Joseph had made an excellent choice. Bordentown has many natural beauties. Situated on a high bluff overlooking the Delaware, just where that river, dull and orderly and uninteresting at most points, takes a sudden curve and redeems itself for a glorious interval, it is of all towns along the river the one upon which nature has smiled. Nor was the little village deficient in historical and literary associations even then.

As far back as 1681 Thomas Farnsworth, an English Quaker, once imprisoned for his faith in the mother country, had made the first clearing here, put up a rough log cabin and set up housekeeping with his wife and children. The place was then known as Farnsworth's Landing. After the death of the pioneer the log cabin and the surrounding acres of land passed into the hands of Joseph Borden, and was now called Borden's Ferry. From that to Bordentown the transition was easy.

Joseph Borden was an enterprising man. In 1750 he established a line of boats and stages between Philadelphia and New York, which accomplished the journey in from thirty to forty hours. In the same year he left the Farnsworth homestead for a commodious brick building which he had put up at what is now the corner of Main and Park Streets. It still remains in the hands of his descendants, the Hopkinsons of Philadelphia.

When Borden died he left behind him a son of the same name. It was this Joseph Borden who, in the early days of the Revolution, manufactured and sent floating down the Delaware River certain kegs of gunpowder furnished with a fuse, which were designed to destroy the British navy at Philadelphia. These primitive torpedoes did no damage, however, beyond killing four men and terrifying the remainder. But Mr. Francis Hop-

kinson, who was Borden's son-in-law, immortalized the event in a poem called "The Battle of the Kegs," which is justly looked upon as the cleverest bit of satiric writing in our Revolutionary history.

Francis Hopkinson was one of the signers of the Declaration. Another of Colonel Borden's daughters had married another signer, Thomas McKean, afterward Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. It was, in short, a family of scoundrelly Whigs. As such it is not surprising that they should have been objects of British hatred, or that in 1779 a party of redcoats should have landed in Bordentown and burned and pillaged the property of Colonel Borden. The story is still told in the town of how old Mrs. Borden calmly sat in the middle of the street watching the work of destruction, and how when a British officer, kindlier than the rest, offered her some words of sympathy, she proudly answered: "I thank you, sir, but this is the happiest day of my life. I know you have given up all hope of reconquering my country, or you would not thus wantonly devastate it."

After the close of the Revolution Bordentown grew rapidly. Francis Hopkinson was a scholar, a wit and a leader in the social life of Philadelphia. He and his wife spent their summers in the old Borden mansion, where they kept open house. In 1779 he had become Judge of Admiralty for Pennsylvania, and in 1790 he was made United States District Judge for that State. He did not enjoy the latter distinction long. He died in 1791, his father-in-law having preceded him by just six months. Joseph Hopkinson, the eldest son, thereupon became the head of the house, and maintained the social prestige of the old Borden mansion. Joseph also was a distinguished jurist, who eventually became a United States Judge, but he is chiefly remembered to-day as the author of the national song "Hail, Columbia," which he wrote in 1798.

The year before Joseph Bonaparte's arrival Bordentown became the residence of an American more famous than any who had already settled there. This was Commodore Charles Stewart, "Old Ironsides," the hero of the War of 1812, the naval commander who performed the astonishing feat of attacking two British men-of-war, the *Cyane* and the *Levant*, and capturing them after a spirited conflict of not quite an hour. He was a comparatively young man, just turned thirty-nine, when he purchased a couple of hundred acres that lay on a high bluff overlooking the Delaware just south of the town proper. He christened it Montpellier, and here he lived until his death in 1869. Then the property passed into the hands of his daughter, Mrs. Delia Parnell, mother of the great Irish leader, Charles Stewart Parnell.

We have said that Nature had smiled upon Bordentown. She must have laughed outright over the thousand acres which constituted Point Breeze. Rising above the picturesque Crosswicks Creek, in all the primeval glory of stately trees and gracious shrubbery and trailing vines, it looks like the product of one of Nature's riant moods. Joseph at once set himself to turn this lovely wilderness into a garden. Yet he wisely forbore from making too extensive alterations. A tract of marshy land lying at the foot of the slope he turned into an artificial lake; the forest was intersected with walks and drives; open spaces here and there were cleared for lawns; rustic bridges were thrown over rocky-sided ravines, summerhouses were erected in sequestered spots, flowers bloomed in the parterres and rare exotics in the conservatories, and just where Crosswicks Creek meets the Delaware Joseph erected his house.

It was a palace for those days. Built of brick and covered with white plaster, its slanting roof, high dormer windows, sloping eaves and broad columned doorways were the admiration of everyone. The interior even surpassed the exterior. There was a grand staircase, flanked by great reception and dining rooms. The huge fireplaces had marble mantels with marvelous bas-reliefs. The bedchambers were hung with rare tapestry. The walls were decorated with still rarer paintings, more or less dishonestly acquired, and statuary of similar beauty and similar burglarious associations. Not for nothing had Joseph been king over countries that abounded with the works of the old masters!

Time was needed to complete this marvel of architecture and of landscape gardening. It took four years before everything was in order. But hardly had the last touches been put upon the house than it was utterly destroyed by fire. This was on January 3d, 1820. How the accident occurred is a mystery. Some people even whispered that it was the work of an incendiary maidservant who had been bribed by a female member of the Russian Embassy in this country. But Joseph himself never harbored any suspicion. He had been away in Trenton when the flames broke out. Hastily summoned, he had arrived just in time to find his house a huge bonfire. The inhabitants of Bordentown, men, women and children, turned out in full force to assist in the work of fighting the flames. Many valuable things were rescued; many more perished.

A new house was built, but not on the old site,

THE LAKE HOUSE.

nor on the same magnificent scale. The stable in the rear of the old mansion was expanded into a dwelling house, plain, solid and unpretending. And here the ex-King of Spain lived in democratic simplicity. He had been joined by his two daughters, Princesses Zenaide and Charlotte, the former with her husband, Prince Charles Lucien Bonaparte. For the convenience of the young couple he built what is now known as the Lake House, a large structure at the entrance to his grounds, which he connected with his own house, a quarter of a mile away, by means of a subterranean passage. This passage had no more direful object than to afford a covered way in case of storms. But gossip would not be satisfied with so simple an explanation. It was whispered, and tradition still indorses the whisper, that Joseph lived in daily fear of capture by some foreign agent, and that the passageway was part of a labyrinthine system leading from secret trapdoors inside his house to secluded exits in various parts of the grounds. The ruins of the old passageway are to this day looked upon with superstitious awe, but the most adventurous spirit can only penetrate a short distance into it, on account of the caving in of the earth bed above.

Besides his daughters, Joseph had with him his secretary, Louis Maillard; the latter's son, Adolphe; M. France La Coste, afterward Consul General in New York, with is wife and son; William Thibaud, and a number of retainers, some French, others selected from the native population of Bordentown. His wife had been advised by her physician against attempting a sea voyage. But in 1823 the two Murats, sons of the unfort-

MONTPELLIER.

MURAT'S HOUSE.

unate marshal who had become King of Spain, and consequently nephews of Joseph, came to America. The youngest of these, Prince Lucien Murat, took up his abode with his uncle in Bordentown.

But the ex-king assumed no kingly state. He did not even assume the kingly title. He called himself the Count of Survilliers, after his estate of that name in France. When appealed to for some high-sounding appellation to be given to the Bordentown property he said, sadly: "It is my St. Helena. Call it St. Helena."

And St. Helena has, in fact, remained a popular name for the place even to this day, though it is more generally known as the Bonaparte Park.

ADMIRAL CHARLES STEWART, U.S.N.—FROM THE ENGRAVING BY SARTAIN.

For the greater exile in the real St. Helena the little colony of Bonapartists retained a reverent and affectionate memory. The anniversary of his surrender to the English was kept as a day of fasting and prayer. When he died the whole colony went into mourning, and a priest was summoned from the village to conduct the services prescribed for days of tribulation.

Yet Joseph really seems to have lived a cheerful sort of life.

His tastes were simple and kindly. He had soon established himself as a prime favorite in Bordentown. He made gifts to the little city in various ways, helped its deserving poor with a lavish hand, visited among the townspeople, gave balls and entertainments to them in his own house, and spoke the most liberal republican sentiments in his intercourse with them. His grounds were thrown open to the public. His hospitable doors were never closed to visitors, even the most humble, and a servant was in readiness to show them around. Indeed, the king himself was not averse to acting the cicerone to any party of pretty Quaker girls, and it is still told in the village how he used to take a sly pleasure in pointing out to them the nude pictures and statues, and noting their blushes and giggles.

In the winter the lake was frozen over. Those were great days! The smooth icy surface was covered with skaters, big and little, male and female. The good Joseph loved to watch the boys and girls as they whirled past him. Often there stood beside him great baskets of nuts and oranges, into which he would plunge both hands and fling the fruit broadcast upon the ice to be scrambled for. The confusion and excitement that ensued filled him with naïve joy.

The writer of this remembers a conversation with a former servant of the Bonaparte household, now dead.

"The day before Christmas," said this worthy, "was a great day at the Park. The Princess Zenaide had a sleigh made in the shape of a swan, and she would drive up and down the length of the lake, throwing out sugarplums and toys to be scrambled for, and the count would look on, and laugh and laugh. There was a big nigger boy called Smith who was a great skater, and I can see the king now standing on the bank and crying: 'Da nig's ahead! Da nig's ahead!'"

Other reminiscences of other servants showed him in his less cheerful mood. His Scotch gardener, who died only half a dozen years ago, used to tell an anecdote in point.

"I remember one day he stood talkin' wi' father aboot the crop—they wore knee breeches and laced coots in those days, and he was dressed like that—and he had the far-away look in his e'e he often had. Father said so'thin' aboot the weather, and the king said na' a word in reply. He just looked sadlike and abstracted as if he were lookin' across the seas to St. Helena, and then he walked awa' wi' his head doon an' his hands under his coot tails, and you might 'a' took him for the image of his brother!"

Young Prince Murat had small patience with these Napoleonic moods. In his after years he was fond of recalling an occasion when he had taken the old man down a peg or two. "My uncle Joseph," he would say, "was a very estimable man, with one great weakness—his excessive and ridiculous affectation of philosophy and martyrdom. He had been King of Spain, and yet he had become resigned to living in obscurity in a republic! One day I lost my patience and almost my temper. 'I am weary of these absurd pretensions,' I said to him. 'You are not half the philosopher I am. Compare for a moment our respective fates. You were born a miserable Corsican peasant. Your brother happened to be a man of genius. He grasped the sceptre of the world and made you a king. When he fell you fell. But you came to the ground unharmed. While your illustrious brother was completing his destiny on a barren rock in the midst of a distant ocean you retired in safety to this charming place, where you are living like a prince on the comfortable income of sixty thousand dollars. I, on the contrary, was born upon the steps of a throne. My father was shot in Italy. I narrowly escaped the same fate in Spain, and landed in America without a cent, and have ever since been a poor New Jersey farmer. Yet I take things as they come. To say nothing of martyrdom, I am a hundred times more of a philosopher than you!'"

This is all very well. But Lucien was really not so resigned as he pictured himself. An old lady still living has a very vivid remembrance of him stalking up and down his parlor, recounting his woes and dramatically slapping his breast as he emphasized the dismal tale by ejaculating, "Moi, fils d'un roi!" And this informant slyly continues: "He never added, 'Et petit-fils d'un aubergiste.'"

But being a woman, she probably knew Lucien only in his sober moods. The townsmen knew him both drunk and sober, and liked him always, but preferred him drunk. Sober, he was sometimes a little haughty and overbearing; he remembered that he was a prince. Drunk, he only wished to be a prince of good fellows. He loved the companionship of barroom loafers; he would sit down on a fence and play a game of cards with any other good fellow he chanced to meet. Many are the stories that linger in the town about his wild scrapes. One night, being storm-staid in the village tavern with a crowd of rioting blades, he finally got tired out, took off his clothes, bundled them under his arm, and, followed by his companions in like *déshabille*, ran home through the pelting rain. It was midnight, to be sure, and everybody was asleep. But the town rang with the story next morning.

He was utterly shiftless and improvident. Only in one way was he a financial success, and that was at a horse trade. It was said that he would start off from home for a journey upon the back of a sorry Rosinante, and return after an absence of several weeks driving a stylish pair of horses before an elegant carriage, the whole being the result of a series of successful swaps.

One day he did a supremely sensible thing. He got married to an excellent lady, Miss Caroline Georgina Fraser. Hitherto his uncle had supported him. Now it was his wife. The young couple lived in a long, rambling house still extant in Park Street. Here Mme. Murat started a boarding school for young ladies. For a few years it was quite successful, though the graceless husband gambled and risked away everything he could get from his wife. Moreover, he flirted a little too openly with some of the older and prettier boarders at the school, and the parents objected.

Meanwhile the presence of regal and princely dignity in Bordentown had made it a marked place. The most distinguished Americans were entertained at the Park — Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, President Adams and General Winfield Scott, presidents, statesmen, generals, men of literary and scientific distinction. So also was every foreigner of eminence who landed in America, especially if he were French. Lafayette was here during his triumphal tour through the United States in 1824. So were Lallemand and Tocqueville. Prince Louis Napoleon, afterward Napoleon III., spent several days with his uncle in the spring of 1837, and borrowed a considerable sum from the easy-tempered old gentleman; and among the people who took up a transitory residence in the town itself were the Iturbides, exiles from the Mexican throne.

ENTRANCE TO THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGE.

But now the time had arrived when the imperial purple was to disappear forever from the sober drab of the little Quaker town. Louis Philippe had ascended the French throne in 1830; a partial amnesty had been granted to all the Bonaparte exiles. Joseph had so far profited by this amnesty as to make a trip to Europe in 1832. In 1839 he took his final farewell of America, and died five years later in Florence. The Murats remained until 1848, when they left for France. There Lucien was triumphantly elected

to the Assembly in his father's native town. After the *coup d'état* his fortunes steadily mounted upward so long as the Empire lasted, but when the Republic was re-established Murat retired to England, where he died in 1878. His Bordentown home is still pointed out to the curious, a low two-story plastered brick house, with sloping roof, antique cornices, narrow windows and heavy shutters, all remaining as they were in the days of the prince's residence, unchanged, except in its inmates and its furnishing, ragged children of many families and brawny laborers of many nationalities now overrunning what was once a prince's dwelling place.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON.—FROM THE PORTRAIT BY CHAPPELL.

As to the Bonaparte Park, Joseph had left it in his will to his grandson Joseph, son of the Princess Zenaide. The young prince disposed of it at auction in 1847, and sailed homeward in the wake of the Murats. In 1850 it became the property of Henry Beckett, a wealthy Englishman, who tore down Joseph's home and built a handsome modern residence nearer the bluff. The sculptured mantels of the old house were retained in the new, as well as some of the old furniture, pictures and stationary. But with Mr. Beckett's death in 1872 ruin overtook the old place. His widow came to New York; his heirs, the children of his first marriage, were in England. Only a few days after Mr. Beckett's death the magnificent conservatories were destroyed by incendiary fires. The lawn was neglected, the roadways fell into disarray.

Few traces remain of the former beauties of the place. It was offered for sale at $75,000. Although the house alone had cost nearly $100,000, no one cared to purchase the property at that figure. Finally it was knocked down for the ridiculous sum of $28,000 to the Roman Catholic Society of St. Lazarus, who use it as a sort of summer school of theology for their novitiates.

Montpellier also is but a shadow of its former self. In November, 1869, the citizens of Bordentown were called upon to pay the last sad honors to the old hero who had been for more than half a century one of the most interesting features of the place. Commodore Stewart died, and his daughter, Delia Stewart Parnell, inherited the place. She still lives there, faithfully tended to by an Irish servitor who was in Kilmainhaim Jail with "Mr. Charles," of whom he speaks with tearful reverence.

The Hopkinson mansion retains some of its old-time prestige. The descendants of the signer still spend their summers here, and are as hospitable as their ancestors. Meanwhile, during the last quarter of a century the town has developed in material prosperity. It has two well-known schools, one for young ladies, the other a military academy for boys. There are eight churches, a newspaper office, and several foundries and workshops. It is true that the removal of the workshops of the Camden and Amboy Railroad, consequent upon the absorption of the latter line into the Pennsylvania system, was a temporary blow to the prosperity of the town. But, save in the loss of a number of trained mechanics who moved elsewhere, the blow was only temporary.

To-day, the fair and historic Bordentown, though no longer the meeting ground of kings, princes and heir apparents, though it boasts no great statesmen or warriors among its citizens, is a thriving, bustling American town, mindful indeed of its past, but setting its face hopefully toward the future.

THE MYSTERY OF THE DAUPHIN.

By A. Oakey Hall.

During almost a full century the fate of the dauphin—boy son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette—has been one of the great historical mysteries. Recently a M. Naundorff, claiming to be a descendant of the dauphin, has been brought before the public eyes of Europe by Mrs. Georgina Weldon, a noted littérateur of London, and who has had much personal litigation which she herself conducted in wig and gown before their London Lordships of the High Court, and an especial suit with Gounod, the composer, wherein she recovered a judgment in some thousands of dollars. Recently, also, the subject of the "lost dauphin"—a phrase common to historians, romancers and poets—has been revived by the probate in Paris of the will of an aged physician bequeathing the "heart of that dauphin" to a friend, the physician's father having been, as he alleged, a medical attendant upon the dauphin, a witness to his death, and a participant in the post-mortem that followed, during which he admits to have furtively obtained the Bourbon heart as a royal relic. That such an alleged heart is in private keeping and that an alleged descendant of the dauphin who once owned the heart is claiming royal status are indisputable incidents of the age we live in.

But to show that the dauphin's heart is not in Parisian keeping, and that a descendant of Louis XVII.—the dauphin's rank after the semi-judicial murder of his parents—is alive and rampant and disturbing Mrs. Weldon's peace of mind, is the object of this article.

Imprimis, let us hear Mrs. Weldon—and the card sparkles with epigram and sarcasm:

"LA QUESTION LOUIS XVII.

"Congregation des Dames Hospitalieres,
Gisors (Eure), France.

"*To the Editor of* ——.

"Sir: I have before me your No. 5, with a note touching myself and my late misadventure with a young gentleman purporting to be the great-grandson of Louis XVII.

"'Credulous mortals' have accepted for a certain number of years that Louis XVII. died in the prison of the Temple, but 'serious historians' have killed that old woman's tale long ago, and none but ignoramuses believe that part of French history. It is an accepted historical fact that Louis XVII. escaped from the Temple on the 12th of June, 1795; what is not an accepted historical fact is the fate of the young king.

"No government has ever attempted to prosecute the grandfather of the young scapegrace who, with the true cunning of a Bourbon, borrowed 3,000 francs of me for five days. Successive governments prosecuted various false dauphins, while they carefully avoided prosecuting the dauphin *we* believe to have been the true one. In fact, nothing will induce the police even now to touch anything so risky. For instance, I have taken the necessary steps to get this young man, whom you and other 'credulous mortals' call 'Naundorff,' summoned for obtaining money under false pretenses. The police 'cannot find him,' this '*soi-disant* Prince de Bourbon'! He remains at the address I gave the police, quietly and calmly awaiting a summons to attend before a commissaire de police. The summons is sent; is mislaid; not attended to. I am told that the '*soi-disant*' even went so far as to report himself. In vain! The police say they cannot find him.

"The fact is, it would be very inconvenient to a good many people if he were found.

"Being of an irrepressible turn of mind, I feel irrepressibly determined to find out if I have been swindled by a Naundorff or a Bourbon. I expect to be able to find him, and to serve him with a writ for false representations and breach of contract; so look out for my, it is to be hoped, last action, Weldon v. Naundorff (*soi-disant* Prince de Bourbon); then, perhaps, we may be able to find out who he really is.

"The '*soi-disant*' has not taken, nor is he likely to take, any action against any printed statement concerning him; so you need not in the least fear an action for libel if you print this letter. Yours, etc., Georgina Weldon."

Secundus—to show that Louis XVII. did not die in 1795, and that his heart cannot be preserved in alcohol in a medical museum.

Dickens made "Bleeding Heart Yard" a name of one of his London localities of story. The Bible refers to "hardened hearts," lovers have often spoken of softening the hearts of their obdurate fair ones, and the dearest word spoken in the course of "Love's young dream" is "sweetheart." But only lately did a once living heart become the object of a real auction. That was in Paris, wherein hearts are, however, often metaphorically sold in *mariages de convenance*.

The alleged heart of the dauphin that lately came under the hammer of a Parisian auctioneer was "going, going" only a brief period, and was undoubtedly, if it had been the dauphin's heart, broken. I use the word "if," for I do not, in common with very many narrators of the times of the French Revolution of 1789, and with subsequent historical commentators on the events of that fateful era, believe that the half-demented boy upon whose body a post-mortem was undoubtedly held in the Temple prison as being the dauphin was really that young king, nor that his was the heart which the surgeon aforesaid then and there carefully concealed and took to his laboratory, to be finally sold, after a preservation of almost a century, as a curio of royalty.

Forty years ago, when I was a New York law student, I talked with the real dauphin in this city, about whom I now proceed to tell my story.

It is only necessary preliminarily to premise that every reader of a great magazine must have become acquainted with the imprisonment of little Louis by the leaders of the Paris mob, as well as with the cruelties that his cobbler of a jailer, Simon, inflicted upon him; or with the uncertainties of the identity; or with the fact that, based upon the mystery of his alleged death, no less than four spurious claimants—one of them the Baron de Richemont, another named Hergavault—have in years sprung up to the dauphinage. Then in 1815 an alleged and reputed son, Baron de Vezin, set up his claim, and made much money and received much attention from hundreds who believed in his claim. But he was prosecuted for imposture and punished. None of these mentioned claimants possessed or offered one corroborating bit of testimony toward their claim. The fact, however, of the pretense in each case goes far toward proving a widespread belief in the assertion that, very much in pursuance of the 1794 vote of the French Assembly providing that the dauphin should be banished, he was sent away. The very recognition of claimancy by Frenchmen evidences also a widespread belief in the existence somewhere of the mysterious dauphin.

I was a student of civil law in New Orleans about 1848, and a Southern correspondent of a Northern newspaper; and in the latter capacity became acquainted with the fact that a resident named M. Pierre Belanger, inmate of the St. Louis Hotel, in dying there, had stated—and in law the statement would rank as an ante-mortem confession, equal, while under solemn apprehension of death, to a declaration under oath in a court—that at the close of the last century he had been intrusted with the custody of the dauphin, had been well supplied with money, and had taken him to Holland, thence to England, and finally had brought him to America to place the boy in the care of Indians near the French-settled border of Canada; after which he went himself to Louisiana, then yet a place largely inhabited by his countrymen.

I discovered that there had always been curiosity about M. Belanger during the half-century of his New Orleans residence, for he had no ostensible business—and yet possessed money. The story, however, attracted little attention then, but in the light of subsequent events it became a clew to the identity of one Eleazar Williams with the "lost dauphin," as will presently be seen.

Family circumstances and a connection with the press procured me an acquaintance, on my return in 1849 to New York, with the celebrated Dr. J. W. Francis, one of the great literati of that era, and at whose Bond Street mansion was held a weekly *salon*. Dr. Francis L. Hawks was one of the celebrities to be found in the Francis house on such occasions. He had been a rector of Christ Church in New Orleans, whence he had, like myself, recently returned, and to assume the rectorship in Calvary Church in Fourth Avenue. References in conversation to some French revolutionary incidents (bear in mind this was while revolutionary hives in the old country were buzzing yet with a small product of honey for kings and emperors) brought out fresh references to the deathbed of Belanger in New Orleans and his remarkable narrative. And an interesting discussion ensued (over the traditional *menu* of oyster stews and lobster salad, with salmon *à la tartare*, etc., which was forty years ago stereotype for Manhattanese social suppers) regarding the lost dauphin, and as to the integrity of the Belanger statement. Four years later, at a "stag party" elsewhere, some of the Dr. Francis guests were informed that the lost dauphin had been found and was then in the city, and that he was the Rev. Eleazar Williams, a missionary among the St. Regis Indians near the Canadian border. A curate named Hanson was among the guests, who narrated how he had already interviewed the Bourbon, who was then at the Clinton Hotel.

Upon the following morning I called there, and sent to M. Dauphin my card as a press representative. In a short time he entered the public parlor, escorted by the bell boy. I saw a reflective-faced gentleman, clad in a black single-breasted coat of clerical cut and "continuations" of similar cloth; stout, like that Bourbon king who was an apostle of gastronomy; a broad, expansive, intellectual forehead; full, protuberant Austrian lips, such as were possessed by the dauphin's mother, daughter of Austria's emperor by a queen of Hungary and Bohemia; very small feet and hands; black hair, beginning to take grayish tinge; limbs and arms muscular; well-poised head and proudly moving neck. There was not a sign of the high cheek bone that is the unerring feature which marks every aboriginal. His features were heavily molded; significations of a heavy undergrowth of beard, though he was closely shaven.

While he was then in the city M. B. Brady, the pioneer, but now the doyen, of all photographers in the States, took his picture (as yet daguerreotype style), from which comes the engraving.

I greatly condense into summary the result of our conversation. Although France was then in the early throes of the Napoleonic *coup d'état*, and any unexpected thing might happen to the government, Mr. Williams's statement of claim did not possess a tincture of any possibility that a

Bourbon might overcome an Orleans or a Napoleon at the Tuileries. There was pride in his manner and bearing as he talked, while using much shoulder shrug and wrist gesture.

He was sure that proofs and corroborations showed him to be the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. He remembered nothing about his childhood, except dreamily that it was an unhappy one. He was told that up to the age of twelve he did not exhibit any remembrances whatsoever. He did recall arising one day from the waters of Lake George after an adventurous dive —such as an animal might make—with a dreadful headache, and that while borne to the shore by some Indian boys who had been his companions the headache increased. For the first time then he seemed to realize an existence, and that of a Nature around him, with a companionship of trees, flowers, sounds and humanity.

All of this forgetfulness and new life might be reasonably explained by the fact that he was the dauphin, enduring the horrible treatment received from his brutal jailer, and an exposure during adolescence to hunger, cold and beatings, such as history unfolds about the undoubted dauphin.

He soon learned that he was the son of Indian parents, who had regarded him as a semi-idiot. His reputed father was really the great-grandson of that famous Puritan missionary, the Rev. John Williams, who, with his family, was captured by Indians at Deerfield, Mass., at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and taken to the vicinity of Montreal. Mary Williams, his daughter, there married a British surgeon of the same family name—full designation was Eleazar Williams—and their son, named Thomas, wedded an Iroquois squaw. These were the reputed parents of the claimant dauphin. He had ten reputed brothers or sisters, each one of whom possessed Indian traits and features; but it was a subject of remark among the traders that Eleazar always presented an entirely European look. Neither reputed father nor mother ever would explain that disparity, nor give the once idiotic but now restored youth a glimmer of his biography, except to say that his reputed father's Massachusetts relatives had sent for him to come near them and attend school, in hopes to restore his confessedly absent intelligence. Even later in life the claimant could never, during the existence of his reputed parents, obtain any more information; yet he concluded that whoever — perhaps the New Orleans Frenchman — brought him to be swallowed up, as 'twere, in an Indian encampment, such person provided the money which paid for his schooling. This person also left with his reputed parents—else how could they have got them ?—some coins and medals of the Bourbon reigns, and a broad breast ribbon clasped by such a cross-buckle as is seen in the engraving.

This mystery of parentage and of surroundings, however, did not impress him greatly until 1841, after Eleazar Williams had passed his half-century of life, and had become a clergyman of the Episcopal Church and entered upon missionary work among Indians. He had been ordained by Bishop Hobart; and the late Dr. Anthon, of "St. Mark's in the Bowerie," was a celebrant in the ceremonies. The very fact that he must have passed a good examination as a deacon seems to show of itself that his restored mind was not of Indian or common mold, but of good family mental inheritance, and becomes a fair fact to be well estimated in considering the circumstantiality of his royal claims.

In 1841 the Prince de Joinville made a notable visit to the United States, in which his father, Louis Philippe, then King of the French, had passed years of exile and had played the rôle of pedagogue and tutor. The prince landed in New York, and immediately made his way to the region of Lakes Huron and Superior, where Missionary Williams was then stationed. There did not appear on the surface any particular reason why the prince—heir to the Orleans throne provided no Bourbon claim existed—should take such a journey, and so soon after landing. But a reason began to appear when the prince, while proceeding on his trip, anxiously inquired about a gentleman named Eleazar Williams; and finally, by one of those fortuitous circumstances that superstitious people exalt, he met the latter while fellow passengers on a lake steamer. Its captain, who knew Williams, was asked by the prince to present him. The introduction ensued amid some embarrassment, noticeable to other passengers, on the part of royalty. Conversation followed, after which the prince invited the clergyman to sit at his separate dining table. On the arrival of the boat at Green Bay, where Williams lived, having there married a niece of Marshal Jourdan, a Napoleonic staff officer, the prince begged the clergyman to stay at his hotel; but the latter went to the house of his father-in-law. However, he soon paid his respects to the prince, who had desired a private interview. At this the son of Louis Philippe told Williams that he was the Charles Louis who was the Dauphin of France, and who became Louis XVII. on the death, or execution, of his father. The prince made many promises of private support, but laying before him a parchment on which was engrossed an abdication, in favor of the King of the French, of

any claim Williams might have as dauphin. After much deliberation, and flustered by the surprising information almost to dazedness (and perhaps as a clerical remembering Esau's renunciation of his birthright—although the offer was far beyond that of a mess of pottage)—Mr. Williams declined. Here it must be remarked that afterward the prince, while admitting search for and conversation with Williams, denied telling the secret or presenting the parchment abdication. Nevertheless royal fibs are numerous, and those from a clerical are rare. Moreover, why did the prince zealously seek out Eleazar and take an apparent interest in him? Williams afterward lamented that he did not keep the form of abdication or copy it. Besides, Williams was not capable of enacting the rôle of a Munchausen. Did Joinville deny because he did not wish to be made ridiculous in France by doubting the right of his own family to its throne?

REV. ELEAZAR WILLIAMS.—FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.

Before considering fully the claim of the missionary there is a preliminary fact to establish—and this writers have greatly involved in doubt, and notably M. Beauchesne, who wrote a life of the dauphin in Paris at the very time when Eleazar Williams was in New York exploiting his claim; and this preliminary fact is: Did the dauphin die in the Temple or was he aided to escape by royalists of the period? M. Beauchesne (in common with other writers) presents a circumstantial account of the deathbed scene at the dauphin's dissolution, and of his post-mortem, and of his burial. There is, too, an official *procès-verbal* of the same. At the same time there is much evidence to indicate that a boy (not *the* boy) did die in the Temple and was substituted by the revolutionists (to whose populace it was necessary to kill an immediate heir to the crown), and after the escape of the dauphin had been accomplished by the royalists (to whom it was equally politic to have in reserve a Bourbon heir when the revolution ended). The circumstances go further in favor of the escape theory and of the theory that the dauphin lived, than in favor of his death.

Just previous to the day of alleged death the physician—one who had been medical attendant for years of the Bourbon family—had suddenly died with every symptom of rapid poisoning. There was a motive for his death, because he knew the dauphin perfectly, and would detect substitution. Not long before this some new keepers of the latter had succeeded. There was also a commissaire (frequently changed) watching the young prince, and about the time of the alleged death this official was the same M. Belanger who subsequently died in New Orleans while confessing that he had brought the real dauphin away from Paris. That this commissaire disappeared from Paris soon after the alleged death has been abundantly established. Contemporaneous circumstances, therefore, prepare the mind to disbelieve that on the brink of eternity M. Belanger invented a then motiveless and indeed wicked lie. Moreover, there was medically a great discrepancy between the diagnosis of the dauphin's disorder as made by the royal physician—left in writing—and the post-mortem minutes to the same end of the dead boy in the Temple—the supposed dauphin. True, the keepers—one of royalist tendencies and the other of Robespierrian aims—did not deny nor affirm that the post-mortem subject was the real dauphin. Nor does the post-mortem certificate state that the body dissected was that of Louis XVII., but merely uses these expressions: "We found upon a bed the body of a child who appeared to us to be about ten years of age, *which the commissaires told us* was that of the son of the deceased Louis Capet, and which two of us recognized to be the child of whom they had taken care for some *days* past." Moreover the certificate recited, "Brain and dependencies were in their most perfect integrity," whereas all previous accounts show from his conduct that the real dauphin's brain was highly diseased, the result of his cruel treatment under the brutal Simon. Under such evidence no judge would permit of the conviction of an accused indicted for the homicide of a Charles Louis Capet—if so named in the

record — when presumptions favored that the owner of the body in life was some other person. In law doubt applies expressly strong against a question of identity.

There still exists in the Paris archives of the police a warning, officially sent out concurrently with the announcement of the alleged death, requesting all police agents to stop the exit from France of a youth of the same age as the dauphin, who was traveling with a guardian. True, there might have been escaping another child; but, unless he was an object of state interest, would such an official watch of frontiers have been issued?

On occasion of the subject being discussed at Dr. Francis's house, he narrated that as early as 1818 he was a guest at an evening party in the house of Dr. Hosack, when French Minister Genet, of intrigue fame, who was also a guest, remarked: "Gentlemen, the dauphin is not dead, but was brought to America."

The discussion arose upon an attempt then making in Paris to disinter the body of the alleged dauphin for examination. The idea was killed by the influence of Louis XVIII., who as Count de Provence had proclaimed the dauphin as Louis XVII. and himself as regent, but who, of course, wished the dauphin to continue as officially accredited dead. His existence would prove as detrimental to that title as the Prince de Joinville knew it would prove to the Orleans branch. Some one at the same evening function remarked on the significance of the omission in the Paris masses, often celebrated for the repose of the souls of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, of any reference to Louis XVII. as dauphin or king.

The alleged death of the dauphin not being established, or at least reasonable or rational doubts of it, with the probabilities of his escape and arrival in America, being raised, it is in order to apply the evidence first above mooted toward the claim of Eleazar Williams. It is to be noted that while other claimants pressed claims to their own advantage and desire for power, Mr. Williams never so did. He kept a diary that throughout showed submission to and trust in the will of the Divine Master whom he served. That diary also conclusively showed that he kept note of every progressing circumstance and event which from time to time occurred as have been above collated. The story of his claim and of his meeting with Prince de Joinville, and its incidents and results, is spread out piecemeal in his diary, showing that he did not concoct a romantic plot nor produce a tale as a whole. He went to his grave believing in his claim, and thankful that as missionary and teacher in his particular localities among the Indians he had accomplished more good than if he had enjoyed happily the fruits of royal power, of which several of his ancestors had tasted ignobly or bitterly.

When I talked with him as I would to a party in a suit or a witness I was struck with his simplicity and sincerity. I happen to know that Giuseppe Fagnani (an Italian who constantly exhibited portraiture in the old Academy of Design on Broadway) who had in Europe painted many Bourbon descendants, and who at the suggestion of Dr. Francis, the Rev. Dr. Hawks and others had essayed the portrait of Eleazar Williams, expressed himself thus: "In painting the clergyman I noticed many of the peculiar characteristics which are developed in most of the princes of the house of Bourbon whose portraits I have taken. I also observed, much to my surprise, that many of his gestures were similar to those peculiar to the Bourbon race. Indeed, had I met him, unconscious that he was in any way connected with a Bourbonic claim, I should at once have spoken of his likeness to the Bourbon family."

As a lawyer of forty years' experience with the law of evidence and its examination, and in probing in courts, civil and criminal, the testimony of witnesses and attendant circumstances, I have no hesitancy in believing, from a preponderance of evidence (the test for verdicts to a party in civil cases), that Louis XVII. did not die in the Temple, but escaped and became the Rev. Eleazar Williams. And I have found very many examinants of his claim on both sides of the Atlantic who share my opinion.

THE YELLOW DOG.

By Victor Speer.

The sun was sinking behind the Tuckahoe Mountains. The moon, a misty circle in the western sky, appeared as if to hasten the setting of the sun, and to remind the world that while the dawn of day is the death of night, yet the death of light is the birth of dark. A whippoorwill whistled, and was answered by a bobwhite. A chicken cackled; an owl hooted far up on the mountain. The dying day and the breaking night, diurnal beings and their nocturnal breth-

ren seemed arrayed against each other. The sun disappeared, the bobwhite ceased its calling, and the chicken went to roost. The moon burst forth, the whippoorwill darted to and fro, the owl wailed drearily. It was night.

A man and a boy sat before the door of a log hut which stood in the centre of a two-acre patch of cleared ground. On every side the Tuckahoe Mountains rose dense and towering. A pigpen and a stable flanked the house on the east and on the west. Charred stumps and huge rocks littered the ground about. The signboards to civilization were few and hard to find.

"Hev ye heern how Hiram's doin', Oakey?"

"Hain't heern, pop," was the reply.

"S'pose ye goes to-night and axes?"

"Yep."

"Tek the yaller pup with ye, Oakey," said the man.

He was tall and lanky, with huge hands and feet and a stoop in his shoulders that betokened strength.

"Will he foller, pop?" asked the boy, who was a smaller edition of his father.

"Mek him," said Simeon Warfel.

Oakey Warfel whistled to the seven dogs, selected a lean brown setter pup and drove the others into the stable. With the pup at his heels, the boy crossed the clearing, going to the east, and entered the woods. Simeon Warfel lighted a clay pipe, and began to puff, grunt and mutter.

"Oakey didn' reckon on my hevin' a meanin' in thet yaller pup goin' 'long. Mighty snifty dog, thet. Got some of the devil in him. Ef Hiram's failin' thet dog kin tell, an' ef Hiram's dyin' thet dog will yeowl. Ef he yeowls high an' screechy Hiram's gone to hell; ef he yeowls low an' growly Hiram's home is heaven."

As the old man stopped talking the boy and the dog reached a clearing like unto the one inhabited by Simeon Warfel, save that a lye box and a chicken coop showed greater prosperity on the part of the owner. A candle fastened to a nail sputtered and flickered in the window of the cabin. The cabin door was wide open. A woman's harsh voice crooning a lullaby, a baby's cries and the groans of a man floated out through the doorway. The boy entered, leaving the dog at the door. The woman rose from a soap box, laid her child on the floor, brought the candle from the window and stuck it in a bottle standing by the fireplace.

"Howdy, Oakey?" she said.

Howdy?" said the boy. "Hiram failin'?"

ip and tuck," said the woman.

o says to ax," continued the boy, as if de- a more definite answer.

"I'm hopin', Oakey," said the woman.

"Hopin' for, or hopin' agin?" asked Oakey.

"Well, Oakey," and Mrs. Piper leaned forward and lowered her voice to a hoarse whisper, "I've been a good woman to Hiram. He kyan't never be agin the man he was. I hev the young uns to keer for, an' I kyan't keer for him too—an' thet's what his livin' means. Ef he goes I git rid of him an' kin git another man. So I'm hopin' agin, Oakey."

"Hannah," said the sick man.

"Yes, Hiram."

The yellow pup of Simeon Warfel rose on his haunches in the doorway, threw up his muzzle and howled long and high. The sick man choked and coughed. The flame of the candle in the bottle wavered and flickered. The dog howled again. The baby cried. The sick man suffered no more. The candle went out.

"I hoped right," said the woman.

The boy and the dog went home. Simeon Warfel awaited them at the cabin door.

"Hiram failin'?" he asked.

"Hiram's gone," said the boy.

"Yaller pup yeowl?"

"Yep."

"Yeowl high and screechy?"

"Yep."

"Pore Hiram!"

"Yeowled twicet," said the boy.

"Um!" mused the old man; "widder marry in two month."

"Snoot up when he yeowled," said the boy.

"Um! second child goin' to die," said the old man. Then he asked, suddenly: "Pint his snoot to'ard here?"

"Nope."

"'Tain't me thet's meant for Hannah," said the old man, relieved; and he bade the boy "Good night."

The funeral of Hiram Piper took place four days later. The Methodist Church of Porter, through "the Reverend Clarken," provided the rough pine box which served as a coffin. The body was wrapped in a sheet and placed in the box. The Reverend Clarken, yielding to the request of the widow and obeying the mandates of necessity, held the services in the open air. Mrs. Piper and her four children sat by the head of the coffin on a log. The friends of the dead man sat about on the ground. A substantial minority of those present were dogs. Mrs. Piper rocked to and fro, her face hidden in her hands. She made no outcry until the minister began the services. Then she threw back her head, and like Simeon Warfel's pup, she "yeowled high and screechy." The dogs present took up the howl.

The dog owners swore and kicked. The few women joined in Mrs. Piper's wailing. The Reverend Clarken was unheard.

There was no wagon road within a half-mile of the Piper clearing, so the coffin was borne through the woods to the highway on the shoulders of six men. The mourners, headed by the widow and her children and the Reverend Clarken, followed. At the junction of the Piper path and the main road the farmers of the neighborhood had gathered with their wagons. The coffin was placed in the biggest wagon, and the widow and her children and the Reverend Clarken sat on it to prevent so far as possible the jolting. Mrs. Piper behaved well until the impromptu hearse drew near to a farmhouse. Then she cried aloud.

"There is no coffee in my kitchen now!" she sobbed. "Poor me! poor me!"

When the farmhouse was passed Mrs. Piper sought solace in silence. She seemed to find it until another farmhouse was reached.

"There is no sugar in my kitchen now!" she sobbed. "Poor me! poor me!"

Mrs. Piper bewailed the absence of milk in her kitchen when the next farmhouse hove in sight. As the funeral passed through the village of Porter to the cemetery Mrs. Piper recited a long list of things which were not in her kitchen. In the cemetery her grief was emphasized twice by profanity. When the ceremony at the grave ended the procession returned to the Piper clearing by the road and in the manner of its going. The Reverend Clarken stood in the doorway of the cabin and asked God's blessing for the widow and the orphans. Then he went home. The women followed the minister. The men and the dogs went to Simeon Warfel's clearing. Widow Piper and her children were alone.

Simeon Warfel had made proper preparations to receive his guests. He first locked his dogs in the stable, and nailed up the pigpen out of deference to stranger dogs. Oakey had filled five jugs with apple-jack, and had dusted tobacco for forty smokers. Simeon Warfel greeted his guests at the edge of his clearing. He and Abram Cree, Mrs. Piper's brother, headed the march from the border of the woods to the big tree by the cabin. Pipes and cups were filled.

"Widder Piper will be wantin'," said Simeon Warfel, opening the meeting.

"She will," agreed the audience.

"An' we should help her," continued the speaker.

"Um!" assented half the audience.

"We air bound to help her," announced the speaker.

"Eh?"

"We air bound to do it. The sign come for us to do it—an onmistake sign."

The audience listened eagerly.

"It come sure and sartin," continued Simeon Warfel. "Oakey, my Oakey, wuz there and seen it. Oakey an' my yaller pup went to ax ef Hiram wuz failin'. They got there jes' before he failed. An' Oakey wuz sittin' inside, an' ez Hiram went the yaller pup threw up his snoot an' yeowled high and screechin' twicet. An', min' you, his snoot wuz high, an' he is a *yaller* pup."

The assemblage was affected.

"But," concluded Simeon Warfel, triumphantly, "he set in the door an' yeowled. He didn't set in the door till he yeowled, but when he wuz goin' to yeowl then he set in the door. We hev got an onmistake sign to help the widder."

"We hev," echoed the whole audience.

Abram Cree, as the brother of Mrs. Piper, was selected to hold the hat. The men formed in a line and filed past it. Eighteen dollars in silver and written promises for eight bags of flour, a shoat and four pounds of coffee dropped into the hat. Abram Cree was delegated to carry the money to Mrs. Piper, and to see that the promises were fulfilled. Then the men separated into groups, and over the tobacco and apple-jack lamented the death of Hiram Piper. One and all spoke of him pityingly and sorrowfully, as if an awful yet just calamity had befallen him. It was midnight when they dispersed.

When the last of the men had gone and the dogs had been released from the stable Oakey Warfel sat alone in front of the cabin. He thought of what had happened within the five days just passed. He saw again the cabin of Hiram Piper. He heard the groans of a dying man and the howls of the yellow pup. He saw the dog as it sat in the doorway with throbbing throat and uplifted muzzle. He saw the man as he writhed on his mattress of corn husks. He recalled the close questioning of his father and his strange interpretation of the howls of the dog. He saw the widow, wailing when she thought she could be heard; silent when noise was serviceless. He saw her as she leaned forward in the dim light of the candle and told him that she hoped her husband would die, that she might be free. He saw again the crowd of men seated before his father's cabin. He heard once more his father's voice telling them that Mrs. Piper was in need. He recalled the half-hearted response of the men—half-hearted until his father had told them of the howls of the yellow dog. And he wondered at the change that had been wrought in them. He puzzled how his father knew that the howling of a dog had

such great significance. He saw the faces of the men as they filed past the hat. They seemed eager to give; but a scowl sat on every face, a half-hidden scowl. And Oakey wondered why a smile was not there instead of the scowl. And suddenly he asked himself whether they would have given at all if his father's yellow pup had not howled. And he wondered if a yellow pup howled every time people gave. Then he thought of Hiram again. He heard the men as they spoke pityingly of him. And he tried to understand why they did it. Surely Hiram had lived no worse a life than they. They all lived pretty much alike. And yet Hiram was pitied because he had died—was pitied as if he had done something wrong. Perhaps he did wrong to die. So, after all, the difference was that Hiram had died and they had not. Perhaps that was why Mrs. Piper was not honestly sorry. But then she had told Oakey that she wanted her husband to die. And Mr. Piper had done as she wanted. And the boy suddenly thought of Mr. Piper. Where was he? Did he need pity? As Oakey thought he looked up. The moon, flushed in the fullness of its glory, gazed steadily, majestically down. And the minister had said that Mr. Piper had gone to be above the moon, thought Oakey. And did the moon need pity? Had it anything to do with a dog? Could a dog's howls change its course or designate its destination? "The moon and Mr. Piper are happy and at rest," thought Oakey; and he went to bed.

Three months later Oakey went to Porter to live. The Methodist minister got him a place in the village store. Oakey studied in his spare moments and recited to the minister. When the railroad was built through Porter Oakey left the store and became a timekeeper for a contractor. When the work was done he got a clerkship in the railroad's offices at Stanton. Slowly he worked his way up, going from the chief clerkship at Stanton to the main office of the company in the city, and from the main office in the city to the control of a division of the railroad. And from the control of a division he was made manager of the whole road. And when the reorganization of the road took place, on the heels of the death of its chief executive, Oakey Warfel was made its president. From the bottom he had gone to the top.

The light shed abroad by Oakey Warfel was born of the fire which had been kindled out of his own resources, his chips of natural ability; for which the good old Methodist minister had furnished the bellows of encouragement and the first fuel of aid. Oakey had seen where tears of blind pity had drowned out forever the spark of hope; and he determined that his light should stand as an example of encouragement to smoldering fires, and that his hand should be ever ready to furnish the fuel of aid. As he lived he saw about him many fires, fed and fanned by him.

Among the fires of Oakey Warfel blazed that of his assistant, Graylin, the first vice president of the road. Oakey remembered it when it was but a bright spark. He recalled every flicker of its flame, and when, a fire of success, it burned out, his own blaze wavered before the blast of grief.

Oakey bore his sorrow at Graylin's death silently. He suggested to Mrs. Graylin that, in accordance with Mr. Graylin's wish and in harmony with his life, his burial be simple and quiet. Mrs. Graylin's grief gave way to indignation. She insisted that all honor and splendor be shown her deceased husband.

"Honor does not mean pomp," said Oakey, as he yielded to her wishes.

Pomp, display, arrogance and show were present at the funeral. The great church was rich with decorations. The coffin was hidden in a mound of roses. On every side were the evidences of wealth and gorgeousness. Society and fashion's slaves crowded the edifice. Emotion sat in a front seat. The hymn of hypocrisy found a well-trained choir. Oakey Warfel felt out of place. And when it was all over he heard those about him speaking of the dead man. He heard particular portions of his life ventilated by those who had been woven into them; ventilated in language that implied that pity for the dead man was prompted by their knowledge of those portions of his life.

And three days later Oakey Warfel sat again in the great church, filled with much the same people. It was a day set apart especially for giving unto the Lord. He heard the minister say that the collection would be postponed until after the sermon. He heard the sermon, full of the doctrine of the awfulness of God, His stern justice and hatred of sinners; and of the terribleness of death. He saw the listeners, pale and worried, give eagerly of their means.

And then there appeared before him a scene of his boyhood. The great church vanished; the splendor disappeared. He saw a bare clearing and a great forest. In the place of Mrs. Graylin sat the Widow Piper. The minister in his robes of silk gave way to the Methodist dominie. The gorgeous beings at the funeral three days before changed to simple people of Tuckahoe. Then the scene shifted. In the place of the minister stood his father, old Simeon Warfel. He saw his cabin home again. The words of the minister, telling of the horrors of hell, changed to the words of his father, telling of the howls of the yellow dog.

"THE DOCTOR STILL STOOD WITH HER ARMS AROUND HIM, WHEN MRS. PRESTON APPEARED UPON THE SCENE."

THAT VALENTINE.

By Nora Kinsley Marble.

The housekeeper's glance followed mine as it rested upon an old-fashioned daguerreotype upon the mantel. "Such peculiar eyes!" I remarked, as she wiped some imaginary dust from it with her silken apron. "As rare in color as in shape, I have no doubt. Was she pretty?"

"Pretty is as pretty does," said the prim old lady, studying the eyes, with their long black lashes. "For myself, I never saw any beauty in Marjorie's face. And yet," reluctantly, "when the child had any occasion to feel happy—which was seldom enough, ma'am — her eyes would sparkle and glow in a way that one might actually call her handsome."

Knowing but little of the history of the family whose house I was occupying for the season, I naturally encouraged the housekeeper in her recollections.

"A daughter? No, ma'am; only a distant relative—a sort of poor relation, who acted as maid, companion, or whatever Mrs. Preston for the moment desired her to be. She was slight and odd and small, and but for those translucent green-gray eyes of hers, and the flush on her dark cheek when she was happy, you would never have noticed her at all.

"She was but a child when Mr. Preston brought her home with him one day from the city—she

was his relation, and not hers—and being a studious man and wrapped up in his law business, it was only natural that he should leave the bringing up of the child to his wife, who, though kind-hearted enough, was, in the main, a rather vain and thoughtless sort of woman."

The housekeeper hesitated to make this admission, being, as I found out subsequently, devotedly attached to her mistress.

"And so," she went on, "Marjorie grew up a silent, absorbed, rather neglected child, after all.

"When about fourteen years of age Mr. Preston died, and though we expected he would have mentioned her in his will, he didn't; and Mrs. Preston, from lonesomeness, I reckon, more than anything else, took more notice of Marjorie than formerly.

"One guest of the house, however, never failed to bring sweets to the child; and the way her eyes would darken and sparkle when he stroked her hair, or said some pleasant thing or other, was a sight to see.

"Dr. Ingals—no doubt you have heard of him, being a distinguished physician—was a tall man, slightly bald, with iron-gray whiskers, and a voice and manner almost as gentle as a woman's. Mr. Preston and he were close friends, being about the same age, and as long as I can remember he had been a welcome guest of the household. From childhood he had known Mrs. Preston, and after her husband's death visited the house the same as usual.

"'Having been fond of you in your days of pinafores and primers,' said he, one day, in my hearing, 'I feel the more privileged to be fond of you now.'

"Mrs. Preston blushed like a girl, and though the doctor's manner expressed no more than the usual friendliness, I began at once to weave a romance for the two. As was natural, I mentioned the circumstance to the housemaid, and so——"

The housekeeper spread her hands as an indication of the openness of the secret after that.

"Two years passed in this way," she resumed, after a slight pause, "and though Mrs. Preston seemed to grow handsomer every day, the doctor remained only the same steadfast friend of the household. Not a bit loverlike, so far as I could see; dropping in at any hour, with always a cheery word for Marjorie, a box of bonbons, or sometimes flowers for Mrs. P.

"Marjorie was now sixteen years of age, but she looked a mere child, and 'child' we always called her.

"One day the doctor's coachman came in on an errand, and I made bold to ask him why his master had never married.

"He looked at me quizzingly.

"'So the widow grows anxious?' said he, with cool effrontery. 'Well, it's my opinion,' with a laugh, 'that——'

"What his opinion was I didn't just at that time find out, for I was called away; but it struck me he was no friend of my mistress, and I despised him accordingly."

The housekeeper's eyes snapped at the mere remembrance.

"Well," she resumed, "the next day I was busy in the library, and there sat Marjorie with an old book in her lap, but her eyes fixed dreamily on the fire.

"'Mrs. Bruce,' says she, suddenly, 'what is a valentine?'

"'A valentine?' says I, supposing she had heard some servants talk of the day that was approaching. 'Why, it's a—a sort of love letter that is sent on St. Valentine's Day. Why do you ask, child?'

"'A love letter?' she said, musingly—'a real, in earnest love letter, Mrs. Bruce?'

"'Why, yes!' I answered, thinking, you see, ma'am, of one—— But there," with a laugh, "I'm not telling you of *my* romance. 'Yes,' I answered; 'some folks take that opportunity to declare their love; but——' I was about to add, it was more of a childish custom than anything else, when I was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Preston and the doctor. Pretty soon Marjorie was sent upstairs for something, and the doctor carelessly picked up the book which she had left upon the table.

"A smile broke over his face as he removed something from between the leaves and passed it to Mrs. Preston.

"'"Thou art my Valentine!"' she read aloud; and I knew, by her laugh and the peculiar look in her eye, that it was one of his boyish offerings which had lain all these years in that old book.

"'He will come to the point now if ever he intends to,' thought I, as I left the room; and meeting Marjorie returning, I forthwith dispatched her upon another errand."

"And did he?" I questioned, as the housekeeper paused longer than usual.

"Perhaps he did, and perhaps he didn't," she said, reflectively; "leastways, Mrs. Preston hinted that—— But," with a smile, "under the circumstances, I suppose, a woman wouldn't be human if she didn't admit something of the sort, you know, ma'am—don't you think?"

Receiving no reply, she went on:

"Things would have turned out differently, I verily believe—though there are folks who say that the doctor was too much occupied with his science

ever to think of *any* woman, his own coachman being one of the number to say it—but for that very valentine, that silly bit of paper, all loves and doves and posies, which Marjorie had found that day between the leaves of that old volume. Yes, it was that valentine which did the business, for if she hadn't seen it she would never have asked the question she did, and I would never have answered as I did, and the doctor would never have——

"As I have told you, ma'am, the doctor always had a kindly way toward Marjorie, and that day, as he passed out, he met the girl in the hall.

"'Well, little one,' said he, raising her dark face and gazing into her eyes, that sparkled and danced like sunlight upon the sea, 'did you ever receive a valentine?'

"'No—never!' said she, a blush dyeing her olive cheek. 'How could I, sir, when—when——'

"'I understand,' he laughed; 'when you never have had a sweetheart, eh? Well,' feeling a sort of compassion, I suppose, for the lonely life of the child, 'you shall, my dear—you shall!'

"St. Valentine's Day fell upon a Friday that year, and I shall never forget the look in Marjorie's eyes when I took the mail into the library.

"'Two letters and one paper, ma'am,' says I, handing them to Mrs. Preston.

"'Why, this is for you, Marjorie!' says she, after vainly studying the postmark. 'Whoever——'

"But Marjorie with a cry had snatched it from her hand, and after one hurried glance at the contents fell in a swoon upon the floor.

"A valentine? Oh, no, ma'am," said the housekeeper, reading my glance, "but just a letter from the child's father, who hadn't written for many years. But it wasn't that fact," with a grim smile, "which caused Marjorie to faint—oh, no, ma'am, but—— Well, let me finish the story and be done with it.

"All that day the child went about looking like a ghost, and every footfall made her start.

"'Her nerves are all unstrung,' said Mrs. Preston; and so, out of the kindness of her heart, she sent the girl, as soon as supper was over, to bed.

"The next morning, when I carried in the mail, Marjorie sat alone before the fire.

"'Another letter for you,' I said, cheerfully, pitying her white, drawn face. 'A valentine this time, if I'm not mistaken.'

"Such a cry as she gave! But," breaking off, "I may as well tell you the rest, as it was afterward told to me.

"You see, the doctor, with no other idea but to please the child, as he considered her, had that very afternoon stopped at the stationer's and bought the customary valentine, all paper lace and lover's knots and bleeding hearts, and so on. There were no silly verses, so he gave directions to have it inclosed and sent to Marjorie's address.

"It came, as you know, a day or two late, and that very morning the doctor, smiling at the childishness of the whole thing, came in and walked, as was his wont, right into the library.

"Marjorie still sat there with the valentine before her, reading for the third time the verse which she had found cunningly concealed under a spray of roses:

> "'Cupid now has plumed his wing,
> Sweet messages of love to bring,
> And hastens with his mission true,
> To tell the love I have for you.'

"She sprang to her feet as the doctor entered, and the next thing he found her head upon his breast, her arms closed tightly about him, and all the love and passion of her young heart poured out before him.

"'Marjorie, child!' he cried, in astonishment. 'Why——' But she was too happy to heed him.

"'And you have loved me all this time!' she interrupted—'all this time!' And between laughter and sobs she told him how he had always been her hero, her idol, the angel of her dreams.

"The doctor, too bewildered to make a reply, still stood with her arms around him, when Mrs. Preston appeared upon the scene.

"'Marjorie! Dr. Ingals!'

"It was all she said, but the horror and scorn in her voice were enough.

"'Tell her,' said Marjorie, in trembling yet happy tones—'tell her, doctor, that——'

"'That I love you, little Marjorie,' said the chivalric man, realizing at once the innocent mistake of the girl, and determined to shield her. And so—well," a little bitterly, "they were married, ma'am; and a fonder husband than Dr. Ingals you will seldom meet. He blesses the day he sent Marjorie that valentine, and she——"

"Do you think," I questioned, as the housekeeper stopped to wipe the miniature again—"do you think——"

"That she was quite as unsophisticated as she pretended to be? Well, I don't know," rising. "Sometimes I think she was, and sometimes I think she wasn't. At all events," placing the picture upon the mantel, "she loved him with all her silly little heart; and as everything is fair in love and war, they say, why——"

The housekeeper shrugged her ample shoulders and departed.

NOJAMBI CANAL, COLOMBO.

A HOLIDAY VISIT TO COLOMBO.

By A. B. De Guerville.

Traveling by steamer on the southern seas or on the Indian Ocean is very different from traveling on the Atlantic. The weather there is fine nearly all the year round, the sea as quiet as a pond, and the temperature so warm that every passenger must wear the lightest kind of white flannel or silk. For instance, going from Japan to India is a most delightful voyage. The steamer, after leaving Yokohama and Kobé, sails down the inland sea of Japan, a most picturesque part of the Flowery Empire, and after three days drops anchor before Shanghai, one of the largest and most beautiful cities of China. Forty-eight hours, and the steamer sails again, and two days later you are in Hong Kong. Should you travel on the palatial steamers of the Messageries Maritimes, the largest and finest over there, you would, after leaving Hong Kong, go to Saigon, the capital of French Cochin China. As it takes two days for coaling, etc., the stop gives one plenty of time to visit the city, which is one of the most interesting in Asia. Very different from the English cities of China and India is that French city of Saigon, with its beautiful parks, theatres, concert halls and cafés, which make one think that he is transported to some part of Southern France. From Saigon it takes two days more to reach the Straits Settlements and to anchor before Singapore, where again the passenger is given plenty of time to drive around. There the tropical plants are in all their glory, and one is amazed at the wonderful size of the palm trees of every description.

Three or four days after leaving Singapore the steamer reaches Colombo; and at last one is in India. Charming indeed are those numerous stop-overs in the strange cities of different countries. It is an ever-changing panorama unfolding itself before the traveler's wondering eyes. Every two or three days one has the spectacle of a new city, with its magnificent temples, palaces, gardens; of a new race of people as busily engaged in life as we are, yet living so differently. One day the steamer is invaded by hundreds of small

Japanese, and of sweet Mousmis, selling porcelains, cloisonnés, lacquered boxes, turtle shells, souvenirs. Hardly have they had time to disappear than the Chinese are there, robed in their beautiful silk dresses, offering their fine carved ivories, opium pipes, silver jewels and silks.

Then the Tonquinese, the Annamites and the Cochin Chinese come along, showing their white teeth and offering for sale photographs, candies and silver ornaments. Before one has time to realize it the yellow-skinned people with almond-shaped eyes have been left behind, and the decks of the steamer are crowded with darker and dirtier beings. Some are dark brown, others black as ink. Thousands of them are paddling around the ship in small, very light canoes. They are the finest swimmers in the world, and from the deck the passengers amuse themselves by throwing nickels and dimes into the blue and deep sea to look at dozens of them jump into the water to catch the coveted money. Anxiously everyone is waiting the end of the struggle which takes place many feet under the water. Soon a black head with curly hair appears, then another, and others, and the happy boy who has caught the coin smiles, keeping it between his white teeth while he swims back to place it in his canoe. Strange to say, he may jump in again, leave his boat behind, and no one will try to steal the money. He earned it: no one would think of taking it from him.

SINGHALESE GIRLS.

MARKET PLACE, COLOMBO.

Here the tropics have been reached, and among the souvenirs offered for sale are birds and monkeys. All are very cheap, but few, if any, of the passengers buy these, as they do not want to carry any such pets through India and Europe before getting home.

A young man on our steamer had a rather funny experience in Singapore. Rightly or not, he was considered much of a flirt; and the fact is that he paid a great deal of attention to several ladies on board. A few minutes before the ship sailed from Singapore he was on the deck talking with an English lady and a young lady from California. At that moment a native paddled up his canoe and showed them two little monkeys no bigger than his fist. "Oh, aren't they lovely!" exclaimed both ladies at once. "How I would like to have one of them!" said the Californian girl. "I would give anything in the world for one!" echoed the other. Immediately the young man went below and bought the two monkeys. The ladies, of course, were delighted. Each one picked up a monkey and began to pet it. But soon after, as it was dinner time, they had to give them to a sailor, who was promised a tip in exchange for the care he might bestow upon the two little creatures. The dining saloon on one of these steamers does not at all resemble that of a transatlantic vessel. The large portholes are all open: many of the gentlemen wear their smoking jackets, and all the ladies dress for dinner, which gives the room an *air de fête* seldom seen at sea. That evening, of course, all the conversation was about the monkeys: bottles were opened in their honor, and their health was drunk repeatedly. They were to be baptized, so everyone had a name to propose. Among all these gay people one passenger alone kept a long face: he was the father of the Californian young lady. Immediately after the dinner he called his daughter, and for fully half an hour they held an excited conversation while the other passengers were dancing on the deck, where a piano is kept for that purpose. The truth is that the gentleman from the Pacific coast absolutely refused to allow his daughter to carry "that beast" with her around India, Egypt, Europe and through the States, all of which countries they had to traverse before reaching home. The young lady tried to insist, but the old gentleman was not to be "monkeyed" into this. So she had to explain to the attentive young man that she was awfully sorry, but he must take back his monkey. Fortunately the English lady heard of it, and declared she would

th, as it would be too bad anyhow to sep-
se two little brothers, don't you know?
harming lady had no father to object.

It is true that she had a husband, but the poor man had never faced any a word before her; and she knew he would be perfectly happy to take the two monkeys along. This unfortunate husband, spending all his time alone in his private cabin, never heard of the monkeys until the day of the arrival, just before landing. His wife and her mother were going on shore in a steam launch, while he was to sit on the top of her twenty-two trunks, which filled a native boat. He was about to leave, when a sailor came along with the two monkeys and wanted to give them to him. "What are these?" he cried, rather excitedly, as the monkeys, who were in bad temper, showed their white teeth. "Oh," said his wife, "they are mine, and I wish you would take them on shore with the rest of the baggage." But this was too much even for this quiet and good man, who had obeyed every order from his wife. Then, I think, the monkeys scared him. "You are greatly mistaken," he exclaimed, sharply, "if you think I shall carry them across India, Egypt and Europe! I shall not. I *will* not!" And he took his seat on top of the twenty-two trunks. The lady gave up the monkeys, and the young man had to keep them. Thus he learned that it is a dangerous thing "to monkey" with ladies when they have a Californian father and an English husband. I was told that he got the best of the situation by sending the monkeys, with his card and best compliments, to the Englishman at his home in London.

It was 6 A.M. when we dropped anchor before Colombo, the capital of that beautiful island of Ceylon. In a few minutes every passenger was on deck, anxious to get a first glance at the new land; and it was a very curious spectacle to be seen—fully as interesting from the promenade deck as it was on shore. None of the passengers had dressed as yet. The ladies were all wearing the long and wide light gowns used at night in the tropics, and which a Frenchman described as something between a *robe de chambre* and a *chemise de nuit*. As for the men, every one of them had on his "pyjama," and no funnier collection of pyjamas had ever been seen together. Some were made of silk, some of flannel, some of linen.

In most cases the material was so thin that one could easily see the man's skin through it. Some were white, some were light yellow, others were gray, but few were plain. Most of them had red or blue stripes, sometimes both, while many of them, made in Japan or China, were decorated or embroidered with fans, birds, sword, snakes, fishes, flowers, dragons, volcanoes, moons, suns, Buddhist temples, etc. Most of them, having been washed several times, were ridiculously small, and could not cover one-half of what they were

expected to hide. But while traveling over there one gets so accustomed to seeing naked natives that it would be quite useless to stop to consider the length of pyjamas. In each cabin is the printed announcement that "nightgowns and dresses" can be worn *on the deck* from 9 P.M. to 9 A.M. And in summer, when the heat is intense, ladies and gentlemen thus dressed are allowed to sleep on the deck.

"By Jove!" exclaimed one of the passengers all at once; "my friends, this is Christmas Day!" "Why, so it is!" exclaimed all the others; and immediately the pyjamas began to shake hands with the long white gowns, each wishing many happy returns of the day, and a thousand other blessings.

"It does not seem at all like Christmas," said a pretty blonde, whose blue eyes, light hair, magnificent complexion and accent betokened a daughter of John Bull. "Christmas!" echoed her friend, a tall, heavy, strong girl from Canada. "Why, my dear, last year about this time I was riding in a sleigh over five feet of snow, and oh, how cold it was!"

This reminder of snow seemed to make everyone shiver as if a cold breeze had just swept over the deck. In a second everyone was mentally transported "home," wondering what the dear ones there were doing, how they were, what kind of weather they were having, etc. And quickly memories were coming back, about the last Christmas first; and as if it was only yesterday one could remember all he had done on that day—the friends he had seen, the presents given or received, the gay family dinner. The wandering mind would then recall other Christmas Days, those past long ago, those happy days of childhood—the big Christmas tree covered with toys, illuminated by hundreds of colored candles; the stocking hanging before the mantelpiece; and the white, white snow covering the ground, the trees and the roofs. A Christmas without snow—how ridiculous!

And raising his eyes, the passenger on the *Natal* could see the blue sky, in which the golden sun of the tropics was gloriously shining; the emerald sea, as smooth as a mirror; and, about five hundred yards off, wooded hills covered with immense palm trees of every description and all shades of green. Far in the distance rose the zone of purple hills behind which towers the sacred mountain, Adam's Peak, estimated at 7,353 feet above the level of the sea, with its summit enveloped in clouds. At that very moment we saw on the sea, between the land and our steamer, hundreds of native boats, paddled by dark-skinned and altogether naked fellows hurrying toward us. A few minutes afterward all these Hindoos were climbing along the side of the ship, helping themselves with ropes, ladders or whatever they could put their hands or feet on. Soon they were all on the deck, calling, screaming, yelling, singing, offering photographs, souvenirs of every kind, small ebony elephants, bronzes, precious stones and embroideries. They were spreading all these upon the deck, and the amused passengers began to bargain with them, anxious to buy a souvenir or a Christmas present for the captain or a friend. Soon after, everyone went to his or her room to dress and get ready to go on shore.

The island of Ceylon was known to the Greeks and Romans under the name of Taprobane, and, like most Oriental countries, it possesses a great mass of historical records, in which the real is so intimately and largely blended with the ideal that the student finds it difficult to determine the respective limits of history and fable. Of the first colonization of Ceylon but little is known. In the great Hindoo epic, the "Ramayana," we have the fable of the conquest of Ceylon by the hero Rama, who besieged and took the capital from King Rawana. No permanent occupation of the country took place at that time, nor until the advent, in 543 B.C., of Vijaya, an Indian prince, who succeeded in establishing himself as sole ruler of the island. Under him and his successors Ceylon attained a degree of civilization scarcely to be looked for in that remote age of Oriental despotism. The purity of the religious and moral code, the strict administration of justice and the well-defined and carefully protected rights of the king and his many classes of subjects excite our admiration not less than our astonishment. In 1505 a party of Portuguese adventurers landed at Colombo for the first time, and a few years later permission was obtained to erect near Colombo a small factory. Once established, the Portuguese lost no opportunity to strengthen their position. Stone walls quickly took the place of palisades; the factory became a fort, while bristling cannons commanded alike the approaches by land and the entrance by sea. Alarmed at these unequivocal signs of military possession, the king attempted to expel his new friends; but his efforts were in vain, and after a series of sanguinary conflicts the Europeans found themselves in secure possession of the west coast of Ceylon. The fanatical zeal and remorseless cruelty of the Portuguese were a constant source of dissension among the natives; and when, in the year 1602, the Dutch under Admiral Spilberg landed on the east coast, the King of Kandy held out every encouragement to the Dutch with the view of inducing them to aid in

TEMPLE OF RAMSUARAN—EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR.

expelling the Portuguese. Soon after these last named attacked and defeated the Portuguese. They then took possession of the island, and lost no opportunity of improving the country. Many new branches of industry were developed. Public works were undertaken on a large scale, and education, if not universally placed within the reach of the inhabitants of the maritime provinces, was at least well cared for on a broad plan of government supervision. That which they had so much improved by policy they were unable to defend by force when the British turned their arms against them. The territory which in 1658 the Dutch had slowly gained by undaunted and obstinate bravery they as rapidly lost in 1796 by imbecility and cowardice. At first the English placed the island under the care of the East India Company, but in 1802 it became, by the treaty of Amiens, a possession of the British crown.

NATIVE RHAPSODIST, OR POET, COLOMBO.

Soon after we had dropped anchor my friends and myself took a small native boat to go on shore. The coast—which is uniformly low—is fringed the entire length by cocoanut trees, which grow to the water's edge in great luxuriance, and give to the island a most picturesque appearance. The Cocos nucifera, or cocoanut palm, is a native of the island, and may be justly considered the most valuable of its trees. It grows in great abundance along the entire seacoast of the west and south side of the island, and furnishes almost all that a Singhalese villager requires. Its fruit, when green, supplies food and drink; when ripe, it yields oil. The juice of the unopened flower gives him "toddy" and "arrack." The fibrous casing of the fruit, when woven, makes line ropes, nets and matting. The nutshells form drinking vessels, spoons, etc. The leaves serve as plates and dishes, and as thatch for his cottage. The dried leaves are used as torches; the large leaf stalks, as garden fences. The trunk of the tree, sawn up, is employed for every possible purpose, from knife handles to doorposts; hollowed out, it forms alike—a canoe or a coffin!

The streets of Colombo present a wonderful and most interesting spectacle to the foreigner. They are wonderfully animated, in spite of the great heat which prevails there all the year round. Thousands and thousands of men, women and children, with light-yellow, dark-brown or jet-black skin, are continuously walking, talking, moving. Many are naked, others are gorgeously dressed in magnificent and shining silk gowns. White buffaloes harnessed to carts, and big elephants, add greatly to the picturesqueness of the place. The streets are rather wide, and much cleaner than in China. The stores are generally small, dark and filled with people.

As soon as we landed we went to the Grand Oriental Hotel, the best and largest in Colombo. One of the great drawbacks to traveling in India is that the hotels are the worst in the universe. The meals are bad, the service frightful and the rooms—indescribable. The separations between the different rooms of the hotels do not reach the ceiling by nearly one-half of the height, so that one knows just as much of what is going on in the neighboring rooms as in one's own. This

tigers which devour thousands of them, and snakes which poison them. Monkeys, who are more than sacred, are allowed to ravage the harvests and the gardens; and in many cities can be found hospitals not only for old or sick domestic animals, but also for lamed turtles, centenarian parrots, for rats, snakes, toads and fleas. If they could only keep these last-named in their hospitals! But alas! there are armies of them in every mattress and in every pillow; and to kill them is a crime—worse, it might be a parricide or a fratricide. "Hush!" said my friend. "It is at all events an 'insecticide.'"

The Brahmans, therefore, eat nothing which has been alive; and most of the Hindoo population feed on rice, wheat and cakes. A sect, called the Djainas, go so far in their fear of killing a living being that while walking they continually watch their feet in order not to step on an ant. They carefully sweep the place where they are to sit, and drink but filtered water so as not to swallow with it an ancestor or a dead friend who may have taken the form of a microbe. More than that, they cover their noses and mouths to avoid breathing a flying insect who might turn out to be a stepfather or a mother-in-law.

The religious enthusiasm of the Hindoos clearly shows itself, among other things, in the astounding number, immensity and splendors of the temples, the most beautiful of which (though to-day devastated and ruined) are marvelous masterpieces of a prodigious fantastic and fairy art, truly overwhelming for one's imagination. The temples of Japan and China are mere children's toys compared to those of Ceylon.

Their extraordinary fanaticism also shows itself in their desire to expiate their sins in this world, and to that end many spend their lives in penitence and contrition, in frightful retreats in the forests, in fasting, in lashing their bodies, etc. One of the favorite expiating ceremonies was to have oneself hung in the air with iron hooks driven into the flesh and bones of the back. This last custom is disappearing, and being replaced by the less painful one of taking baths in sacred lakes and sacred rivers like the Ganges. Millions of them indulge in this, and no matter how black they were when going into the water, they come out with their souls as white as snow and exempt from all sins. Lotions and sprinkling with cows' urine or milk (get this latter by all means if you can) have also a wonderful effect upon the soul.

Now, readers, let me teach you the mysterious and divine formula which is repeated millions of times by millions of Buddhists, and whose marvelous efficacy in assuring worldly success here below and eternal happiness above is universally known. It washes away one's sins, chases away the evil spirits and rejoices the gods. It is short, and you will easily remember it, especially if you keep in mind that each syllable pronounced by you will secure thousands of years of heavenly felicity. It is thus written in the sacred characters:

ओं मानि पद्मे हुं

and is pronounced, "Om mani padme houm," which means, "Oh! the jewel in the lotus, oh!"

No one will deny that the learned Brahmans must have a powerful genius to have discovered such a sublimity by dint of deep meditation and mysterious ecstasies. But the palm must be given to another small sect of antique Christian origin, whose creed is singularly mixed with all kinds of Oriental superstitions. Each year, during a certain religious feast, the participants write up a general confession, thus making a list of all their sins. All these papers, blackened with the defilements of their souls, are used to load a cannon which scatters them through the air; the papers are dispersed in the wind, and now—let the devil run after them!

Adam's Peak, the finest mountain of Ceylon, is chiefly remarkable as the resort of pilgrims from all parts of the East. The hollow in the lofty rock that crowns the summit is said by the Brahmans to be the footstep of Siva; by the Buddhists, that of Buddha; by the Mohammedans, that of Adam; whilst the Portuguese Christians are divided between the conflicting claims of St. Thomas and the treasurer of Candace, Queen of Ethiopia. The footstep is covered by a handsome roof, and is guarded by the priest of a rich monastery halfway up the mountain, who maintains a shrine upon the summit of the peak.

If nearly all through India the condition of women is low (not long ago widows were burned alive in the same fire used to cremate their husbands), there is nevertheless a part of India where their conditions are quite different. In the mountainous region of India, toward the Orient, live the singular tribes called "Garros." Their women are absolute mistresses of everything. The woman is the head of the house, and the headship of the family is not called "paternity," but "maternity." Women alone possess property, and when one dies her daughters alone inherit. The funniest thing of all is that over there every year is "leap year," or, rather, the girls propose. Nay, more—they have to carry off the man they wish to marry! This simulated capture is a

ceremony. On a certain night the relatives and friends of the young woman go to the house of the young man, and despite his resistance, more or less simulated, carry him to the house of the bride, where the marriage takes place. Something similar exists among the civilized Hindoos of Malabar, where "mothers" are the head of the family, where women inherit and will the property, while the men cultivate the fields and work in the house. Under the English domination the small state of Travancore was governed by queens succeeding *from mother to daughter.*

NATIVE ELEPHANT CART.

BEGGAR (OVER 100 YEARS OLD).

Caste exists among the Singhalese as a conventional and social, not as a sacred, institution. All castes, however low, are eligible to the priesthood, which commands the homage of the highest. Buddha teaches that

"A man does not become low caste by birth,
Nor by birth does one become high caste.
High caste is the result of high actions,
And by actions does man degrade himself to caste which is low."

The highest caste among the Singhalese is the "Goi-vansa," or tillers of the soil. There are, besides, fishers, smiths, washers, baggage carriers, weavers, potters and others. Every trade is a "caste." The castes do not intermarry, and neither wealth nor European influence has had any effect in breaking down caste distinctions. At present the wealthiest native in Ceylon is a fisher by caste, but his wealth cannot gain him admittance to the houses of much poorer people of a higher caste.

There are in the island a great many white buffaloes, but foremost among the animals of Ceylon is the elephant, who is of great value on account of its strength, sagacity and docility. They are to be met with in greater or less numbers through most unfrequented parts of the interior. Sometimes they make inroads in herds on the cultivated grounds and plantations, committing great damage. To protect

these lands, and at the same time keep up the government stud of draught elephants, "kraals," or traps on a large scale, are erected in the forest, into which the wild herds are driven, and once secured, they are soon tamed and fit for service. Upward of three hundred and twenty species of birds have been found in Ceylon, many of them having splendid plumage. As for the crocodiles, they infest the rivers and estuaries, and even large fresh-water reservoirs.

There are in Ceylon some lakes of considerable extent and of great beauty, many of which are artificial. The Dutch, while in possession of Ceylon, did much to improve its water communication, and connected the natural channels by artificial canals.

I have already said how strange it seemed to us, this Christmas Day without snow, in the midst of dark-green foliage and radiant blossoms. Stranger still was it to us to find ourselves on such a day among people who knew nothing of its meaning and had not the slightest idea of "celebrating." Europeans and Americans living there were doing their best to observe the day and do as they would have done at home. But in spite of their efforts it did not look enough like Christmas Day. Their gatekeeper had been careful to decorate the entrance door with the horrible yellow flowers which the Hindoos call "ginda"; their many servants (having learned the foreign ways), early in the day had come, one after the other, with their salaams, anxious to get a present or some "backsheesh"; their Hindoo butchers, grocers, fruiterers, etc., had called, bringing on silver plates presents of oranges, bananas—

SINGHALESE CHIEFS.

FRUIT MARKET, COLOMBO.

grapes coming from Cabul, each fruit being placed in a box which had been previously filled with cotton. Then the friends had called, expressing alike their dozens of wishes, and everyone alike had indulged in the "eternal port wine and eternal plum pudding," rather heavy in that climate; but in spite of that, they all felt it was not Christmas for them.

Having no calls to make, no visitors to receive, we spent our morning among the native shops. We bought a number of stones, and, of course, we were shamefully robbed by those rascals. After a lunch at the Grand Oriental we took an open carriage and drove some twenty miles out of the city to a beautiful hotel built as a summer resort on the shore of the ocean. The magnificent avenue along which we drove was bordered with immense palm trees and beautiful private residences, and here and there lively villages of natives. Hundreds of little naked fellows followed our carriage, running alongside of it, begging in their pigeon English for a cent, and fighting like imps to get it whenever we would throw one to them. Some of them were real cute, and had the finest black eyes I have ever seen. Very pretty women and handsome men were also numerous. Even the barefoot women of the lower classes were covered with silver ornaments, set with precious stones—earrings, necklaces, bracelets around their wrists and ankles, and dozens of rings on their fingers and toes.

We were delighted, on arriving at the hotel, to find a real Christmas repast awaiting us. Thanks to the kindness of the proprietor of the Grand Oriental, our table was beautifully decorated with flowers and ferns; and among the many and well-prepared dishes we had a turkey with cranberry sauce, and a mince pie. The Grand Oriental is doubtless the best and cleanest hotel in India. That we enjoyed the dinner, and especially the dishes recalling "home," I need not say. But what would our good friends the Brahmans have thought had they seen us eating fishes, birds, meats—so many things which once had a life! Why, just think! that big white, tender turkey might have been Cæsar, Alexander, Napoleon, Washington, or even the last Sultan—of Turkey, of course!

JANUARY DAYS IN COLOMBO.

COLOMBO is the marine junction of the world; and the different lines converging here as in a focus render the commercial metropolis of Ceylon a cosmopolitan rather than a Singhalese city. The busy streets glow with dazzling color and frame perpetually changing pictures of that brilliant Oriental life which to those unfamiliar with it appears a dream of Arabian Nights rather than a tangible reality of ordinary experience. The various races which jostle each other in street and bazaar partake of the cosmopolitan character which belongs in a certain degree to the whole island, though more especially to Colombo. Effeminate-looking Singhalese with glossy braids of black hair fastened by huge tortoise-shell combs wander about in smart jackets and striped shirts of native cloth. The dress of the women is almost identical with that of the men, though sometimes varied by a low white muslin bodice and a string of coral, replaced in the higher classes by sparkling circlets of rubies or sapphires on dusky necks and arms. Moormen, descended from ancient Arab traders who migrated hither from Red Sea ports, and distinguishable by their voluminous red or white robes and tall hats glittering with tinsel, smoke their nargilehs in dim arcades filled with gorgeous silks and delicate embroideries. Malays with flat Mongolian features and dull-blue garb drive a brisk trade in the artistically woven cloth and cotton of their native peninsula. Stolid Bombay merchants and keen-faced Jews with long black ringlets preside over stores of shining gems; for this favored island, together with the pearl fisheries of the western coast, possesses the further treasure of inexhaustible sapphire mines, and the minor wealth of tourmalines, moonstones and garnets.

The rubies and emeralds of Burmah and Siam, which appear plentiful as the native jewels, are received in exchange for the splendid sapphires, and the rare specimens of alexandrite and jacinth obtained from the quarries of Ratnapura, famous for unique crystallizations which rank amid the phenomena of nature. The most valuable sapphires are of a deep velvety blue, unchanged by artificial light, but the scale of color runs from palest azure to darkest indigo. Sapphires of faint pink hue are highly prized, and the green sapphire has obtained a well-deserved popularity, but gems of white and yellow lustre are comparatively worthless. The semi-transparent asterias, or star sapphire, of blue-gray tint, shows a five-pointed star radiating in fine white veins from the centre of the stone. The abundant tourmalines glow

with rich hues of straw color, amber and brown, varied occasionally by a brilliant green, gems of this color being locally designated as "green diamonds"; but the rare alexandrite, pale green by day and changing to lustrous crimson under artificial light, is the most exquisite of Singhalese jewels. Sparkling cinnamon stones, their ruddy brown shot with orange, are also local specialties; and the delicate moonstone, so called from the azure crescent which shimmers through the opalescent pallor of every perfect specimen, is indigenous to the island.

With difficulty we tear ourselves away from the mysterious fascination of the sparkling jewels, possessing that magnetic attraction for the feminine mind which Goethe realized when he placed them in the hand of Mephistopheles as an irresistible temptation. Coolies, who only add a supplementary red handkerchief to the brown suit with which nature provides them, draw the rickshaws, which seem the favorite vehicles of Ceylon, and white bullocks trot past harnessed to scarlet carts laden with brightly clad natives. English soldiers in white uniform and sun helmet ride prancing chargers on the green "Maidan" before the barracks, and fashionable carriages drive up and down Galle Face, filled with elegantly dressed Europeans and the more gaudily attired burghers who belong to the Dutch and Portuguese stock, which by Singhalese intermarriage long since became incorporated with the original population.

A few expeditions in rickshaw and bullock bandy suffice for the exploration of Colombo, which owes its modern importance to the crowded shipping ever passing to and from this connecting link in the intersecting chains of international commerce. The bazaars with their local curios of ebony and sandalwood, porcupine quills and woven grass, surpass those of the Indian peninsula in variety and beauty. The extensive Pettah, or native town, glows with kaleidoscopic coloring, and the English cathedral in a shady close adds a touch of home association to the unfamiliar aspect of the shining East. Compulsory baptism during the Portuguese occupation added many so-called converts to the Roman Church, but most of these unwilling Christians reverted in after years to their original Buddhism, though the modern Roman mission numbers many faithful adherents. The supreme charm of the locality consists in the tropical verdure, which turns every rural lane and woodland vista into a bower of floral splendor. An artificial lake in the midst of the city tempers the burning rays of the equatorial sun, and the shadowy creeks under their canopy of palms are filled with floating water lilies, pink, white and blue. The aromatic cinnamon gardens scent the air, and every palm-thatched hut buries itself in a tangle of choicest exotics and a green nest of tropical verdure. The lazy *insouciance* of the people and the lavish bounty of nature under equatorial skies contrast sharply with the stern environment of Northern poverty in a rigorous climate, where the earth appears as a hard taskmaster rather than a tender mother.

An expedition to Mount Lavinia is *de rigueur* with every visitor to Colombo. Picturesque bungalows and lovely gardens line the road for the first two miles, the deep verandas and pillared porticoes mantled with the royal purple of Bougainvillæa and the vivid coloring of unfamiliar tropical creepers. Stately palms rustle overhead, banana and India rubber flap their broad green leaves in the spice-laden breeze, and ripening mangoes glow amid glossy foliage. The yellow canes of the giant bamboo gleam amid the pale green of the feathery leaves. Custard apple and boquat, rose apple and papaw hang over every flowery hedge and tempt the thirsty traveler to pause and gather their cool and juicy fruits. Here and there a mighty banyan strikes the ground again and again with the curious trunks which grow downward from the end of every bough, and in their turn branch out into the fresh foliage like a dozen trees in one. Mahogany and tulip tree, teak and touchwood, with a hundred unknown species, add to the variety of the tropical woods; and as we advance the road penetrates the shadowy depths of an interminable forest of cocoanuts, with blue glimpses of the sea shining through their pillared stems. We pass bamboo-roofed villages, their open stalls filled with mounds of pineapples, and the overhanging eaves laden with huge bunches of yellow bananas. Gayly clad girls tie up this most plentiful of fruits in neat parcels with its own great leaves, or pour out the tea, which is now the universal beverage of Ceylon, while they chat merrily with the native wayfarers who, rich in unlimited leisure, halt for the simple refreshment.

Mount Lavinia is the site of a large hotel above the Indian Ocean, which bursts in foam and thunder among the rocks and caverns below the green promontory. The shadow of the tall gray house, and the background of waving palms, render the spot an oasis of perpetual coolness in this sun-steeped land. A delicious breeze blows from the sea; fishermen mend their nets on the golden sands of the palm-fringed bay, and catamarans dart in and out of the rocky creeks. A small brown boy swarms up a lofty tree to gather fresh cocoanuts, and we recline in *dolce far niente* fashion upon long bamboo chairs, sipping iced

cocoanut water, while we revel in the glorious sunset light which streams over the purple ocean as the flaming disk sinks below the waves.

The return to Colombo by moonlight, a few hours later, is the loveliest experience of all. The breeze has died away, and the forest of palms is motionless as though carved in ebony. The full moon fringes the dark fronds with silver, and gleams with mellow lustre on the polished stems which pencil interlacing shadows on the shining grass. Fireflies sparkle in the dusky glades, lighting up a world of mystery with their galaxies of glittering stars. The little villages are wrapped in silence and sleep, though here and there a dark form raises itself from a grass mat at the sound of the horse's hoofs. Our seven miles' progress through the scene of enchantment is all too short, for dawn, sunset and moonlight are the three conditions which glorify this tropical Eden with a halo of unearthly beauty.—*Cornhill.*

ROAD THROUGH "ROCK TEMPLES," NEAR COLOMBO.

"THE BATTERY CLERK ENTERED THE ROOM WITH THREE SEALED ENVELOPES, WHICH HE HANDED TO THE COMMANDER."

THE END OF A SIEGE.

BEING SCENES WITHIN SEBASTOPOL, IN AUGUST, 1855.

By Count Lyof N. Tolstoi.

The scene opens in the mess room of the Fifth Light Battery, and shifts to the Malakoff mound.

The chief characters are Cornet Vladimir Kozeltzoff (called familiarly Volodya), a youth of seventeen who has come from St. Petersburg to join the besieged army; and Vlang, a Yunker of the Fifth Battery.

The time is the early afternoon.

I.

The mess dinner consisted of a huge wooden bowl of cabbage soup, with fat lumps of beef floating about in it, and a vast supply of pepper and laurel leaves, mustard, and Polish *rissoles* wrapped in a cabbage leaf, patties of mincemeat and dough, with slightly rancid butter. There were no napkins. The spoons were of pewter or wood: there were but two glasses, and a water jug with a broken lip stood on the table beside them.

Nevertheless the dinner was not dull. Conversation never flagged for a moment.

The officers' talk ran at first on the battle of Inkerman, in which the Fifth Battery had taken part; on the causes of their defeat—about which each man present had a theory, and held his tongue as soon as the battery commander began to speak. Then the talk shifted easily to the defective calibre of the ordinary light guns and the merits of the new lightened guns—a subject on which Volodya had an opportunity of airing his knowledge of artillery.

But their talk never touched on the present desperate position of Sebastopol. It was as if each one of them had thought out that subject too thoroughly ever to allude to it again. In much the same way, to Volodya's profound astonishment and chagrin, not a word was uttered about the duties he had come to fulfill and on which he had hoped for enlightenment. He might be sitting there for no other purpose than giving his ideas on the new guns and dining with the commander of the battery.

During dinner a shell fell not far from the house where they were seated. The walls and floor shook as though from an earthquake, and the window was darkened with the smoke of the powder.

"You didn't see this sort of thing in St. Petersburg, eh?" asked the commander. "These little surprises are common hereabouts, though. Vlang, take a look and see where it burst."

Yunker Vlang, getting up and looking out of the window, reported that it had burst in the square outside. And then nothing more was said about the shell.

Just before the end of the dinner an old man, the battery clerk, entered the room, with three sealed envelopes, which he handed to the commander.

"This is very important," said the old clerk; "a messenger this moment brought these from the chief of the artillery."

All the officers gazed impatiently and with curiosity at the commander's fingers as they deftly broke the seals and drew out the "very important" paper. "What can *this* be?" each was asking himself.

It might contain leave for them all to march out of Sebastopol on furlough; on the other hand, it might be an order for the whole battery to betake themselves to the bastions.

"What, again?" exclaimed the commander, flinging the paper testily on the table.

"What's it about?" asked the senior officer.

"An officer and crew wanted for a mortar battery over yonder; and I've only four officers, and there's not a gun company in the line that has its proper complement," the commander growled. "And here they are asking me for more!"

There was a short pause while he swallowed his anger. Then he added: "But somebody must go, gentlemen. The order requires him to be at the barrier at seven o'clock. . . . Who is to go, gentlemen? Decide," he repeated.

"Well, here's one that has never been yet," said an officer, pointing to Volodya.

The commander did not reply.

"Yes, certainly; I should like to go," said Volodya, though he felt the cold sweat ooze out at his back and on the nape of his neck.

"No, no—why should you? There's no occasion," interrupted the officer. "Of course nobody will refuse; but all the same it's not proper to ask anyone. If the commander will allow us, we'll draw lots, as we did once before."

All agreed to this proposal. Krant, a staff captain, cut some paper into slips, folded them up and dropped them into his cap. The captain tried to be gay, and even plucked up courage to ask the commander for wine, "to keep up their courage," he said. Volodya smiled at something, another sat gloomily taciturn, a third swore the lot would infallibly fall on him, a fourth was serenely composed.

Volodya was allowed first draw. He selected a slip which was rather long, but it occurred to him, next moment, to change it. He took another instead, which was smaller and thinner, unfolded it, and read on it, "*I go.*"

"It has fallen to me," he said, sighing.

"Well, well—God be with you! You'll get your baptism of fire at once," said the commander, turning a kindly smile on the lad's troubled face; "but you must look sharp in getting to your post. To make matters more cheerful for you, you shall take Vlang along with you as gun sergeant."

II.

VLANG was delighted with the duty assigned to him, and rushed off to make his preparations. As soon as they were finished he went to help Volodya, and tried to induce him to take his mattress and fur coat with him, some old "Annals of the Country," a spirit lamp, coffeepot, and much other useless baggage. The captain counseled Volodya to read up his "Manual for Artillery Officers," on the subject of mortar practice, and at once to copy the tables out of it.

Volodya immediately set about this, and, to his astonishment and delight, found that, though still somewhat bothered with apprehensions of danger, and still more with a fear lest he should prove a coward, he suffered much less from these feelings than he had done on the previous evening, when he was entering Sebastopol for the first time. The daylight had something to do with this, and his active employment, and still more, perhaps, the fact that neither fear nor any other powerful emotion can last with the same intensity. In short, he had already managed to shake off his terror.

At seven that evening, just as the sun had begun to sink behind the Nikolaevsky Barracks, the sergeant came with word that the men were ready and waiting for him.

"I have given the list to Vlang. Your honor has only to ask him for it," said the sergeant.

At the corner of the house stood twenty artillery men, with side arms, but without their loading tools. Volodya and his Yunker stepped up to them.

"Now, I wonder," thought Volodya, "if I ought to make them a little speech. Or shall I merely say 'Good day, my boys'? Or shall I say nothing at all? Come, there's no reason why I shouldn't say 'Good day, my boys!' I *ought* to say that much, surely." And in a ringing voice he called out, boldly: "Good day, my boys!"

The soldiers answered cheerfully. His fresh young voice sounded pleasantly in the ears of each one among them. Volodya marched along ener-

getically at their head, and although his heart beat as if he had been running a mile or two at the top of his speed, his step was light and his face glowing.

When they reached the Malakoff mound and were climbing the slope he noticed that Vlang, who had kept close at his heels all the way, was dodging to this side and that, and ducking his head, as if all the cannon balls and shells, which just there were whizzing by continually, were flying straight at him. Some of the men followed his example, and the faces of all betrayed nervousness, if not fear. This put the finishing stroke to Volodya's nonchalance and encouraged him tremendously.

"So here I am — I, too — on the Malakoff mound; and I imagined it a thousand times more terrible! And here I am, able to walk along without ducking my head when the shells come, and am by far the least terrified of the company! So I'm not a coward, after all!" he thought, overjoyed, and soon became somewhat enthusiastically conceited on the strength of it.

But he was soon rudely shaken out of this complacency by a sight that he stumbled upon in the twilight by the Kornilovsky battery, while he was searching for the commander of the bastion. Four soldiers were standing near the breastworks. Between them was the body of a man, without shoes or coat. They had it by the arms and legs, and were staggering as they tried to heave it over the ramparts.

(By this time it had become impossible in many places to carry off the corpses from the bastions; consequently they were tossed into the trenches, that they might not choke up the batteries.)

Volodya, as he saw the corpse hang on the ridge of the breastworks, and then topple down into the trench, stood for a moment like a stone. But luckily the commander of the bastion here came up, gave him his instructions, and a guide to conduct him to the battery and the shellproof huts which his men were to occupy.

The remainder of this evening we will not dwell upon: how, in place of the artillery practice which he had been accustomed to see on the Volkoff field, where all was accuracy and precision, and which he had expected to find here, Volodya found two cracked mortars, one of which had been broken in the muzzle by a cannon ball, while the second stood on a heap of splinters, the wreck of its platform; how there was no chance of his getting any workmen to mend this platform until next morning; how not a single charge was of the weight prescribed in Bezak's "Manual"; how two of his men were wounded, and how he himself was a score of times within a hair's breadth of death.

Luckily, he had been given, to help him, an artillery sergeant of huge stature, a sailor, who had served at the mortars since the beginning of the siege, who convinced him that they could still be used; who, in the course of the night, led him all over the bastion as calmly as if he had been in his own kitchen garden, and who promised to have everything put shipshape in the morning.

The shellproof hut to which his guide led him was hollowed out of the rocky soil, and was, in fact, a long hole of two cubic fathoms' space, planked with thick oak. Here Volodya settled himself, with all his soldiers. Vlang was the first, as soon as he discovered the tiny entrance, twenty-eight inches high, of the hut, to dash into it headlong; and after nearly splitting his skull on the stone floor, he crouched down in a corner, and showed no further signs of life.

As for Volodya, as soon as all the soldiers were ranged on the floor along the wall, and a few had lit their pipes, he fixed up his bed in another corner, lit a candle, and lay back smoking a cigarette.

The shots never ceased to fly over the hut; but none were very loud, except those from one particular cannon, which stood pretty close, and made the walls shake with its thunder. In the hut itself all was quiet. The men were a bit shy as yet of their new officer, and only exchanged a syllable or two, now and again, as one desired another to keep his legs to himself, or to pass over a light for his pipe. Somewhere among the stones a rat was scratching, and occasionally Vlang broke forth with a sigh of great volume.

Volodya, reclining in his quiet corner with his men about him, felt just that sensation of well-being that, as a child, he had known when, in a game of hide and seek, he had managed to creep into a cupboard or under his mother's skirts, and listen, hardly daring to breathe and afraid of the dark, yet conscious of being in the right place. He felt a bit oppressed, yet cheerful.

III.

TEN minutes passed thus, and then the men began to shift their positions and talk. The two most important personages among them—the two gun sergeants—settled themselves nearest the officer's candle and bed. One was old and gray, with every possible medal on his breast except the George; the other was a young militiaman, who smoked cigarettes, which he kept rolling. The drummer, as is usual, assumed the duty of attending to the officer. Next came the bombardiers and cavalrymen, and farther away, in the shadow of the entrance, sat the underlings. These also had struck up a conversation.

started with the hasty entrance of a man into the hut.

"Hullo, mate! Couldn't you stay in the street? Weren't the girls singing merrily enough?" asked a voice.

"They sing songs the like of which were never heard in the village," answered the newcomer, with a laugh.

"But you see, Vasin doesn't make love to shells—oh, dear, no—he doesn't care for them at all!" said one from the aristocratic corner.

"Is it likely? When it's necessary it's another thing," drawled Vasin, while the rest kept silence. "What's wrong in not loving them? Ever since the 24th they've been firing desperately. You get killed for nothing, and your superiors won't give you so much as a 'Thank ye' for it."

There was a general laugh at this.

"Look at Melnikoff," said somebody; "that fellow isn't happy unless he's sitting outside the door."

"Well, let Melnikoff sit there if he chooses," answered an old gunner; "they'll kill him for a certainty—and where's the use of it?"

"Who is this Melnikoff?" Volodya inquired.

"Why, your honor, he's just a thick-headed soldier of 'Ours.' He doesn't seem afraid of anything; and now he keeps walking about outside. Look at him out there; he looks like a bear."

"He knows a charm," drawled Vasin, from the corner.

Melnikoff at this point entered the hut. Unlike the great majority of soldiers, he was fat—a good-looking fellow with a freckled skin, a tall, protuberant forehead, and prominent light-blue eyes.

"Are you afraid of the shells?" Volodya asked him.

"What is there about the shells to be afraid of?" Melnikoff retorted, shrugging his shoulders and scratching his head. "I know I sha'n't be killed by a shell."

"So you'd like to go on living here?"

"Why, to be sure. It's jolly here," said the man, breaking into a laugh.

"Oh, then you must be picked for a sortie. I'll speak to the general about it if you like," said Volodya, although he was not acquainted with a single general in Sebastopol.

"Why shouldn't I like? I do."

And Melnikoff disappeared behind the others.

"Boys," he called out, "let's have a game of noski. Who has a pack of cards?"

The loser at noski is wrapped on the nose with the cards, and it was not long before a game was started in the far corner, and blows on the nose, 'ster and calls of "Trumps!" were heard.

Volodya drank some tea that the drummer made for him, treated the gunners, and joked and chattered with them. He wanted to be popular, and felt highly pleased at the respect they showed him. The soldiers, on their side, finding that the gentleman gave himself no airs, began to talk together.

One had a theory that the siege of Sebastopol would soon be over, because a trustworthy man from the fleet had told him the emperor's brother, Constantine, was coming to relieve us with the American fleet, and soon we should have a kind of truce, during which if anyone fired a shot he would have to pay seventy-five kopecks for it.

Vasin—who, Volodya had noticed, was a small fellow with whiskers and great kindly eyes—now related, at first amid general attention, and afterward amid general laughter, how, when he went home on furlough, at first his people were delighted to see him, but pretty soon his father began to send him off to work to his great disgust.

All this amused Volodya. His cheerfulness continued, and he forgot his fear, and forgot the closeness and bad air of the hut. Many of the men were already snoring. Vlang had stretched himself out on the ground. The old gun sergeant, having spread his cloak, was crossing himself and muttering his prayers before going to sleep, when it occurred to Volodya to step outside the hut and see what was going on.

"Take your legs out of the way!" one soldier cried to another, as he rose; and the legs were pulled up to make way for him.

Vlang, who had seemed asleep, started up, and caught him by the lapel of his coat.

"Don't go! How can you want to go?" he began, entreating him tearfully. "You don't understand these things yet. They are firing at us out there all the time. It's better in here."

But, disregarding him, Volodya picked his way out, and seated himself on the threshold, where Melnikoff was already sitting.

The air was pure and fresh, especially after the hut. The night was clear and tranquil. Through the roar of the cannonade could be distinguished the creaking noises of cart wheels, bringing gabions, and the voices of the men at work on the magazine. Above their heads stretched the starry sky, across which flashed the fiery trails of shells. A few paces away, on the left, an opening led to another hut, through which the feet and backs of the soldiers inside were visible, and through which came the murmur of their talk. In front rose the mouth of the powder vault, across which flitted the bent figures of men, and on the very top of which, amid the bullets and shells that kept whizzing past, stood a tall form in a black

overcoat, with his hands in his pockets, and his feet treading down the earth which the others fetched in sacks. Every now and then a shell would shoot over and explode close to the cave. The men who were carrying the earth ducked and ran aside, but the black figure never moved—went on quietly treading down the earth, and remained in one spot and in one attitude.

"Who is that dark man?" Volodya asked Melnikoff.

"I don't know, but I'll go and see."

"Don't go. There's no necessity."

But Melnikoff, without attending to this, scampered off to the black figure, and stood beside him for a fairly long time, as calm and motionless as the other.

IV.

NEXT day, the 27th, after a ten hours' sleep, Volodya, feeling fresh and fit, stepped out of the hut. Vlang crawled out at his heels, but at the first whiz of a bullet went flying backward through the aperture, bumping his head, while the soldiers laughed. The most of them were already out of doors. Vlang, the old gun sergeant and a few others were the only men who rarely stepped out. It was impossible to keep the rest inside. They scattered about in the crisp morning air, escaping from the foul atmosphere of the hut. The bombardment had not slackened; but they lounged about the opening, and some even on the breastworks. As for Melnikoff, he had been sauntering about among the batteries ever since day-

"'FIRE GRAPE!' SHOUTED VOLODYA."

"It's the man in charge of the magazine, your honor," he said, strolling back. "A shell has gone through it, so the men are fetching more earth."

Now and then a shell seemed to plunge straight for the door of the hut. When this happened Volodya shrank into the corner, and then, after a moment, peered out again, looking upward to see if another were coming. Vlang, from the interior, kept imploring him to come back; but he sat on the threshold for three hours. He felt a kind of pleasure in thus tempting fate and watching the flight of the shells.

As the night dragged on Volodya had found out the point whence most of the firing proceeded and where the shots struck., break, staring up at the sky with absolute coolness.

Close by the entrance sat two veterans and a curly-headed recruit, a Jew, who had been detailed from the infantry. This youth picked up one of the bullets that were lying about, flattened it out on a stone with a potsherd, and with his knife carved it into the form of a cross of St. George. The others watched him as they talked. It turned out quite a fine-looking cross.

A cannon ball screamed over their heads as they sat, and struck the earth a few feet from Melnikoff, who was strolling toward them from the trenches.

"That was a close shave for Melnikoff," observed one.

"I sha'n't be killed," Melnikoff called out.

"Here's a cross for you, for your pluck," the recruit said, handing it to Melnikoff.

A small bullet whistled past their heads and struck a stone.

"One of us'll get a full discharge before evening—see if he doesn't," said a veteran.

They all laughed.

Not only before evening, but before two hours were up, two of them had received their full discharge, and five were wounded. But the rest joked on.

By morning two mortars had actually been repaired, so that it was possible to fire them. At ten o'clock Volodya, following the instructions he had received from the commander of the bastion, shouted out the order and marched off to the battery.

The men were no sooner busy than all the fear they had shown the evening before had vanished utterly. Vlang alone dodged and ducked as before, and Vasin fussed and fidgeted a little, and kept incessantly shifting his position.

Volodya was like a man inspired. The thought of danger never once crossed his mind. Joy that he was doing his duty, that he was not only not a coward but even a plucky fellow, the sense of being in command, the presence of twenty men who, he was aware, regarded him with appreciation—all this made a hero of him. He even began to show off, climbed up on the ramparts and unbuttoned his coat expressly to make himself a more conspicuous target.

The commander of the bastion, who in his eight months' experience had become pretty well used to all sorts of bravery, could not refrain, when he went his rounds, from admiring the handsome lad in the unbuttoned coat, beneath which a red shirt was visible encircling his white, delicate throat, as he shouted, with bright eyes and glowing cheeks, the orders, "First! Second!" and ran gayly to the ramparts to see where his shell would strike.

At half-past eleven the firing died away on both sides, and just at noon the storming of the Malakoff mound, of bastions Nos. 2, 3 and 5, began.

V.

It was noon. Above the far shore of the bay, on the telegraph hill, between Inkerman and the northern fortifications, two men were standing. One was a naval officer, who was busily observing Sebastopol through a telescope. The other, an officer of hussars, had just ridden up to the signal station with his orderly.

The sun stood high, flashing on the bay, and touching with a warm glow the ships that floated there and the moving sails and boats. The light breeze just moved the leaves of the dry oak saplings that stood about the signal post, puffed out the sails of the boats, and blew a ripple over the waves.

Sebastopol, with her unfinished church, her columns, her line of shore, her boulevard marking the hill with a line of green, her fine library building, her small blue creeks filled with masts, the stately arches of her aqueducts, the clouds of steel-colored smoke, lightened at intervals by red tongues of flame from the cannonade—the same lovely, proud, brilliant Sebastopol set between the yellow smoke-crowned heights and the bright blue sea, where the sunshine glittered—stood up, unchanged, on the other side of the bay.

Over the horizon line of the sea, where floated a trail of black smoke from some steamer, long white clouds were creeping, omens of a gale. Along the whole line of fortifications, from end to end, but especially over the hills on the left, rose puffs of thick white smoke—rose sharply and suddenly, with gleams and lightnings that shone even in the light of high noon. Their volume increased from minute to minute, as they floated up, taking various shapes, and tinged the upper sky. They came from the enemy's batteries, and their sound never ceased. The air vibrated with their mingled roar.

At twelve these puffs of smoke grew rarer, and the air trembled less acutely.

"But the second bastion has ceased to reply at all," said the hussar officer, who sat on horseback. "It is clean destroyed! Terrible!"

"Yes, and the Malakoff only returns one shot to their three," answered the officer with the telescope. "It's maddening, the silence. They are firing plump into the Kornilovsky battery, and it's not answering at all."

"You see they always cease the bombardment at twelve, as I said. They'll do the same to-day. Let's go and get some lunch; they're waiting for us. There's nothing to see."

"Stop a moment," said the officer with the glass, gazing through it at Sebastopol, with a strange excitement.

"What's the matter there? What is it?"

"There is a movement in the trenches. The heavy columns are marching."

"Yes, I can see it! The columns are moving. We must give the signal."

"Look, look! They are climbing out of the trenches!"

Indeed, the naked eye could now see the dark masses moving from the French batteries, down the hill, across the narrow valley, and up to the bastions. The dark streaks were already close to

the Russian lines. White puffs burst out from the bastions at one point and another, as if the firing ran right along the line.

The brisk rattle of musketry came on the wind, like rain on a window pane. The dark streaks went on—on—into the very smoke. The noises of the firing grew louder and louder, and grew confused in one hollow, echoing roar.

The smoke, rising more and more frequently, traveled quickly along the line, ran together in one extended cloud, lilac in hue, that dispersed and joined its edges again, revealing in the rents jets of flame and black specks running. All the sounds were blended in a resounding crash.

"An assault," commented the officer, growing pale, and handing his glass to the other.

Orderlies began to gallop along the road. The commander in chief swept by in his carriage, his suite after him. Emotion and anxiety were plain to read on all faces.

"They cannot have taken it!" said the hussar.

"Good Heavens—there's the standard! Look, look—the French standard on the Malakoff!" He abandoned the telescope.

"It can't be!"

VI.

WITHIN the hut Vasin was telling a story, and Volodya was listening in the pause that followed the firing. Suddenly there was a cry: "The French are coming!"

The blood left Volodya's heart for a moment. He felt his cheek turn cold and white. For a second he stood without movement; but looking about him, he saw the men buttoning up their coats with tolerable unconcern and tumbling out of the hut, one after the other. One even—it was probably Melnikoff—said, in a jesting way: "Let's go out, boys, and offer them bread and salt, like hospitable people."

Volodya, with Vlang at his heels—who never left him by so much as a step—crawled out and ran to the battery.

There was a complete cessation of firing on both sides. It was not so much the sight of his men's coolness that put courage into Volodya as the pitiful cowardice of Vlang. "Surely I could never be like him!" he thought, as he ran like a schoolboy up to the breastworks and looked over.

It was clear enough that the French were coming straight for him through an open space, and crowds of them already filled the trenches, their bayonets gleaming in the sunlight.

There was one man running in front of the rest, sword in hand. He was a short fellow with broad shoulders, and sprang across the ditch.

"Fire grape!" shouted Volodya, hurrying from the rampart. But his men were ready without waiting for orders. The metallic sound of the grapeshot rang out from over his head, from the two mortars, one close on the other.

"First! Second!"

Volodya shrieked out the orders, running from one mortar to the other, utterly forgetting all danger.

Close at hand, on one side of him, sounded a clatter of musketry from our men under shelter, then a succession of cries.

Then, all of a sudden, rose a more startling cry—a cry of despair. It broke out on the left, and voice after voice took it up.

"They're surrounding us! They're surrounding us!"

Hearing the shout, Volodya faced round. There were twenty Frenchmen behind him, led by a handsome man with a black beard. He ran up to within ten paces of the battery, halted, and fired straight at Volodya, then ran toward him again.

For a second Volodya stood petrified. He could not believe his eyes. Then he pulled himself together and glanced about him. There were blue uniforms in front, on the edge of the ramparts. A couple of Frenchmen were even spiking a cannon, not ten paces off.

There was no one near him except Melnikoff, who lay at his feet, dead of a bullet wound, and Vlang, who had caught up a handspike, and was rushing forward with a look of anger on his face and eyes lowered.

"After me, Vladimir Semyonitch! After me!"

It was the desperate voice of Vlang calling, as he brandished his handspike over the French, who were pouring in from behind. The mad face of the boy startled them. The first man he cleft across the head; the rest involuntarily halted, and Vlang, glaring about him, went on shouting, with the voice of despair, "After me, Vladimir Semyonitch! Why are you standing there? Come, come!" and darted toward the trenches in which our infantry lay and fired on the French. But after jumping in he climbed back again to see how his beloved ensign was faring. There was something in a coat lying where Volodya had been standing, and the whole place was full of Frenchmen firing upon our men.

VII.

VLANG found his battery on the second line of defense. Only eight were left of the twenty who had been in the mortar battery.

At nine that evening Vlang embarked with his battery, on a steamer crowded with soldiers, guns, horses and wounded men, for Severnaya.

Everywhere the firing had ceased. The stars

sparkled as they had sparkled the night before, but a strong wind was lifting the sea. On the first and second bastions shafts of light ran along the ground; explosions resounded, lighting up black masses of masonry and the stones that were hurled on high. Near the docks something was on fire, and the red glare of it was reflected in the water. The bridge, crowded with people, was bright in the blaze from the Nikolaevsky battery. A huge flame, with red clouds of smoke beneath, seemed hung over the sea from the far point of the Alexandrovsky battery. And the same calm, triumphant lights shone over the waves from the enemy's fleet.

The strong breeze tossed the bay into billows. The masts of our sunken ships, as they settled deeper and deeper, where illuminated by the conflagration. On the steamer's deck no one spoke; there was no sound but the regular hiss of the parted waves, the steam, the neighing and stamping of horses, the words of command from the captain, and the groans of the wounded. Vlang, who had not broken his fast all day, pulled out a chunk of bread from his pocket and began to munch it. All at once, however, he remembered Volodya, and burst into loud weeping, that drew the attention of the soldiers near.

"See our Vlang—poor girl—how his tears run down on his bread!" said Vasin.

"That's queer," said another, then groaned: "Look over there—they have fired our barracks. To think how many of our mates perished there, and the French got it for nothing!"

"Anyhow, we've got out of it alive, thank God!" Vasin said.

"It's vexing, though."

"What is there vexing about it? Do you think they've no business there but to enjoy themselves? No fear; you wait, and you'll see our men will have it back from them. I don't care how many of our mates it takes; as God is holy, the emperor has only to say the word, and they'll win it back. Just you wait," he wound up, shaking his fist at the distant French; "we'll cry quits with you yet, only give us time!"

"To be sure we will!" said another, heartily.

All along the line of bastions around Sebastopol, which, for so many months, had teemed with vigorous life—which, for so many months, had seen death take hero after hero—which, for so many months, had excited the enemy to fear, to hate, and finally to admire—on the bastions of Sebastopol there was no longer a single man. All was dead, deserted, ghastly—but not silent.

The work of ruin still went on. About the earth, furrowed and strewn with the explosions, lay twisted gun carriages, crushing the bodies of Russian and foeman; heavy iron guns silenced forever; shells and cannon balls hurled into pits with rending force, and half buried in the soil; then more bodies, pits, jagged timbers, huts; then, once again, bodies in gray coats and blue. And still the whole was illuminated, now and again, by the ruddy glow of the explosions, which ceased not to shake the air.

The enemy was aware that something was going on in that grim Sebastopol, something he could not comprehend. Those explosions and the deathly silence on the bastions made him shudder. He dared not yet believe—for the steady, strenuous resistance of the day was yet present to his mind—that their invincible enemy had disappeared. Without movement, without speech, he waited for that gloomy night to end.

The army of Sebastopol, like the sullen, surging sea, heaving from end to end, wavering, plowing across the bay, and on the bridge and at the northern fortifications, moved slowly through the impenetrable darkness of the night, from the spot where it left so many of its gallant hearts, from the spot it had dyed with its blood, from the spot it had held for twelve months against a foe twice as powerful as itself, the spot it was now ordered to abandon without a battle.

The first effect produced by this order on every Russian was an immense sadness; the second was a fear of pursuit. The men felt they were without defense as soon as they left behind them the places where they were used to fight, and they huddled together timorously in the dark, at the entrance of the bridge, which swayed from side to side in the furious gale.

The infantry pushed on its way, with bayonets clashing—a great crowd of regiments, wagons and arms; cavalry officers made their way about, bearing orders; the townsmen and the servants with the baggage wept and prayed to be allowed to cross; while the artillery, in their haste, rolled along to the bay with a thunder of wheels.

There were many calls on the attention of each man, many details to divert him; yet the instinct of self-preservation and the longing to escape from that place of death with all speed were the overmastering impulses in each soul. The same instinct was found in a soldier, wounded to death, who lay among five hundred other wounded, on the stone pavement of the Paulovsky quay, and implored God to send death; in a militiaman who, with a dying effort, pressed into the packed crowd to make way for a general riding by; in the general in charge of the embarkation, who was busy checking the haste of the men; in the sailor who was trodden down and had the breath crushed out of him; in the wounded officer car-

ried in a litter by four soldiers, who, as soon as the crowd stopped them, left their burden on the ground by the Nikolaevsky battery; in the artilleryman who had served his gun for sixteen years, and who, at his superior's word to throw the guns overboard, had obeyed, though he could not understand, and, with his comrades' help, had toppled them over the steep bank into the bay; and in the men of the fleet, who had closed the portholes of their ships and pulled the boats lustily.

THE ADVANCE OF THE FRENCH.

As he stepped off the further end of the bridge almost every soldier pulled off his cap and crossed himself.

But behind this instinct of self-preservation there lay another feeling—a feeling that existed with it, but ate far deeper into the heart and oppressed it more sorely; a feeling that was at once remorse, shame and hate. Almost every soldier, as from the northern shore he gazed back on abandoned Sebastopol, sighed with a bitterness of heart he could not utter, and shook his fist at the foe.

WASHINGTON BY THE DELAWARE.

By Joaquin Miller.

The snow was red with patriot blood.
The proud foe tracked the blood-red snow.
The flying patriots crossed the flood,
A tattered, shattered band of woe.
Forlorn each barefoot hero stood,
With bare head bended low.

"Let us cross back! Death waits us here:
Recross or die!" the chieftain said.
A famished soldier dropped a tear—
A tear that froze as it was shed:
For oh, his starving babes were dear—
They had but this for bread!

A captain spake: "It cannot be!
These bleeding men, why, what could they?
'Twould be as snowflakes in a sea!"
The worn chief did not heed or say.
He set his firm lips silently,
Then turned aside to pray.

And as he kneeled and prayed to God,
God's finger spun the stars in space.
He spread His banner blue and broad,
He dashed the dead sun's stripes in place,
Till War walked heaven fire shod
And lit the chieftain's face:

Till every soldier's heart was stirred,
Till every sword shook in its sheath—
"Up! up! Face back! But not one word!"
God's flag above; the ice beneath—
They crossed so still, they only heard
The icebergs grind their teeth!

Ho! Hessian hirelings at meat
While praying patriots hunger so!
Then, bang! Boom! Bang! Death and defeat!
And blood? Ay, blood upon the snow!
Yet not the blood of patriot feet,
But heart's blood of the foe!

O ye who hunger and despair!
O ye who perish for the sun,
Look up and dare, for God is there:
And man can do what man has done!
Think, think of darkling Delaware!
Think, think of Washington!

CHAMPÉRY.

By Harriet R. Rockwell.

When I look up to the towering heights above me, and down the seemingly unfathomable gorge that splits and rends the slopes beneath—when I turn my gaze to the majestic grandeur of the Dent du Midi on the one side and the verdured steeps with their pine-clad summits on the other, I seek in vain for words to express the overwhelming grandeur and loveliness of the scene, or the conflicting emotions that it produces.

Looking across this peaceful valley to the massive stratum of perpendicular rock that stretches itself for hundreds of feet above the gorge, along whose face the hand of man has fashioned a narrow footpath—protected only by the frailest of balustrades—I seem to feel that there is little in this world that man has failed to conquer and by his ingenuity fashion to his use or pleasure. But when I cross the bridge that leaps the torrent, and reaching the "Galerie," warily pick my way, hugging the giant rocks and shunning the edge of the precipice, while over me hang the beetling crags suspended, I feel so insignificant, so lost in the yet unconquered solitude, that my soul is lifted into that grandest of songs, "Heaven and earth shall declare the majesty of Thy glory."

Standing on this narrow path, cut into the face of the rock, and looking across the gorge, where rushes madly the torrent of La Veige, to the green and sunlit slope, I can see the charming hamlet of Champéry, surrounded by its fertile meadows that rise to meet the wooded heights.

The quaint church spire stands out from among

the chalets grouped about it, and but for the white façade of the hotel, which is conspicuous among the weather-beaten houses, time-worn and discolored, I should feel as though I had been transported into a dream of the past.

There is a sensation of protection and strength in the surrounding mountains, and of restful peace in the quiet valleys, not at all the rest of indolence or the peace of silence; for all about on the steepest hills are to be seen the industrious peasants cutting their second harvest and binding the sheaves, or carrying the newly cut grass upon their backs in great bundles, tied sometimes in a large white cloth, and often with nothing but a rope; toiling up where neither horse nor cart can be made useful, and storing their load in the lofts of the chalets, where it serves for the family bed during the summer.

Where the grass has been cut for the last time will be seen herds of fine cattle turned out to pasture, each one with its bell making the air musical as heard from a distance, guiding the herdsman or woman to their retreats; and many a peasant boy have I seen, hardly more than a baby, with his tiny alpenstock, bravely climbing to find straying cows and drive them home for milking.

Here in this valley of Illiez alone the peasant women wear a jacket and loose trousers when tending cattle or helping in the hayfield; this, with the bright-red headdress, which is universal, makes them the most picturesque of all the Swiss peasantry. They also ride astride, and their horses are finely bred and well cared for, often sharing the shelter of the chalet, and always kept so clean as to be respectable neighbors.

I take my way through the noble pine forest, and descending, cross the lower bridge, which gives me a nearer view of the mountain stream. I can see many a tempting trout hole, and if I had my fishing tackle you would most likely hear no more of me. But from a dozen paths that enter the valley here come the groups of summer guests; some on horses, with guides following, and we know they will have wonderful tales to tell on the terrace to-night; some with the bright-green tin lunch baskets swung over one shoulder, proof of picnic in the pines; others flower-laden, for it is the paradise of botanists; all with stout boots and mountain costumes, and the inevitable alpenstock. These are they who, wise enough to leave the cities and the plains, and fortunate enough to secure a chalet or a room *en pension*, have left care behind, and are laying up a stock of vigor and bloom with which to astonish the world of Paris and London next season.

Curious old church this, standing so far below the road on a steep slope that we have to descend some dozen or more stone steps to gain the entrance. Here, on the first Sunday of every month, may be seen the procession of young girls, white-robed and devout; for this lone valley is unique in being strictly and exclusively Roman Catholic in the very midst of a Protestant country.

Inside the church is a crude but bizarre altar, a rudely carved pulpit, from the reading desk of which there is a waxy hand extended toward the seats below and holding a crucifix. The seats are formed of upright end posts, with some little attempt at ornamentation in their outline. These support three solid beams, not more than five inches in width, polished by age and service. One is laid on top to serve as a support to the back; another fitted into a notch the proper height for a seat; and the third, a few inches from the floor, on the reverse side, answers the purpose of a kneeling bench to the occupant of the seat behind—all very rude in design and construction, but showing plainly the hardihood and fervor of the religious community. A pretty little churchyard, with many a tasteful marble monument, surrounds the side and back, and is kept scrupulously neat and full of blooming flowers by the pious nuns who occupy an adjoining house.

The outside of the church is more than interesting, it is curious. The present building was erected in 1726, upon the ground formerly occupied by an old chapel of the fifteenth century. A square tower rises from the left of the choir at the back, and is surmounted by an original construction; eight branches of masonry start from the four sides of the roof, and curving toward the top, unite at their summit in the form of a crown terminating in a spire, upon which a Latin cross supports a weathercock. Still more curious than the bell tower is the Latin inscription over the entrance door. This has been a puzzle-brain to many a tourist, and is still a dark secret to the uninitiated. The key to the enigma lies in knowing how to read it. This is the inscription:

QUOD AN TRIS MULCE PA
GUIS TI DINE VIT
HOC SAN CHRIS DULCE LA

The middle line forms with the top line one sentence, and with the bottom line another, thus:

QUOD ANGUIS TRISTI MULCEDINE PAVIT
HOC SANGUIS CHRISTI DULCEDINE LAVIT,

of which a very free translation might read:

"The sad trail of the serpent can only be obliterated by the precious blood of Christ."

Above this inscription is a gilded statuette of

TROIS TORRENTS.

St. Theodule, patron saint of the church and the village.

Arriving at the Hotel Dent du Midi, with its blooming terraces and pretty garden, shaded by plane trees and vine-covered arbors, where rustic seats and tables are well patronized in the long summer evenings, we have our choice between dining in the large and luxurious dining hall (where music is discoursed during dinner by a local string band with piano accompaniment), or the less pretentious but quieter sun parlor adjoining, where the daylight lingers, making artificial light unnecessary. The music is wonderfully good, and I should not be surprised to see the

CHURCH, WITH PROCESSION OF COMMUNICANTS, CHAMPÉRY.

first violin taking the lead in some great metropolis some day. He plays with feeling, and the familiar "Cavalleria Rusticana" receives such a prolonged encore that it has to be repeated. If you have a franc about you, get it ready against the time when the bright-eyed little pianiste will step down from the platform and her the advantage; but she is the same wooden figure shelving out from the chin with great abruptness, and sloping in to the waist at the same angle, the round nose exactly in the middle of the rounder face, and a mouth cut straight across, working with the monotony of mechanism. I suppose she is one of the "*all kinds*" that it

WOMEN OF CHAMPÉRY.

present her plate for *douceurs* between the dessert and the coffee.

Tartarin should be here this minute, for I am sure, in all his Alpine experiences, he has never had such a *vis-à-vis* at *table d'hôte*.

She looks for all the world like Japheth's wife in Noah's Ark, only Mrs. Japheth could not sit down to eat, and this fac-simile seems to have a hinge in the lower part of her back which gives takes to make a world. After dinner we select our places on the upper balcony, with the few quiet ones, from where we can look down into the garden or on to the terrace and watch the happy youngsters promenading and chatting, and the older ones occupying the rustic seat enjoying their cigars or coffee; where also we can listen to the sweet singing of three or four charming girls who are clustered around the piano

practicing a "mountain song," composed by the gentleman who accompanies them. It runs thus:

"Up at the early dawning,
Ho! for the hills away.
The lark from her nest is soaring
Over the meadows gay.
Into the leafy forest,
Over the mountain stream,
Care to the winds I scatter—
Life is a happy dream.

"Onward and upward climbing,
Braced by the morning air.
Yonder the sun is smiling
Over the hilltops fair.
Here on the mountain summit,
Free as the forest stream,
Care to the winds I scatter—
Life is a blissful dream."

The song is ended, and the young folks have joined their companions in the garden and are planning an excursion for the next day.

The shadows have filled the valley, and are stealthily creeping up the mountain. We sit feasting our eyes on the changing lights that play over the heights of the Dent du Midi. The snow-crowned summit is still in sunlight, but while we are speaking with subdued voices of its changing beauty the pines below in serried ranks are growing darker and more indistinct. And now what light is this? It cannot be the moon, for it is long past the full, and yet the grand old peaks are bathed in silver sheen, as in the clear moonlight. A glow seems to fill the upper air and intensify the blue of heaven, where but one bright star has as yet appeared.

It is the afterglow, and most ethereally beautiful. And now it deepens, and a subtle change takes place, as though within the great mountain were on fire, and the incandescent crust so thin that the pink and yellow flame shone through and quivered in its intensity. Then slowly, almost imperceptibly, the color pales, grows cold and gray, like ashes, with the glowing coals struggling for life beneath. Grayer, darker, as the shadows of the night advance, till at last the very outline is effaced and the towering monument of strength and grandeur melts into the starlit sky, and the soft breeze that whispers peace and rest passes like an invisible angel through the valley, and Champéry sleeps.

As the song admonished us, we are "up at the early dawning" and have joined a pedestrian party to the heights of Morgins, one thousand feet above us. A lunch basket is indispensable, for Morgins gives you everything *but* a good meal. It is the one great need of Morgins—a clean, well-kept hotel. Two of our young companions have sauntered on ahead, and it looks to me as though they had about made up their minds to climb *life's hill* together. They are at all events supremely devoted, and as supremely happy, to judge from their ringing laughter. Elizabeth, whom nothing escapes, is quietly singing to herself, while toiling up beside me, that quaint little "Miller's Song" of Pierre Dupont:

"Tic tac, tic tac, j'ai de l'amour,
Tic tac, tic tac, pour plus d'un jour,
Tra la la la," etc.,

meanwhile casting significant glances at the devoted couple. Elizabeth is in love herself, that's how it is—deeply, almost unreasonably, seeing the one she loves is so much older than she. Notwithstanding she applies to him every endearing epithet, and gazes in unspeakable rapture upon his whitened head, her first thought in the morning, her last at night, the dear old Dent du Midi, yet he stands unmoved, cold, dignified and silent; but Elizabeth, after the manner of women, loves him none the less.

This is pretty steep climbing in places, but not in the least dangerous, plunging one moment into the depth of the forest where the narrow path zigzags to the nearest opening, here crossing a small tributary of the stream below, and stopping to gather some white harebells, the first we have seen; again emerging and crossing the carriage road, and continuing up through the meadows, where the haymakers have been busy since dawn, and are now breaking their fast beside their little heaps of grass. How contented they seem, and how courteous they are as they look up from their homely fare to bid us "Good morning"! What pretty bits of color the red headdresses of the women make against the vivid green!

But Elizabeth is loitering, and I find her so lost in admiration of the lovely gentians, the wild sweet peas, and the saxifrage with its copper and yellow bloom, that I have to use all my most persuasive arts to induce her to leave her treasures.

Here we have a new view of Champéry, and looking down upon it, it seems but a handful of toy houses; while farther down the valley toward Trois Torrents, and across the gorge, the people look like ants, moving about on the grassy slopes.

Here is the road again, and a wayside cross, with a little chapel containing about a dozen seats. The grated iron door is locked, but we can see the entire interior—the tiny altar, with crucifix and virgin in gilded wood, and the fresh flowers that are placed there every morning by some devout heart.

It speaks volumes for these toiling peasants

that, amid their labor and hardships, they are never neglectful of the devotional, and the day is not too short for a prayer at every shrine, and a look of love and pity at the rude representations of the dying Christ which meet one at every turn of the whole valley of Illiez, a strictly and exclusively Roman Catholic community in the very midst of Protestant Switzerland.

There is a very plausible tradition of the origin of the inhabitants of this particular valley that seems to account for many things not otherwise reconcilable with the surroundings. They are said to be the descendants of Roman soldiers who, with their families, fled from the persecution and massacre of the legion by Maximian in the year 285—302, and sought refuge in the wilderness of these mountains, and who have remained true to the religion as well as to many of the customs of their ancestors. Certainly the fine features of the women and the robust and stately carriage of the men, together with the black eyes and hair almost universal, and which distinguish them entirely from the other Swiss peasantry, speak of southern extraction. And the fact that they retain their beauty and bearing even to extreme age points to something unusual in both constitution and breeding of a peasantry living a life of hardships in rearing cattle and cultivating land whose steep incline necessitates the bearing of heavy loads usually put upon beasts of burden; and withal they seem most happy, and are far above the average peasant in intelligence and grace.

But we are at Morgins, whose broadening plain stretches on all sides to reach the hill pastures, where the summer chalets are clinging like bird cages hung against a wall. I say summer chalets, for there are only the temporary shelters of the mountaineers, who come from the valleys below as soon as the snow melts, and hiring of the commune a certain tract of land, make a little garden for their supply of vegetables around the cottage, and then proceed to cut wood in the forest for their fires, after which they spend the summer in cutting and bringing to cover the grass growing on the land they have hired. This grass has to be carried to its granary, which is usually the upper part of the dwelling, on the backs of the men and women; even boys and girls do their share and carry their panniers, well filled, upon their sturdy shoulders; and there are two harvests, one in June and one in August.

During the winter these people live in the valleys, in more comfortable quarters, and all the children and some of the grown people go to the parish school, which is taught by the priest and nuns. We must visit the iron spring, a great source of attraction, for here are baths that are becoming quite famous. Now, after our lunch, we shall walk to the lake, and a few steps beyond, so that we may boast to our friends of having stood with one foot in France and the other in Switzerland, for here is the border line, marked by two stones, standing upright like gravestones, one behind the other. The one is old and moss-grown, bearing the date 1737; the other, new and white, and dated 1891. Elizabeth contemptuously calls the lake a pond, but takes it all back when she catches a glimpse of the dear old hoary head reflected in its placid waters. "After all," she apologizes, "there's no particular size to a lake."

We are going back to Champéry by carriage in the late afternoon, and the well-kept road winds back and forth as we descend, and doubles on itself a dozen times until we reach Trois Torrents; and while the horse is being fed upon a pound of flour stirred into a gallon of water with a broom we will alight and examine this old church. On the south side of the structure there is a curious sundial, pointing to five o'clock. Another hour to Champéry, where "good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both."

* * * * * *

'Tis a glorious morning, one of those cloudless, cool and bracing mornings when you long for wings; and here at this wild height how one could soar! The sky seems far away, the rocky crags of the distant mountain are sharply outlined, and the narrow glacier descending from beneath the snow-covered ledges sparkles, cold and glittering, in the clear sunlight.

We take a long look at the dear old mountain, for we must turn our back upon it now, and leave Champéry for the lower plain, the lake, the city, the ocean, home.

How our hearts cling to the place, the most charming of all charming Switzerland!

The road follows the outline of the mountain, and winds and curves, sometimes rather sharply, around some projecting ledge; but it is well protected, here by a substantial balustrade, there by a thick hedge of hazel and hawthorn, where the steep descent leads down to the Gorge de la Veige, fed by three mountain streams from which the distant village takes its name: a ravine so deep and stony that the water seethes and boils noisily beneath the stone bridge where we cross it and make another sharp turn to the crack! crack! of the driver's whip, which is the signal of approach to a neighbor, and not a stimulant to the horse; his steady trot keeps the bells around his neck from getting rusty, and your eyes at variance with your ears, for sleigh bells they certainly are.

We soon pass the William Tell Inn, at Trois

Torrents, and here, where the bright-red haws are sprinkling the hedges, and the chalets in the valley below have great slabs of stone on their shingled roofs to keep them from being carried away by the winter winds, there trudges a mite of a lad, with a basket on his shoulders larger than himself, who with a cheery smile bids us "Good morning"; but when we offer him a ride he bravely says he has not far to go, and trudges on. That's the material your mountaineers are made of—solid worth and sunny natures. Can our boasted cultivation do more?

I have learned to be chary of jokes since traveling with Elizabeth; she has such an apparently inexhaustible fund at her disposal, or what is still better, the faculty for making them, that she invariably has the last word.

We were coming down the valley at a good round pace, and in sight of the wildest and deepest part of the gorge. I had opened the lunch basket and was about to appropriate the largest sandwich, which Elizabeth affected to despise as inconsistent with the surroundings. Pointing with the sandwich to the depths below, I remarked "Gorgeous," intending to be funny, upon which Elizabeth, with a decided reproof in her eye, regarding intently the enormous bite I had just taken, replied, "Decidedly," taking the pun out of my mouth, as it were, and leaving me with the bite, and bitter reflections. I shall be serious in future with Elizabeth.

Here stands a mission cross, dated 1886 beneath a crucifix, which signifies that to this spot came pilgrim priests in the year specified, and after erecting the cross to commemorate their pilgrimage, they called upon the thrifty but devout peasants to pay the costs.

Down through groves of chestnut and oak, orchards of plum and apple, to where the vineyards climb to meet us, and the road protects them with its high stone wall. Here the festive lizards, gray and green, play hide and seek in the crevices of the masonry.

Monthey in the distance, with its tobacco, soap and sugar factories, run by electricity, whose generating power is supplied by the force of the mountain stream chained to machinery by the provident Swiss.

Now we make the sharpest sweep of all as we come through this bit of wood that skirts the town, where rocks of enormous size and fantastic arrangement are grouped, one of the largest being so balanced on a small stone resting on a larger one, that it looks as if it might at any moment descend and carry destruction upon the village beneath. Here, with a series of whip cracks, we swirl around in a bold tangent, the sly driver looking back out of the corner of his eye for approval, and half expecting an admonition; but he is not rewarded. We keep both our fears and our flatteries to ourselves, and pay our ten francs to Camyle Moret, voiturier, as he calls himself, at the little station whence we are to take our departure.

While waiting for our train Elizabeth takes a last lingering look at the Dent du Midi, and I remark, "They have not seen Switzerland who have not seen Champéry."

VIEW OF THE DENT DU MIDI, FROM VAL D'ILLIEZ

"THEN CAME THE SUDDEN THUNDER OF HOOFS. I SPRANG AND SEIZED SOMETHING, BORE IT BACK FOR A MOMENT, THEN WAS BORNE BACK INSTEAD."

A CYCLIST'S RIDE FOR LIFE.

By Henry E. Haydock.

I had been looking at Jack Hildreth's new wheel.

As he returned it to its stand I noticed another bicycle standing near the wall.

In appearance it was in great contrast to the one we had just been examining. The rear wheel was bent, the mud guard loose and the tires nearly off. Yet there was no dust upon it, and the nickel looked well polished. From the handle bar there hung a little ribbon.

"What in the world are you keeping that old wheel for?" I said.

He did not answer at once, but instead drew the wheel toward us. Then I noticed the ribbon upon the handle was tied in a love knot. I thought, too, he touched the wheel almost as if he loved it.

"Have you never heard the story of this wheel? Why, I thought I had bored all my friends with it. You see, you mustn't get me telling it, for it is so interesting to me, I think it must be interesting to everyone."

"Go ahead, Jack," I said.

"That spring," he began, "I was taking a short bicycle tour. The weather was fine. The country charming.

"One afternoon I stopped at a little country town for the night. They were having a dance at the hotel. I was tired and did not join in the festivities, but contented myself by selecting a quiet corner on the piazza and watching the dancers through an open window.

"Several dancers had passed, and I was growing tired of even watching them, when a tall girl entered the room. She was talking gayly with her escort, who, I saw by a quick glance, was above the medium height.

"Don't ask me to describe her, for I cannot.

How can a man properly describe a girl he loves? How can he make another see all the beauty, all the loveliness, all the charm that he sees?

"I knew I loved her, even though I had never met her. I knew I loved her, even though she had never been nearer me than the length of that ballroom floor.

"I thought, too, as my eyes rested upon her, that she turned toward the window with a little start. I know that for a moment or so her gayety ceased and she glanced about restlessly.

"The next day I managed to get an introduction. With me it only deepened the first impression. With her it did not even seem as if she cared to have met me. The days went by, and I gained little. She became quite friendly, but beyond that all efforts seemed hopeless. Any effort to hint to her what I felt for her was checked at once. Days lapsed into weeks.

"One evening despair seized me. I had taken a walk from my hotel to the bluff overlooking the river. Below me from the north the river flowed under its mantle of moonlight. Over the lowlands, that seemed to stretch for miles between the mountains, a light mist hung in a soft radiance. Far up the valley a light gleamed from some farmhouse window.

"As I stood there I heard voices behind me, then a low laugh rippled out in the stillness of the night. As they approached I stepped a little further into the shadow of the tree in which I already stood, for I had no desire to talk with anyone. A tall couple passed me, and stood together on the edge of the bluff.

"Then I saw who it was. Her daintily poised head, her lissom figure, were perfectly revealed by the brilliant moonlight as it fell upon her from between two trees, making her a point of light amid the surrounding darkness.

"So lovely did she look, so ethereal, that it seemed as if when the light changed she would vanish with it.

"I imagined I saw lovelight in her eyes as her escort said something to her and she looked directly at him. They did not linger. As they walked away a sense of loss and despair crept over me.

"The moon became obscured in a mass of cloud, blackness gathered about the landscape. I was about to return to the hotel, when, in the lowlands on the other side of the river, a light gleamed for a time, then vanished. A moment or two more and it again appeared, traveled a short distance and again went out. It was undoubtedly the will-o'-the-wisp.

"So strongly did it appeal to me, in my then state of mind, with its delusive hope, that I decided to return to the city within two days, and in an active, busy life try to forget this delusion, that perhaps had been strengthened by the surroundings.

* * * * * *

"On the morning of the day I had set upon for my departure I took my bicycle and started for one more ride. I had reached a level plateau. Leaning against my wheel, I was contemplating the view, when from up the road I heard the sound of a horse running at full speed. Hastily I rushed my wheel to the ditch that bordered the road, and had barely reached it when a horse and phaeton appeared, the horse in the wild frenzy of a gallop. A runaway, without doubt.

"A moment more and it had passed me; but in that moment I saw that which sent a chill of fear to my heart. There was a girl in the phaeton. As I saw who it was I knew the idea I had been trying to gain that I did not love her was false. In this awful danger I realized only too well how much I loved her.

"She had not seen me at all, so hard was she trying to subjugate the horse.

"I knew that that was impossible. It took me only a second to get my wheel on the road and start in pursuit. Why I did this I knew not at the time; it was intuitive. I saw her whom I loved being borne to almost certain destruction, and I started with a dim idea of saving her.

"As I felt my wheel respond to the strength I was placing on the pedels, as I felt the cool rush of the wind against my face, I realized never more forcibly that the speed depended upon my exertions.

"I was gaining some, but what good would that do me? Even if I caught up to the wagon, the road was too narrow to allow me to pass. Even as I thought, through the cloud of dust the horse was making, I saw that the road forked ahead.

"Then I knew I had a chance. I remembered this fork well. One road going to the right, the other to the left, but both roads meeting again a short distance farther on.

"In that short distance I must gain enough upon the horse to head him off at the second meeting place of the roads. Below that place the road ran along the edge of an embankment, to reach which would mean instant destruction.

"I bent low over the handle bars, and as the horse took the right fork I darted to the left. Then began the ride for life. I saw nothing but that shimmering strip of road that was reeling away like a ribbon, yet seemed never ending—heard nothing but my own panting breath and the 'singing' of the machine.

"Yet I knew we were going at fearful speed. A

bad break in the road, a sunken gulley, and I would be hurled from it into the ditch, and all would be lost.

"For the moment I was as if part of the machine; my legs were like steel bars, my hands griped the handle bars like a vise. In the fearful efforts I was making I seemed to feel a wild exhilaration. Faster! faster! until a misty haze danced before my eyes as if the very air itself took form as it rushed by. Then I was upon the turn. As I swung in upon the curve I saw a man plowing, but his figure, though near at hand, was hazy and indistinct. I tried to shout, but my throat was dry as parchment, and he did not hear.

"In a moment more I was on the main road. The next I was standing facing a large black object, surrounded by a cloud of dust that was approaching. It did not seem as if it was the runaway, but rather as if I was back again playing football on the college eleven.

"I felt weak and exhausted as if from a 'scrimmage.' I heard the captain's words, 'Tackle hard.' Then I was alone, while the whole of the opposing eleven seemed racing down on me. Then came the sudden thunder of hoofs. I sprang and seized something, bore it back for a moment, then was borne back instead, struggling and dragging along the ground; but I still had that sense of power, for I had stopped the onward rush.

"Then I had help, for some one else had hold of the horse as well. In the dim, misty haze that was gathering before my eyes I saw the plowman beside me. I knew the horse had been stopped, and there were confused noises in my ears and a sense of being carried."

Jack paused for a few moments, then went on.

"It isn't hard to guess what followed. See," he said, and he touched the little knot of ribbon upon the handle bars.

"When I left the village, on my wheel was tied this ribbon, and round my heart was tied the knowledge that I had won the love of the sweetest of all women."

Down the hall there comes the sound of children and a woman's voice.

Jack turns and says, "Behold the heroine of the story." On the threshold stands his wife.

She must have heard his last remark, for, as she enters, she turns to me. "And to think that Jack, the big goose, didn't know I loved him all the time!"

THE LIBRARIES OF NEW YORK.

By the Rev. James Bassett.

Second Article.

However useful special collections of books and periodicals may be to the specialist in any department of investigation, miscellaneous collections will be required to meet the wants of the populace. The greatest libraries in our own country and in other lands are of this class. Since they appeal to the masses, they have a larger constituency than the specialties, and their success, therefore, seems more marked and assured. A trace of the specialty is found in some miscellaneous collections; for in them there is an attempt made to meet the supposed wants of certain classes of people. Some free circulating libraries are made up chiefly of books which are thought to be best adapted to the poor and illiterate; some libraries are intended especially for students; yet all these are properly classed as miscellaneous, since they purport to cover either many or all lines of literature, and when designed for students aim to meet the wants of students and explorers in every department of knowledge. These collections present evident advantages to the general reader and student of general literature. They make a wide range of investigation practicable by bringing within reach a great number and variety of books which no individual could command; but they have some disadvantages. They are frequented by some untrustworthy persons whose dishonesty or recklessness subject all honest men to a system of detectives and of red tape, which is annoying, mortifying, and the occasion of some loss of time.

While the specialties excite interest and amazement at the extent of thought and toil in any one department of science or art, and at the special revelations made by one line of investigation, the miscellanies charm us with the variety, beauty or rareness of their treasures in every art and science and field of thought. The landscape of many countries is opened before us; the Babel of many tongues is heard. Here the student is introduced to the world of the past and present, and is made cosmopolitan without crossing the seas or hazarding the dangers of the deserts.

I propose in this paper to give some account of the miscellaneous libraries of New York city.

The library known as the New York Society Library has possession of an elegant room on the second floor of the society's building, 67 University Place. A spacious reading room and the vestibule claim the greater part of the ground floor. The library proper is arranged after the usual manner. The books are placed in alcoves of stacks, and these reach the ceiling—the roof of the building. Tables stand in the centre of the room for the use of readers.

This library is owned by a corporation organized expressly for the collection and maintenance of a library. Membership in the society is necessary to the full enjoyment of the privileges of the institution. Persons entitled to the use of the books are, "members not in arrears for annual payments, fines, etc.; strangers for one month regularly introduced by members. Persons not members or subscribers have the privilege of consultation by the payment, per consultation, of 25 cents. The library is for *reference* and circulation under special restrictions. Membership in the society may be obtained by the purchase of one share with payment of annual dues commuted, and amounting to $150, or by purchase of one share, $25, subject to annual payment of $10. The library is open from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., and the reading room from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M." A room is appropriated to the use of women as a reading room. The library is supported mainly by dues of members. It receives, however, some aid from the income of small legacies. The largest gift is that made by Mrs. Sarah H. Green, of $50,000, from the estate of her late husband, John C. Green. The income of this fund is available only for the purchase of books. In addition to the building, costing about $80,000, the society has real estate and investments valued at $70,000.

WENTWORTH S. BUTLER, A.M., SOCIETY LIBRARY.

In point of time this library comes next to that of the City. In 1754 an organization of individuals in the city was effected for the purpose of "forming and maintaining a public library." The books then obtained were consolidated with those of the City Library under trustees chosen by the society, and was commonly called the City Library. A charter was obtained for the society in 1772, under the style of the New York City Library. During the Revolutionary War the collection was destroyed, but the institution was revived in 1778, and until 1795 was kept in the City Hall. During the sessions of Congress it formed the library of that body. A separation from the City was made in 1795, when a building was erected for the library on Nassau Street. Owing to the sale of this property, the collection was removed in 1836 to the rooms of the "Mechanics' Society" in Chambers Street. It remained here until the completion of the new building of the society, on Broadway and Leonard Street, in 1840. That building was sold in 1853, and the books were stored in the Bible House until the completion of the structure on University Place, occupied May, 1856. The earliest printed catalogue appeared in 1758—the gift of Horatio Seymour. Catalogues were printed in 1761, 1793, 1813, 1838, 1850, and lists of additions have been printed every year since. The earliest known certificate of membership was issued in 1790.

The library is a quiet place, and, as might be inferred from the terms of its use, rather exclusive, and enjoys the resultant exemption from a crowd. Another move uptown is contemplated when funds sufficient have been obtained. No great increase of membership is expected until such change shall be made.

Pre-eminent among the libraries of the United States, and of the world, for endowment, completeness of appointments, variety and value of its works, for successful management and the distinguished persons concerned in its control from the first, is Astor Library. The building devoted to this collection of books is on Lafayette Place, and is a growth, having been erected in three several parts at intervals of some years, as the extent of the collection seemed to require. The three sections correspond in size, plan and finish, and are known as the south, middle and north hall. Together they form a compact structure of brownstone and brick in the Byzantine order, having a depth of one hundred feet and a front of two hundred feet. The front is flush with the line of Lafayette Place. Ascending from the

sidewalk a flight of six stone steps, the visitor enters the main vestibule and principal entrance. This room is about sixty-six feet in length, or of the width of the middle hall. It serves not only as a vestibule, but as a hall of statuary, and contains twenty-four marble busts made from antiques, mounted on solid pedestals of colored and variegated marble presented with the pedestals by Mrs. Franklin Delano, a sister of John Jacob Astor. In this room a porter is stationed, who takes charge of the umbrella or books which the visitor may bring, giving a check in place of them, and taking a certificate of ownership for any books or pamphlets which the visitor may wish to take to the reading room—a precaution against the loss of books and pamphlets by either visitors or the library.

FREDERICK SAUNDERS, CHIEF LIBRARIAN, ASTOR LIBRARY.

Ascending from the vestibule by a marble stairway, the landing is made in the middle hall, the floor of which is twenty feet above the ground. This and each of the other halls are in width equal to one-third the length of the building. The roof forms the ceiling of the halls. On the four sides of each one are galleries of alcoves one above another to the roof, and apparently well filled with books, and all in plain view of the centre of the hall. In the east end of the hall is a delivery desk extending across the width of the room. Between this and the landing of the stairway are tables on which printed and card catalogues are placed. Back of the tables on the north side of the middle hall are cases of drawers containing files of card catalogues. Between the stairway and west end of the hall there are tables for women readers, and adjacent to the stairway are show cases for manuscripts and missals. The three rooms communicate by means of broad arched doorways in each partition wall, and there is a passage back of the three delivery desks by which the attendants can pass from one hall to another. The arrangements of the three rooms are essentially the same, except that in the north and south halls there are no stairways leading to the vestibule. The stairways to the galleries are back of or near the delivery desks. The lofty arched ceiling, the galleries, balconies and alcoves give a pleasing and imposing aspect to the rooms.

This library is a free reference library, but not "circulating." It is open during the day from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. in winter, and until 5 P. M. during other months. Any person over fifteen years of age may draw a book for use in the reading rooms, on filling a blank slip giving his name, residence and the title and author of the book desired by him. Persons bringing satisfactory letters of introduction may have access to and seats in the alcoves, helping themselves to books. There is a large number of readers in the halls at all times of the day. Notwithstanding the elegance of all the appointments, there is in them all the evidence that they are for use rather than for ornament, and the attendants are not so dainty

ASTOR LIBRARY.

as to be unfit for business, and the entire institution in all its arrangements is an inspiration to earnest thought and good attainment.

The chief librarian, Mr. Frederick Saunders, has for many years been known in literary circles, first as associate with Bryant on the *Evening Post*, and later as the author of several much-esteemed books, entitled, "Salad for the Solitary and the Social," "Pastime Papers" and "Stray Leaves from Literature." His latest is a work for the Columbian year, entitled, "The Story of the Discovery of the New World by Columbus." He has contributed many articles to the magazines. Although now a veteran of eighty-three years, his force is not abated, and his connection with the library reflects credit on the board of trustees, as an evidence of their appreciation of knowledge, experience and valuable attainments. I take pleasure in acknowledging a reference to his article on the Astor Library, published in the *Magazine of American History*.

The assistant librarian, Mr. O. A. Bierstadt, is known as a writer for the magazines, and as the author of two volumes of translations from the French, entitled, "The Signboard, and Other Stories," and "Idle Tales," from Balzac and Coppée. Mr. Weitenkampf, of this library, writes for the press under the *nom de plume* of Frank White, and has published a translation from the French of Dieulafoy's "At Susa."

The design of the library from the beginning has been "to afford facilities as a reference library to persons engaged in scientific or literary research." This purpose determines in the main the character of the collection of books, and restricts to some extent the number of readers. It makes necessary a collection of much more expensive books than is required for popular use and average readers. Many technical works, books prepared especially for students, large volumes, reference books and rare old books are all essential to the accomplishment of the purpose proposed. Such a library is fully appreciated by professional book thieves, who know the market value of rare volumes. The value of Astor Library has been attested by some distinguished thefts, as well as by better critical tests. The choicest collections have been made from every department of literature. To obtain the most desirable books was the object of the management at the beginning of the library. For this purpose the first librarian, Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell, visited the literary centres of Europe.

This institution has been the recipient of many valuable works from distinguished persons in the Old World. The collection of manuscripts and missals in the cases is said to be worth $100,000. Special care has been taken to make a valuable selection of mathematical works. The department of languages contains a very large number of treatises. Although there are but few works in the classic and vernacular tongues of some Oriental countries, yet the number of books treating, in English or in some European language, of Orientalia makes a fair representation, and embraces nearly every country of the world. The Sanscrit, Arabic, Chinese and Japanese literatures occupy a prominent place. The languages represented are Pushtoo, Amharic, Anamese, Berber, Arabic, Coptic, Java, Kurd, Oceanic, Russian, Armenian, Bengalee, Burmese, Caucasian, Ethiopic, Phœnician, Zend, Circassian and others. The art gallery contains the choice paintings owned by the second John Jacob Astor, and presented by his son, William Waldorf Astor.

The report for the year 1892, made by the superintendent, Mr. Robbins Little, states the number of volumes in the library to be 245,349, an increase over the preceding year of 6,403 volumes. The total number of readers for the year was 61,349, and the number of books used, 190,049, or a fraction over three volumes for each reader. The storage capacity of the bookstacks is estimated to be about 500,000 volumes.

In the report there is no distinct classification of works of fiction among the books read; but it is shown that the number of readers of American history was 24,594, and of all history, 38,859. The readers of British literature exceed the readers of American by 7,607, and the total number of readers of all literature, commonly so called, is nearly equal to the readers of history, being 38,039. The next largest number of readers is found to be in the departments of painting, sculpture and archæology, 9,473. Chemistry and physics have 7,385, and mechanics and engineering, 7,906; "American documents," 8,148. The number of readers in the other departments is comparatively small. The record of readers shows that the library is used chiefly by students and investigators. The readers of fiction are comparatively few. Of the alcove readers the largest number is found in the department of patents, the second largest in history, and the third in painting, sculpture and archæology. The tables showing the number of readers and books read both in the reading room and alcoves afford an interesting object of study and comparison, and indicate the labor and care required in their formation.

This library takes its name from the first John Jacob Astor, by whom it was founded, July 20th, 1838. At his death, March, 1848, Mr. Astor left by will the sum of $400,000 for the establishment

of a public library, and that amount was transferred to a board of trustees chosen by the testator. The first librarian was chosen in 1842, and measures were taken for the erection of a suitable building. The first structure, which is now known as "south hall," was built, and opened to the public January 9th, 1854, having a collection of 80,000 books. The event was a notable one, and celebrated with appropriate ceremonies and festivities. The growth of the library and its increased patronage made an enlargement of the building a necessity, and the second or "middle hall" was built, and with the ground on which it was erected presented to the trustees by William B. Astor, son of the founder, September, 1859. During his life William B. Astor gave upward of $550,000. The third or "north hall" was erected by the late John Jacob Astor, grandson of the first of that name, and with the ground on which it stands was given by him. This representative of the Astor family gave to the library during his lifetime somewhat more than $800,000.

The first catalogue was made by Dr. Cogswell, and completed in 1864. It consists of four large octavo volumes, and a supplemental volume and index bringing the records down to 1866. The printed catalogue now forms eight volumes, and brings the work down to 1880. From this date to the present time the record of accessions has been kept on cards. The second catalogue cost $40,000, and was a gift of the second John Jacob Astor.

The Library of the Mercantile Library Association occupies the sixth and seventh floors of the elegant and imposing building known as Clinton Hall, and situated on Astor Place. The structure is of red sandstone and buff brick, seven stories in height, and was built with special reference to the wants of the Library Association, at a total cost of $496,000, by the Clinton Hall Association, which is auxiliary to the Library Association. All the floors below the sixth are divided into offices, which are rented and furnish a revenue for the association. This is the home of the central and main library of the society, which has sustained, hitherto, several branch libraries, one at 426 Fifth Avenue and another at 33 Liberty Street; but the latter has been discontinued within the last year, and in its stead a station for the reception and delivery of books has been established in the arcade of the Equitable Building, 120 Broadway. The advisability of keeping up branch libraries is under consideration, and the question is started of the expediency of attempting, in place of the branches, a system of delivering books at the residences of members of the association in all parts of the city. The experiment of book delivery will be watched with interest. Five thousand five hundred and twenty-two volumes were delivered by messengers at residences and places of business belonging to members of the association in the year closing May 1st, 1892. The fact that 3,915 volumes of this number were issued from the uptown station indicates the call there is for some method of distribution throughout the residence portions of the city. It seems also to imply a special demand for this method on the part of families and females.

The new home of the library was completed and occupied in April, 1891. It is claimed for the rooms that they have the latest and most approved methods and appliances for library work. Buildings constructed for the accommodation of libraries at this time may reasonably be expected to possess very decided advantages over those erected in the days of very limited means, and of scant knowledge of the demands likely to be made in the way of libraries. In Clinton Hall the library proper, which is on the seventh floor, is made accessible by an elevator and stairway. The room is an irregular and wedge-shaped one, having a length of 96 feet and an average width of 69 feet. A space 17 feet wide and 49 feet long between the elevator and the delivery desk serves as a vestibule, and has a few tables and the cases containing card catalogues. The most part of the room is occupied by two tiers of bookstacks which are separated from one another by a broad aisle. The stacks are two stories high, and may have a third story when required. Each story is about 7 feet high. A balcony projects at that height and extends entirely around the stacks. The entire room is for a library unusually well lighted, having windows on two sides, and a skylight which covers the greater part of the roof. All the library rooms are furnished with apparatus and fixtures for electrical light. Besides this large room, there are six small rooms on this floor for the use of the officers and attendants of the library.

The sixth floor has a vestibule corresponding to the one above, and the whole space of this story is divided into two apartments. The first, 60 by 64 feet, is for the storage of books. The stacks here are arranged in body tiers, much as pews are in some churches, and they are separated by narrow aisles. This department is known as the "reference stack room," and is for the storage of books belonging to the reference department, such as documents of national and State governments, bound volumes of newspapers and magazines. The storage capacity of the room is 140,000 volumes. It now contains about 50,000

books. Between the reference stack room and the eastern end of this floor is the reading room, 63 by 58 feet, out of which a small space is railed off and styled "reference department." In the central part of the room is a case with compartments for the current numbers of magazines and newspapers, of which about 600 are taken. Books of ready reference, as dictionaries and encyclopedias, are kept on shelves back of the cases for periodicals, and are accessible to the reader without written order. Tables for readers are supplied with blank orders and writing paper. The reading room is lighted by windows on three sides, the building having a frontage on 8th Street, Astor Place and Lafayette Place. The storage capacity of the stacks now in place on the two floors is 615,000 volumes; the total shelving capacity is estimated at over 700,000 volumes. The total number of volumes now owned by the association is 239,793. The number of members having a right to the use of the library, April 30th, 1892, was 5,276, and the number of volumes drawn during the year was 161,208, or a little over 30½ volumes per member; while the whole number of readers availing themselves of the privileges of the reading room was 21,690.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY, CLINTON HALL.

THE REFERENCE DEPARTMENT.

The revenues of this library are derived from contributions of the Clinton Hall Association, from fees, annual dues and fines. The income for the last year was $29,360. The catalogues are in cards.

This association is one of the oldest library associations of the city of New York, having been organized November 9th, 1820, in the Tontine Coffee-house, in pursuance of a call for a meeting for the purpose posted on the bulletin board of the *Commercial Advertiser* by William Wood on the 3d of that month. The constitution was adopted on the 27th. Seven hundred books were obtained, chiefly by donations, and were put up in a room at 49 Fulton Street, and the library was opened to the public February 12th, 1821, the membership being 150. In 1826 more spacious quarters were required, and the library was removed to the buildings owned by Harper & Brothers, in Cliff Street. In 1828 it was proposed to erect a building for the organization. The constitution provided that the control of the library should be with merchants' clerks and apprentices, and they only be permitted to vote and to hold office. In order to retain this constitutional provision and yet bring aid to the society from a larger constituency a separate society was formed, called the Clinton Hall Association, which has continued until the present time an auxiliary and trustee of the Library Association, and identified with it, all the revenue of the Clinton Hall society being devoted to the purchase of books for the library, and members thereof being entitled to all the privileges of

W. T. PEOPLES, MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

membership of the Mercantile Library. The first building was erected on the corner of Nassau and Beekman Streets, at a cost of $55,000, and dedicated under the name Clinton Hall, November 2d, 1830. In 1854 such had been the growth of the library, and the rapid migration of the people uptown, that it seemed to be desirable to erect a new building. The Astor Place Opera House was therefore purchased at a cost of $140,000. Improvements to adapt the building to the uses of the library were made at a cost of $115,000. The third structure was begun in 1890. The old Opera House was taken down, the library was put in temporary quarters for one year, and then removed to the new building at the present time occupied, in April, 1891.

The association is a private one. "The terms of membership are: for clerks, $1 initiation fee, and thereafter $4 a year; for all other persons, $5 a year."

On visiting the rooms of the library I found the chief desk clerk, Charles Cox, at his post, who responded to my questions, and to whom and the librarian, W. T. Peoples, I am indebted for a copy of the very complete and elegant report of the year closing April 30th, 1892.

The large brownstone building known as Cooper Union occupies all the ground between Third and Fourth Avenues, Eighth Street and Seventh Street. The ground floor or basement and second floor are occupied for business purposes. The entrance to the reading room and library is on the south end of the building; the walls of the hallways and stairways are adorned with photos of buildings and scenes in foreign lands. The library and reading room are adjuncts of the schools of art and science which form a prominent feature of the institution.

Ascending to the third floor, the visitor finds on the left of the door, as he enters the library, a desk and small boy. The boy delivers to him a check which at the first glance looks like a silver dollar. If he inquires for the purpose of this present he will be told in substance that it is to be retained by him while he is in the room, and to be returned at the desk as he leaves the room, and

COOPER INSTITUTE.

that he cannot get out of the place without it. If he will draw a book to read while in the room the check must be delivered to the clerk at the book-delivery desk, and will be retained by him until the book is returned to the desk.

There is but one main hall for the library and reading room. This is 80 x 125 feet, having small rooms on the eastern side, one of which is set apart as a reading room for women. The bound volumes are kept in cases having glass doors, and set against the walls of the rooms. The ceilings of the hall are low compared with the length of the room, and all the appointments are very unpretentious. On the eastern side of the hall, and also in the centre, on desks, are files of 297 newspapers. At the centre of the northern end of the room is a desk and attendant for the delivery and keeping of 167 quarterly and monthly magazines. A desk is located near the middle of the hall on the western side, and clerks are stationed here to give out or receive bound volumes. In one of the side rooms facilities for writing are provided.

The system of catalogues is that of cards of subjects and authors. A case of drawers containing these cards is placed near each end of the hall.

The library makes no pretension to rare and costly collections, but has a large number of works treating of the trades. It has no endowment as such, but is sustained by appropriations from the revenue of the institution. The amount expended for the library in 1891-92 was $6,297.

The hall is open day and night, and during most of the time of opening every chair at the tables for readers is occupied, and nearly all the standing room at the desks having files of the morning papers is crowded so that it can hardly be said that there is room for one more. The large number of readers in the rooms shows that the advantages of the place are appreciated. We went to the room early in the morning, and noticed that at that hour several persons were bending over each morning paper, evidently consulting the columns of advertisements, as if looking for opportunities of employment.

In the course of the year past 567,537 persons have visited the library, and 228,217 books, pamphlets and magazines have been drawn at the desks. Four hundred and ninety-one periodicals are taken, and the average number of readers daily has been, as appears by the last report, 1,500. The statistics given are significant. Although the collection of books is one of the smallest of the notable libraries, being but 33,500 volumes, yet the number of persons using the collection compares favorably with the number of readers reported by the most-frequented libraries. Two hundred and sixty thousand volumes were drawn by readers here during the period covered by the annual report, that is, five and a quarter times the whole number of volumes contained in the library. However, less than half the number of persons reported as visitors could have been readers of books. If readers at all, a little over 54 per cent. of all must have been readers of newspapers only.

The report gives a pointer concerning Sunday openings. Although the reading room was open but half the Sabbath, yet the average number of readers was 1,400 per Sabbath. It is not probable, however, that the number would have been proportionately larger had the room been open all day. The use of the library is free to the public, but the books and periodicals must be used in the reading room; they cannot be taken from the building.

Professor J. C. Zachos is curator of the library, and is also professor of oratory and of the English language and literature.

On the south side of East Sixteenth Street, No. 18, there stands a plain red brick building now owned and occupied by the library and officers of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen. The structure has externally the appearance of a residence, and the general plan of the interior strengthens the impression created by the exterior. Entering on the first floor, a central hall, one observes a room on the right hand, and from the words on the door will understand that the room is for the use of the officers of the society. On the left hand is a room which may once have been a parlor, but which is now called the reading and reference room. Bookcases are here set against the walls, and in them, securely kept behind glass doors, are maps, charts, dictionaries, files of the New York newspapers, scientific and trades' journals and many valuable books of reference, and works too large or unsuitable for general circulation. We noticed one small case filled with the large folios of a very valuable work entitled, "Description de l'Egypte." Tables stand in the centre of the room for the use of readers, and files of the daily papers are kept near by.

Passing again to the hall, and through the rear of it, we entered a small anteroom and vestibule, the latter being part of the library room. In this were a few pews or benches arranged on each side of a centre aisle. These seats are for the accommodation of persons waiting for books, as they are delivered in turn. The seats on the right were occupied by women and girls; those on the left, by men and boys. We counted thirty boys, apparently not over thirteen years of age. It

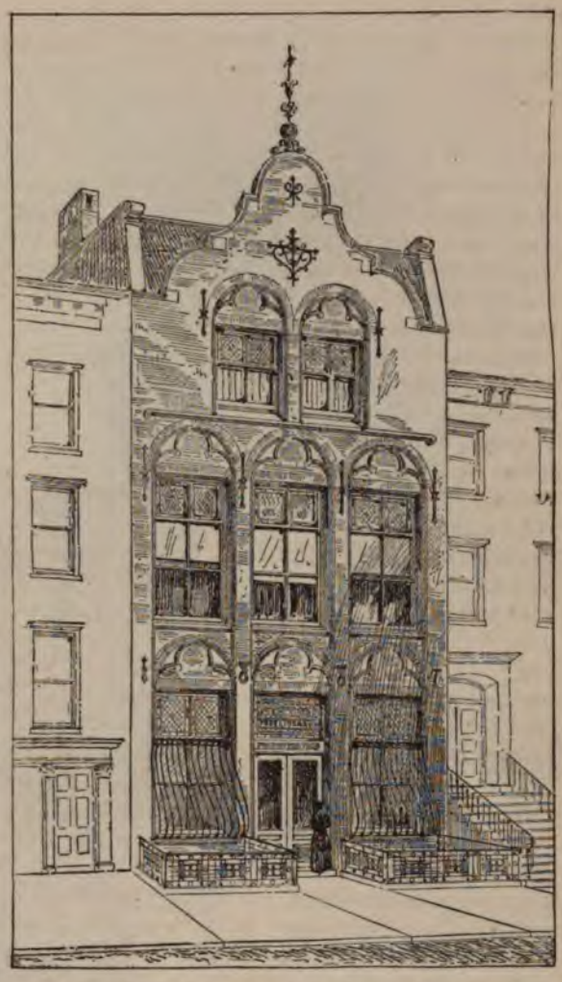
was Friday afternoon, and the children were here to obtain books, having come in for that purpose on their way from school or work. Arranged against the walls of this vestibule are desks to hold printed catalogues. Lists of the latest works were hung upon the walls.

The room occupied by the library is equal with the width and length of the lot of land on which the structure stands. In this are stored on stacks about 98,000 volumes, which, with the books in the reference room, comprise the collection. There are three stories of stacks, arranged in the form of alcoves, and separated on either hand by a narrow aisle, the topmost stacks reaching nearly to the roof. The library is lighted by skylights, arranged in the roof over the centre of the room. A counter extends entirely across the room, separating the space used as an anteroom from the main part of the library and the portion occupied by the librarian and his assistants. Rooms over the office and reference room are for the use of the schools maintained by the organization.

The library is a collection of miscellaneous works, and designed especially for the popular demand. It has, however, a valuable specialty of about 1,000 volumes treating of architecture. Many of these are expensive works. The nucleus of this collection was the property of J. Marquand Slade. A catalogue of this specialty has been published, and copies of it were sent to all the architects of this city.

The library is for *free* circulation and reference. No other qualification for drawing books is demanded than a certificate from some resident of this city who promises to stand as guarantee for the person drawing the book. If the book desired by the reader is not in the library it will be obtained for him if it be thought expedient and practicable to do so by the librarian. Books are not delivered by messengers, but must be drawn at the desk according to regulations provided. The loss of books has been small, only 20 having been lost in a circulation of 250,000.

The library was not a feature of the original scheme of the Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, but a later developement of their charities. The society was one of the earliest benevolent organizations of this city, having been organized on November 17th, 1785, for the express purpose of assisting members of the guild in case of sickness or accident, and for the care of the widows and orphans of those who should die without property. The society was incorporated in 1792. The corner stone of its hall, corner of Broadway and Park Place, was laid in 1802. It organized the Mechanics' Bank, now at 33 Wall Street, in 1810, and its school and library in 1820, a lecture course



JACKSON SQUARE (FREE CIRCULATING) LIBRARY.

in 1833, and a reading room in 1856. The property known as the Suydam mansion, No. 18 East Sixteenth Street, was purchased at a cost of $55,000, and, after changes had been made to adapt it to the uses of the society, it was occupied by the library, and as the headquarters of the organization in 1878.

The library was at first designed expressly for *male* apprentices. In 1862 girls were admitted to the privileges of the institution, but it was not until 1886 that the library was made entirely free to all.

From the above data we see that the library was begun thirty-five years after the beginning of the society. It was opened at the first with 400 volumes in English. No librarian was employed until 1874, a member of the society receiving and delivering books, as appointed from time to time. At this date a librarian was engaged, and has been employed since that time.

The librarian, Mr. Jacob Schwartz, is a contrib-

utor to some foreign periodicals, and frequently writes for the New York papers. One of his latest papers is entitled "A Plea for a New Kalendar," published in the New York *Advertiser*.

The building occupied by and known as the Library of Columbia College is situated on the grounds owned by the college, and is in the rear of that institution. From the entrance and hallway one enters a large alcove or recess of the main reading room, of which, in fact, it is a part. On the right and near the door is a delivery desk, and an aisle formed by rows of bookstacks serves as an entrance to the centre of the room. This room is 110 x 80 feet. Bookcases are built up against the four sides of the main hall. These stacks or cases are two stories high, the upper section being made accessible by means of a balcony extending in front of the stacks throughout the entire circuit of the walls. There are no alcoves proper in this room. The room is well supplied with tables and desks. The books are obtained at a centre desk, but are accessible in the cases to those who wish to inspect them before selecting. The reading room makes a very imposing appearance, owing chiefly to the fact that it is open to the arch of the roof, which is well finished, and to the comely appointments of the room. The room has not, however, capacity for storing the 150,000 volumes and 50,000 pamphlets and unbound magazines now constituting the collection. The excess of books is stowed away in smaller rooms of the annex from the basement to the fifth floor. The old library is also used for library purposes.

BRUCE FREE LIBRARY.

This collection is designed especially for the use of college students; books are loaned to them, to graduates of the college and to the professors.

Of the 150,000 bound volumes now in the library not more than 50,000 were owned by the library when the new building was first occupied, the balance, 100,000, having been obtained since the fall of 1883. The present rate of increase is about 15,000 volumes per annum. The collection was made up mainly by the consolidation of several libraries: first, that of the School of Art, having 25,000 to 30,000 volumes; second, the School of Law, 7,000 or 8,000; third, the School of Mines, 7,000 or 8,000; fourth, the School of Science, 3,000 to 4,000; and fifth, the Phœnix Library, having 7,000 volumes, left by S. W. Phœnix in 1859, a valuable collection, supposed to be worth about $35,000.

The library is rich in some departments of literature. It has a collection of 800 volumes relating to Shakespearean lore, and the same number of works devoted to Goethe. It has a copy of the first folio edition of Shakespeare, also of the first edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost," 1623, and of the first edition of Walton's "Angler." It is lacking any considerable supply of manuscripts, having no more than 125 in all. It has nothing in Oriental languages, and no great collection in ancient classic literature or in European.

The library is dependent for funds mainly on appropriations from the treasury of Columbia College; but within the last three years some funds have been provided by individuals—friends of the institution. President Barnard and wife gave about $85,000. The increase of this fund is to be directed to the purchase of books treating of the "exact sciences." Mr. A. P. Avery, of New York, has given in cash $15,000, and in money and books an equivalent of about $30,000, and is yet giving from time to time. The Avery Library numbers some 8,000 volumes, treating chiefly of decorative art and literature.

WILBERFORCE EAMES, LENOX LIBRARY.

JACOB SCHWARTZ, MECHANICS' AND TRADESMEN'S LIBRARY.

The librarian, Mr. George H. Baker, who has given the main facts relating to this library, is enthusiastic and accomplished in his work, and is reaping the success of well-directed effort. He has been connected with the library in his present capacity about three years, has had the advantages of a new building and enlarged facilities, and has experienced also some of the evils that accumulate with the growth of libraries from old collections. His system of cataloguing books appears to be an efficient and minute method of the card system. He seems also to have correct notions of the ideal building to be erected in the near future for the purpose of the library.

Over a doorway at No. 49 Bond Street, and written in large letters, is the sign, "New York Free Circulating Library." The building, a narrow and plain three-story red brick structure, was once, we judge, a store or shop. The ceiling shows the plain, square timbers on which the floor of the reading room rests. A counter extending across the room a short distance from the entrance separates that part of the ground floor occupied by the library from the space used as an anteroom or waiting room for those persons who come for books. A few printed lists of books hang on the walls. A flight of stairs from this waiting room leads to the reading room on the second floor. The third story is occupied by the janitor and persons in charge. Behind the counter is the storage room of the library. Rows of bookstacks and alcoves of stacks separated on either hand by a broad aisle are the main features of the room. In this aisle is a long table for the use of the attendants of the library. This is the central and main depot of a number of branch libraries. They are in the main similarly arranged, and located at 49 Bond Street, 135 Second Avenue, 226

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

West Forty-second Street, 251 West Thirteenth Street, 1943 Madison Avenue, and the Twentieth Street Library at 49 West Twentieth Street. These branches, together with equipments, have cost the sum of $250,000, and are owned by an organization known under the name and style of the New York Free Circulating Library. The object of the association is stated in the second article of the constitution of the society to be: "To furnish free reading to the people of the city of New York, by the establishment in one or more places in the city of New York of a library or libraries, with or without reading rooms, which library or libraries and reading rooms shall be open without payment to the public." No attempt has been made to concentrate the branches in one large building, but the policy has been one of dispersion—to organize as many branches as the wants of the public and the means at command seemed to justify.

The total number of volumes drawn for use in the reading rooms and at home has been, in the last year, 447,597; of this number 284,597 volumes were loaned for use at home. This is an increase over the number drawn last year of 35,419 volumes. In point of circulation the report claims that this is the fourth library in the United States. Much has been done in the way of supplying books to schools, clubs, literary societies, public grammar schools, working girls' clubs, children's aid societies, kindergartens and other organizations. The statistics show that there has been a decrease in the number of readers of fiction. The total number of volumes now owned by the association, as reported, is 63,171. The increase this year has been 4,253. Sunday openings have not been made in all the branches, owing to the lack of funds. A complete catalogue is now in preparation. The report calls special attention to the desirableness of opening "new distributing centres, both small and large." The report claims that the character of the reading has generally improved. It is seen that new readers as a class begin with novels, but as the taste for reading is cultivated this class of readers develop a taste for works of a more substantial character. Germans or foreigners beginning as readers of American literature in the English language do as a class select the standard works, though later passing to lighter literature. Of the new volumes purchased not quite one-fourth were works of fiction. The library is designed to meet the popular demand for books; at the same time some discretionary power is exercised as to the character of the works recommended or purchased. Of the total number of volumes, 63,171 in all the branches, 16,171 are reported as fiction, or a little over 25 per cent. of the whole. Twelve thousand eight hundred and forty volumes are in the German language.

It is a remarkable fact shown by all circulating libraries that comparatively few books are lost. The cost of circulation has been remarkably small, having been but $.06 1-10 a volume per annum.

This library association took measures at a very early date in its life for the creation of a fund to be called the "Woman's Fund," the income of which is appropriated to the employment of women in the library. In accord with this purpose the employés in all the branches are women. They appear to be "masters of the situation," ruling this province with admirable efficiency and ability, and there seems to be no need of men in the institution except as janitors and servants to do menial work. It is most fitting that it should be so, since the conception of the whole system of these libraries was in "a meeting of a few ladies, met to devise means of providing *free* reading for a limited number of people." The first board of trustees of the matured organization was composed of men and women, distinguished citizens of New York. The report of the board of trustees for 1892 shows that but eight of the twenty-one trustees are women, and of the executive officers no more than three. Miss Helen Coe is now the chief librarian, a position which she has held since the death of the first librarian, Miss Stubbs, in 1880. The report of 1882 says: "The librarian in charge, Miss Coe, has in all respects gratified the hope of the committee by her intelligence in completing the systematizing of the routine work, and in meeting all new necessities with practical and excellent methods. Under her charge the increasing circulation of the library, the constant reception and placing of new books and the preparation of a well-arranged catalogue have been admirably managed without overtaxing our limited force." In one of the first years of the library 11,541 books were covered anew with paper covers, 3,800 leaves were repaired and 5,204 notices sent out of books kept beyond time.

The statistics of the library offer very interesting data, showing the number of books drawn, the number of readers and their sex, the character of the selections and the popular or most frequently read volumes. Like statistics are kept by other libraries, and are valuable in their place, but these are of special interest as being representative of the tendencies of the average reader and populace. The details of these statistics are too extended to repeat here; reference to them in connection with similar data of other libraries is made on another page, with such inferences as they suggest.

This library is yet in its infancy—only twelve

years old—but gives promise of a gigantic stature and of great power for good. The first board of trustees was incorporated March 15th, 1880, and occupied a room at 36 Bond Street. On the 1st of March of that year the library contained 1,837 volumes. The reading room was opened in June, Sundays being included. The first full working year was reported November 1st, 1881. In 1883 the library was removed to 49 Bond Street, that building having been purchased by the society. The report for that year claims a high standard of reading as compared with the collections of other circulating libraries, that the percentage of fiction is low, and that no pernicious literature is allowed to find place on the shelves. In this year the first charter was obtained, and the Ottendorfer Branch was established, which takes the name of its generous founder, Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer, who gave the building No. 135 Second Avenue, together with a library, and funds to defray expenses. In 1884 a special charter was obtained and a beginning made in the way of supplying other societies with books for circulation. In 1886 measures were taken for the erection of a branch building on Jackson Square. In the following year the branch known as the Bruce Library, situated at 226 West Forty-second Street, was completed and furnished at an expense of $59,250.34. This branch is a memorial of the late George Bruce, and was erected and furnished for the society by his daughter, Miss Catharine W. Bruce. In 1888 the Jackson Square Library, at 251 West Thirteenth Street, was completed, and opened July 6th. In 1892 new rooms were taken at No. 1943 Madison Avenue for the branch known as the Harlem Library. It is claimed "that were proper facilities offered the circulation from a library in Harlem would be equal to that of any of the four branches. Since the report of 1892 a library has been established at 49 West Twentieth Street, known as the Twentieth Street Branch.

All the buildings and their appointments indicate the exercise of the utmost economy in the administration of the funds, to such extent that room is left for criticism in respect to the lack of light and space and other things highly important, if not absolutely essential.

A more delightful situation within the city could hardly be found than that occupied by the Lenox Library, on Fifth Avenue, fronting Central Park, between Seventieth and Seventy-first Streets. The massive stone building has a frontage equal to that of the block, 200 feet on the avenue. The central and main front, 100 feet in length, and between the wings, stands back of the line of the street a few feet. Two wings on the north and south, each about 50 feet wide, and of equal height and like structure with the central portion, project beyond it to the sidewalk. An iron fence flush with the avenue extends from wing to wing, leaving a small open court in front of the central portion. The building creates the impression of solidity and elegance, and is a magnificent memorial of the generous founder, James Lenox, whose benefactions to numerous good objects were dispensed during many years.

Passing an iron gateway, across the court, through a covered portal in the central structure, the visitor enters, by a short flight of steps, the main lower vestibule, which is commensurate with the length of the central building, and which serves the double purpose of a vestibule and hall of statuary. In the southern end of this hall a door opens into the south wing, the lower or ground floor of which is called the "cabinet." In this is a collection of fossils and minerals. The north wing corresponds in position, size and arrangement to the south wing, and the lower hall of it is called the "exhibition room." In the centre of this hall are several show cases, in which are placed, open for inspection, elegant illuminated manuscripts, charts and maps. Against the walls of the room bookcases have been placed, and appear to be fairly well filled with valuable books, among which is a large collection of editions and versions of the Bible.

From the rear and either extremity of the vestibule a flight of iron steps gives access to the second floor. On this the corridor and rooms correspond in size and location to those below, which we have mentioned. The corridor forms a convenient hall for the exhibition of a choice collection of statuary and vases. Several of these pieces are the gift of the late R. L. Stuart. In the south wing is the reading room and library proper. Opposite, in the north wing, is the R. L. Stuart collection of books and paintings, and shells and minerals. In the rear and centre, between the two wings, and lighted from the roof, is the art gallery, containing the Lenox collection of paintings. The library was founded in 1870.

This building was begun in 1872, and the library opened to the public in 1877, though in an incomplete state, and under the supervision of the late George H. Moore, LL.D. Since his death the institution has been in charge of Robert Maitland, superintendent, and Mr. W. Eames, assistant librarian. The institution was closed during several months of the year 1892 for alterations and repairs and the arrangement of collections, and was reopened in February, 1893. The library is a free reference one, and not "circulating," and has 75,000 volumes.

Most prominent and valuable of the latest additions to the institution is the "Robert L. Stuart collection, the gift of his widow, Mrs. Mary Stuart." This collection was given by will of Mrs. Robert L. Stuart, who died in 1891. It comprises all her books, paintings, statuary, bronzes and other works of art, and her collection of minerals, shells and other objects illustrative of natural history. Mrs. Stuart's library consists of about 8,000 volumes, and contains many finely illustrated works treating of natural history.

One of the most valuable works in the whole library is the "original Spanish edition of Columbus's letter of 1493, which was discovered in Spain in 1890." There are original copies of the oldest four editions of the Latin translation of the first letter of Columbus written by him immediately after his return to Spain. The pictorial edition, complete in ten leaves, is reproduced in exact fac-simile, accompanied by a literal translation. No other perfect copy is known to be extant.

In the Columbian year the board of trustees caused to be issued as a memorial volume a little book entitled, "The Letter of Columbus on the Discovery of America," with an appropriate Introduction prepared by the assistant librarian, Mr. W. Eames.

The report of the board for the year 1892 makes special mention of other works, as, "Stevens's Fac-similes of American Manuscripts in European Archives," vols. I. to XV.; "Hausse's Discovery of North America," "Nordenskjold's Fac-simile Atlas," "Faden's North American Atlas of 1777," and a number of the earlier editions of "Ptolemy's Geography." Among the valuable and rare works exhibited in the cases is the Mazarin Bible, *supposed* to have been printed by Gutenberg assisted by Fust at Metz, 1450—1455, the first complete printed book known. There is a beautifully illuminated copy of the same edition. The collection of Bibles contains copies of the various versions and editions in nearly every language in which the Bible has been written. Very recently the library has been enriched by the purchase of the library of the distinguished historian, the late George Bancroft, at a cost of $80,000. Owing to lack of space and shelving the books of this collection have not yet been opened.

LENOX LIBRARY.

JACK O' THE LIGHT.

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter XXXVI.

TWO years later Mme. Marthe died peacefully in the arms of her granddaughter and Sarah Rose.

In the old dame's will handsome legacies were left to the English woman and the maid of all work, Polly, on condition that the two should consent to remain at the house in the square, and care for the cats, the parrot and Bijou, so long as those pets survived. The remainder of her earthly possessions madame bequeathed unconditionally to her beloved granddaughter, Alicia La Merle, and to her heirs and assigns forever.

Immediately after the death of madame, Esther, as we must continue to call her, hastened to join Dr. La Merle in Paris. He carried her to a charming house, on an elegant and fashionable avenue—a luxurious nest, which he had adorned expressly for her coming.

"Ah, you are pale and thin, my poor child!" he said, as he anxiously scrutinized his recovered treasure. "I see in you a martyr to duty. Well, your evil days are now over. Rest, ease, pleasure await you. So far as he may, your father will make amends for your dreary past. You are an heiress, beautiful and young. Lovers will soon rap at my door—a husband, maybe——"

She interrupted him with firmness.

"No, papa, I shall never leave you—I shall never marry."

"Pouf!" he answered. "And why?"

"Because I wish to live and die by your side."

"Without a husband, *petite?*"

"Without a husband."

La Merle shrugged his shoulders, and smiled.

* * * * * *

The famous week of folly and merriment had begun at Nice.

King Carnival sat in colossal state on his high red throne in the Place Masséna, and around him surged crowds of merrymakers, all kept at a respectful distance by the watchful gendarmes. Confetti Day, with its storms of pellets filling the air and whitening the Avenue de la Gare, its noisy bands, and shouting, laughing masked multitudes, was just over. And the sun of the Riviera, brilliant, matchless, was shining again on the sapphire Mediterranean, on the snow peaks of the Maritime Alps, and over the purple-gray hills toward Cimies, where vineyards and groves of lemon and orange fringed the slopes.

All the city was astir and pouring into the Promenade des Anglais. Soon the signal gun would boom for the opening of that delightful festivity—the Battle of Flowers.

On the balcony of a hotel near the Préfecture, under green vines tufted with many flags, Gabriel Ferris sat watching the scene with the curiosity of an alien and a stranger.

Palms waved tall and graceful in the public garden and along the promenade; the light stone walls of the villas shone behind well-kept gardens full of tropical plants; golden fruits gleamed on the orange trees, and up and down the wide, beautiful avenue poured crowds of sprightly French, pleasure-loving Russians, robust Anglo-Saxons, Belgians and Swiss, tawny Spaniards and soft-eyed Italians, dandified officers of the Chasseurs des Alpes—an endless stream, jostling, yet good-natured, all waiting for the signal gun.

"Legions of faces!" muttered Ferris, half sadly, "and not a familiar one among them all!"

The sunshine on his balcony was of scorching fervor, but the wind that swept down from the snow peaks through the streets of the city reminded him of certain blasts that blow up Boston harbor on a spring day. He shivered as he looked

at his watch. Two o'clock. Hark! A sudden boom!

Instantly the sky seemed raining flowers. Storms of roses, lilacs, jasmine and hyacinths filled the air. The crowds in the windows, balconies and porches, the throngs on the pavements and in the hired seats of the platforms erected along the avenues, the occupants of the carriages, moving up and down in slow procession, all entered heart and soul into the mimic conflict. In every direction the bouquets were hurled. Ferris, with a bunch of Parma violets, knocked a freshly lighted cigar from the mouth of an English baronet. Another shot, in the shape of a knot of marguerites, carried away the spectacles of a fat Frenchman. In turn he was pelted mercilessly with *bonbonnières* by some girls in a neighboring balcony. A cluster of japonicas, received in his right eye, placed him, for a few moments at least, *hors du combat*. As soon as his damaged vision would permit Ferris turned his attention again to the mad, merry street.

Under his balcony a carriage was moving in the long procession—a victoria, drawn by cream-colored horses—wheels, harness and the necks of the beasts all wreathed in Mediterranean violets. The vehicle, too, was filled with the same blossoms, and in their midst sat a girl who was herself a match for any flower in beauty. She wore a loose violet velvet cloak, clasped at her throat, and falling back on either side, to display a dress of cream brocade enriched with bands of ostrich feathers. A wide cream-colored hat shaded her hair. Long gloves, and a parasol of the same pale-yellow hue, made up this harmony in blue and gold. Where had Gabriel Ferris before seen that charming face, with the melting dark eyes and smiling red lips? And who was the small, elegant gentleman by the girl's side?

"Great Heaven!" muttered Ferris. "Dr. La Merle and his daughter!"

Of his floral ammunition nothing remained but one bunch of exquisite lilies. With precision he flung this last missile straight into the victoria. It fell on Esther's lap. Both La Merle and his daughter looked up. Ferris bowed profoundly. The occupants of the carriage returned the salute.

"By Jove!" said Ferris to himself. "How handsome that girl has grown! But, then, Esther was always handsome.. And they are at Nice? Well, the world is a small place, after all! To think that I should meet her here—the very woman above all others that I ought to avoid!"

A sudden gloom settled upon him. He no longer cared for the *fête*. The pranks of birds, beasts and insects, frolicking on human legs—a cavalcade of green grasshoppers tearing by in hot pursuit of two huge gold-and-brown bees—a quartet of devils in scarlet, blowing fire, by some prestidigitator art, from their nostrils—the fun, the nonsense, on every side, failed to bring another smile to Ferris's lips. He sat staring up and down for a fresh glimpse of the victoria and the girl in the midst of the violets, but he saw them no more.

Through the whole afternoon the Battle of Flowers raged. The pavements of Nice were strewn thick with trampled bloom. Reluctantly the sun sank, at last, beyond the Mediterranean, and the crowds hurried home to dine.

A biting wind from the snow peaks shook the palms on the promenade, and brought a chill of winter to the tropical scene. Gabriel Ferris arose from the balcony and stalked away to his own quarters in the hotel.

That night the chief magistrate of the department of the Alpes Maritimes gave a ball at the official residence.

The palace blazed with light and resounded with music. Throngs of brilliant men and women of all nationalities filled the ballroom. In the embrasure of a window which overlooked an illuminated square Gabriel Ferris took his stand and began to eagerly watch the faces that came and went around him. Presently he espied in the crowd the stiff red hair and delicate profile of Dr. La Merle. His daughter leaned on his arm. She wore white silk and pink roses—a simple costume that suited well her slender, girlish loveliness. As the pair approached the window Ferris stepped forward and held out his hand.

"How delightful to meet you at Nice, monsieur!" said La Merle, cordially. "When did you leave America?"

"A month ago. I came abroad to transact business for Sydney Lithgow. He is on his way from St. Petersburg, and he instructed me to join him at Nice. As it seems, I have reached the place before him."

Esther was softly swaying a white gauze fan, sewn on each pearl stick with the same pink roses that she wore on her gown. Looking straight into her eyes, Ferris said:

"After all, we were not brother and sister!"

She colored faintly.

"From the first I hardly believed it—somehow I could not make the relationship seem real."

"I, also, was incredulous," he replied. "I felt that a mistake of some kind had occurred." A shadow fell on his face. "Less fortunate than you, Miss La Merle, I continue to bear the reproach of Mark Daryl's blood, though I have never assumed his name—I prefer to be known as Gabriel Ferris still."

Esther's velvety eyes shone compassionately upon him. Perhaps her own narrow escape from Daryl intensified the pity which she felt for Ferris. Dr. La Merle made haste to turn the conversation.

"Monsieur," he said, "have you any news from Crag Head?—from Bruna's husband?"

"None," replied Gabriel.

"Ciel! He was a proud simpleton—that Jack. Why did he go off like a lunatic, instead of falling on his knees and suing for forgiveness, as a lover should? To desert a girl like Bruna!—ah, his second offense was worse than the first! We have written repeatedly, my daughter and I, begging your cousin to leave Crag Head and come to Paris—to those who love her—and waste no more of her youth waiting for that wild Jack o' the Light. But Bruna will not consent."

A smart captain of chasseurs approached the embrasure at that moment, and claimed Mlle. La Merle for a dance. He was a blond youth, with silky mustaches and charming French manners, and Ferris stared after him indignantly as he led Esther away.

"Her lover?" he said to La Merle.

"No," answered the doctor, placidly; "only the son of an old friend of mine. He is a fine fellow—Alphonse—but my child cares nothing for lovers; she will stay with her old father, she says. To-morrow we go to Monaco—I have promised to show her that strange place. She is often restless and out of spirits. Her heart is not French. I think sometimes that she pines for the land over the sea."

Ferris stood and moodily watched the blond captain capering with the girl in white. He was a faultless dancer, but Gabriel suddenly glowed with unspeakable rage against him. He could have wrung Alphonse's inoffensive neck with right good will. The doctor talked on. Ferris heard not another word.

"What a precious fool I have been all my life!" was the cry of his angry, regretful heart.

Monsieur the captain, flushed and joyous, brought his fair partner back to the window.

"Will you give *me* a dance, Esther?" pleaded Ferris, in a low voice.

She laid her hand on his arm. Did she recollect the last time they had danced together at the hateful Witch Hollow garden party? *He* did, and the memory sealed his lips and clouded his countenance. Once this lovely girl had cared a little for him—once, perhaps, he might have won her; but now, alas! a gulf of shame and wrong yawned deep and broad and impassable betwixt the son of Mark Daryl and the daughter of Dr. La Merle.

So the dance was a silent one, and the La Merles retired early from the ballroom. Ferris was allowed to put a long cloak of vieux-rose satin, delicately perfumed, on Esther's milky shoulders, to look into her soft eyes, to press her little hand. And then he stood alone near the palace entrance, under the big southern stars, and cursed himself for his past stupidity and his present helplessness.

On the following day Dr. La Merle and his daughter departed for Monte Carlo. It was sunset when they drove to their hotel on the famous plateau. The rock of Monaco and the summit of Mont Agel glowed with gold and crimson fires. Over the ancient walls and battlements of the terraced town, over the vast Mediterranean, that flood of splendor fell like a celestial baptism. The Corniche Mountains, clothed halfway to their tops with trees and verdure, caught the wealth of color—blue and orange and scarlet. The whole promontory shone like a great jewel.

"For outward beauty," said Dr. La Merle, "this wicked place is probably unsurpassed on the face of the earth."

In the *salle à manger*, as father and daughter took their seats at the *table-d'hôte* dinner, the eyes of both fell simultaneously on another guest, placed opposite, and pretending to be mightily engrossed with half of a pheasant, delightfully sauced.

"You see that I managed to reach Monte Carlo in advance of you," stammered Ferris, with a decidedly guilty air. "Sydney Lithgow wired me that he should not arrive in the Riviera for eight and forty hours, at least, and I found it irksome waiting at Nice alone."

"Sans doute, monsieur," answered La Merle, cordially. "We were charmed to see you yesterday at Nice. It gives us equal pleasure to meet you to-day in this place."

"All my life I have wished to visit Monte Carlo," said Esther. "Papa calls it a den of wickedness, but to ordinary eyes it looks like a paradise. I want to see the palace and gardens, make the excursion to Cape Martin, hear Gounod's music in the concert hall, and have one peep at the dreadful roulette tables."

"Exactly my own programme," answered Ferris. "Will you be so good as to let me join you?"

"Most certainly," replied La Merle; and as soon as dinner was over the trio started for the Casino.

Countless lamps were shining in the park and gardens as they mounted the marble steps leading up to the ugly Oriental-looking building. In the concert hall one of Donizetti's arias rang out gloriously. Our party stopped to listen for a while, then passed on into a vaulted hall lighted

brilliantly, where, around the gold tables, were gathered the feverish players—men and women, prince and commoner, old and young, wicked and innocent. La Merle, with his daughter and Gabriel Ferris, drew near to a table. A sinister silence seemed to hold the whole company—a horrible intensity of anxiety, which blanched all faces and palsied all tongues. The monotonous cry of the croupiers alone broke this grim prevailing stillness, "Faites vot' jeu, messieurs."

And the players put down their stakes on the green cloth, each trusting his or her fortune to some color or number, red or black, odd or even. The fateful wheel whirled: the little ball revolved rapidly.

"What faces!" whispered Esther to Gabriel Ferris. "Here is an old woman on our right, who looks like a bird of prey; and that girl by her side—why, she is still in her teens!—she seems about to faint. Who is this man with his back toward us? I fancy he has staked his last sou. He is trembling from head to foot."

Ferris's quick eye was prompt to single out the party mentioned—a male figure, leaning forward in an agony of dread, his gaze fixed on the wheel and the spinning ball.

"Poor devil!" muttered the young fellow; then he paused — stared — started. "My God!" he said, under his breath; "it is Mark Daryl!"

La Merle and Esther craned their necks to look. The ball rolled about and stopped in a division. A low murmur of suppressed excitement ran among the players. The croupier raked in the gold and notes of the losers, and paid the lucky winners.

There was no expression of joy, no cry of despair. The man whom the trio had been watching arose from the table, his face like clay, his fists tightly clinched. The croupier's careless rake had indeed swept from him his last centime. Yes, it was Mark Daryl.

Close to Esther and his son he passed—close to Dr. La Merle, the man whom he had so deeply wronged; but his haggard eyes, set in a blank stare, saw none of them. A ruined gamester, with pockets emptied and resources exhausted, he staggered across the polished floor, through the wide portal, out of which thousands in like strait had passed before him, and disappeared into the night.

"I must follow!" said Gabriel Ferris. "He is my father! God only knows how he came here, yet I need feel no surprise—this is exactly the place in which I might have expected to encounter him." And he rushed away in pursuit.

Esther, thrilling with womanly sympathy, grasped La Merle's arm.

"Oh, come, papa," she implored, "let us not desert Gabriel! Once I thought that Mark Daryl was *my* father. Come, if you love me."

La Merle yielded. The pair hurried out of the roulette rooms, close on the heels of Ferris. They overtook the young fellow outside the Casino, where he stood, like one bewildered, staring up and down.

"I do not see my father," he said, in pale apprehension, as his friends joined him. "Whither did he go? He is a desperate man."

"He probably turned into the gardens," answered La Merle, soothingly. "Permit us to share your search, monsieur. This way—he cannot be far distant. Monte Carlo has many desperate men. He did not recognize us in the gold room. But courage—we will find him."

"Yes, courage!" murmured Esther. And the three plunged into the gardens.

The change from the hot, feverish Casino to the peace and beauty of the outer world was most refreshing. Gabriel, in advance, turned into a path under palm and orange trees, and looked around for his wretched father. The odor of dew-drenched flowers filled the air; the big southern stars shone softly on the craggy shore; there was a sound of fountains babbling, a stir of leaves, but nowhere any sign of Mark Daryl.

The path curved abruptly into a thicket. Ferris made a dash forward, and stumbled. On the whiteness of the walk lay a shadow, dark and long, that was not cast by shrub or tree. Recovering himself quickly, Gabriel bent down and touched it. Lo! the body of a man, with face upturned to the night sky, and one hand grasping a still smoking pistol! La Merle and Esther hurried up at that instant, and gave an exclamation of dismay.

"Mon Dieu!" cried the doctor; "another suicide! There were two in the park yesterday——"

His voice died on his lips, for a sudden puff of wind tossed aside the shadow of the thicket, like a human hand, and they saw that the man who lay in the white path, under the dewy roses, with the light of the lamps shining on his stark dead body, was Mark Daryl.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SO THAT evil life ended, and the son who had never borne his name buried him in a foreign grave.

Just a week later, in Dr. La Merle's hotel on the Quai Masséna at Nice, Gabriel Ferris, haggard and worn, stood looking sadly into the soft eyes of Dr. La Merle's daughter.

"Both you and yours have suffered unutterable

THE BROKEN PITCHER.—ENGRAVED BY BAUDE, AFTER THE PICTURE BY BONNAT.

things at my father's hands," he was saying, bitterly. "I love you with my whole heart, Esther, but I cannot, dare not, hope that you will listen to Mark Daryl's son."

She moved toward him, with eyes wide and shining.

"Then you have quite ceased to care for Bruna?" she said, breathlessly.

With a sad smile Ferris answered:

"I ceased to care for Bruna when I discovered that Bruna never had cared, and never would care, for me. You and I met here at Nice. Some seed that had long been hidden in my heart sprang to sudden life then. I looked at you with eyes from which the scales had fallen—I knew, when too late, that if I was to have any happiness in this life it must come from you, and you alone."

"Then," said Esther, quietly, "it matters nothing to me whose son you may be, Gabriel. If I am needful to your happiness take me—I belong to you."

* * * * * *

The news of Mark Daryl's death traveled rapidly across the sea, to the lonely house at Witch Hollow—to the fair, sad woman shut there from the world that had once worshiped her. Her evil genius, her pitiless tormentor, was no more—at last Myrtle Ferris was free.

Soon after the receipt of the brief cablegram a letter arrived from Gabriel.

"He died as he had lived," wrote the son to the mother. "The sad and shameful story is done. He will never trouble you more. Let us forgive and, so far as we can, forget him. As for myself, a great happiness has come unexpectedly into my life. Miss La Merle, better known to you as Esther Daryl, has promised to be my wife."

Bruna's old groom brought this letter to Mrs. Lithgow on a dark and boisterous night, when the rain was falling heavily, and the sea roaring like mad along the lonely North Shore. She read it again and again: all the shapes of her troubled past trooped forward to confront her. With a heartbreaking sigh she sank into a chair before her evening fire, and gazed long and mournfully into the crimson and lilac flame.

Sitting thus, she was like a Parian image. Her dress of dead lustreless black, bordered with a band of fur about the throat and hem, increased her startling pallor. Her violet eyes were tearless, but deeply, darkly shadowed. Deliverance had come, her torments were over, yet Myrtle's heart lay dull and heavy in her bosom. In Gabriel's letter the name of Sydney Lithgow was not once mentioned.

The storm roared in the chimney, as though the ghosts of all the Salem witches were holding carnival there. The sea boomed on the neighboring beach. She was glad that her son had found consolation for his past disappointments—that he was to be happy with that lovely child Esther. Here, at least, was one streak of light in her dark sky.

Presently she lifted her head and listened. Through the violence of the storm her ear caught a sound like the roll of wheels. This noise seemed to be at the very door. Immediately after the knocker clanged. A step in the hall. On the threshold of the little sitting room stood Sydney Lithgow.

The pair had been parted for more than two years. One cry, and they were in each other's arms. Let no one believe that the rapture and passion of life belong alone to youth. Middle age likewise has its profound emotions and experiences.

"I hurried to you as fast as possible," sighed Sydney Lithgow. "Yet every hour of the journey was like an eternity. There was an ocean between us, Myrtle, and I could not annihilate space."

Her head was on his shoulder. She answered not a word.

"My poor darling, you have suffered," he groaned, "and I—look at my white hair. These purgatorial years have left their marks on me as well."

She raised her eyes to his face, seamed, alas! with many a new line, and the tears glistened under her lashes.

"Oh, Sydney," she answered, with deep humility, "was ever lover like you—so faithful, so fond? But for the thought of your matchless devotion I could never have borne the shame and misery that has been heaped upon me!"

He strained her slender black figure to his heart, and laid his lips to the white throat gleaming betwixt soft bands of fur. His own eyes were dim.

"To-morrow," he said, "you will marry me again, Myrtle. Only death shall part us now, dear. The remainder of my life belongs to you. My darling, try to forget these two last dreadful years."

Presently he drew her to a window, and pushing back the curtain, looked out into the night. The clouds parted suddenly before the shifting wind. A big yellow star shone through.

"See!" said Lithgow; "the storm is over.

"'God's in His Heaven,
All's well with the world.'"

Next day there was a quiet ceremony in the drawing room of Witch Hollow, and Bruna and

Miss Cicely, summoned from Crag Head to witness it, looked on with misty eyes. The impressive service over, they kissed Myrtle Lithgow's pale cheek, pressed the hand of her husband, and with mingled joy and sadness saw the pair depart from Witch Hollow.

"We have lost our neighbor," sighed Miss Cicely. "Now the Hollow will be closed again. Everybody has gone from us, Bruna. I am sure it would be well for you to leave Crag Head and join the La Merles in Paris, as they urge you to do. For a girl like you, the Crag seems very lonely. It is not good for you to remain here longer."

They were walking slowly back to the house under the whispering pines. Miss Cicely looked anxious and troubled, but Bruna quietly shook her fair head.

"I cannot leave the Crag, Miss Cicely," she answered. "Should my husband return he would look for me first in this place. I must wait for him here—yes, so long as I live I must stay on at the Crag."

Chapter XXXVIII.

It was a raw November evening, with a clamorous gale on the sea, and tatters of leaden clouds flying, like bats' wings, across the face of the moon. Down at the Fogport station lights blinked cheerfully, and all things were ready for the Boston express, due in exactly ten minutes. The station master, lantern in hand, stood on the windy platform, his eyes fixed on a distant curve in the road. Suddenly from the shadow of some freight cars standing on a side track a slouching, unkempt figure shuffled toward him across the iron rails.

"Say, mister," it called, gruffly, "do you know of any job of work in these parts?"

The station master looked at the speaker.

"Tramp—loafer!" was his inward comment.

"No," he answered, aloud; "I haven't heard of any."

"S'pose there's nothing you want done round the station?"

"No; where do you hail from?"

"All sorts of places."

"Ever been at Fogport before?"

"Yes; three years ago."

"Who'd you work for then?"

The vagabond thrust his hands into his breeches' pockets, and cast a cunning glance at his interrogator.

"I did a job for a party named Daryl."

"Daryl—oh, the folks up at Crag Head? Well, the young lady is still there. Maybe she'll find something again for you. What is your name?"

"Jim Crossley. Come now, boss, I'm too dead tired to take that tramp to the Crag. And they keep two cussed dogs there. Besides, I h'ain't had any supper yet."

The station master handed the man a quarter.

"Take this," he said, not unkindly; "but see that you keep away from liquor shops. Here comes the express. Look out, man—never stand too near a track. It's fooling with your life, and that's a business that doesn't pay."

Round the distant curve a headlight glared; the iron horse shrieked and puffed, and the train drew up at the station.

One passenger only alighted—a man in a long cloak buttoned to his ears, and a hat drawn low over his eyes. The station lights shone full upon him as he crossed the platform. Jim Crossley ceased fingering the station master's coin, and let drop an oath.

The solitary traveler stepped into the highway, and looking neither right nor left, walked away into the darkness.

"By gum!" said Mr. Crossley, "I never forgets a face that I sees once, boss! Good-by—I'm off to find some supper." And with long strides he departed in the wake of the passenger.

He of the long coat was several yards in advance, and too deeply absorbed in his own thoughts to see or hear Crossley. The moon had waded dense clouds, and all the landscape grew dark. The traveler tramped monotonously forward, without haste, and certainly with no buoyancy. His head was bent, as though in meditation. Crossley, noiseless as a red Indian on the trail, pressed after him, no longer bothered, as it seemed, by any desire for supper.

The road dipped and rose again, an uncertain line of fence and tree, stretching straight toward Witch Hollow. When he reached the entrance of that deserted estate the man in the long coat hesitated, paused, tried the stout gate—it was fast. Being of agile build, he then mounted it with ease, and leaped down into the silent darkness of the Witch Hollow garden.

A year had passed since the departure of Mrs. Lithgow from the place, and the Hollow now wore the dismal appearance peculiar to the forsaken habitations of men. The unpruned shrubbery put forth skeleton hands to clutch the intruder; the windows looked like sightless eyes; the empty veranda was a cavern of shadows, through which the wind shrieked like a lost soul. As he mounted the steps and tried the bolted door the man in the long coat felt like some ghost wandering in a graveyard.

The house was deserted and every shutter fast. A bird that had found refuge in the dead vines

of the veranda flew past the intruder on frightened wing. The surf dashed high on the beach. Weed-grown and frost-bitten, the lawns stretched dark under the leafless trees.

"Abomination of desolation!" muttered the man. "How that sea moans to-night! Sounds like a human creature *in extremis*."

He descended the steps of the forsaken dwelling and plunged into the shrubbery, with his face set toward the boundary wall of Crag Head. Fallen leaves choked the little brook — it was gurgling but faintly over its rocks. He found the stile which had so long been a means of communication betwixt the Crag and the Hollow, and mounted it. Somewhere behind him a twig cracked—he heard a stealthy step.

"Who's there?" he called.

No answer. He listened, but the noise was not repeated. He entered the pine wood, where a carpet of fallen needles muffled every footfall, and the roar of the wind in the treetops drowned all minor sounds. Twigs might crack now, a stealthy walk become a run, clumsy feet stumble over brown protruding roots, and no one hear.

Our solitary wanderer quickened his pace. He was making for the house at Crag Head, and he seemed to gather resolution as he drew nearer to it. Out broke the moon from the cloud rack: white and full it shone down on the headland, and into the pine wood, and over the ancient mansion, standing, as of old, above the great heaving, wind-blown sea. In the west parlor a lamp was burning like a beacon—our traveler paused to look at it.

The moment and the opportunity had come! From the darkness of the path behind him something burst, like a beast from its lair. A breath hot with hate and vengeance swept his cheek.

"We're quits to-night, guv'nor!" cried a hoarse voice. "Take this from the make-believe Bevil!"

Like a lightning thrust some keen, stinging weapon pierced through the closely buttoned greatcoat, deep into flesh and bone. The man staggered under the unexpected attack.

"You cowardly cur!" he cried. "You followed me from the station!"

With one hand pressed to his gushing wound he made an attempt to turn on his assailant; but the latter dropped his knife and plunged into the pine wood. The victim moved blindly forward toward that light in the Crag Head window, made as if to stretch his arms to it, and then reeled and fell prone on the earth, with his face upturned to the cold white moon.

A profound silence followed. This was presently broken by a thud of hoofs, a murmur of conversation in the pine-hung avenue.

"We are late, Roger," said the voice of Bruna Daryl. "I fear Miss Rainsford will be anxious. Have you the mail safe in the bag?"

"Yes, miss. I never lost a letter in my life, and I've carried 'em back and forth for many a year. Gracious Lord! what's that thing stretched there in the road? Some drunken lout—look out your horse don't shy, miss."

"Who can it be? Get down at once, Roger."

The two riders, mistress and servant, had now reached the prostrate body. Roger drew rein and dismounted stiffly.

"My God!" he cried out, in breathless, horrified astonishment.

Startled by something in the old groom's voice, Bruna leaned quickly over her horse's neck, and looked down at the fallen man. A flood of moonlight poured on his upturned face. With a shriek that made the pine wood ring she leaped from her saddle.

"Jack! He has come back! Oh, Jack!"

There was no answer, no movement. She knelt in the driveway, and tried to lift the helpless head—to look into the sightless eyes.

"Roger," she cried, "it is my husband, and he is dead!"

"Yes, miss; I knew him," answered Roger. He picked up Jim Crossley's knife. "Look at this—he's stabbed—the gravel is wet!"

The truth burst upon her. She sprang to her feet.

"Quick, Roger! You and I must carry him to the house. After three long years he has come back to be murdered at my very door. Oh! oh!"

The strength of an Amazon seemed to enter into her. At that moment her manservant was the weaker of the two. Together they lifted Lithgow, and bore him to the door of Crag Head, which was speedily opened by Miss Cicely. The confusion which ensued had not been equaled in that house since the night of Anthony Daryl's death.

"Mount your horse, Roger, and go for the nearest surgeon," commanded Bruna. "Ride for his life and—mine! Let all who love me help me now to save him."

Roger tore madly back to the town, and brought the man of science. The gray eyes of Jack Lithgow unclosed. He looked around the room where they had laid him—at the girl kneeling by his bed, white as Iphigenia at the sacrifice.

"Bruna—my wife!"

"Oh, Jack!"

"*Forgive.*"

Three years before he had made the same plea, in vain. Now Bruna swayed forward, and with

her disordered blond hair sweeping his breast she laid her lips upon those of the supplicator.

"Tell me," she sobbed, "who tried to kill you at my threshold?"

On the mouth that she had kissed an ineffable smile dawned.

"At the station!" he gasped. "Crossley—he remembered—he followed."

A FORETASTE OF SPRING.—FROM THE PAINTING BY F. MARKHAM SKIPWORTH.

Bruna cried out sharply.

"Then *I* am the cause of it all! You made that wretch your enemy by protecting *me*. The false Bevil never forgave the real one. *I* have destroyed you, Jack. It was I—I—who sharpened Crossley's knife!"

"Hush!" said the surgeon. "He has fainted."

After this manner Jack o' the Light returned to Crag Head, and the woman who loved him.

Morning was in the sky when Roger crept to the door of the room where Love and Death were contending for mastery, and begged to speak to his young lady.

"I've news for you, Miss Bruna," he whispered. "Last night the Fogport authorities were notified, and that raskill Crossley found he wasn't a-going to git safe out of the town. So he hid near the station, and made a rush to board a train when it was moving by. And he slipped and went under the wheels, miss, and was took up in bits—a very good thing, too, for that's the end of him, and saves further trouble."

* * * * * *

Sydney Lithgow and his wife came in haste to share Bruna's vigils by the wounded man. In his delirium Jack o' the Light raved of weary roving, not in the old South American haunts, but through the vast solitudes of Australian sheep farms—of privation, hunger, thirst, heartsickness; and then of an urgent recall, found by accident in a Melbourne paper, and signed with Sydney Lithgow's name.

"The notice said that all would be forgiven," he muttered, "so I threw up everything, and took passage on the first home-bound ship."

Sydney Lithgow looked at Bruna.

"I advertised for Jack in foreign journals," he whispered; "among others, a Melbourne paper. Poor boy!"

After that the sufferer was struggling with Crossley for his life—he was standing in the Fogport church, holding Bruna's hand, and pleading for pardon—he was wandering, lost in the Australian scrub. His cry of despair rent the hearts of his watchers:

"Oh, God! the sky is brass—the lakes are dried up. There is no water for the sheep—no escape anywhere, no hope! Bruna—oh, my love, my love!"

Skilled and tireless hands ministered to him constantly. Unfailing care and tenderest love surrounded him. He was young and sound, and he made a gallant fight for life. How could he die, with Bruna's hands holding him back from death, and Bruna's pale lips murmuring over him heartbreaking prayers? Sorrow does not always vanquish love, and there are smiles in the world as well as tears.

Christmas Eve came to the North Shore that year with ice and snow and arctic cold. On that merry night a fire of pine knots cracked in the wainscoted parlor of Crag Head, and into the light and warmth of it a couch was drawn, and heaped with splendid furs. On this bed of luxury lay Jack o' the Light, wasted and pale, but convalescent, and with a deep content—an unspeakable happiness—illumining his handsome young face.

"Bruna," he said, teasingly, to the girl, who sat by his side, holding his thin hand in both her own, "you would not let me die when Jim Crossley did his best to finish me, so now you have me on your hands for life."

"Oh, Jack," she implored, "don't jest on that subject!"

"My darling,

"'Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy!'

You know that, in the future, you will have me at a great disadvantage. When I become unruly there is one way by which you may always bring me promptly to terms and make me your abject penitent. Shall I name it?—*call me Bevil!*"

Bruna colored and shook her head.

"Never! I scorn such a method. Moreover, I tell you for the hundredth time that I have quite forgiven Bevil. Now that he is merged in Jack o' the Light, I remember his misdeeds no more."

She stroked the thin hand that she held, and quoted, softly:

"'Smiling noon for sullen morrow,
Years of joy for hours of sorrow.'

Oh, Jack! do you *now* think that my love is poor and trivial?"

"No!" answered Jack.

Outside Crag Head the Christmas wind whistled shrilly in the pine tops, and the sea thundered; but within two hearts "beat as one," and the light of the pine knots played lovingly on two blissful faces.

THE END.

OLD ENGLISH MILLS AND MILLERS.

By M. G. Watkins.

"I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it."
—*As You Like It*, ii. 4.

A wide and far-extended landscape, lit up here and there by sunny gleams, resembles a retrospect of life. The mind passes over it with contentment, insensibly pleased with an occasional bright spot, dwelling on no one memory as prominent, but soothed with the peaceful effect of the whole. It is otherwise with the objects which present themselves in the foreground to the lover of rustic scenery. Some are at once repugnant to the artistic sense. No one can find beauty in a newly built brick cottage or a muddy pond where cattle have trodden down the marsh plants by its rim, which would else have set it in a verdant flowery circlet. Neither of these objects possesses any associations with human needs or human joys and sorrows. On the other hand, let an ancient churchyard, an old half-timbered farm—even a milestone whose time-worn figures are almost obliterated by moss—suddenly meet a wayfarer, and they at once appeal powerfully to his attention. They do more, they keenly touch his heart. Sympathy with human life is the key to the beauty of the country. The poets who can invest rural objects with human interest are thus for ordinary men the best interpreters of nature. Painters, by virtue of their insight and the subtle genius which connects their pictures with man's emotions, appeal more strongly to the reflective and educated mind. Compare the effect, for instance, which a picture like Millet's "L'Angélus" has upon a well-read philosophic disposition and the few elements of beauty which it contains for the general stream of gazers. Ruins, deserted halls, dismantled castles, and the like, do not speak so powerfully to the emotions because they are old—although this is what attracts the mere painter or photographer to them—but because they have been inseparably connected with men who have long since worked and fought in life's battles, laid themselves down to rest in them, and risen again with the morrow, resolute and perseverving unto the end. Such sights appeal at once to the brotherhood of the whole human race. They are a moral lesson—a hope, an aspiration.

Among the multitude of objects which, in an old and settled country like Great Britain, at once catch the eye and take the heart captive with these sentiments, mills, whether they work by wind or by water, are prominent. They possess every element which can give delight to the contemplative mind—the beauty which comes of a long course of usefulness, associations of many kinds—picturesqueness, swiftness of motion, giant power, diversity combined with monotony. Their might and velocity strongly impress the beholder. No object is so pleasing when viewed from a study window as a windmill on a distant eminence cheerfully spinning round against the sky. It is a perpetual Mentor. No encouragement is there to wait for inspiration, or to delay because the worker does not feel in the fitting mood—the mill shames such an excuse. According to the old motto, cut over its low door, "Wind Blowes, Miln Goes." Every breeze is the same to it, it turns round and faces them all. So, too, with the water mill. It runs whether the stream be low or flooded, pellucid or red with the rains of winter. "All is grist that comes to the mill" in the way of water as well as grain. There are windmills indeed erected to perform different duties to the homely task of grinding meal, which is the end of the ordinary mill. Some are seen from afar in the Fens connected with modern machinery for drainage; and some, with peculiarly swift and fussy mill-sails, in brickfields and such like places, revolve day and night with a rapidity which is both tiresome and unpleasing. These never commend themselves to the lover of the country. They remind him of the endless labors of Sisyphus and the Danaides, or of Tityus suffering eternal torments under the earth:

"Nec fibris requies datur ulla renatis."

The water mill is older than the windmill; but prehistoric corn—such wheat, for instance, as Pytheas, the first traveler from civilization to Great Britain, saw the natives of Kent drying in large sheds on account of the absence of sun—was ground in handmills, as is still done in the East. Querns, as these mills are called, are frequently found in the cyclopean underground dwellings of Scotland. Their simplest form consists of two thin circular stones, the upper of which is pierced in the centre and revolves on a wooden or metal pin inserted in the lower one. The grinder dropped the grain into the central hole with one hand, while the other caused the upper stone to revolve by means of a stick inserted in a small hole near the edge. The labori-

HISTORIC MILL ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF CRECY.

asserted he had the assistance of an angel in turning the stone. Wilson thinks that at this time (the early part of the sixth century) the quern was the only mill in use. Large water mills were introduced in the thirteenth century into Scotland, and legal means had to be employed to render their use compulsory. The quern is said to have lingered in the remoter districts of that country until the close of the last century, notwithstanding Alexander III.'s prohibition, in 1284, that "Na man sall presume to grind quheit, maishlock or rye with hands mylne, except he be compelled be storm, or be lack of mills, quilk sould grind the samen."

Water mills are among the oldest features of the country, and they have been little improved since their introousness of this operation is well illustrated by a story told of Columba. He was studying under St. Finnian, and every night on which it fell to his lot to grind the corn with the quern he performed his task so quickly that his companions enviously

IN RURAL SUSSEX.

duction, save that the old millstones, which were of millstone grit, are now made of composition; and it has been found out that, of all woods, hawthorn is the most useful for timber requisite in the machinery. Few country objects are more picturesque than the laboring wheel with its dropping streams, and the ferns and mosses which so frequently flourish by it. There are certain to be several paintings of such mills in every exhibition. At the Conquest a mill was a great source of profit to the lord of a manor. All his dependents were obliged to use

ORFORD, IN SUFFOLK.

it. Consequently, "One mill" is a frequent entry in Doomsday Book, and the miller a well-known character in song and ballad: witness the Miller of the Dee, and "Little John and Midge, the Miller's Son"; and who can forget Chaucer's mill at Trumpington, "not fer fro Canterbrigge," and the miller?—

"As any peacock he was proude and gay,
Pipen he coude, and fishe, and nettes bete,
And turnen cappes, and wrastlen wel and shete."

Multitudes of mills in Lincolnshire match the late Laureate's happy sketch:

—"Let us wander forth
To yon old mill across the wolds;
For look, the sunset south and north
Winds all the vale in rosy folds,
And fires your narrow casement glass,
Touching the sullen pool below;
On the chalk hill the bearded grass
Is dry and dewless."

Everyone must have noticed the difference between water and wind mills from a moral and æsthetic point of view. The former is smothered in verdure, grave, monotonous, always doing its duty, and yet with a perpetual restful look as of Sunday about it, and a pleasing accessory to the most beautiful river scenery. A windmill, on the contrary, seeks the most elevated and gusty position in the countryside, and is always whirring away with an obtrusive air of virtue, which puts a man quietly going about his own business, let alone a lazy man, into a resentful mood at once. The water wheel, as it slowly revolves, every now and then almost stopping with a groan, types the highest achievement of Celtic ingenuity, and shows the slowness of its thought; the active windmill, never able to fly round fast enough to please its energy, manifestly came from the doggedly industrious levels of Holland.

There is but one type of the water mill, with its wheel, its ivy-covered house, and the geese which haunt the dam. The windmill, on the contrary, presents two distinct forms, neither of which pretends to such an antiquity as belongs to many water mills. These were frequently an appanage of some well-known religious house, as was the mill at Abbey Dore in the Golden Valley (which still does its work), of the Cistercian house of that name. Windmills are either of painfully new brick and of an imposing height and great sweep of sails, or they are of wood, twisted and warped with sun and shower, with tattered sails and broken arms, leaning to one side, gray and generally decrepit. The former are doubtless better, commercially, as grinding corn more thoroughly and with greater expedition; but the latter are dearer to the artist. A subtle play of lights and shadows glances over an old wooden mill which the spick-and-span brick tower can never boast. The finest picture of a mill in which all its pathetic associations with man—man's life and harvest—are faithfully represented was painted by Millet, the French peasant, and he who contemplates it will find out what latent poetry an ordinary village mill may contain.

The miller himself, both in real life and literature, possesses a twofold character. He is either a rogue, like Chaucer's miller, Simkin,

"A thefe he was forsooth of corn and mele,
And that a slie and usant for to stele";

or a good-natured, easy-going man, such as Tennyson has portrayed:

"His double chin, his portly size,
And who that knew him could forget
The busy wrinkles round his eyes?
The slow wise smile that, round about
His dusty forehead, dryly curled,
Seemed half within and half without,
And full of dealings with the world."

Among tradesmen of a philosophic character, such as cobblers and fishing-rod makers, millers hold a high place. They are always democratic in their views, as being wont to grind all that comes into dust, and to see all their neighbors compelled to resort to them for the staff of life. Their pigs, too, are always fat, and thereby hang dark tales. The gossip of the countryside is well known to them, and fitly enough their tongue "clappeth as a mill." Doubtless there is some alloy in their cup of prosperous happiness. Virgil alludes to the weevil, which is not unknown in modern flour at times. Sometimes, again, the water mill is blocked by ice, and not a breath of air blows to turn the windmill's sails. Millers' wives, too, are often shrews, why, is not very apparent, and they live in daily fear of their children being drowned in the dam or killed by the rushing sails. Foreign exportations also convulse the corn market, so that a miller's life is not uniformly to be coveted. A peck of troubles invariably accrues from the numbers who wish to fish in his milldam and pit. Naturally he likes to catch his own eels, nor has he much objection to allow a few to throw the fly on his water. But strangers will trespass, tread down his meadow and break his hedges, and then his temper is apt to be short.

Unluckily he fares ill in proverbial literature. "An honest miller hath a golden thumb." The Scotch, with their pawky humor, are never tired of girding at him: "'It's gude to be merry and

wise,' quo' the miller, when he moutered twice" (i.e., twice took his customary payment); and again, "The miller mouters best wi' his ain hand"; while "to drown the miller"—a heinous sin in Scotland—implies putting too much water into a glass of spirits. "Every miller draws water to his own mill," points to his selfishness. The miller's wife partakes in her husband's failings. "Do," says another proverb, "as the miller's wife of Newlands did; she took what she had and she never wanted." She probably gossips a good deal, for "mealy-mou'd maidens stand long at the mill." Even the miller's dog is sharper than most of his kin: "The miller's dog licks his lips ere the pack be opened." It is worth remembering that "the lower millstone grinds as well as the upper." "To be trusted with a house full of unbored millstones" implies considerable distrust.

Proverbial lore appears to be struck with the noise of a mill; "To be born in a mill" is a synonym for being deaf; while "In vain doth the mill clack if the miller his hearing lack." It is not quite apparent to one who does not belong to the trade what can be the meaning of "The horse next the mill carries all the grist."

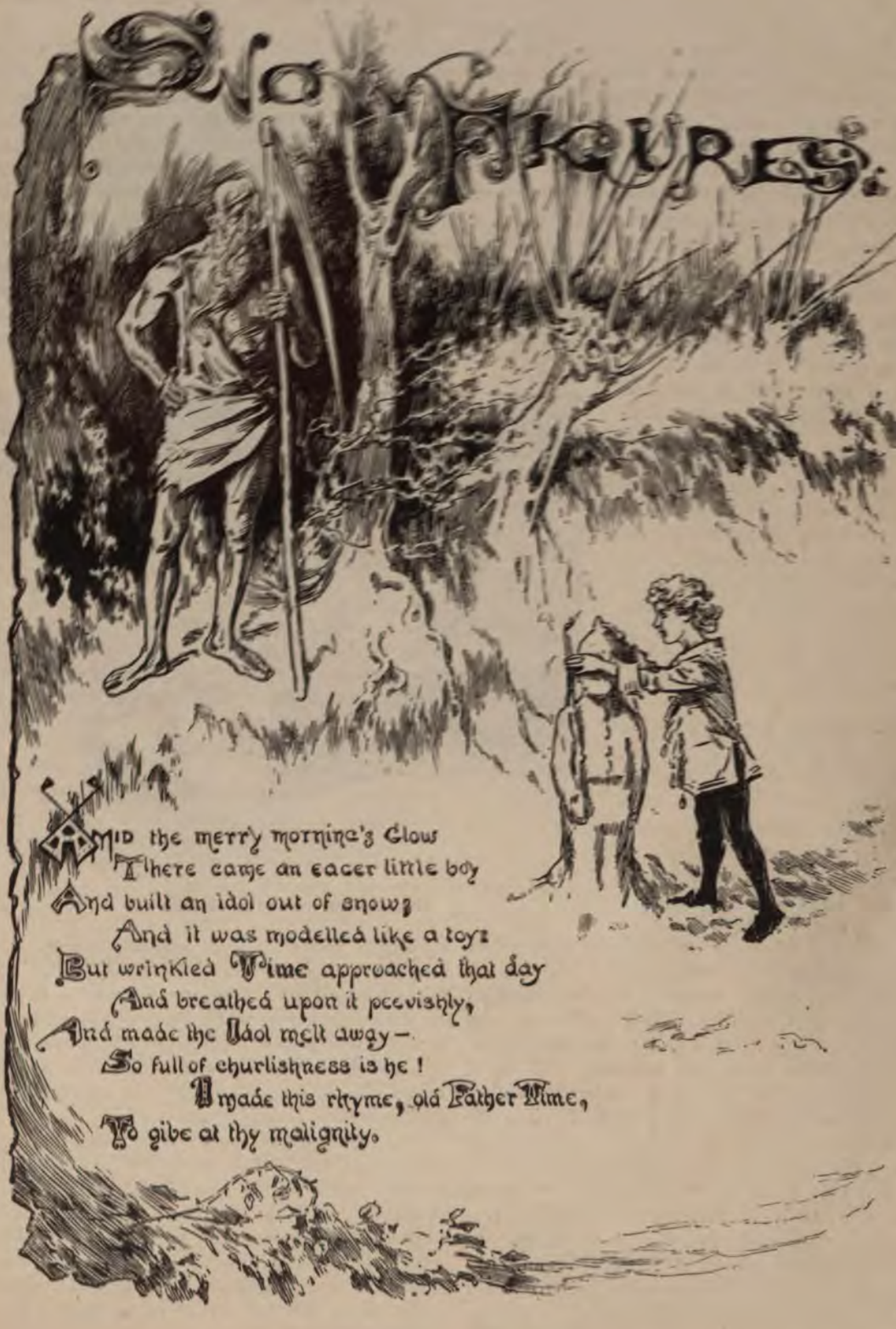
The windmill is on too exposed a situation to render it grateful to romance or sentiment. A tradition, indeed, at most mills tells of the adventurous person who for a wager undertook to clutch the mill sails as they passed, and be swept round with them to alight safely whence he ascended, and of course a donkey was once killed by approaching them incautiously. Many a romantic story, on the contrary, attaches itself to the water wheel, with its rushing pool below, the home of the big trout, and its deep dam above, where the finest perch may be taken. In one of these mill pools St. Thomas of Canterbury was all but drowned by rashly leaping in to save the life of his favorite hawk; in another, a rusty bunch of keys was taken up in an eel trap, and proved to have been flung in when the abbey two fields above was dissolved. At a third, a burglar, trying to enter the mill when the wheel was stationary, accidentally caused it to revolve, and was taken off his treadmill in the morning half frozen by the constant stream which poured over him. Shakespeare speaks of two most prominent rural objects being "grange or mill," and the wandering angler rejoices at the appearance of the latter on his stream.

At certain times, however, the miller can be provokingly ill-natured to the fly fisher when he has once passed the water mill. A deluge of weeds comes down one day; on the next, wisps of hay float onward to entangle the flies; but the most aggravating of any miller's misdoings is when he lets off the water with a full head of bubbles, dead leaves, cabbage stumps and the like one while, and after a little shuts his sluices again, and speedily leaves the wretched angler nothing but wet gravel and a few rivulets in which to fish. A repetition of this manœuvre at short intervals during the day is calculated to drive the completest angler frantic. It has been noticed, too, that the dog at a water mill is invariably sulky, and makes himself, like his master, a nuisance to those he does not know, while what ought to be the peaceful precincts of golden-flowered meadows are apt to be haunted by a wicked bull. On the whole, a water mill is a place to be approached by strangers with becoming caution.

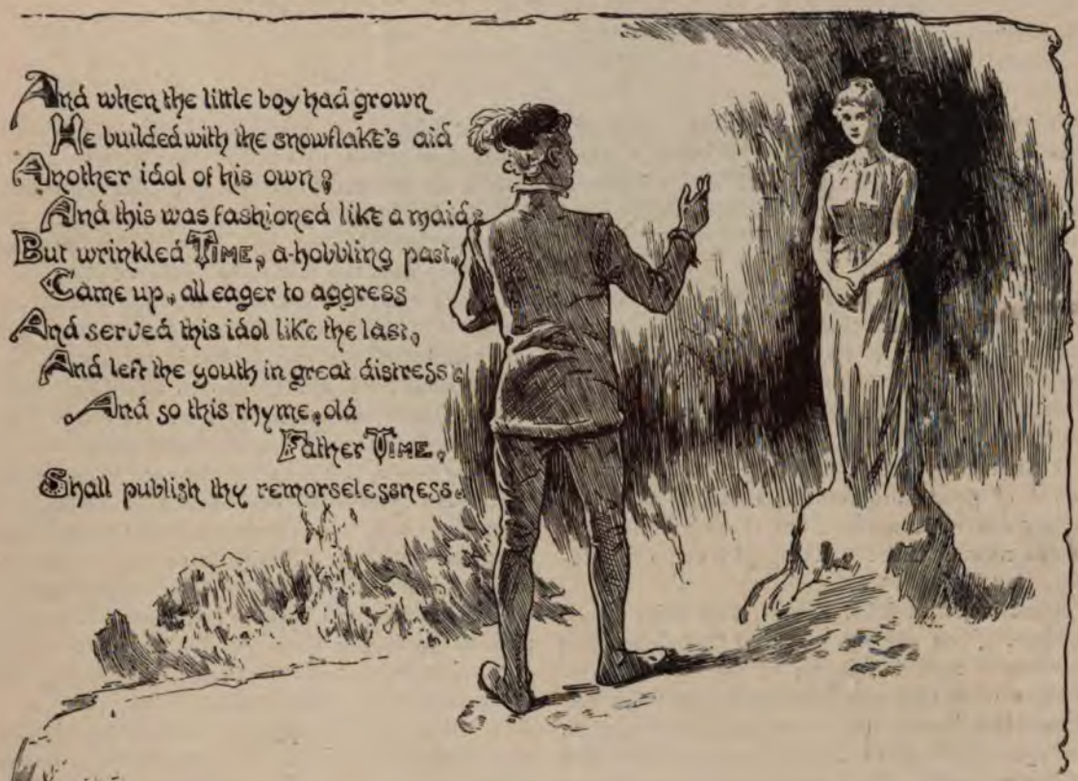
INTERIOR OF THE MILL OF CRECY.

The melancholy Jacques must often have lingered by a mill. The monotony of its rushing streams and clacking wheel, the waters that help mankind to the staple of life one instant and the next are gone forever, the persistent type of old-world engineering presented by the wheel, never improved, and seemingly incapable of improvement—these are but a tithe of the fancies which the moralist finds in it.

Snow Figures.



Amid the merry morning's Glow
There came an eager little boy
And built an idol out of snow;
And it was modelled like a toy:
But wrinkled Time approached that day
And breathed upon it peevishly,
And made the Idol melt away—
So full of churlishness is he!
Made this rhyme, old Father Time,
To gibe at thy malignity.



And when the little boy had grown
He builded with the snowflake's aid
Another idol of his own;
And this was fashioned like a maid,
But wrinkled TIME, a-hobbling past,
Came up, all eager to aggress
And served this idol like the last,
And left the youth in great distress;
And so this rhyme, old
FATHER TIME,
Shall publish thy remorselessness.

But when that youth grew old and wise
He made another statue — HOPE —
Of purest snow and goodly size:
Then came old TIME the misanthrope
And breathed upon it all in vain:
It grew more fair, and white, and dense;
Until, exhausted with the strain,
Old TIME himself departed hence!
Oho! This rhyme, old FATHER TIME,
Exulteth at
thine
impotence.

Jas. F. Sullivan.

RETURNED UNBROKEN TO THE OWNER.

By Champion Bissell.

I.

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Brayton to her son, while they were alone over coffee after dinner, "it is time for you to marry—to range yourself. Among all the nice girls you know, it surely must be easy to pick one."

"My own mamma," answered Ernest, laughingly, "it would be much easier to pick half a dozen than one. Not that the supply is so superabundant, but one is such a narrow choice; it brings selection down to such a fine point."

"Nonsense, Ernest. Suppose your father had thought so?"

"Father, having eyes in his head and the usual amount of good judgment, was obliged to fix on you, my dearest mamma; but there are no such chances nowadays. No living girl can ever duplicate you."

"That is a thin joke, Ernest, and we've heard it before. You are approaching that dangerous age when a man is spoken of as 'still young.' We know what that means. Then, every day you are growing harder to please, and, perhaps, to other eyes than mine you may some day grow less pleasing yourself. But you are yet an attractive young man; by the terms of your father's will you will have before the next new year the control of your fortune; and by joining it to that of some nice girl you can have as good an establishment as any of the young people. Now, promise me to think of it seriously, Ernest. I should hate to see you develop into a mere clubman—what they call an 'old boy about town.'"

"Very well, mother; I promise to think about it. That's a safe promise to make. But I assure you that, although Cupid may have slapped me on the back, I'm yet heart whole; and one can't fall in love out of a set purpose."

II.

Now, it was not exactly true that Ernest Brayton was heart whole. He had bragged, as people sometimes whistle, to keep his courage up. It was now October. The preceding summer he had passed at his mother's cottage in Newport. One day a party of Western friends sent him their cards from a hotel. He dined at their table, a novel experience to a cottager. At a table near him, with some people whom he had never seen before, sat a young girl who fixed his attention from the outset. An exquisite waist, faultless shoulders, a white neck supporting a head of indescribable grace, a charming face—joyous, hinting at capabilities of deep emotion—could not fail to excite his curiosity and to arouse an unaccustomed and tender sentiment. Decidedly the two elderly people with her were not her parents, nor was the middle-aged man who completed the party her husband. Their conversation was too discursive to admit of that condition of things, and there was a certain brilliancy and desire to amuse that is not known to a family circle. Brayton's tip to the waiter failed to elicit information as to their identity. Nor was he more successful at the hotel office; neither the clerk nor the register was able to enlighten him. He astonished his friends by dining with them next day, but the charmer and her attendants had vanished. Again he consulted the register, to learn the names of the departed guests, but the exodus had been so large that it was impossible to locate these particular birds of passage. Ernest sorrowfully listed the young lady among his "lost opportunities."

It was in early December, when Ernest had almost forgotten the Newport girl, and had not yet fallen in love with any other one, that he attended a dance at Mrs. Rhonelander's. Hardly had he made his bow to his hostess when he perceived the fair unknown. Faultlessly dressed, and trifling with a Watteau fan, she sat in a gilded chair, surrounded by several young men who occupied their leisure between waltzes in paying court to her. Ernest lost no time in being presented by Mrs. Rhonelander, and learned that she was Miss Ottilia Martin. This was all he ascertained. A lady giving a dancing party has no time to enlarge upon the family histories of the girls to whom she presents her young men.

Ernest was soon whirling in a waltz with the lovely Ottilia, and after it was over had the temerity to ask, and the good luck to obtain, another. Then, out of respect for the conventionalties, he permitted her to regain her chair among her retinue, and began to pay his respects to others.

Among these was one Emily Fadely, who had been in society so long that she had given over reckoning her birthdays. He sat down by her.

"It appears," said she, "that the incomparable Ottilia Martin has conquered the invulnerable Mr. Brayton to that extent that two consecutive dances were hardly enough. And how you neglected one of your old friends!"

"Pardon me, I had not then seen you."

"The worst possible excuse. You saw *her* very

well. To be sure, she puts herself very much in evidence.

"You know her, then?" said Ernest.

"Decidedly. She is a newcomer, and belongs to the newly rich also."

"Chicago?"

"And pork? Oh, dear, no! Baltimore, and land operations. I won't deny her good breeding; but, after all, she has newly arrived."

"But that she has arrived," said Brayton, "is generously admitted?"

"Why deny it? We women are not so lost to all sense of fairness as you would imagine. You will meet her all through this winter; she is an excellent *partie*, rich, and considered handsome. You think her charming. Even a blind man can see that. Very well, others share your opinion; so my advice to you is, make haste. I heard her say, at Mrs. Reynolds's tea, yesterday, that she was ready to make an alliance 'whenever Fortune should throw in her way a young man very rich, very intellectual, very good at a waltz, a very good horseman and an all-around athlete, absolutely ignorant of the piano, and who had never led a *cotillon*.' Are you not within these modest limits?"

"Apparently," answered Ernest; "and so are hundreds of others. She can't marry all of us."

"And therefore she will accept the first," said Miss Fadely. "Now see what a capital matchmaker I am. Were I a *schatchen* I could claim a commission from you. See, she is looking this way; you can dance with her again, if you like. I'll excuse you."

Ernest not only danced with Ottilia again, but twice more, and handed her to supper. This was remarked upon; and the news went from drawing room to drawing room that if Ottilia Martin and Ernest Brayton were not engaged they ought to be.

III.

Mrs. Brayton was not long in hearing of this, and set herself to work to acquire information. Not long afterward at dinner she said:

"Well, my dear boy, they have you married at last!"

"With whom?"

"With Ottilia Martin. Don't deny her acquaintance."

"I have met her—let me see; five—six times."

"Does she improve each time?"

"I certainly think more of her than at first. She is brilliant, with charming manners, and undeniably handsome."

"This looks serious," said Mrs. Brayton; "and having had this view, I have been making researches while you were making love. Your divinity is credited with levity of disposition, coupled, as it often is, with a stubborn will of her own; a fair fortune with luxurious tastes that demand three fortunes; several more broken engagements than usually adorn the annals of nineteen-year-old girls; and with an aptitude for flirtation beyond the knowledge of the buds and the wildest dreams of the third-season left-overs. They say that she swims in a sea of slaughter; but this may be a calumny, since no suicides have as yet been traced to her. How do you like the picture?"

"Why, my dear mamma, as to the truth of pictures, a great deal depends upon who paints them. You know what the lion said to the man who showed him the picture of the conquered lion: 'How would the lion paint it?' Very well: how would Miss Martin paint Ottilia Martin? I will take my chances. I am not blind."

"You think she loves you?"

"Oh, that is premature. Well-bred young women don't love before they're asked. I have not asked the lady yet. She has her time pretty well occupied at present with society. What with balls, dinners, etc., there is no room left for serious doings; perhaps during the breathing time that Lent always gives us it may be well to find out how we are disposed to each other. Really, mother, I admire her very much. Remember that I am a man, and to admire women is partly what we men are made for."

IV.

Mrs. Brayton numbered among her younger friends, as a specially loyal and trustworthy confidante, Mrs. Sophy Manning, not yet twenty-three, and already two years a widow. Mrs. Manning had one defect—she was enormously wealthy, and made no display of her wealth. She also had this trait of character, which endeared her greatly to Mrs. Brayton: she entertained a profound respect for the understandings and opinions of men, and she nourished at the same time a most sincere devotion to Ernest, which only needed a trifle of encouragement to become a real love.

"My dear Sophy," said the elder widow to the young one, one crisp winter afternoon, "it looks to me as if Ernest would marry the Martin girl, after all."

"After all?"

"Yes. Don't you know I've done my little best to discourage such an event, short of absolute opposition? That would hurl him at her feet at once."

"And mild opposition tends to the same result. Now, why don't you adopt the method known as the brandy cure? You know they

give the inebriate brandy in everything; beginning with breakfast, brandied coffee, rolls soaked in brandy, brandy in the omelet, the oatmeal—in everything. So all day. At dinner, brandy in the soup; the fish swims in it, the *entrées* reek with it, and the roast and game are drowned in it. In a week the patient loathes the smell and sight of brandy. Serve up Ottilia Martin to him in the same way. Talk about her all day, every day. Get Miss Fadely to sing her praises to Ernest. Let him think that the whole world burns with the desire to fling her at his head, and it may cure him of any wish to fling himself at her feet."

"Why, this is like homeopathy reversed," said Mrs. Brayton; "a sort of *similia similibus* heroically exhibited, as the doctors say. But, seriously, my dear Sophy, I have thought often during the past year that you could make Ernest happy."

"If he should ask me to be a sister to him? He knows me too well to love me. Love is born of a certain strangeness—at least the novel writers say so."

"Nonsense, Sophy! Ernest could very easily love you; and I know that you like him very well. I've seen your eyes rest on him at times. You know you can't deceive another woman in this respect, even if she is his mother. Now, since he ought to care for you and marry you, and since you do care for him a little, and are ready to do so a good deal more on the least encouragement, and since I myself wish to see you both happy in each other, I want you to help me in helping him to make this match."

The pretty widow laughed.

"Oh, what a lot of diplomacy to insnare a young man! And that his own mother should be in the plot, too! But, my dear Mrs. Brayton, I am in Ottilia's set up to my eyes, and I know her pretty well. You've heard of the Dead Sea apples? It's all a humbug, but the story goes. I think Ernest had better take a bite of this enticing apple. Enticing! What do these foolish men see to admire so much in us?" continued the fair speaker, rising and daintily adjusting her fichu in a mirror.

This conversation seemed to have had no results in any direction, because before Easter brought its lilies and opportunities for society to let loose its gayeties again the engagement of Ottilia Martin and Ernest Brayton became one of the topics at Lenten teas.

V.

THE engagement progressed as engagements usually do. The young people were not more numerously invited than before, but they were invited more positively together. It did not take long for Ernest to find out that an engaged girl is disposed to be exacting. No matter how much you do, you may always do more; and if you do not do more you are not considered as doing anything. The wings of the butterfly began to be rubbed—the process of disenchantment had set in.

In the early part of June Mrs. Brayton proposed to Ernest that he should accompany her to a property owned by Mrs. Manning at Clermont, on the great North Park of Colorado. Here the late Mr. Manning, a mighty hunter and a miner of renown, had built a stately pleasure house, as Kubla Khan did before him in Xanadu, according to Coleridge, although Alph, the sacred river, running "through caverns measureless to man," is not represented by the South Fork of the Platte, which, cold as snow and alive with trout, has its fountains on the Manning domains. The season was at a close in New York, and Ernest could not well refuse to take the trip with his mother and the young widow, neither of whom had ever seen the property. Mrs. Manning, however, had made elaborate preparations for a house warming in the Colorado mansion; a regiment of servants was already there, and there was to be no lack of good cheer.

Ottilia pouted a little when Ernest informed her that he must be away from her during the next six weeks. He promised to rejoin her at Newport. Yet one may pout, and down in the depths there may not be a bitter, lasting sorrow. Ottilia endured the parting with fortitude. Ernest had somewhat wished, and half expected, a scene of grief; but no such cataclysm occurred to harrow up his emotions. In fact, Ottilia had been informed to some extent, by good-natured friends who are always alert to bring bad news, that Mr. Brayton's losses in the "Panic of the Industrials" had been terrific, and that he was by no means so eligible as before the financial cyclone. But nothing was said on this topic between the lovers. They were to meet in late July at Newport.

The glorious mountain scenery that stretches northward from Long's Peak when seen through the clear air of Colorado is a revelation, and it is not to be thoroughly grasped in a day or a week. Each day found the two ladies with their escort, Ernest, exploring the wonders of the North Park; over them a brilliant sky; under their horses' feet the rich, springy turf of the upland plain between the snow-tipped mountains. Then returning, they always found at evening bright wood fires in the parlors; all the new books and magazines; a perfectly cooked dinner, from which trout and game were never absent. And one

evening Ernest's eyes rested on the following paragraph in the *Town Swabbings*, just arrived from New York:

"It is currently reported that the exodus of one of our best-known young knights of the carpet to some undiscovered haunt in Colorado is not so much an *anabasis* as a retreat of the ten thousand, or, more correctly, of the several hundred thousand, for such are reported to be the losses of the party in question in Cordage, Whisky, Reading and other such insecurities, into which he rushed, where angels like Rustling Gage refused to tread. That under such circumstances a young lady, to whom he is currently stated to have been engaged prior to his departure, should be considered as absolutely bound beyond redemption, is not a supposable case. The dicky bird who sits on the willow tree sounds in one of our ears the dolorous notes of a broken engagement, and in the other the cheering news of more prosperous vows exchanged with Argent Aurum, Esq., who, having been on the short side of the market all this year, has, they say, converted his ten millions into twenty, which is salted mainly in cash and Governments. The absentee has our sympathies if he wants them. Meantime, living is cheap in Colorado, and at the worst the young man has an indulgent mother to look to."

After reading this atrociously vulgar composition Ernest was not so much surprised to receive by the next morning's mail the ring which he had placed on Ottilia's finger in Lent, inclosed in a sheet bearing these words:

"Good-by. You are really very far away—so far, it seems as if you didn't exist. Papa says he hears it is all true—that you have lost everything. You will not think hardly of me if I tell you that before you receive this I shall have been married to Mr. Aurum, and shall have sailed to Europe for the summer. So you will not be disappointed at not meeting me at Newport. I don't like wholly to say 'Good-by,' but such things have to be, sometimes, you know. Yours in true friendship,

"OTTILIA."

"'WHAT DO THESE FOOLISH MEN SEE TO ADMIRE SO MUCH IN US?' CONTINUED THE FAIR SPEAKER, RISING AND DAINTILY ADJUSTING HER FICHU IN A MIRROR."

Now, as a matter of fact, Ernest had lost a few thousand dollars in stocks, and had let it be known accidentally that he was on the wrong side of the market. This was all.

VI.

ERNEST'S pride and self-love had received a violent shock; yet, while the sensation was not agreeable, he was tempted to wonder that he accepted the situation with so much philosophy. The facts were that the sun rose and set as usual; the sweet, cool west winds blew over the mountains; in the brooks hungry trout, flashing like yellow-and-red sunbeams, leaped at the gaudy

snare of his flies; while at home two charming women cheered and amused his leisure. He began to notice more thoroughly than ever before that Mrs. Manning was not only charmingly attractive in face and person, but that her disposition was a guarantee of durable peace and repose to the man with whom she might dwell in domesticity. In these upland solitudes of the continent a sort of thirst for home pleasures came upon Ernest. He was not weary of the world, not *blasé*, nor worn out; and yet he was in that state of mind when one can appreciate the verses:

> "Oh that the desert were my dwelling place,
> With one fair spirit for my minister!"

During their excursions, since Ottilia's letter had been received, Ernest found himself loitering more and more by the side of Mrs. Manning's saddle; and now and then Mrs. Brayton would emerge from some shady glen, finding herself quite in advance of the young people. The mother was quick to notice these welcome facts.

One evening, when a cool wind caused them to sit with closed windows near the crackling blaze of an oak fire, and made the warm colors of the Bokhara rug, on which their chairs were placed, most agreeable to the eye, Mrs. Brayton said:

"I had to-day a letter from the Anthons at Newport. Mr. and Mrs. Aurum Argent have taken the Brewsters' cottage, and will install themselves there with much *éclat* on their return from Europe in September. My dear boy, you must tell me positively if it grates on your feelings to hear about Ottilia and her billionaire."

"Oh, mother, don't worry. She appeared to be quite a nice girl at one time, but you know how our views change sometimes."

Mrs. Brayton leaned back in her easy chair, and looked at her son and the young woman at his side. They seemed to incline toward each other by some gentle yet strong pressure.

"So glad you were not broken-hearted!" said she.

"Never even cracked, mother, I assure you."

Mrs. Brayton looked again. One of the young woman's hands lay in a hand of Ernest. The mother gazed fixedly on the pair, and smiled. Ernest looked intently into the face of Sophy, and Sophy looked intently with downcast eyes at the pattern of the Bokhara carpet.

SHEARING SHEDS, BOOMANOOMANA.

STATION LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

By E. Trowbridge.

In this great continent, among the many experiences of novelty and interest, perhaps there is none more varied and full of enjoyment than to be enabled to pay a visit to a "station."

We in America would call it a ranch, but here the name is unknown, the property being always referred to as a "station," and the proprietor is called a *squatter*.

The squatters of Australia are the most free-hearted and hospitable men on the face of the earth, and the visitor to their homes receives the warmest welcome, and is made at once perfectly at his ease.

It has lately been my privilege to visit one of the finest stations in Australia; not the largest, perhaps, but undoubtedly the *show place* of the colony.

By the courtesy of the proprietor, Mr. Alfred Hay, I accompanied him lately to his country home, and an account of the life and sights en-

joyed and seen at this garden in the interior of Australia will, I believe, be of interest to our readers in America. We leave the city of Melbourne at 6:20 A. M. The day is intensely warm, and being the only occupants of the carriage (the Australians never say "car"), we proceed to make ourselves comfortable by divesting ourselves of coats and hats and lighting up the indispensable pipe. 'Tis astonishing how quickly one falls in with the customs of a country in which one sojourns.

Americans who always smoke cigars at home after a short stay here enjoy the fragrant brierwood, and have also the satisfaction of being able to feel that they are economizing as well. A ride of one hundred and twenty miles brings us to Benalla, where we leave the main line and proceed by a "goods train" to Yarrawonga.

We have half an hour to wait at Benalla, and with parched throats and tongues cleaving to the roofs of our mouths we read with joy on a large placard at the door of the station restaurant the word "Ice."

A word of explanation is necessary here regarding this ice question. Unaccustomed to all cool drinks themselves here, the Australian people seem to have a desire—yes, *more* than a desire, a *determination*—to regulate other people's tastes by their own, and if you ask for ice it is the customary thing to inform you that "you don't need ice," or to say that the "drinks are quite cool enough."

The ice of course has to be manufactured, and it sells at two cents per pound, and everyone who does keep it looks on it as so much precious metal to be given in homeopathic doses.

Even in the city of Melbourne you have to actually fight to get any drink lower than a temperature of lukewarm water. At public houses, before serving you, they will stand and argue the point with you, assuring you that "ice is not good for you." With the people here the abstaining from ice is as much a habit as is our extravagant use of it. Many people here have never tasted ice, and look on its use as injurious; but it is amusing to note how soon they get to appreciate the luxury. I have noticed often at a public table where I have ordered a bowl of cracked ice that my neighbors would reach over and help themselves without so much as "By your leave."

But we are at Benalla and very thirsty, and we hurry to the bar and demand "two brandies and soda with plenty of ice." The man opens a box and takes out a bottle of soda that has rested for perhaps five minutes within the shadow of a piece of ice the size of a man's fist, and pours it into the warm brandy. No amount of urging will procure for us a small piece of ice, notwithstanding we offer to pay double for it. The proprietor asserts his right to husband his ice, and says he is not going to "knock it about," and it ends with our taking the warm fluid and Mr. Hay denouncing him as utterly unfit to run a hotel. As for me, I content myself with warning all travelers to give that churlish fellow a wide berth.

We are fortunate in procuring from an itinerant Chinaman a fine rock melon, and this refreshes us till at two o'clock we reach the border town of Yarrawonga, where we partake of an excellent lunch.

Yarrawonga is on the Murray River, and on the border line between Victoria and New South Wales. Here the manager of our host's station meets us with a comfortable drag and a fine pair of horses, and we complete our journey by a drive of eighteen miles. Crossing the Murray River, we enter the town of Mulwala, and passing through that, the rest of our drive is through the bush. The drive is novel to me, and at times interesting; but it cannot be said to be enjoyable, for the heat is intense and the dust annoying in the extreme. I must explain the term "bush." It does not mean necessarily a scrub or jungle, but simply an improved country.

In many places some of the trees have been cut down; but for the most part they have been killed and left standing, to decay and fall at some future day. A bush fire has lately burned 12,000 acres in this vicinity, and for miles we drive over a sort of blackened prairie land, with the charred tree stumps adding to the general gloom. These bush fires are the terror of the squatters. Often they are obliged to turn out all hands and work for hours fighting the fire and rescuing the sheep, and then, worn out with fatigue, even while gazing on the blackened ruin, they may be called upon to do the work all over again elsewhere. During the last fire here our host lost 600 sheep. In the bush through which we pass the eucalyptus tree abounds—in fact, nearly every tree is a species of it—and under their shade thousands of sheep are seen feeding, and seeming to find sustenance even in the grass which has no semblance of green. Our road leads over this level prairie land, crossing now and then a sand hill, where our wheels sink nearly to the hub, till at last we see the settlement or cluster of buildings which comprise Mr. Hay's station; and then it seems as if we had entered the Garden of Eden, for here all is fresh and green, and on the broadest of sheltered verandas looking out on a garden of roses and flowering shrubs of every description, with fountains playing, and the river winding its way through green pastures surrounded by fruit trees

LOAD OF WOOL (NINE TONS).

and vines, amid every luxury that heart could wish, we rest.

Boomanoomana—the name of this station—was originally bought from the Government of New South Wales by William Hay, Esq., the father of the present owner, and for years past improvements have been going on, until now the present owner is justly proud of his beautiful country home. At the present time it comprises about 45,000 acres, and nearly all of this vast tract is available for some use. Most of it is, of course, pasture land, where the vast flocks of sheep and cattle may be seen grazing, but thousands of acres are under cultivation, and the crop of wheat raised last year was enormous.

Boomanoomana enjoys a river frontage of about twenty miles, and every arrangement has been made for irrigating the grounds. All the rain water that falls on the roofs is caught and run into tanks, whence it is used for drinking, cooking, etc., after being well filtered. In addition to this, one immense tank has been erected on the river bank, and at a height which gives a force, and a steam pump connecting with the river furnishes an ample supply of water for completely irrigating the extensive grounds.

Not content with this steam pump, Mr. Hay has constructed a water wheel which is the most effective and yet simple contrivance that one could have. It is entirely his own idea, and is simply an undershot wheel, having large paddles.

Anchored in the stream, this wheel never stops, and is always at work pumping tirelessly by the force of the current and keeping the tank full, supplying water for all possible requirements except flooding of the grounds. To stand on the hill at the rear and look down on the houses, you see what appears to be a little hamlet or village. There is a cluster of houses, consisting of sheds, stables, kitchens, workshops, etc., all painted white, and in perfect order. These flank the house itself—the residence. This is a sort of Indian bungalow, and has been built at different times and added to, until now it is comfort itself. White verandas sheltered by blinds, which can be raised or lowered, surround the house, which is roomy and airy, being tastefully decorated and finished in hard woods.

Everything has been done with an eye to comfort, and though situated "in the bush," with no neighbors nearer than twenty miles, you are surrounded with every comfort of a city home; trained servants anticipate your every want, and better than all, there is ever about you the charm of true unostentatious Australian hospitality. You *must* please yourself, you *must* make known your wants, and whether you choose to go off shooting, or to wander in the garden among the fruit trees, or to go and enjoy one of the luxurious baths provided, you are in any case at *home* and welcome. Having refreshed

RED GUM TREE (29 FEET CIRCUMFERENCE), MURRAY RIVER, N.S.W.

PURE AMERICAN MERINO—SHOWING STAPLE WOOL.

ourselves with a bath, dinner being over, we wander about the grounds in the early evening.

Fronting the house, with a handsome granite fountain in its centre casting up its silver spray, lies the garden, covering, perhaps, four acres, richly and beautifully laid out. Graveled walks with neat brick copings surround the flower beds, and pipes are laid all in among the beds so that the water can be turned on at any time. Though there has been no rain here since November last (it is now March 1st), the whole place is fresh and green and beautiful.

Flowers are in the greatest profusion—roses of all kinds, chrysanthemums, acacias, geraniums, magnolias, etc., and added to these rare tropical palms and shrubs, pampas grass and flowering trees of every description, while in among these fragrant plants are fruit-bearing trees and vines. Twenty different varieties of grapes are here, and added to these luscious plums, peaches, pears, apples, berries, melons, quinces, figs, oranges, lemons, lowcutts and passion fruit. Fancy, if you can, all these different fruits growing side by side, with a setting of rare ferns and bright Australian roses, while as a background flows the river, its banks covered with the tall eucalyptus trees, beneath whose shade a choice flock of American merinos are feeding. About the vine-embowered veranda are cool nooks, near which hang canvas bags filled with water which soon grows deliciously cool, and the atmosphere is one of contentment and rest. It is home!

The grapes which grow here are as fine as any I have ever eaten, and it seems a pity to see these great luscious clusters wasting on the vines. I gathered one bunch which weighed five pounds, and wished that I could take a photograph of it to send with this article.

The rock melons are similar in flavor to our spicy nutmeg melons, while the passion fruit are most delicate and delicious; they have a hard, shell-like skin, and are filled with numerous juicy seeds like a pomegranate, and eaten with cream and sugar make a dish fit for the gods. As you walk about the air is fragrant with perfume, from the flowering lemon and magnolia trees, and you feel that here in this little world, "far from the madding crowd," you can rest, dream and luxuriate, but never stagnate. We have everything that heart

PRIZE SHEEP, VALUE $4,000.

can desire, even to the charm of a lady's presence to grace our table and remind us of those we have left behind.

The chief industry of the station is wool growing, and Mr. Hay has about 45,000 very fine sheep, with rare good judgment obtained from long experience with them. He has convinced himself that the finest breeds of American sheep raised here produce the best quality of wool, the fibre being as fine and straight as when raised in America, only the wool grows much longer here. In order, therefore, to produce the finest possible wool, Mr. Hay visited America some years ago, and brought back with him a flock of about 120 of the best Vermont sheep he could purchase. Besides breeding themselves, he has crossed these American sheep with the best Australian breeds, and the result is that now he enjoys the reputation of growing the finest wool in Australia.

I have looked over the sheep thoroughly; having first visited the shearing sheds, which are most complete, with all modern appliances for shearing. From 2,000 to 4,000 sheep can be shorn here daily, and an expert shearer can shear about 150 per day.

Their pay is at the rate of $5 per 100 sheep. Near the sheds are numerous conveniences for treating the foot rot in the sheep, and removing the ticks that get into the wool.

Leaving the sheds, which are two miles distant from the house, we visited the "Americans," as fine a lot of sheep as one could wish to look at.

Just now the ewes are lambing, and we saw numerous awkward little lambs from one day to two weeks old. We then paid our respects to the noble ram, the father of most of these newcomers. He is a pure-bred merino, and worth about $4,000. Very soon, now, when the rain comes and the grass starts up in the parched pastures, I am told you can almost see the wool grow, and in four months' time shearing will begin, at which time even the young lambs will yield a fair crop. This sheep question is one of great interest, and to those desirous of keeping in touch with the Australian wool industry, I would refer them to an exhaustive article on the subject which is published by the State Department at Washington in the "Consular Reports." It is written by Hon. George H. Wallace, the Consul General for Australasia, and he has given much time and study to the subject, and prepared careful and correct statistics.

I must particularize on a few points of interest which have been brought especially to my notice during my visit here.

Snakes abound, and while they do not molest the stock, they are in all cases deadly, and where they bite a human being the result is nearly always fatal. They get into the houses, and on occasions even into the beds. Mr. Hay was bitten on the knee some years ago. He promptly *cut out* the wounded part and injected ammonia, but it was months before he recovered. The old shepherd here who looks after the interests of the "Americans" was bitten some few weeks since, and only the most heroic treatment saved his life. Last summer, while all were seated on the veranda of the house, a large black snake came up from under the flooring and passed over the feet of one of the family. This reptile was shot shortly after where it was found coiled about the foot scraper. On going to my shower, this morning, I yelled and fled in mortal terror, for a most venomous-looking snake lay coiled on one of the rafters over my head.

My fears were quickly allayed, however, when I was assured he was only stuffed, and was placed there for my benefit by the fun-loving manager.

Another species of venomous reptile—or, more properly speaking, insect—is a large black spider which frequents the sheds and outbuildings. It has a bright red spot on its back, and its bite is painful and dangerous. The same may be said of the bulldog ant. You find their nests in the sand hills; and they are very savage and show fight at once, and as they are an inch long their bite is no joke.

The stock whip is peculiarly an Australian implement. It has a short, stout handle of hard wood, about fifteen inches long, and a thong or lash about fourteen feet long.

It is wonderful to see an expert handle this weapon. He can crack it like a rifle shot, and can cut a piece of straw into small pieces with each crack of the lash. I tried to use it, and got the lash about my neck, nearly severing my head from my shoulders.

The flame tree is usually covered with dark-green leaves, but when in flower it throws off all its leaves, and appears a mass of flame, like a tree on fire.

Kangaroos are becoming as rare in Australia as buffaloes are in the States, but on one part of this station they are to be found, and not far off there is also a colony of emus.

To-morrow is to be devoted to sport, and a great day is anticipated.

We are entirely independent of the outer world here; our food of all kinds is here, and about the only thing we require from the metropolis is ice. That we had come by express, and now we revel in cool beverages of all kinds, and claret cup seems to meet the popular demand. It is in-

tensely hot here, and still there is no sign of rain. I wander down to the river's side and watch a "swagsman" ("tramp" we call him) who sits on the bank fishing. Very soon he pulls in a fine river cod which actually weighs fifty-six pounds, which is so unusual that our host photographs the fish, lying on a wheelbarrow. These swagsmen are the great annoyance of the squatters. They seldom do any work, but go from station to station asking aid. They are never refused, as the squatter is always generous and never turns a hungry man away. In the old days the bushrangers used to come down in a body to the stations and "stand up" the whole crowd while they helped themselves to food and valuables. These days are past now; but Mrs. Hay, when a young lady, was compelled by a band of bushrangers to sing and play to them nearly all night while they regaled themselves with food and wines. They finally departed, having taken all they could lay their hands on, and having killed two of the "boundary riders," almost within sight of the brave little woman who sat singing for her life.

Back from the river to the house through the vineyard; for I cannot pass these grapes, which are so luscious, yet so different in growth from our vines. Here they are trained on upright stakes, and each vine seems like a separate little tree, and from the centre of a vineyard you seem to be standing in a cornfield.

Now we all gather in easy chairs by the cool splash of the fountain, and smoke and chat and rest, and very soon retire to gain strength for our day in the bush among the game.

At eight o'clock in the morning we are equipped and off, and this time our drive is seven miles through what we would call a bush. Through a thick jungle of scrubs and wattle bushes, through long pampas grass, and even among small saplings, which our horses trample and our buggy wheels crush, till we come to a sort of bend in the river. There we unspan and take up our positions, one hundred and fifty yards apart, along the river bank. At this point the river makes an abrupt turn, forming a bend, and in this bend the kangaroos make their home. Here the jungle is almost impassable, being densely overgrown with small bushes and long grass. Beyond the bend is a higher ground, which the kangaroos always seek when disturbed, and at the entrance to this we are posted.

The beaters now enter the bend on horseback, and with revolvers, stock whips and shouts make a hideous din. The animals at once seek the higher ground, and as they come out they find five men at regular intervals awaiting them.

I have a rifle, one of Colt's, made at Hartford, Conn., and Mr. Hay, at a short distance, is armed with a shotgun loaded with BB shot.

After a patient wait of twenty minutes a huge "old-man" kangaroo comes through the shrub toward me. He covers twelve feet at every jump, and looks like a young elephant. Is this deer fever, or what is it?

The animal is within sixty yards of where I crouch, but every nerve tingles with intense excitement, and I can hardly see him. I fire and hit him, but do not kill him, and he bounds on toward Mr. Hay, leaving a trail of blood. Then I hear a shot, quickly followed by another, and the grand "old man" rolls over dead. He stands six feet high, and his skin and tail, which I have mounted, remind me of my first kangaroo.

Other shots are now heard further away, and we learn that four kangaroos are bagged, and one wild boar. One of the kangaroos shot was a female, and she had her "joey" in her pouch, and the same bullet killed mother and young.

Mr. Sherwin, the manager of the station, glories in the fact that he has shot the wild boar. The next morning sees it butchered and cut up and salted away. It strikes me that boar is rather strong, and if Sherwin partakes of it he will doubtless do mighty deeds.

Kangaroos will never fight unless they are cornered; then they are savage.

They will suddenly turn and make one mighty leap toward you, landing on your breast and tearing you down with their sharp claws. Mr. Hay during the day got between one old kangaroo and freedom; the dogs were pursuing, and before Mr. Hay could fire the animal was leaping toward him. Dignity, appearances—all else but safety was forgotten, and our host was soon seated in the lower branches of a tree, the laughingstock of all of us for a time.

We were afraid to fire for fear of shooting each other. Finally Mr. Sherwin, growing bold, advanced into the open, and as the kangaroo bounded in his direction four shots rang out, and the animal's career was ended.

Stations again! This time a long wait, for the animals are growing cautious. Just as I was lighting a pipe, having given up all hope of further sport, I saw another gray mass come bounding in my direction. He was fully one hundred and twenty yards distant, and yet I suppose I must have been careless in exposing myself, for he sees me, stops, turns and bounds again into the thickest of the bush. I sighted him—it was a long shot, two hundred yards at least—and let fly. I hit him on the hind leg, interfering with his locomotion, and very soon he is overtaken and killed by the dogs. But the

WATER WHEEL, MURRAY RIVER.

frequent shots and noise have made the kangaroos shy now, and nothing will tempt them to leave their retreat; and so, after an hour's tramp after other game, during which we get half a dozen fine black ducks, one wild cat and a native bear, we "fold our tents," or, rather, unload, and prepare for home.

We gather about the "trap," take a drink of cool water from the canvas bag we have brought with us, flavored with the best of Scotch whisky, and then leaving the men to skin the kangaroos and bring home the spoils, Mr. Hay and myself start in the buggy, taking Mr. Sherwin's wild boar with us.

On our way home we are nearly overturned by a sturdy little pine tree which disputes our progress, and immediately following this incident it is my privilege to witness one of the finest shots ever made.

Circling far above us in the air is an eagle hawk, the terror of the squatters, a sort of vulture that will take a young sheep in its talons and fly off with it.

The bird is almost a speck in the air; but Mr. Hay stops the horses, hands me the reins, and sighting his Martini-Henry rifle at 600 yards, fires while standing in the buggy.

The bird at first seems to waver, and its circles grow shorter; then suddenly it collapses entirely and falls to earth, and is gathered in by Mr. Sherwin, who is just behind us on horseback. It is a magnificent specimen, and measures eight feet from tip to tip. Arriving home, we have ample time for bath and rest before dinner, at which we enjoy genuine kangaroo-tail soup, which is finer than any ox-tail I have ever eaten. After dinner, as if we had not had shooting enough, we wander down to the river and shoot quantities of parrots.

These parrots destroy the grapes and fruit, and as there are such flocks of them they become a great nuisance, and the squatters are glad to get rid of them. Bright and beautiful they are, with their rich plumage; and close at hand are other birds with starry wings, as well as magpies, mutton birds, snipe, and in the water on the opposite bank, out of range, two large cranes.

'Tis easy to tame and teach these parrots, and the fame of one here at Boomanoomana has already been mentioned in our American papers.

As the night deepens and the moon comes out clear and bright we cross the sand hill, and in among the dead trees, standing like great skeletons on guard, we close our day's pleasure with an hour's possum shooting. Good sport is this, too; for you are never sure whether that *something* is the head of a possum, or a broken limb, or a cluster of mistletoe.

At 9:30 P.M. we return to the house, and seated together, discussing an iced brandy and soda, we all admit that the day has been brimful of en-

joyment. With every courtesy rendered me, and every facility being given me to see and enjoy all the sights, I begin to feel, as Mr. Hay tells me, that all I need now is "a good snake adventure." However, on mature consideration I decide that I prefer to take my chances with an old-man kangaroo rather than a snake.

Another morning dawns sultry and hot, and we know that the day will be the hottest yet; but we start off on another drive to the emu colony, and see half a dozen of these ostrichlike birds. We do not shoot them, as they prove very useful and do no harm; but we do rob them of four of their great eggs to send home as curiosities.

These eggs are curious, resembling exactly a dark-green morocco, and the shell is very strong, being about one-eighth of an inch in thickness.

But clouds of dust now envelop us, the look of the sky betokens a storm, and we reach home just in time to escape the downpour.

For three hours it rains steadily, and the fall is over one inch.

Everyone is happy here now. Already the thirsty earth has drunk in the welcome moisture; the green grass starts up over the burnt acres, and Mr. Hay joyfully remarks: "Ah, this will make the wool grow! I shall have the best clip I ever had if this keeps up."

And now how reluctantly do I prepare to leave this paradise! I don't think I could tear myself away but for two things. I may come again some day, and as I go south I must meet the cool breezes from the sea.

The day we leave for Melbourne is the hottest yet—the thermometer stands 109° in the shade and 147° in the sun—and all the way down life is a burden; till at last, in crossing the coast range, we see the Southern Cross resting in the heavens over the waters of the distant ocean, and the sacred symbol seems to convey to us a promise of cool and invigorating breezes to be enjoyed ere we sleep. And so it is, for another hour brings us to our seaside hotel, and with the fresh ocean breeze in our faces and the gentle swish of the waves lulling us to rest, we seek the seclusion that our bedrooms grant.

THE HOME STATION, BOOMANOOMANA.

MOSQUE LIFE OF THE MOSLEM.

By Thomas P. Hughes, D.D., Author of the "Dictionary of Islam."

The great centre of both religious and political influence in Mohammedan countries is the mosque. For twenty years, during my residence in the East, I was a constant visitor to the mosques of the Moslem, and it is probable that there are few foreigners living who have spent so much time in them. Among Moslems in all parts of the world a parochial system is maintained, and in both cities and villages districts are assigned to each mosque which is presided over by an "imam," or priest, whose pay is derived from the endowment, and the freewill offerings of the people. The position of imam is somewhat similar to that of a beneficed clergyman in England. His duties are to lead the daily prayers, to perform marriages and funerals, and to settle the disputes

of his parishioners. But, unlike the Christian pastor, the Mohammedan priest is not expected to pay pastoral visits to his people, yet the people pay frequent visits to their pastor. In fact, the social position of the Mohammedan priest is estimated entirely by the number of people who visit him, and for this purpose he is always found in his mosque from early morning until noon. If a man of reputed sanctity, his advice will be sought upon almost every conceivable question.

On one occasion, when I was seated upon the floor of a Moslem mosque on the Afghan frontier, a poor woman came into the place with a little baby in her arms. He was her firstborn son, and said by his mother to be the victim of "the evil eye" of a rival wife. She sought the help of the venerable priest. The old man took a piece of common string and recited the ninety-nine names of God over it, then breathed upon it and tied it round the baby's leg. The woman silently dropped a silver coin into her pastor's hand and departed.

The chief duty of the imam of a mosque is the recital of the daily liturgy five times a day, and most regularly will he perform this duty. Rising before the first streak of day appears in the horizon, he performs the usual ablutions, washing his hands, feet and face, and then standing erect, and placing his hands upon his ears, gives the call to prayer. In the larger mosques this duty is performed by a special official from the minaret, but in the smaller places of worship by the imam himself from the side of the mosque. The "Azan," as this call to prayer is termed, runs thus: "God is great! I bear witness that Mohammed is the Prophet of God. Come to prayers! Prayers are better than sleep! Come to salvation! There is no God but Allah!"

The students then turn out of their beds and the parishioners assemble. The mosque presents an animated scene. Some are pulling up the bucket of the well; others are in the act of washing their hands and face; some are cleaning their teeth (a most important religious duty); others are seated on the floor waiting for the imam to give the signal for prayer. Before the sun makes his appearance the imam takes his place in the mihrab of the mosque, "with his face toward Mecca." The congregation forms in rows of odd numbers, for not only is there luck in odd numbers, but the angels are supposed to like them better than even numbers. The Moslem prayers are very beautiful, both in thought and language, and there is nothing in them which a Christian man would object to recite. The concluding petition of each liturgical form asks for mercy and blessing upon the descendants of Mohammed.

The public prayers are recited in the mosques five times a day. The first time of prayer is from dawn to sunrise, the second when the sun has begun to decline, the third about an hour before sunset, the fifth when the night has set in. Persons of unusual piety say their prayers eight times a day instead of five.

It is a most perfect system of ritual. Any diversion of the eye, or any inattention in the act of worship, necessitates the beginning of the prayers all over again.

The Mohammedan Sabbath is Friday. The Moslem does not generally abstain from work on this day except during the time of the special service, which is held on Friday about two o'clock. The prayers are the same as on other occasions, but the "khutbah," or sermon, is recited from the pulpit in all central mosques. This oration contains special supplications for the reigning monarch. The Friday sermon is usually a dry one. It is in Arabic, and little understood by the people. Learned sermonizers preach the same sermon over and over again. It is related that on one occasion an exceedingly eloquent but dry preacher observed with some degree of satisfaction that Friday after Friday a member of his congregation was moved to tears during the address. At last the preacher felt impelled to ask the cause of these penitential tears, when the poor man replied: "Your reverence, your beard exactly resembles the shape and figure of that of a favorite goat which I lost a few months ago, and I wept."

A mosque is a consecrated building in the strictest sense of the word. In fact, the land is consecrated by the very fact that people have assembled upon it for the purpose of worship, and it is impossible to alienate it for secular uses—a marked contrast, by the way, to our American method of selling the sites of our churches for money considerations. The British Government in India has been compelled to recognize this consecration and endowment of mosque property.

The mosque architecture of Egypt and Turkey has been largely influenced by civilization, but throughout Central Asia the village mosques are of simple structure. They are generally built of stone or brick, in the form of a square, in the centre of which is an open courtyard surrounded with cloisters for students. In the centre of the wall facing Mecca is the mihrab, or niche, in which the priest takes his place when leading prayers; to the right of the mihrab is the mimber, or pulpit, from which the Friday sermon is preached. The ordinary pulpit is a simple structure with three steps, and the preacher stands on the second step. The Prophet used to preach from the uppermost step; Abu Bakar, from the

second; and Omar, from the lowest. Osman, the third caliph, being a man of humility, would have gladly gone down lower; but that was impossible, so he preached from the middle step, and such has been the custom for many centuries.

The mosque is not only a place of worship, but a school and college, and it is not unusual for the pastor to invite a "maulavie" of renowned scholarship or piety to take charge of the instruction. If this teacher is a man of reputation his pupils will be numerous. The pupils are supported by voluntary contributions from the faithful, but should the contributions fail it is considered lawful and right for a Moslem student to visit the dwellings of the parishioners and demand a meal. For this purpose he is provided with a begging pot or alms dish. In a mosque school both teacher and pupil read from one book, and the skillful tutor acquires the ability to read a page the wrong side up with fluency.

The mosques are great centres of religious fanaticism, and many a thorough piece of rascality has been conceived and planned within their sacred precincts. It is amazing how many cold-blooded murders are committed in mosques. When I was at Peshawer a Moslem friend of mine, who was a popular imam of a village mosque, incurred the animosity of the great Akhound of Swat. The fiat went forth for his martyrdom, and as the imam was in the act of making the first inclination of his head, crying, "God is holy!" a hired assassin who stood as one of the odd numbers in the row behind plunged a dagger into the priest's side.

A commendable feature in mosque worship is the rule that rich and poor kneel together in the same row—prince and peasant, chieftain and slave. I remember in the year 1869 showing the late Ameer of Cabul the assigned seats in our large military church at Peshawer, where the general commanding occupies the front pew. "Why," exclaimed the ameer, "in Cabul I am the greatest man, and yet in the mosque I kneel beside the meanest slave."

Churchgoing is an important matter among the Moslems, and the law allows the faithful pastor the privilege of whipping any member of his flock who habitually neglects to say his prayers. The scourge used for this purpose is called a dirrah, and is a flat piece of leather fastened to a stick.

Marriage is not celebrated in a mosque, but at the house of the bridegroom. Thither the priest of the mosque repairs, and finds the bridal party engaged in earnest discussion as to the amount of dowry, or some other preliminary of an equally practical character. The bride, of course, is not present. Poor girl! it is highly probable she does not even know that the ceremony is actually taking place. An attorney appointed by her father represents her, and that is enough. Matters having been arranged, the priest puts the question first to the bridegroom and then to the bride's attorney, namely, whether they agree to the marriage as well as to the amount of dowry fixed, and then, remaining seated, he devoutly raises his hands and blesses them thus: "O great God, grant that mutual love may reign between this couple, as it existed between Adam and Eve, Moses and Zipporah, Mohammed and Ayesha, and Ali and Fatimah." This and a few other short prayers constitute the marriage ceremony.

The old priest pockets his fee and trudges back to his mosque, resumes his seat on the mat in the centre of the building, and continues to reprove and exhort his people as heretofore.

His presence is also needed at burials, for, although strictly according to Moslem law the burial services should be recited by the next of kin, still custom has delegated this duty to the village priest.

"Carry the dead quick to his grave," said the Prophet of Arabia; "for if he be an evildoer the sooner you get rid of him the better, and if he be a saint, then why keep him out of paradise?" On a greensward outside the burial ground the mourners arrange themselves in five rows facing the body of the deceased, when the next of kin calls out: "Let the prayers begin." The priest of the mosque then takes his position at the head of the corpse, and in solemn, plaintive strains recites the Moslem burial office: "O God, forgive our living and our dead; those who are present and those who are absent; our men, our women and our children. Keep us all in the faith of Islam.—From earth God created you, and to earth does He call you back, and from the earth will he raise you at the last day."

Then, when the priest and the funeral party have walked some forty paces from the grave, the pastor of the mosque devoutly raises his hands in prayer for the peace of the departed; for then it is that those two angels of fearful countenances make the dead man sit up in his grave and examine him as to his faith and practice.

It is to the priest of the mosque that the sorrowing relatives of the deceased repair for words of consolation, and as the night closes a little group of mourners may be seen gathered in some retired corner of the mosque, discussing with the reverend pastor the possibilities of the departed chieftain passing the dangerous span of that mystic bridge, As-Seerat, which separates the

paradise of eternal bliss from the fiery regions below.

In another secluded corner of the mosque may be seen seated an aged, white-bearded man who is designated a "gosha nasheen," or "a sitter in the corner." He has given up the world with the devout intention of remaining in the mosque for the rest of the days of his mortal life, and so to die in the odor of sanctity. Many a dark deed has this aged devotee done in his long life of villainy. Not a single precept of the elastic moral code of Islam has remained untouched, as far as this old "saint" is concerned. He has violated each and all, and the wonder is that his life has been spared by an outraged community. But there he is in the mosque, "the house of prostra-

THE MOSLEM'S PRAYER.

tion and prayer." He counts his beads from early morning till midnight in pious abstraction. Most Moslems say their prayers five times a day; this man, six. Very many desecrate the sacred precincts of the mosque with worldly conversations, but this old man reads his Koran every leisure hour, and his thoughts are of God and eternity alone. It is hard work for an old sinner like this to atone for some sixty or seventy years of a vicious life by a few years, or even months, of pious living. But this old man is doing his best in the race of life, short though it may be, and the priest at the mosque gives him ghostly counsel. When the old man dies his evil deeds will be entirely forgotten, for the broad charity of a Moslem community will remember him only as one who ended his days in piety. His friends and relatives will think of him only as a saint.

If the priest of the mosque be connected with any religious order his day's devotions will be supplemented with the ascetic rites of his order. When most people are asleep this man of prayer will be found seated on the floor of his mosque, swinging his body to and fro, and shouting "Allah!"

If he be a leader of some religious order it will be his duty to initiate disciples, from time to time, and to bind on the mystic girdle. The custom observed on these occasions differs widely. But some such order as this will be used: On Thursday evening, after the fifth and last prayer of the day, the priest will place the novitiate before him and examine him as to his belief in the unity of God, and then whisper in his ear one of the ninety-nine attributes of the Divine Being which must be the keynote of his religious life. For example, "God is Al-Mukeet, the Strengthener," and then from henceforth the devotee will address the Almighty as the Source of Strength. The ceremony of initiation often concludes with the sevenfold binding of the mystic girdle. Standing with his face toward Mecca, he will bind the girdle on his loins seven times, and then unbind it seven times, saying:

1. "I tie up greediness, and unbind generosity."
2. "I tie up anger, and unbind meekness."
3. "I tie up avarice, and unbind piety."
4. "I tie up ignorance, and unbind the fear of God."
5. "I tie up human passion, and unbind spiritual love."
6. "I tie up hunger, and unbind contentment."
7. "I tie up devilry, and unbind divinity."

It is said that two hundred millions of the human race in some way or other live the mosque life of the Moslem. Some of them never enter a mosque except on the two great feast days. Some confine their devotions to a mere Friday observance. Some say their prayers only once a day; others, five times; whilst some make the sacred precincts of the mosque the circle of a lifelong piety. Should anyone ask how it is that Mohammedanism exerts so great an influence over so large a proportion of the world, a reply will be found in the peculiar characteristics of "the mosque life of the Moslem."

A RUSSIAN BEAR HUNT.

"HERE we are," I remarked, judiciously stirring up my friend B. from the bottom of our kibitka, where he was lying in that semi-comatose state which two days' and nights' continuous jolting over bad roads is apt to induce. "Here is our hunting ground, and this is the 'Great Bear Land.'"

That part of the great Archangel and Petersburg track on which we were driving lay along a somewhat elevated ridge commanding an extended view over the plains on either side. As we surmounted the brow of the hill we could see about five miles off on the northeast the glimmer of a white expanse of unbroken snow, which we knew was the great Lake Onega; while on our right, to the east and south, stretched away to the low horizon a vast wilderness of pine and birch forest, dusky green and gray, without a sign of human habitation; the home of the lynx and the bear, the capercailzie and the blackcock.

We were approaching the post station of Osta, standing on the river of that name, which, with the Oat, the Vodlitsa and the Megra, endeavors ineffectually to drain the marshes lying south of the Onega Lake, and carries down to it each spring and summer a considerable quantity of timber and firewood, cut in these districts, and floated on by the Seir River and the Ladoga Canal to Petersburg. Further south again, the rivers turn eastward and find an outlet into the Bielozero, or White Lake, one of the links in that great chain of lakes, rivers and canals known as the Mariensky system, and through which the barges laden with the produce of Siberia and the great grain-growing districts of the Upper Volga find their way without a single transhipment into the waters of the Neva.

Fortunately for the vast and sparsely populated Empire of Russia, it possesses facilities for water communication probably greater than those of

any other country. A line of rail now joins Rybinsk on the Volga to the Nicholas, Moscow and Petersburg Railway, but it is incapable of forwarding the immense mass of goods that accumulate there every spring on the opening of navigation, and the water system still competes successfully with it.

But to return to Osta. The 375 versts (250 miles) from Petersburg had been covered in forty-four hours, including stoppages. We had chartered a sledge with a hood to keep off the wind and snow, known technically as a kibitka (literally, "tent"); we had disposed our bags, gun cases and provision baskets artistically along the bottom, and spread a cushion of hay on the top of them, laid our rugs and shoubas (fur cloaks) over all, and, passing Schlüsselburg, the old bone of contention between the Swedes and Russians, at night, had done the first 240 versts to Ladeinoe-Pole, a small town which stands uncomfortably shivering in the middle of a wind-swept plain, easily enough in twenty-four hours.

Here our troubles began. The road, which had been so far broad and level, became hilly and irregular, broken up into great ukhabs, or deep tranverse furrows, a peculiar phenomenon of a much-used sledge road, causing the sledge to pitch like a ship at sea, and not unfrequently producing a similar result on the internal economy of the traveler; while it was so narrow that our team had to be harnessed "unicorn," or "goose fashion," as it is termed in the country.

The horses, however, are uncommonly strong, wiry little animals, with straight shoulders and plain heads, but good quarters and capital legs, and can do a forty-mile stretch without apparent fatigue, returning the same day. The rate charged on the post roads is fixed by government tariff at three or four kopecks per verst for each horse all over Russia, so that our troïka, or team of three, cost something under fourpence per mile. The tackle used is invariably a confused tangle of rotten rope, occasioning endless breakdowns, and calling forth the most reprehensible language from the driver. Horses of a reflective turn of mind must certainly be puzzled to account for the curious mixture of familiar endearment and gross abuse in which they are addressed all over the world, and in the copiousness and variety of his vocabulary the Russian yemschik is by no means behind the American stage-car driver, or even the London cabby. At the last post station we had picked up a somewhat scratch team.

Soon after we started, the leader, discovering that our small driver's arm and whip together were unable to reach him, proceeded to strike work, plunging off the track up to his girths in the snow, and eluding our attempts at catching him with the utmost agility. Then the following was the kind of thing: Team on the track. "There, my little brother; make haste, my sweet dove—we shall soon be at home." Leader suddenly jibs, and disappears into the snow. "Oh, you unmentionable son of a disreputable mother, what are you at? How do you dare!"—getting down and making a frantic rush at him with the knout, which the horse suddenly dodges, and bolts to the other side of the road, tying the harness into an inextricable knot. "Oh, you condemned Jew (a very favorite expression), may the devil carry you off! only let me get at you—wait a minute, I'll give you a lesson." Catches him and administers an energetic series of blows and kicks, which the horse, being fortunately thick-skinned, receives with equanimity. "There now, canaillia, perhaps you'll go straight, diavol!" (the prevalence of these terms, introduced through the French into Russian, is curious enough). "That's it, my pretty one, my soul!" as the horse gets his head straight for a moment. "Now we shall get on all right, my little pigeon!" "Tchort!" another bolt, answered by a fearful wrench at the bridle. "There you are again! How can such a creature exist? May your bones rot everlastingly!" But all things have an end, and as we galloped into Osta our spirits rose.

"Zdrast'!" etc. Sure enough, there are old Feodor and young Matyan Petrovich waiting for us, both old friends and fine specimens of the Olonetz peasant—the former a middle-sized, broad-shouldered man of sixty, with long gray hair and beard and face like an aged Apostle, but with an eye like a hawk, and a wiry frame untired by the longest and hardest day on snowshoes; the latter, a tall, straight, smart young fellow of twenty-nine, the worthy son of his father, Pietr Matyanof, to whose house we are going, and who had been in, in his time, at the death of over two hundred bears.

Swallowing a hasty meal, we transferred our traps into the little country sledges that the men had brought, and each packing himself in one, left the post road just as the sun was setting, and drove away in a southerly direction for Shimozero, full of hope. The distance was only forty-five versts, but the track was heavy, and it was nearly midnight when, after what seemed an almost interminable drive through mysterious pine forests and over wide, frozen lakes, we drew up at the door of a low cottage, where our thumping only evoked a savage response of barks and growls from the bear dogs within. Presently lights appeared, and the jovial, rubicund visage of old Maty-

anof, beaming with joy at our arrival and welcoming us to his best apartment. After shaking hands a dozen times all round the indispensable samovar was produced, and over a cup of tea and a pipe we sat far into the night, discussing the chances of sport, till at length, with the satisfactory assurance that there had never been more bears in the country, our hosts all shook hands once more and departed, leaving us to spread out our rugs over a heap of fresh straw, and sleep the sleep of the just.

Next morning was a Sunday, which we had agreed to make an off day. Like true Britons, we had brought up with us a portable India rubber bath, but a mixture of broken ice and half-melted snow goes a long way, so our ablutions were soon over; and when it is a question of geting up at 6 A.M. on a dark winter morning, with the temperature of the room somewhat below freezing, and half the spare population of the village attending your levée with deep interest, your toilet is apt to be brief.

After breakfast we went out to make our first acquaintance with Olonetz snowshoeing; and the dexterity of the peasants in this district was almost a revelation. The Russian snowshoe has nothing in common with the Canadian raquette, but is a long, thin strip of well-seasoned birch wood, about seven feet long by four inches wide, curving upward like a skate in front, and with a slight longitudinal groove along the centre of the under surface, which gives a grip on the snow when going uphill. It is fastened to the foot by a leather strap passing over the toe, and a birch-bark withy round the heel. On these shoes the Olonetz peasant almost lives during the winter, shooting down the steepest hills, scaling the most difficult slopes and traversing the thickest and most broken forest with an ease that seems well-nigh miraculous. Running, or, rather, skating, on snowshoes in an open and hilly country, with a slight crust on the snow, is one of the most exhilarating forms of exercise possible. The work falls chiefly on the muscles of the back and thighs, the shoe being allowed to work freely from the ball of the foot, but not lifted from the ground; over the flat, four or five versts an hour is considered good going for a long distance, though on a spurt considerably more can be done. The double shuffle which old Feodor used to develop on occasion filled us with envy and admiration. Snowshoeing downhill, however, is the "cream" of the sport. A few quick steps launch you into space, and bringing your shoes parallel, leaning slightly forward, swaying your body to meet the inequalities of the ground, and guiding yourself with a long stick—provided with a knob at one end for propulsion against the snow, and a hook at the other with which you may "hang on" to any handy tree when ascending a hill—down you shoot with ever-increasing velocity, and a delightful feeling of the absence of all effort, till your momentum dies gradually away on the plain below.

But getting back again is a different matter, and on a slippery slope an awful conviction of impotence comes over the beginner when he pants about halfway up, "blown" with his exertions, and feels that just at the critical point his shoes are beginning to slip from under him, and that he will be carried down again in an ignominious squatting position to the bottom of the hill.

But it was glorious fun, and by the end of the day we had been complimented on our progress by our hosts, who themselves slid down with the greatest nonchalance—standing on one foot, and stooping to pick up the gloves and cap that they had thrown down on the way!

Next morning we had completed breakfast and preparations by 7 A.M., and were driving out with a string of small Finnish sledges to the scene of action. Our party consisted of eight in all: B. and myself, Matyan, Matymian, old Feodor and three of his nephews, all expert snowshoers and keen hunters. Alongside ran our small pack of bear dogs, a breed peculiar to this district, but much resembling the Esquimau dog in general appearance, with powerful frame covered with a long wavy coat, and set on short legs with broad feet; a short, thick neck, broad head with a short, sharp-pointed nose; small, erect ears; bright, intelligent eyes, and a magnificent bushy tail curling over the back like a squirrel's.

They are very savage, and spend most of their leisure time in getting up fights among themselves; nearly every one of our small pack showed by a hanging ear or a gashed lip that he had not been made free of the guild without paying his footing.

In bear hunting these dogs are invaluable; their keen scent enables them to detect his berloga, or winter lair, at a considerable distance, and through all but the deepest snow; while, when he is started, they will follow his track with unerring patience, giving tongue every now and then to assure the hunter it is "all right," and guide him through the forest, till the final chorus tells that they have come up with the bear, and you rush up to obtain an easy shot as he stands at bay. The dogs are very active in avoiding the fierce blows which the bear aims at them, and soon learn the wisdom of attacking him in the rear, so that though every now and then they limp away bleeding from an ugly gash from the

bear's claws, after sitting down in the snow and licking their wounds carefully over, they trot contentedly home, and come out the next day as keen as ever. We usually took out five, all good dogs and all of different colors; Sobol, a splendid iron-gray dog, with a voice like a bloodhound and a frame wiry and strong as a wolf's, holding the proud post of leader.

The Russian or big bear (Ursus arctus), usually roams during the summer and autumn about the woods, feeding on the bearberries, cranberries and whortleberries with which the ground is covered, and occasionally venturing near enough to the villages to make havoc in the oat and rye fields, or to seize any stray horse or cow. Leaping on his victim, he breaks in the skull or dislocates the neck with one blow of his tremendous paws, and coolly carries it off in his great jaws into the depths of the forest, where for the moment he is safe from pursuit. About the month of November, however, soon after the first fall of snow, the bear begins to think of taking up his winter quarters, and, after some days' wandering to and fro, selects a comfortable spot, and scooping out a convenient hole or ensconcing himself under a fallen tree, coils himself up and goes to sleep for the winter. The peasant whose land he crosses has, however, marked his tracks, and as soon as their doubling and intersecting tell him that the bear is about to lie down he strikes off to the right or left, and describes a circle on snowshoes of some five to six versts in circumference, according to circumstances, curving gradually round till he meets the track at the point where he left it.

If during this circuit he comes again on the bear's trail he has to follow it up afresh and begin another ring; if not, he knows that the bear is "ringed." If he is a wise man he keeps his own counsel, as in many places there is great jealousy among the peasants, and a neighboring villager will not scruple to try and drive the bear off his rival's land, for the chance of being able to ring it on his own. In a week's time he goes round again to make sure that the bear has not moved, cutting the ring if possible a little smaller; then, if he is near Petersburg or any other large town, he posts off to try and sell his bear to some enterprising sportsman.

Now, if a bear hunt is made from Petersburg or Moscow, or indeed anywhere, by Russians of the better classes—who are as a rule singularly ignorant of the use of their native snowshoe—it takes the form of an oblava, or drive. The guns are posted in a likely spot, a miscellaneous collection of beaters—men and women and children from the adjoining villages, sometimes numbering two hundred—are sent round to inclose the ring, and keep up a continual yelling, while half a dozen of the best hunters of the neighborhood enter the ring from the far side and endeavor to drive the bear out upon the guns.

Here all depends on the correct formation of the ring and the judicious posting of the guns, and if this is properly done the drive is generally successful, the poor bear being so frightened by the unearthly din which greets his half-awakened ears that he is only too glad to bolt in any direction which seems to promise him peace. Occasionally, however, he is not so accommodating, and either turns short back on the hunters who are driving him, or, bewildered by the shouts, charges through the line of beaters and gets clear away. In such cases the position of the beaters is not without danger, and occasionally fatal accidents occur. I have myself seen a peasant who had been so badly bitten and clawed by an old bear which he was endeavoring to drive that his case seemed all but hopeless; while two years ago, in a ring made near Petersburg, the bear, instead of going forward on the guns, turned to the side, and walking up to an unfortunate mujik, shattered his skull with one blow of his paw—then passing down the line till he came to the end, where a boy was standing with a flag, took off with another "pat" his scalp and one side of his face, and, leaving the poor boy senseless in the snow, retired quietly into the forest without a shot being fired at him.

Often the danger is not so much from the bear as from the guns themselves, and certainly a party of enthusiastic Russian sportsmen, each one armed with two or three rifles and eager to get the first shot at the bear, provided he can be brought down, like Bob Acres's opponent, at a "proper gentlemanlike distance," is apt to prove the converse of the proposition that there is "safety in numbers." In Olonetz and the northern districts, where the oblava is discarded, and the hunter entering the ring with his dogs either shoots the bear as he emerges from the berloga, or finding him already on the move runs him down at the end of a long chase, accidents rarely occur; while the hard work and the ardor of pursuit supply just those elements of excitement that are wanting in the oblava.

Descending the conical hill on which our little village stood, we drove across a great snow plain, which, by the absence of shrubs and an occasional hole where a native was seen manœuvring a line through the ice, we discovered to be a frozen lake of about six versts in circumference; then "landing" by a small fishing village, where a row of hummocks on the shore indicated the boats which

NIGHT RIDE IN THE TROIKA.— DRAWING BY CHELMONSKI.

lay buried under the snow, we soon plunged into the forest, and drove pleasantly along through avenues of spruce and pine, their branches bending with snow and glittering in the bright rays of the rising sun. This country is an alternation of picturesquely disposed hills, valleys and lakes, the latter in such number that almost every village is named after the lake it stands on, and in summer carts are unknown, the usual means of communication being by boat. Somewhat more to the south, indeed, there lies a succession of vast open morasses, where, as we were told, there is not a house for one hundred versts, and where bears of a morose or retiring disposition find a safe retreat and luxurious feeding on the green shoots and the berries with which the bogs are covered. After driving some six versts along a deep, narrow track, or, rather, groove, in the snow, scooped out by passing sledges, we came to a halt at the edge of a small glade. "There is one close by here," said Matymian, "that I bought from a mujik when I heard you were coming; if we can get him quick we may be able to kill another that I know of further off before evening." He led the way into the woods. We followed silently, in Indian file, a method which greatly reduces the labor of snowshoeing, especially in the thick, as we soon found; and a party will go on in this way all day, taking it in turns to assume the lead and cut a track through the yielding snow. B. and I looked at each other, with thoughts too deep for words. Eight A.M., on our first shooting day, a glorious morning, clear, still and exhilarating, with about 20° Fahr. of frost, and *two* bears ahead of us.

We had hardly gone half a verst when, coming to a hummocky piece of ground, covered with fallen trees and drifted snow, the dogs began to prick their ears and put down their noses. Matymian, observing, "The berloga is just here," handed me my weapon, and as Sobol, with a suppressed yelp of excitement, disappeared down a cavity on the farther side of the bank, we rushed forward and stood on the lookout. After a few moments of suspense old Sobol reappeared with a disappointed look on his expressive visage, and began busily puzzling out an almost imperceptible track that led away from the hole.

"Not at home," said Feodor; "but never mind, he can't be far off;" and away after the dogs we went, quartering the ground backward and forward, trying every likely bush, and thrusting our sticks into every hollow and under every fallen tree, till at last, after some half-hour's tracking, up suddenly jumped a dark object in the middle of a thick clump of young firs and disappeared into the wood, none the worse apparently for a snap shot that went after him from my 12-bore rifle.

"Come along!" shouted Matymian. "We shall have him!" And dashing through the thicket at our best pace, guided by the loud yelping of the dogs, we soon emerged into a clearing, where, to my intense relief, we saw the bear floundering away at an astonishing rate through the deep snow, turning every now and then with a growl on the hounds that were "harassing his rear." An extra spurt brought us up to within thirty yards of him, and taking a steady shot behind the shoulder, I rolled him over. The ball just missed his heart, and picking himself up again, he proceeded to "make tracks," when he was stopped by another bullet, and B. came up in time to administer the *coup de grâce* as he lay dying hard, snarling and biting among the dogs. He turned out to be a small bear, of between three and four years of age, and hardly more than five poods (180 lbs.), as we estimated, in weight; but he was our first! and as such was entitled to respect. So we drank his health all round, and leaving a couple of men engaged in stripping off his thick dark-brown fur, we made our way back to the sledges, and started off after No. 2.

Ten versts more, still through the forest, and we halted on the slope of a hill, where the pines were taller and finer than any we had yet seen, and where woodcutting was going on briskly.

Here half a dozen woodmen, who had "gone shares" in the bear, were on the lookout for us, and led us about 400 yards into the forest, and pointing to a conical hillock, perhaps half a verst in circumference, crowned by a tangled mass of fir and underwood, remarked that there was the berloga.

Then we divided our forces, and placing B. on the left and a little to leeward of the clump, with old Feodor, I took up a similar position on the right with Matymian, and throwing the dogs in, and sending round the other men to rouse him with their shouts from the windward side, awaited the result. After a few moments of anxiety a sudden Babel of canine voices announced that the berloga was found, and the bear in it; and feeling much as when the first burst of melody in a gorse cover informs you of a find, and a rasping ox fence is staring you in the face, I got a spare cartridge ready, and listened intently for a move. But no; from behind that dense screen of spruce came still the yelping of excited hounds, and at intervals the deep, hoarse growl of the bear, and after some ten minutes we were about to endeavor to put a term to it by forcing our way into the berloga, when Matymian suddenly turned, exclaiming, "He's off! Skate quick!" slid down

the hill, and dashed away to the left, while I followed as closely as I could at his heels.

The bear had come out between B. and myself, and had got a little start of the dogs, when I caught sight of him just raising himself to clamber over a fallen tree, and put in a side shot that sent him head over heels on the other side. The bullet had gone clean through him, but, with extraordinary vitality, he got up again and still galloped on, receiving with comparative equanimity a shot that B. fired into him from the other side; and it was not till I was able to cut him off, and, as he turned at me, put in a ball between the eyes, that he dropped dead in his tracks. Though also a small bear, this one was about a pood heavier than our first, and as we made our way leisurely back to the sledges, where we found a roaring fire of dry pine logs, and sat round it eating our lunch and watching the thin blue smoke curl up gradually into the bluer sky — blue indeed and clear as that of an Italian summer—we felt that we had found at any rate one solution to Mr. Mallock's problem, and that life, under these circumstances, was worth living! Then the men had to be paid off, and leaving them happy with the sum of thirty rubles (£4) for their bear, and a small "nachai," or "tip," for themselves, we lit the soothing pipe, and stowed ourselves snugly away in our little sledges for the homeward drive.

Lying comfortably back on the hay which lines the interior of your sledge, your head resting on a pillow, and your feet stowed away under the driver's seat, your eyes half closed, and a pleasurable feeling of fatigue induced by the day's work stealing over you; recalling in your mind the ever-varying incidents of the day's sport, and cogitating over the chances for to-morrow, and the grateful prospect of bagging the "big one," who is reported to be somewhere in the neighborhood; the horses' bells making musical accompaniment to your waking dreams—all this has a fascination that can never be forgotten. Then the scenery! Always the same, but never monotonous. The tall, dark pines, opening in vista along the path, like the aisles of some vast cathedral, here and there catching through some opening in the woods the rays of the setting sun, and standing bathed in a flood of pure pink light, their stems blushing rosy red and each needle covered with a delicate frost sheath flashing as the branch waves gently in the evening breeze.

Then in a little glade stands a single birch, its silver stem banded with patches of dark crimson where the outer bark has peeled away, and its slender limbs showing like lacework against the glowing sky; here another bending down under the mass of snow which somehow or other contrives to find a lodgment on its narrow trunk, until its topmost branches are actually buried in the drift, forms a white triumphal arch under which we drive, the high doogá, or yoke, over the horse's neck just touching it as we pass, and bringing a shower of snow upon our heads. An unusual quantity of snow had fallen this spring, and the masses accumulated on the trees were very remarkable. The smaller fir trees were completely enveloped, and appeared nothing more than indefinite snow mounds, while the branches and tops of the large ones bore masses from two to four feet thick, rounded off by the action of the sun and the wind, and molded into most fantastic shapes, which, as we drove along, afforded an unceasing source of interest. Knights in armor, cowled monks, veiled ladies, eagles with outspread wings, witches in steeple hats, all presented themselves distinctly to our aroused imagination; but the most lifelike of all were always the small white bears, which, with curved back and clinging limbs, seemed to be climbing up the young pines to get out of the way of the enemy who was invading their happy hunting grounds. Then emerging suddenly from the deep shade of the forest to the dazzling whiteness of a snow-covered hill, bare save for a few dark-red alders standing out in relief against its summit, we would catch over the heads of the trees below a glimpse of a vast level expanse, denoting a lake that in summer would be alive with boats, while beyond and around the sea of pines stretched away again in ceaseless waves to the far horizon.

We got home early that evening, and after disposing of a not inconsiderable dinner—we had brought with us provisions for three weeks, and cooked our beefsteaks in an excellent portable saucepan—we retired to our straw couches at the unfashionable hour of 8 P. M.

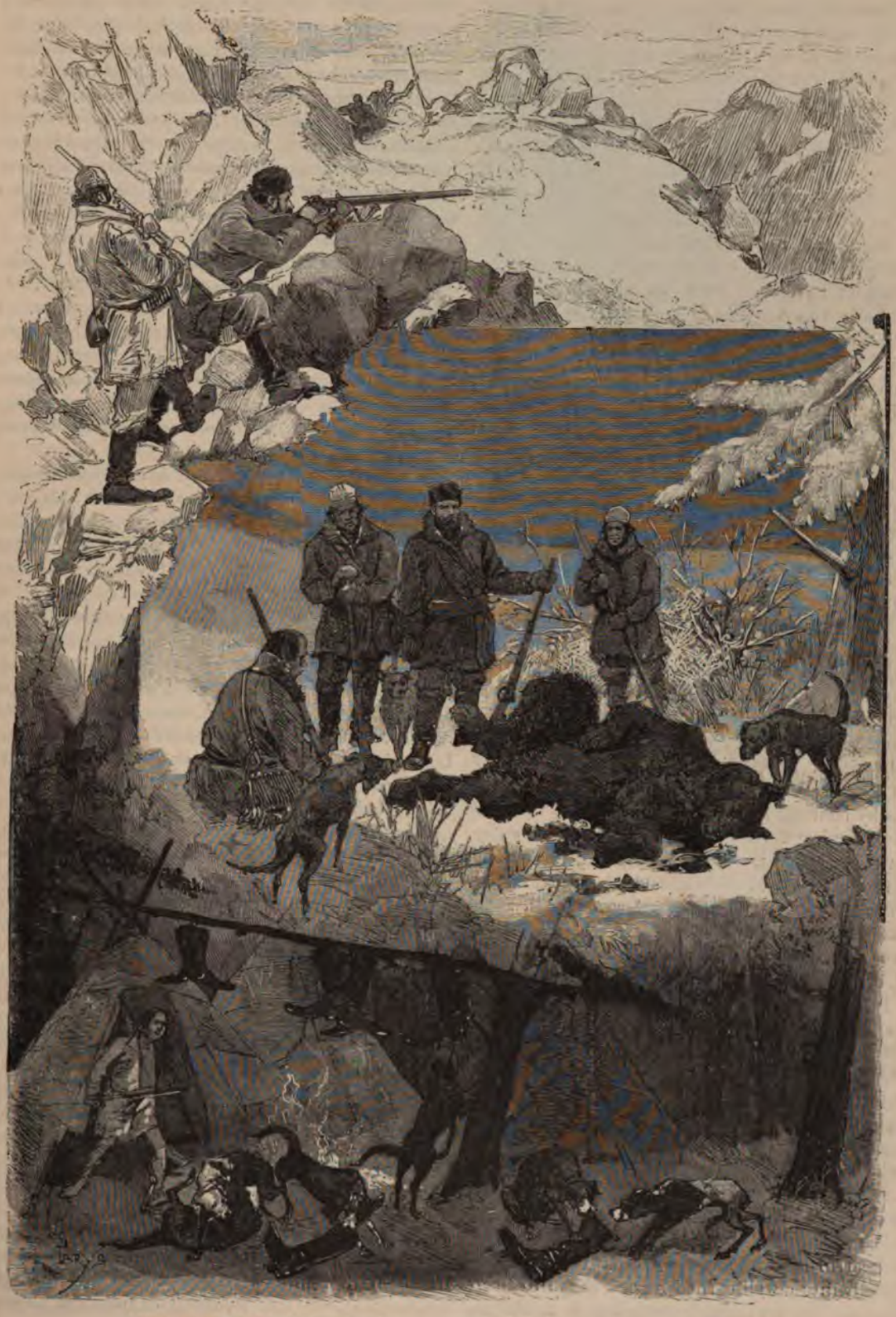
By the following Sunday we had raised our bag to the very satisfactory total of twelve head. But it was not all to be quite "beer and skittles." We turned out early on the Monday, and at 9 A. M., after a drive of eighteen versts, were on our snowshoes, prepared to walk the nine versts that the peasants told us we should have to cover before reaching the berloga. Walk we did, through forests, over interminable morasses, uphill and downhill, and with a keen wind of about 35° of cold blowing in our faces, till at length I observed B.'s ears, which he had injudiciously left uncovered, turning a dead-white color, which afforded me an excellent opportunity of dashing at him and scrubbing them with handfuls of snow, after the manner described in every boy's book of northern travel, till they were nearly scarified and as red as a boiled lobster. Subsequent experience

and reflection have convinced me that this time-honored method is one of the greatest frauds ever recommended to a trustful public, the fact being that the small snow crystals are eminently adapted to scratch off the skin and seriously aggravate the injury; hand rubbing, or friction with any smooth woolen material, is far preferable.

THE WHOLE FAMILY.

However, in this case the frostbite had luckily been detected in time, and B. was soon himself again. So much so, that on crossing the fresh track of a risomak, or wolverine—the glutton of North America—he expressed an ardent desire to go at once in chase of this strange and curious animal. Gathering, however, from the account of our hunters that the risomak is several degrees harder to run down than a lynx, and that when started he will travel for a hundred versts on end, or thereabouts, without turning a hair, I sternly refuse to countenance any such amusement, and on we plod.

Suddenly Feodor brings his feet together, and shooting down a steep incline at the side of a small clearing, disappears into the forest. It looks easy enough, but it is not without a misgiving born of sad experience that I prepare to follow him. A slide, a stagger, a recovery, I am down the hill and just congratulating myself on my unexpected success, when the snow bank suddenly appears to take a turn to the right. My right foot unhesitatingly follows it, my left shoe somehow doubles up under me. I feel it is all over, and in another moment I bring up short with a tremendous bang, and find myself reposing placidly on my back in the snow, with my ideas rather mixed, my feet in the air, and the trunk of a young pine tree, which has cut short my wild career, between my legs. These slight incidents, however, do not delay us more than a few moments, and after five hours' hard walking we find ourselves close to the berloga, where various broken birches and the traces of teeth and claws high up on the stems of some of the surrounding Scotch firs denote the presence of a "big one"; and as in response to an onslaught from the dogs a huge brown head protruded itself just under our feet,



AMONG THE HILLS—BRUIN LAID LOW—HUNGRY DOGS RAIDING THE NIGHT CAMP.

and vanished again with a tremendous growl, we felt repaid for all our labors. We were too far away from the horses to waste time or give Bruin any law, and when at last out he came with a rush he was promptly rolled over with a bullet through the brain at three paces, and the men at once set to work to strip off his thick grizzled fur. He proved to be a fine old male bear, weighing some twelve poods, the best we had yet secured—a fact which helped to sustain us through our long tramp homeward—but in spite of our satisfaction, both B. and myself felt thoroughly beat as at half-past seven we saw through the dark forest the welcome gleam of the camp fire.

The sun had set at 6 P. M., and the last hour and a half's stumbling about in the darkness had been very severe, besides which our toes were becoming somewhat excoriated by the pressure of the strap across them. We calculated that we had done nearly forty versts (some twenty-six miles) during the day, and the going in some places was very heavy and the forest thick. We crossed the wolverine's track again on the way home, but this time B. showed no animation on the subject. Yet was it not worth it all to lie with the content that comes of sheer fatigue beside the fire, smoking the pipe of peace and watching the weird effects produced by the glare on the rugged faces of our companions, and the stems of the nearer pine trees, with the night wind moaning in the sombre, mysterious woods around? A camp-fire light shows up objects brilliantly within the radius of a small circle, and then stops suddenly, inclosed by a blackness that looks by contrast all the more intense.

Here we learnt the method of procuring water from snow. Old Feodor, picking up a large half-frozen lump, stuck it on the end of a stick, which he fixed so as to project toward the fire; it soon began to drip, and kept the glasses, placed by turns beneath it, constantly full of delicious, cool, pure water. Now this sounds simple enough, but it is not everyone who knows how to make an egg stand on end. Left to ourselves, we should probably have tried boiling down a tin cupful of snow, and so have obtained an impure, half-tepid and wholly unsatisfactory result.

Camping out in the open, except in a very warm and dry climate, is a proceeding which should only be resorted to in the last extremity, i. e., if there is not a house to be found within fifty miles.

It is all very well to stretch yourself out beside the cheerful log fire, and after a hard day to drop gradually into a well-earned repose, lulled to sleep by the murmurs of the forest; but it is not so pleasant to wake at 4 A. M., three hours before sunrise, chilled to the bone, damp inside your clothes and half frozen outside, to find the fire out and a keen wind rising which seems to blow right through your joints, and produces symptoms of rheumatism and incipient ague. Russian huts, on the other hand, with their double windows and great square stoves, afford by no means bad quarters for the tired sportsman—and many a good night's rest we enjoyed extended on the floor on our fresh straw beds—while the proprietor of the house, his wife and family, and any casual guests, packed like sardines in a case, snored amicably on the stove above, with their noses some twelve inches from the ceiling. I have seen fourteen men, women and children, aroused by our nocturnal incursion, roll off the top of a stove not more than seven feet square where they had been sleeping. It is difficult to conceive how they managed to arrange themselves in this limited space.

The next evening, after unsuccessfully hunting all day a large ring which proved blank, we were bidden by our host to the geserda, the Russian peasant's equivalent for an "at home," which was being held at a neighboring house. We were amused to find exactly the same arrangement of the sexes to prevail here as in a London drawing room—the girls all arranged in picturesque cotton dresses sitting round the room spinning and singing, while the men all huddled sheepishly in the doorway, apparently voting the affair a bore, and discussing whether they shouldn't go on to Maria Ivanovka's, next door. Here, however, the Russian system came decidedly to the front, for a bright-looking girl of sixteen or seventeen, with a rather pretty face and a sad absence of waist, suddenly threw down her distaff, dashed at the knot of men, and having secured her victim, dragged him to the front, and proceeded to put him through his paces in a slow *pas à deux*—something in the style of a Polonaise, while the others beat time and accompanied the proceedings with a monotonous but not unmelodious chant—mostly in the minor mode—the prevalence of which is a characteristic of the Russian national songs. The Polonaise was succeeded by a sort of quadrille all rolled into one figure, in which we were impressed into taking part, and found that the reward of our labors was the privilege of kissing our partners at the end—a custom which would no doubt go far to remedy the often-lamented want of "dancing men" if introduced into general society. B., I regret to say, being a fastidious man, shirked this part of his duty—while I endeavored by my extra zeal to compensate for his lack of courtesy, which was evidently deeply felt by his fair and rotund partner.

We passed our next Sunday in a village near the shore of the Bielozero. One Sunday we were fortunate in witnessing the annual ceremony of "Katanie," or sledge parade, of the Olonetz peasants. During the afternoon the whole neighborhood collected in the village, the girls all dressed in their "Sunday best," the men in bright-red shirts, velvet knickerbockers and long boots, to see the newly married couples, i.e., all who had entered into the holy estate during the year, drive in pairs backward and forward through the long street or thoroughfare along which the main houses of every Russian village are dispersed—subject to the free criticism and "chaff" of their friends and neighbors, and encouraged by the cheers of the poorer section of the crowd, whom the prospect of vodka—corn brandy—which supplants the usual tea on such festive occasions, had attracted from a considerable distance around. It was noticeable that whereas the brides in several cases appeared to have passed their *première jeunesse*, the bridegrooms were all young men of under twenty, some indeed lads of hardly more than sixteen or seventeen. This we attributed to the working of the conscription. Family life is conducted on patriarchal principles in these parts, and by a son's marriage under such circumstances the parents obtain not only a new daughter, but also an able-bodied servant, who works for them during her husband's absence, and brings another allotment of communal ground into the common stock.

Monday, from morn till eve, was spent in fruitlessly hunting a large ring inclosing about a square mile of forest, and it was not till, both dogs and men being fairly tired out, I was making my way back to the horses, and had just given my rifle to old Matyan, that I was startled by a yell from Feodor, who was some fifty yards on my right, and a succession of shots, evidently from B., a little farther on. Seizing a spear from Feodor I rushed in the direction of the shots, and was just in time to intercept a good-sized cub who was making tracks into the thicket, and as charging him with the spear I fell over on top of my transfixed victim, I had just time to see B. giving the *coup de grâce* to an old she bear close to his feet.

It appeared that as he, likewise, was coming up to the sledges he had actually all but tumbled over the bear as she dashed out from under a fallen tree, and in his excitement, after blazing off his first two barrels, had followed up the attempt by various charges of small shot, which he had brought for the benefit of any stray blackcock that might here be met with. Luckily the bear was more frightened than B., and intent

THE LOG-AND-COLLAR TRAP.

only on making her escape, or the consequences might have been serious; as it was, she paid the penalty of so basely deserting her three cubs, all of which were brought to bag. She had made her lair within two hundred yards of the sledge road, and in going in we had unwittingly passed within fifty yards of it before setting the dogs to work!

Driving home, the one thing needed to complete our satisfaction was supplied in a peasant's meeting us with the news that "the big one," of which we had heard a good deal in the neighborhood, had been met with on the same day not more than fifteen versts from our sleeping quarters.

Early next morning we were after him, and going to the spot indicated, put on our snowshoes and followed the fortunate peasant into the forest. There, sure enough, lay before us a well-defined and gigantic track, far the largest we had yet seen, and the eager way in which the dogs took up the trail of the bear proved that it was still fresh.

It was at our best pace that we followed, sometimes on the track itself, sometimes diverging round a steep hill or an impenetrable thicket, but always keeping in hearing of the deep bay of the hounds, till at the end of nearly three hours' severe going a tremendous burst from the dogs elicited a shout of "Mishka!" from old Matyan, as he handed me my rifle and pointed to what was evidently a fresh lair just in front of us. But no, the lair was empty; the bear had passed the night there, and had apparently just left it, so we renewed the pursuit, and in another twenty minutes were rewarded by catching sight of a huge black bear in a small hollow about fifty yards beyond us, fighting furiously with the dogs, who kept dashing at him with the utmost audacity.

"Shoot, shoot!" cried old Feodor, in fear for the safety of his beloved hounds; but as for the same reason I was unable to aim at the bear's heart, my bullet only grazed his shoulder, and with a savage growl he turned from the dogs and charged up at us. This time, however, I had a very fair chance at the animal, and the second barrel laid him low at twelve paces from our feet.

He proved to be a splendid old male bear, in good condition, with a fine dark coat, weighing not less than fifteen poods (five hundred and forty pounds English), and exhibiting, when skinned, a magnificent development of the dorsal and pectoral muscles, with unusully long and powerful arms. He was credited with the death of no less than five horses in the neighborhood, and the peasant who found him told me that in the preceding summer, when mowing a glade near the village, he had seen this very bear suddenly emerge from the forest, trot coolly up to the unfortunate horse, whom his master had hobbled before beginning his work, dislocate the vertebræ of his neck with one pat of his paw just about the withers, and then seizing him in his jaws, drag him off into the forest like a wolf carrying a lamb, the owner meanwhile remaining buried up to his eyes in the haystack, behind which he had taken refuge.

It was a glorious finish to our short campaign, and as after lunch—having sent off the peasant happy with fifty well-earned rubles—we lay on our backs for the last time by the log fire, smoking the farewell pipe while the men were at work skinning our trophy, and detaching lumps of pure grease big enough to supply all the hairdressers in Bond Street for several months, and then pulling ourselves together, skated leisurely back the eight versts to where our horses were waiting to convey us home for our last night's rest under Matyan's roof, we breathed a regret that existence could not be one continuous bear hunt.

TRAPPED ON A BARB-NAILED PLANK.

IN EXTREMIS.

To D. R. W——.

By Belle Hunt Shortridge.

Oh! Life is a treacherous, unknown sea
  Which I am afraid to sail:
I feel the tug of the underdraught,
  I hear the Lurleis wail
On the rocky isles in the dripping fog
  Where mariners are beguiled,
And the phantom ships go gliding on
  In the trackless, shoreless wild.

I feel the current sob and sigh
  To carry its own dead weight
From a hidden birth to a hidden death
  Where denser fogs await.
I catch the lurch of the angry waves
  In my own perturbèd heart,
While my sharpened senses stagger back
  To that sunny May-day start.

I know that the skies will never smile
  Again as they did that day;
I know that smile was a syren's smile
  That will linger and haunt alway:
I should not have come!—O mighty fate,
  I grapple no more with thee!
I have probed a masterful heart to-day,
  To the common agony!

A heart that is old and wise, and rich
  In sagecraft, poet-lore,
That grasps in its human godliness
  Both past and future shore,
Spanning the puny little "Now"
  In calm, colossal pose,
With brow in the cooling clouds of Thought,
  And feet on the earthborn rose.

A soul not fashioned of common mold,
  A heart not made by rule,
A brain not whittled out, inch by inch,
  At the end of measure and tool:
A man—as Jesus Christ was a man,
  And others who came to save,
Yet a man as you and I are men,
  Of birth and cradle and grave,

Who cries from a wounded, human heart,
  "I feel my career is done—
Has come to an abrupt, grewsome end
  Ere its goal were halfway won!"
* * * * *
So, down with thy lute, O singer vain!
  Cope not with odds like these!
Thy feet presumptuous may not climb
  To heights Olympian!—Cease!

Lay down thy lute—dost hear?—'twere vain!—
  The gods do sleep on high,
Mortals are deaf, and Mammon king,
  Who laughs in a brazen sky,
And sets the fool in the high priest's chair,
  While scholar, helper, sage,
Goes out, unnshered, to paths untried,
  And sordid, daily wage!
* * * * *
Put by thy lute—we'll sing no more—
  The master hath despaired!
'Tis not for pygmies like thyself
  To tread where he hath dared
And failed of hope and harmony!
  Thy lute strings, now, may rust,
Till they and thou fall crumbling, in
  The universal dust!

THE SECRET OF THE GORGE CAVERN.

By Samuel Freedman.

There is a belief among the Indian tribes that all who love shall journey upon hills of happiness or into ravines of grief. And there is a saying, "The red man and the white cannot live together."

When the white man had brought destruction to the Indian and buffalo on the hills and plains many of the Nez Percés retreated to a mountain, where they flourished amid great hunting grounds while the other tribes were desolated; for their haunt was inapproachable from the east, where the white man lived, to all except those who knew the key to its entrance, as a gorge many miles to the north and south wound about the place, through which, deep below, a wild sheet of water dashed. But when the Indian wished to go to the east to battle or seek for game he entered a cavern under the waters of the gorge and pushed aside a great stone at its eastern mouth. This cavern and stone formed the gateway to the Nez Percés race, the protection that guarded for them their homes and the plenitude of their hunting grounds, that swept far and barren to the west; and to none was its secret intrusted but to the members of the tribe.

When Softheart was young and before she was named the medicine and wise men took note of her shuddering at the sight of blood, and declared that her spirit was too meek for a Nez Percés squaw. But when she grew into full-bloom wom-

anhood, and her gentle spirit lent to her savage nature the grace of a meek young deer, the warriors and hunters chanted of her eyes that bore the white tint of the pearl and the shimmer of the polished black rock, of her skin that breathed the warmth of a deep-flushed summer sky, and teeth that had caught the clearness of the white stone in the hills to the west.

Softheart knew little of the white man, for the tribe never carried to their haunt a prisoner, for fear that, should chance favor his escape, he would inform his race of their abode; so she had never seen one, but had often toyed with the scalps the warriors carried home, running her fingers gently through the gray, the white or the soft black hair upon them, as if their once owners could still feel her caress. And if some locks of gold happened among them she smoothed those tenderly, seeking to think of the manner of man who once had proudly worn them. They would feel so soft and human, and the trinkets and garments breathed so much of a kindly spirit, that she always said to herself: "My race think you to be cruel and greedy. Surely you cannot be so and yet feel so gentle!"

Many a hunter brought his hard day's spoils to her, and the bravest warriors laid their girdle of scalps at her feet; but her heart was empty and her love cold to the loves of her tribe.

On clear, sunny morns, when the birds' songs would be carried across from among the wild flowers, trees and meadows of the east, and only the barren plains rolled dryly away to the westward, Softheart loved to enter the bright, fresh world on the eastern side, and often against the mandates of her tribe made her way to the cavern under the torrent and pushed aside the rock at its mouth.

One sunrise she had journeyed a distance from the cavern opening, when she came across the form of a man prostrate on the high banks above the steep ravine. He was dressed in clothes similar to the strange ones the warriors brought home; where the neck and hands showed the skin was of a clear pink, and upon his hatless head clustered curls of the golden hue she so loved. He was famishing from thirst, for every now and then he moaned, writhed his supple young body further over the edge of the cliff, and put forth his tongue in a feverish attempt to reach the water below.

Without hesitation Softheart held to him her pouch of spring water, drew from her bosom a piece of jerked venison and fed him, while she saw with a strange thrill of delight that his face was of a wondrous whiteness, and not scarred with wrinkles or nose rings as were the faces of many of the Nez Percés youth; that his eyes were not of the dull yellow and black as those of the men of her tribe, but of a soft, steellike blue, like such as she had once seen on a fawn; and upon his lip curled golden hair like the locks that crept over his white temples. Softheart knelt by his side with the homage of some mortal to some god, and stroked his hair and face.

When he was strong enough to articulate she found to her delight that he could utter the syllables of her tribe, and his soft voice and peculiar accent gave to the words a novel charm. From his feeble sentences she learned that he had been separated from a band of hunters, lost his way and wandered about for many miles, until, parched from thirst and hunger, he had thrown himself down within maddening sight of water unattainable.

But it was more than hunger that ailed him, for Softheart soon saw he was suffering from the mountain fever. Deep in her heart she did not regret it, for she felt that if it were not so he would return from whence he came and leave her only with his memory. She took him in her strong arms, carried him to a deep fissure in the rocks, made for him a fire, and left him sleeping for the night.

Before the next rise of the sun she came again, and watched over him as he lay feeble and moaning. And for many suns afterward she came and went, nursing him, crouching by his side, listening to his fitful breathing, and anxiously watching each increasing tint of life surge more vividly to his features. When at last he could speak it gave her a strange, new joy to hear him say that he owed to her his life; to hear his tales of populous cities far away below the sweep of the horizon, where the people did not live in rude skin camps; where even great chiefs toiled for women, and men loved and did not slay; and of that place from where he had come, founded by the whites but a short time before, and to which place the settlers had brought their families to form a colony. And it was not so many miles distant. "One would only have to wind around the northern side of that mountain lying further to the east, pass to the south in the sands along the slow, brown churlish stream till one came to a hill of black-and-white granite, above which waved two solitary trees; then make the way across, over the swamp, the forest of underbrush and rock-strewn plain, straight as an arrow, to the east, until the earth grew red and rose in great bowlders of blood-red stone; mount the crest of the highest rock, and on the other side the new colony would be seen."

Those were happy days for Softheart, when she

would sit by his side through the glory of a brilliant summer sun, amid the freshness and fragrance of the flowers and foliage; hearing him speak, in tones more loved by her than the notes of the birds, of things more wise than the wise men knew; watching the west as the hills became steeped with a misty purple and distant streams flooded with crimson; watched the great liquid colors poured over the clouds and a mass of brilliant, wild-hued fires emblazoning the sky. She attired herself entirely in white, for he had said she looked her best with it and her dark, warm-colored skin in contrast; and she called him, "the great god," "the glorious," "king of the thrones of the earth," "he who wears the moon upon his shoulders and the sun within his hair," "the gold flower," and "the everlasting"; for she looked upon him as some wondrous being, and deep in her heart loved him with all her savage yet great-hearted nature. The memory of the strange belief of her race often came to her, and as she stood upon those high cliffs in the warm sunshine she felt she was indeed upon the hills of happiness—and did not think of the gorge that roared beneath.

As for the white man, he was always tender and loving to her, taught her how soul met soul at the touch of the lips, and took great interest in her and her people. One sun she imparted the secret of the entrance to her tribe to him, and it surprised him so greatly that she ran down through the brush and grass to the cave and pushed back the rock that choked the entrance. Immediately afterward she felt a strange weight at her heart. The tribe would have meted death to any who divulged the secret, but the misgivings she felt were indefinite and did not come from fear.

When she came with the next early rise of the sun she could not find the white man, but found instead fresh tracks of horses' hoofs made the night before. In vain she hunted the cliffs and valleys, looked deep down the gorge, and stood upon high places to scan the horizon, returning late in the dusk, tired, footsore and weary, with a great black void at her heart.

That evening, as she lay by the wigwam fire, her father asked:

"What has stopped the throat of the singing bird? Why are her notes no longer heard?"

She said:

"Our tribe tells that once a paleface loved a maiden of our race, and wedded her, and took her to the great teeming cities of the east, where she was loved and honored as a chieftain's wife."

The sullen warrior answered, with blazing eyes:

"There are also tales among us of devils that assume the shape of wild animals, and these lure the hunter until he falls into some precipice he had not seen. But the Indian became too wary for these devils; so they transformed themselves into the whiteface, gifted with a greater mind, a smoother tongue and more skillful arms: that he may with the first try to get the Indian in his power; with the next, win him by gentle speech; and with the third, slay him—for his mission is to kill, that his race only may live. The white man is treacherous. If one knew the secret of the cavern gate never again would our tribe be safe."

From rise of moon till rise of sun Softheart tossed and tore her couch of skin; then she repaired again to the place the white man should have been, but still could not find him; and the great black void in her heart had grown greater, and it was the sharp shadow of distrust.

Again that night she tossed in a fever on her bed. As the great chasm of distrust widened a new impulse possessed her. It seized upon her so powerfully that, unable to resist its command, while still her people were sleeping, she unloosed from his stake her shag-haired pony—the smallest of the tribe, and the only one that could crawl beneath the mouth of the cavern—and led him through to the eastern side. Here she sprang upon his back and drove toward the mountain that lay further to the east. The white man's words of the way to the colony burned in her brain. She wound around the mountain's northern side; passed to the south in the sands along the slow, brown churlish stream; came to the hill of black-and-white granite with two solitary trees above; made her way across, over the swamp, the forest of underbrush and rock-strewn plain, straight as an arrow, to the east; rode over the red earth, and urged her pony up the great bowlders of blood-red stone; mounted the crest of the highest rock, and sank exhausted within sight of the new colony that slept at her feet.

The last rays of the dying sun illumined the mountain of blood and painted the log huts and rough wood cabins of the new village, with smoke writhing from the chimneys and children playing without the doors, into a color almost as deep a red.

All night she watched—while the dews of the night fell upon her, while the mountain wind blew her hair like grass before her, and the moon that sent all things to sleep let fall soft rays upon her. But no sleep came to Softheart, for her great Indian eyes, which, like animals', could pierce clearly through long distances, were bent upon the village with the glare of a stone figure's.

However, before the next sun had yet pierced a

beam above the horizon, she heard a bugle call, and soon saw many men issuing from the houses, leading horses by the bridles and forming into line. Then, for the first time, she saw *him*—the whiteface she had stolen from the sleep of death; he was at their head, in their lead. But the next moment she clutched the turf and tore it up by the roots; for by his side, clinging to him as though their interlaced hands had grown together and become too much a part of the other to be separated for an instant, was a golden-haired woman leading by the hand a child. The paleface leaped upon his horse, and then, while the fingers of the Indian girl dug the earth till they were bruised and bleeding, he bent his face so that his lips touched those of the woman. There followed the clatter of horses' hoofs as they all rode away, he waving his hand, in parting, to the child the woman held aloft in the air.

Nor was that all. As the white men filed out of the village "they turned their horses' heads toward the west, past the mountain of blood, in the direction of the forest of underbrush, the swamp, the hill of black-and-white granite, and the slow, brown churlish stream."

Then there rang in her ears and sang in her blood the words, "The white man is treacherous. If one knew the secret of the cavern gate the tribe would be no longer safe."

She raised her hands pitifully aloft to the sun, and with a cry as of a broken heart flung herself to the ground. But no time now for the heart to bewail its breaking. The tribe was in danger. Before another rise of the sun the band that had just issued from the threshold of that village would be within the cavern beneath the gorge, stealthily stealing upon the sleeping Nez Percés.

With a biting, bitter feeling at her heart she leaped upon her startled pony's back, and turned his head to the southern side of the mountain of blood, the furthest trail away from the one the white man had taken, then lashed him westward along the southern end of the forest of underbrush and swamp land.

Surely the shag-haired animal knew the peril, for the wind had never swept more swiftly over the mountain peaks than he skimmed over the sharp, stone-strewn plain; and when he tore his flesh on the knifelike underbrush or fell on the projecting rocks a word from his mistress instilled into him the life that bore him to his feet again. Behind her streamed her hair, as if it was fastened stiff into space, while before her dilated her eyes, as if to scorch the thin line of the horizon. Surely seldom before had horse or Indian blood done severer service, for when at last he fell dead at her feet they were at the base of "the mountain that lay further to the east." She mounted a rock, and in the distance saw a cloud of dust. The white men had made good progress, while she had taken a much longer way to skirt their trail; but now, with the help of their animals, they threatened to reach the goal before her.

Without pausing she fled to the west, and, fainting from exposure and hunger without and goaded to madness by the bitter feeling within, ran over the plains and made her way up the difficult path to the cliffs above the gorge. So swiftly did she travel that she reached it before the white men had tied their horses at the base.

But it was now too late to warn the tribe. Whatever was to be done had now to be accomplished by herself alone. With her own hands she would have to save her people. Unaided, she would have to annihilate the small army of white men, or— And a thought seized her that made her suddenly clutch the rough bark of a tree to keep from falling, and forced a sob to break from her. It was to kill one, only one, but the one who held the secret of the approach to the cavern. Her weakness lasted but a second, for the next she stood erect against the trunk of the tree, the stern lines of her race showing in each of her features.

Far away the moonlight glinted on the streams, and bathed the hills and valleys in soft phosphorescence. It shone on the sides of the same cliffs from which she had watched the sinking of those short, happy suns. It turned to silver the seething spray of the shrieking gorge as its waters lapped and lashed the rocks along its way. It played strange kaleidoscopic colors over the snakelike writhing of the curling monster, seeming to soften its force and snarl and serpentlike hissing, and to take away some of the wildness of its terrors. It lit, too, a lonely line of men slowly climbing the cliff's sides, and glanced back from the gleams of their weapons. But above all stood the Indian girl, with close-drawn brow and compressed lip, like some grim Medusa awaiting fate.

Closer and closer they crept to her along the crest of the cliff. They emerged from the shadow, and she saw him, the one who held the secret of the tribe, still at their head. The moon illumined his face, like a god's if he had been one, but like a devil's now that she knew him. She made a sudden spring as of a panther, and was upon him; a few feet further away the abyss yawned, and she felt she had yet strength left to drag him over—and fall with him.

The paleface gave a wild, startled shriek; but he was taken so completely by surprise that he was but as a child in her arms. Her eyes and teeth shone savagely; all the craftiness, the doggedness and spirit of her race was upon her. She uttered

"THE WATERS LAID HER BODY ON ITS EASTERN BANKS."

no word, but her entire existence was bent on the deeds she was to accomplish. But at the very edge of the precipice one quick-minded companion caught and held him, and in the second that intervened another ran to his assistance and struck the Indian girl a heavy blow upon the forehead—just in time to free him from her viselike grip and save him from going over the edge; just in time for the paleface to see her white garments, startlingly white in the moonlight, flutter down in that awful depth, like some ghost flitting through space, just before mingling with the celestial whiteness of the spray, and her body seized by the roaring waves; in time for him to realize the truth of it all, and to cry in a voice pitched high above the artillery of the waters: "Softheart! Softheart! Why have you done this? I came to take you back with me, Softheart!"

Perhaps she heard him. Perhaps, with the sight that comes to those just before death, she pierced the veil that had hid the truth, and realized then that, the night on which he disappeared, his friends had found him, and much against his will, he being too weak to resist them, they had carried him back to his home; but that he had left for her, written upon a skin, these words, "Within four suns I will return," but which the wind had carried away; that the golden-haired woman she had seen him kiss so tenderly was but his sister, and the child hers; that he had come with his friends, not to make war upon her people, but to bring her back to his, that in his gratitude he might teach her their ways and she become one of them.

She must have perceived all this; and, too, that when he saw her carried down that moonlit

gorge he laid his head upon his hands and wept aloud; for when the waters laid her body on its eastern banks neither the fury of the waves nor the battle with the rocks in that terrible journey to death had robbed her face of a smile.

But two things remained undisputed: The white man never divulged the secret of the cavern gate, and the truth was shown of that belief, that "All who love must journey upon hills of happiness or into ravines of grief," and of that saying, "The red man and the white cannot live together."

GEOGRAPHICAL NEWS.

By George C. Hurlbut, Secretary of the American Geographical Society.

The year 1893 will be memorable in the history of Arctic expeditions. Dr. Nansen, who sailed in the *Fram* from Christiana, June 24th, sent on the 31st of July from Berlevaag, 70 miles to the eastward of North Cape, a telegram reporting progress. This may be the last news of him for some years. He was satisfied with his ship, and all had gone well, though the ice in the White Sea was said to be in bad condition. His course lay for Yugor Strait, between Waigatz Island and the Russian coast. In the strait he would take on board 30 sledge dogs, and at the Olenetz River in Siberia 26 more. He hoped to reach by the end of August the west coast of the New Siberian Islands, and then to steer directly north till the ship became fast in the ice, with which she will drift, as he believes, to the North Pole.

Mr. Peary left Portland, Me., in the *Falcon*, on the 8th of July. On the 17th he wrote from Battle Harbor in Labrador a letter to the New York *Sun*. He hoped to write once more from the northern coast of Labrador before the early winter cut him off from the world. His plan is to establish winter quarters on Inglefield Gulf in Northwestern Greenland, and to start in March next with eight or nine men on sledges over the inland ice to Independence Bay, discovered and named by him, July 4th, 1892. From Independence Bay one party is to go to the north as far as possible; another is to explore the coast of Greenland to the southeast as far as Cape Bismarck, beyond which the coast to the northward is now utterly unknown. From Cape Bismarck this second party will return across the inland ice to the winter quarters, and there be joined by their comrades from the north.

Mr. F. G. Jackson proposes to reach the North Pole by way of Franz Josef's Land. He left England in the last week of July for Nova Zembla, where he intends to pass next winter alone, exploring the island. It is much to be feared that he is doing a very rash and unnecessary thing, and that even if he returns from his desperate venture he will return practically empty-handed.

Chitral, an independent state at the base of the Hindoo Kush, has been visited by two Englishmen, the Hon. C. G. Bruce and Dr. Robertson. They traveled from Gilgit, a distance of 200 miles, over the Shandur Pass, more than 12,000 feet above the sea. It was bitterly cold weather, with a high wind. The scenery was magnificent, and the Valley of Chitral was closed, they found, by the Tirech Mir, a two-peaked mountain, 25,000 feet in height.

Mr. Theodore Bent, the explorer of Mashonaland, has done some good work at Axum, in Abyssinia, copying inscriptions and photographing ruins, obelisks, etc., in the turmoil of a war which at last drove him out of the country.

Mr. Astor Chanler and his Austrian companion, Lieutenant von Höhnel, after ascending the Valley of the Tana River, in East Africa, reached in March last the eastern slope of the Jombene Mountains, which run in a direction southwest from the high peak, almost under the equator. Kenia itself was in full view before them, a bare-topped mountain with densely wooded sides. The forest continued to the height of 15,000 feet; the land at the base of the mountain and the lowest slopes were covered with grass. The Jombene Mountains are inhabited by a dense population, the Wamasai on the west side and the Waembe, an agricultural people, on the eastern side. The latter are destroying the timber on the mountains in extending their plantations of sweet potatoes, yams, cassava, beans, sugar cane, and millet of two kinds.

A work on Deep-sea Sounding, published by Captain A. S. Barker, U. S. N., gives an account of the work done by the *Enterprise*, of the United States Navy, in soundings around the world, south of the equator. Two hundred and seventy-two casts were taken outside of the 100-fathom line which marks the continental limit, and most of these showed depths of between 2½ and 3½ miles. Between 45° and 50° S. Lat. there were 57 soundings made in the Pacific: 10 gave depths of 2 to 2½ miles, 21 depths between 2½ and 3 miles, and 13 depths between 3 and 3½ miles. Conical mountains rising from the floor of the ocean were found; one in the Atlantic west of Cape Town, with 731 fathoms of water on the top, had on each side a depth of 2,500 fathoms, and another off the South American coast, in the same ocean, with 378 fathoms on top and more than 2,000 fathoms on the sides. These submarine mountains often form the foundations of atolls in the coral seas.

Professor A. H. Sayce, in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* for July, shows from the Old Testament and the Egyptian monuments that Mount Sinai is not in what is called the Sinaitic Peninsula. The *Yam Suf* of the book of Exodus is not, he affirms, the Red Sea, but the Gulf of Akaba, and he is inclined to look for Mount Sinai on the borders of Midian and Edom, among the ranges of Mount Seir and in the neighborhood of the ancient sanctuary of Kadesh-Barnea, the site of which has been found at 'Ain Qadis.

Mr. Lefroy, the surveyor of the State of Perak in the Malay Peninsula, has lately made the ascent of Gunong Kerban, which he finds to be 7,127 feet in height, the greatest elevation in Perak. This mountain is in the interior on the Upper Kinta River, which has its source in the neighboring range, and flows in a general southerly direction to its mouth on the Strait of Malacca. The Valley of the Kinta seems to be fertile, especially on the south side of the mountains, where the slopes are long and gentle. Mount Kerban is a mass of gray granite for about 5,000 feet, and then occurs a schistose formation, which is wearing away.

M. Fournereau, who is charged with an archæological mission in Siam, has penetrated to Sukhodaya, the old capital of the Thai people. Here he found ruined temples, buried in the forests, and slabs of sandstone with carved figures and numerous inscriptions. Three days' journey from this place he came to Sangkalok, once famous for its pottery: and here M. Fournereau counted 40 old kilns. All the civilization which once flourished here

was swept away by the incursion of the barbarians from the north; a story everywhere repeated. Another ruined city was Lophaburi, founded in A.D. 600, and the residence of the Siamese kings in the season of floods. An exploration in the same great peninsula has just been concluded by M. Bonin, starting from Than-hoa, on the Gulf of Tonquin. He crossed the mountain chain which bounds the valley of the Mekong on the east, and passed through the Moi country to the source of the River Attopeu, an affluent of the Mekong. The Attopeu flows northwest, west and southwest, around the Pu-Atrat Mountains. M. Bonin describes the Mois on the Laos slope of the range as more civilized than the others, industrious cultivators of the ground and good workers in iron.

In June last Lieutenant Zalievski left St. Petersburg for Yeniseisk, where he expected to be joined in August by Lieutenant Dobrotvorski, in command of three steamers laden with rails for the Trans-Siberian Railway. These steamers left Dumbarton, Scotland, July 15th, for Norway, where they were to load and then to proceed to the Yenisei River and ascend it to Yeniseisk. Icebound as they are, the great Siberian rivers can be made to help the cause of civilization.

In Africa, Sir Gilbert Carter has made an exploration in the *hinterland* of Lagos, to the east of Dahomey, from Abeokuta, by Iseyin, Oyo and Ilorin, to the Niger, and back to Lagos by a route to the southeast and then westwardly. The journey lasted three months, part of the time through districts ravaged by the smallpox, but without damage to the white men of the party. The country was for the most part well populated, and the inhabitants showed a friendly disposition. In all, 57 geographical positions were determined. News from the lake region of Africa reaches the outer world at long intervals, and always in a fragmentary and dubious shape. Information concerning Emin Pasha's movements toward his old province has long been wanting, and the stories of his overthrow and death at the hands of the Arabs have found their way to the coast through so many different channels that their substantial accuracy is not to be doubted. Emin represented to the Arabs two forces equally hateful in their eyes —the Egyptian rule which he so long upheld in the Equatorial province, and the European civilization, which threatens the Arab domination in Africa at every point. He was an enemy to be dealt with, when the opportunity presented itself; and his romantic career has come to an end.

According to reports from the Pacific whaling fleet, the season of 1892 was a remarkably open one in the Arctic Ocean. Captain McGregor, of the *Orca*, is said to have declared that the fleet could have passed through from the Pacific to the Atlantic if exploration had been its object, but he is also made to affirm that no vessel had ever gone north or east of Cape Bathurst; and both statements may have originated with the reporter, who is wholly responsible for the announcement that the whaler *Newport* had reached the latitude of 84° N. A letter from Professor Davidson, of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, says: "The captain reached only 73°, and is dreadfully annoyed that the newspaper reporter made such an erroneous statement when he had the truth before him." News at any price sometimes costs too much.

The Antarctic Ocean, so long neglected, was visited last winter (the summer of the southern hemisphere) by the Dundee whalers *Balaena* and *Active*. A report read before the British Association gives the limits of Lat. 63° and 64° 40′ S., and Long. 52° and 57° W., for the region of observation, the western limit being Terre Louis Philippe and Joinville Land. The land was snow-clad, except on the steepest slopes, which were of black, apparently igneous, rocks. South of Lat. 60° the sea was full of icebergs. Sixty-five great bergs and many smaller ones were seen in one day. The longest was 30 miles long, another was 10 miles, and several were between 1 mile and 4 miles in length. The highest was 250 feet above the water, and all the bergs were tabular in form. Soundings made off Danger Islets gave depths of from 70 to 300 fathoms. There were periods of fine, calm weather, alternating with severe gales, accompanied by fog and snow. The average temperature for December was 31°.14 Fahr.; that for January, 31°.10, and that for February, 29°.65. The lowest point was 20°.8 Fahr., on the 17th of February, and the highest 37°.60, on the 15th of January. The barometer never rose above 29.804 inches. Further information from the South Polar region may be looked for in a few months, when the steamer *Antarctic*, a Norwegian vessel, returns from her whaling cruise to the south of New Zealand, in the part of the ocean where Ross attained his highest latitude in 1842.

Mr. E. A. Martel, who has done so much exploratory work in the district of the Causses in France, has just published a full description of the subterranean river of Bramabiau. This river has many ramifications in the grotto from which it takes its name, and their total length amounts to 6,900 yards. Mr. Martel's opinion is that the caverns through which the river flows are the original fractures of the limestone formation, eroded by the water. The Grotto of Bramabiau is, in size, the third in Europe, the largest being Agtelek, in the County of Gömör, Hungary, and the second in rank the well-known Adelsberg Grotto.

A paper by M. A. Hautreux, in Bulletin 14—15 of the Bordeaux Society of Comm. Geog., gives the results of investigations made by him on the currents of the Bay of Biscay. He dropped floats made of two bottles tied to a cord 3½ meters (nearly 12 feet) in length. The lower bottle was weighted so as to keep the upper empty bottle from being driven by the wind; and the two drifted with the superficial layer of water. No current northward along the coast was observed, and all the floats released west of France drifted toward the southeastern angle of the bay. This landward drift has been fatal to many vessels on the north coast of Spain, and M. Hautreux's continued observations will have a value for navigators.

Lake Leopold II. has been carefully studied and mapped by Mr. Mohun, United States Consul on the Congo, and M. F. de Meuse. The lake lies south of Lake Mantumba, in E. Long. 18° and between S. Lat. 2° 45′, the point at which its outlet issues to join the Congo, and S. Lat. 1° 05′. It receives no important stream, and it is generally shallow, especially toward the northwest, where the shore line is formed by vast marshes; and the forest comes down to the edge of the lake. All the region is inundated in the rainy season, and the water covers everything but the trees and the tops of the white-ant hills. The population of the lake basin is extremely dense, but the villages are built at a distance from the water, and the woods hide them from sight. To the west of the lake live the Tomba; to the east, the Gundu; and these peoples are constantly at war. Their flotillas are always cruising about, landing armed men to attack the villages and carry off slaves and plunder The plantations produce the banana, the manioc, Indian corn and peanuts; but, with their endless fighting, the people make only a bare subsistence.

"THY KING COMETH UNTO THEE."

SIGHS the evening blast,
Wintry ways are cold;
Snows fall fast,—
Soul, thy Lord behold!

Still in patience sweet
At the door He waits,—
List His feet,
Open wide the gates!

Heart aweary grown!
Though life's summer flee,
Not alone
Shall thy Winter be.

At the winter-time,
When the flowers low lie,
Hark! the chime
Breathes the King is nigh.

Summer in His eyes
Smileth warm and sweet;
Soul, arise!
Touch His hands, His feet.

Earth for Him of yore
Found no place, no rest;
Evermore
Spread for Him thy best!

Make thy brethren glad,
Garland lives that grieve,
Crown the sad,—
Thus thy Lord receive.

Come, my King, my All!
Wintry sighings cease;
Snows deep fall—
Deeper dwells Thy Peace.

M. S. HAYCRAFT.

OLD SONGS.

"Sing those old songs, I prithee,
Which like rose vases be
With memories thrilled, with odors filled,
Of ancient melody."

MUSICAL GHOSTS:

BEING A RESEARCH IN THE ANCESTRY OF THE PIANOFORTE.

By L. D. Mayland.

In contemplating the modern piano in its glories of rich woods, ivory and mirrorlike varnish, its delicate carvings and graceful form, the mind loses the idea of a stringed instrument. Yet it is primarily such an instrument, operated by mechanical appliances which take the place of the hand or the plectrum in evoking melody from its strings.

Unlike most musical instruments, the piano may be said to have retrograded, in a musical sense, from its original type. That development in the line of sound volume, beauty of finish and excellence in workmanship has gone on cannot be, and is not, denied; but these qualities have been gained at the expense of expression of feeling and sustained vibration. The various phases which in the piano show its evolution from the simplest lyrelike instrument are best studied in the few remaining specimens of clavichords, harpsichords and spinets treasured in museums or studios, or scattered over the world in dark garrets, where they are regarded merely as pieces of obsolete furniture. Here and there beautiful and graceful specimens are found in good condition as regards exterior, but, alas! with dead keys and silent, voiceless strings. Neglect and age have driven out the souls that throbbed in tremulous yearning in their bosoms.

The only complete collection which illustrates perfectly the evolution of the pianoforte has been made by Mr. M. Steinert, of New Haven, Conn. This collection embraces sixty quaint and beautiful forms, and presents the whole history of the pianoforte from its earliest infancy to the beginning of the present century. The larger part of it has been placed in the Smithsonian Institute for purposes of study, having been restored so that all the instruments possess their original true qualities, and are admirable object lessons to the student and the merely curious.

It was some thirty years ago, while upon a visit to the little town of Scheinfeld, in Bavaria, a

sleepy old German village, that Mr. Steinert's interest was aroused, and his purpose formed of making a collection that would be valuable to lovers of music. It would be difficult to find a spot more picturesque than this little hamlet, with its ancient wall surmounted by three mediæval towers above the old entrances. These towers were occupied by three officials of the town: the first by the Gänsehirt, or gooseherd; the second by the Kuhhirt, or cowherd; and the third by the town musician, whose function it was to furnish music for high mass on Sundays, as well as for the peasants' dances and military parades, and whose orchestra consisted of the apprentices of masons, shoemakers and tailors. It was also this musician's daily duty at noon to play upon the French horn while the reapers rested. Then at night, at the finish of their arduous labors, when the Angelus tones had died away in the soft German twilight, the notes of the mellow French horn stole softly and sweetly over the old town.

This man's life must have been quite to his liking, for, as a rule, musicians, like other artists, decidedly dislike troubling themselves with mundane affairs, and he was spared much, perhaps, in that his salary, including free lodgings in the municipal tower, was paid him in a certain number of cords of wood, bushels of corn and barrels of flour, besides contributions from the wine-growers and the brewers. He also received from the different families, at the time of the killing of hogs, a stipulated quantity of "Metzelsup" and sausages, in return for which he annually serenaded those families on New Year's morning.

Secreted in this tower, among old bass viols, drums and trumpets, Mr. Steinert found an old clavichord, upon which he had practiced when a boy, and although made so many years ago it was still in good condition, and he promptly secured it. He knew that in the Bavaria of centuries ago there flourished monasteries and convents, where recluse monks cherished the arts. The district of Scheinfeld and the city of Wurzburg were governed by Fürstbischoffes, who were both civil and religious potentates, and under whose administration art, literature and architecture flourished. So it was but natural to suppose that music had not been neglected, and that the instruments of that period must still exist, unless destroyed during the civil wars. On account of its seclusion this little hamlet was rarely visited by curio hunters, and it seemed highly probable that a search would reveal treasures to delight the collector. In this he was not mistaken, for visits to the quaint old farmhouses, where generations had dwelt one after the other, revealed at once many of the objects upon which he had set his heart.

In the dark garrets of these houses, up under the red-tiled roofs, he found old clavichords which had been hidden there for years in the *obligato* society of disused furniture, dust and spiders. Sometimes it was to the astonishment of the householder that he revealed these treasures, so long forgotten; oftentimes he was met with vigorous protests of their absolute non-existence and peremptory refusals of the privilege of search; but a glass of beer or a cigar generally obtained willing consent.

It was a veritable treasure quest, and he frequently philosophized over his dusty instruments in the garrets where light was admitted by removing a tile. Strange and poetical fancies hover over these relics, to which the makers had modestly refrained from affixing names or dates. What had caused their retirement to these shades? Whose fingers had lingered upon their ancient keys? Why had music become so lost an art where such instruments still existed to tempt the yearning, poetic soul of the Bavarian to give it expression on those tuneful strings?

He also found instruments of other sorts in the houses of the lowly mechanics, who did not know the value of them.

The instruments were shipped to America, and it is to this collection that we are indebted for much of our knowledge of the precursors of the piano. It consists of clavichords—instruments in which the tone is produced through the pressure of a brass tangent toward the string; spinets and harpsichords, whose tones are produced by quills and leather tangents plucking the string; and of the early "Hammerclavier" (pianoforte), in which the tone is produced by a hammer striking upon a string.

The clavichord and spinet resemble in form the square piano, although spinets and virginals of the English and Italian style bear strong resemblance to a diminutive grand piano. The harpsicord resembles in shape the modern grand, but rests upon a frame.

The early musical art found its home in the Catholic Church, but it was strictly vocal, and consisted mainly of the five church tones of the diatonic order. Later on the scale was enlarged to twelve notes in its chromatic form, and instrumental music upon the organ was added, to lead the voices of the congregation. But harmony did not exist, especially in instrumental music, owing to the cumbersome construction of the organ, which required the use of one and sometimes two hands to press down the keys, which were made of wood, and in some instances were nearly

a foot in width. The Germans called the performance "Orgelschlagen."

Plutius, in his history of the Popes, says that Vitalian I. introduced organs between the years 660 and 670 A.D. for the purpose of accompanying the voice. There was an organ in Halberstadt, Germany, that was built in 1351, and had four manuals, but the pedal was not added until the fifteenth century. The keys of that organ were three inches in width, and were separated from each other by spaces of half an inch. It had twenty bellows and required ten men to force air into the pipes. To each bellows was affixed a wooden shoe into which the bellows blower inserted his foot, and above his head was placed a strong bar of wood to which he clung as he exerted pressure upon the clumsy bellows with heavy, alternating tread. Of the two greatest advances possible in the instrument itself, the introduction of the finger board and the addition of pedals, the former was the most important, and although Guido is generally considered to have been the inventor, the date of the invention cannot be positively ascertained. Their earliest mention is in 757 A.D., when Constantine V. sent an organ having finger keys to Pepin, King of France. These keys were similar to the carillons of the Netherlands, being four or five inches in width. The pedal was certainly invented by a German named Bernhard in 1470. The organ has been improved in modern times, especially during this century, yet no modern improvements can compare in importance with that of Bernhard, for, in adding to the powers of the performer, he added to the resources of music by calling into existence tones of a depth and volume unknown before. The gradual improvement in organ building brought a greater facility for manipulating the keys; harmonic playing became more universal, and with it came the establishment of the polyphonic school. Thus vocal and instrumental music were wedded, and the music of the church was in its glory.

The people outside the fold of the church, too, longed for the divine art. It is true that they possessed the lute and harp as accompanying instruments for their love songs, and that the viols and violins enlivened their rustic dances; but while flutes and trumpets were heard at their festive boards, an instrument was needed upon which the divine character of the church music could enter into the home. The clavichord perfectly supplied this want and served the composers as a medium for the polyphonic music—their fugues and canons—and even to reproduce the sustained tone of the human voice. In its consignment to oblivion we have suffered a loss in that it is the only keyed instrument capable of soulful expression. A musical critic of Leipsic wrote in 1782, relative to the piano of that day, that through it "the heart cannot express itself. No picture can be completely produced, as light and shadows cannot be expressed; only a clearly defined sketch can be made. . . . The clavichord, however stands highest of all. Although on account of its nature excluded from the concert hall, it is the companion of the recluse. Here I can reproduce the feelings of my heart; can shade and fully express them. In order to judge a virtuoso one must listen to him while at the clavichord—not at the piano." Its early history, previous to the fifteenth century, together with that of the chromatic keyboard, rests in profound obscurity. The very earliest mention of the clavichord occurs in Eberhard Cersne's "Rules of the Minnesingers" A.D. 1404, in which he speaks also of the monochord and other musical instruments in use at that time. The absence of any prior mention or illustration of keyed instruments is negative evidence only, but it may be assumed to prove their invention to have been shortly before that date—say in the latter half of the fourteenth century. Jean de Muris, writing in 1323 and enumerating musical instruments, makes no reference to the clavichord, but describes the monochord as in use for measuring intervals.

This prototype of the clavichord was a most primitive instrument, said to have been invented by Pythagoras in the sixth century B.C., but its principle was used by the Egyptians 2,400 years before. The instrument was used for centuries in the church to initiate the singers into the mysteries of the eight tones, and consisted of a long box of thin wood, having a bridge fixed at each end, over which was stretched originally but one string, and by plucking this string in the centre a tone was produced. The exact octave of this fundamental tone was obtained by placing a movable bridge so that it divided the string into two equal parts. As the vibrations of the two sections are thus doubled each half vibrates twice as rapidly as the whole. When the string was divided into three vibrating segments the fifth above the octave was produced, and so on. Ultimately it was found more convenient to dispense with shifting bridges, and at the points of division to adjust fixed bridges, and in the eleventh century many strings had been added. Out of this grew the clavichord, the sweet-toned instrument which Koch, in his musical lexicon, describes as "Labsal des Dulders, und des Frohsinns theilnehmender Freund" (the comfort of the sufferer, and the sympathizing friend of cheerfulness), and of which the poet and musician

CLAVICHORD (4½ OCTAVES), 1620.

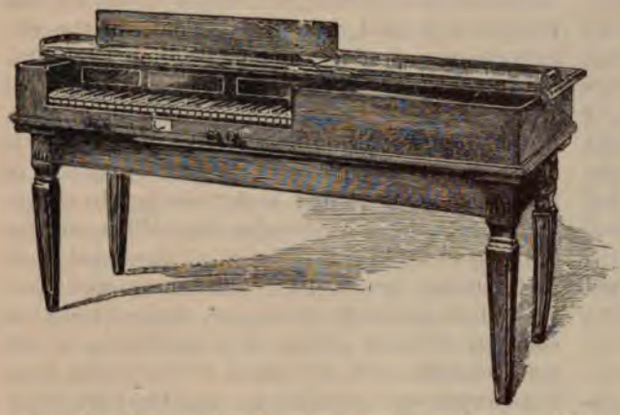
Ch. Fr. Daniel Schubart said: "The musical coloring cannot be executed on the piano in all its *nuances;* but the clavichord—this solitary, melancholy and inexpressibly sweet instrument—if it is made by a master, is preferable to the grand and forte piano." The great masters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries wrote their most delightful compositions for this instrument, and Sebastian Bach's beautiful creations were nearly all written for it, and should not be attempted upon the piano, it being almost impossible upon that instrument to do them justice.

Forkel says that Bach delighted in the clavichord, preferring it for study and for private musical entertainments. He did not consider it possible to produce such a variety in the gradations of tones from any harpsichord or piano, although the tone of the clavichord he admitted to be extremely weak. It became also the favorite instrument of Handel, Scarlatti, Haydn, Mozart, and even of Beethoven, who said of it: "Among all keyed instruments, the clavichord is that on which one can best control tone and expressive interpretation."

The lower, or natural, keys of the clavichord are usually black; the upper, or chromatic, are white. The strings, of finely drawn brass wire, are stretched nearly in the direction of the length of the case, but with a bias toward the back. On the right of the player are inserted in the soundboard—strengthened on the under side by a slip of oak to receive them—the wrest or tuning pins, around which the strings are fastened, while at the back and partly along the left side of the case they are attached by small eyes to hitch pins of thicker wire. On the right the strings rest upon a curved bridge, pinned to fix their direction and conducting their sound waves to the soundboard, a flat surface of wood beneath, extending partly over the instrument. Nearly at the back of each key, in an upright position, there was placed a small brass wedge, or "tangent," about an inch high and an eighth of an inch broad at the top. The tangent, when the key was put down, rose to the string, and pressing it upward, set it in vibration. With a good touch the player could feel the elasticity of the string, and the more this was felt the better the instrument was considered to be. By the pressure of the tangent the string was divided into two unequal lengths, each of which would have vibrated, but the shorter was instantly "damped" by a narrow band of cloth interlaced with the strings, which also damped the longer section as soon as the player allowed the key to rise and the tangent to fall. The tangent not only produced the tones, but served as a second bridge with which to measure off the vibrating lengths required for the pitch of the notes. Thus a delicate tone was obtained that had something in it charmingly fascinating. Those made prior to the last century had strings for the lower or natural keys only, the semitones on the upper keys being produced by tangents directed toward the strings of the lower. Thus C sharp was obtained by striking the C string at a shorter length. About the year 1725 Daniel Faber, of Crailsheim, gave the semitone its own string, and instruments so made were distinguished as "Bundfrie" from the older "Gebunden," which was a system of "fretting." In Mr. Steinert's collection are three beautiful old specimens. One of them was made during the sixteenth century. Though the clavichord may have been introduced long previously in England, the first mention of it is in the year 1500, when William Cornish "composed in the Fleete" "A Treatise between Truth and Informacion," in which the following passage occurs:

"The clavicorde hath a tunely knyde,
As the wyre is wrested high and low:
The song of himself yet neuer the les
Is true and tunable, and sing it as it is."

GRAND PIANO, BUILT AFTER THE MODEL OF JOHANN ANDREAS STEIN, AUGSBURG. (FAC-SIMILE OF MOZART'S GRAND, AT THE MOZARTEUM, SALZBURG.)



GERMAN HAMMERCLAVIER, MADE BY JECKEL, WORMS, 1761.

considers its name to have been derived from its being principally cultivated by young ladies, or else from its being greatly used in convents in accompanying hymns to the Virgin. It is of an oblong shape, with brass wire strings arranged somewhat in the form of a half-triangle, and with but one string to each note. Some of those of earliest manufacture were made in the upright form, but those in the horizontal position became more popular. One of Queen Elizabeth's virginals is still in existence in Worcestershire. At the sale of Lord Spencer's effects at Chichester it was described as having "a case of cedar covered with crimson Genoa velvet, the inside of the case lined with strong yellow silk." It is light and portable, weighing but four pounds; five feet in length, sixteen inches wide and seven inches deep. The front is covered entirely with gold. There are fifty keys with jacks and quills, thirty of them ebony tipped with gold, and the semitone keys, twenty in number, are inlaid with silver, ivory and different kinds of wood, each key consisting of about 250 pieces. The paintings of the royal arms and the ornamentation give it a most beautiful appearance.

After this there is frequent mention of the instrument. Among the privy-purse expenses of Elizabeth of York, queen of Henry VII., the following is entered, dated August, 1502: "*Item.* The same day Hugh Denys, for money by him delivered to a stranger that gave the queen a payre of clavycordes, in crowns for his reward——"

The clavichord makers held in greatest repute were Wilhelme, of Cassel, and Venesky and Horn, of Dresden. After the clavichord came into general use it was considered inadequate for concert purposes, and the idea arose of constructing an instrument whose strings could be set into stronger vibration by means of more powerful tangents. Of the stringed instruments that could be adapted to this purpose there were known in the Middle Ages, in addition to the harp, the psaltery and the dulcimer.

The psaltery, in triangular, square, curved or harplike form, was either carried with a ribbon around the neck, or when used was placed on some piece of furniture. Its strings were operated by means of a plectrum, which was fastened by rings to the hand of the performer. This is the prototype of the virginal, spinet and harpsichord, all of which are made on the plectrum principle, and therefore are incapable of dynamic modification of tone by difference of touch. The strings are set in vibration by points of raven or crow quill, elevated on wooden uprights called "jacks," twitching or plucking them as the depression of the keys causes the points to pass upward. The tone produced is described by Dr. Burney as "a scratch with a sound at the end of it."

The first of these instruments to be introduced to the public was the virginal, so called, it is thought by some, from having been admired by the Virgin Queen, Elizabeth; but Dr. Johnson

Sir James Melvil, in his "Memoirs," gives an amusing account of a curious conversation which he had with Queen Elizabeth, to whom he had been sent on an embassy by Mary, Queen of Scots, in 1564. After her majesty had asked how his queen dressed, which of the two sovereigns dressed the better, which of the two was the fairer, etc., she inquired, on learning that Queen Mary sometimes recreated herself in playing upon the lute

HARPSICHORD, BY JACOBUS KIRKMAN, LONDON, 1755, ONCE THE PROPERTY OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

and virginal. I was played well, and was answered: "Reasonably, for a queen." "The same day, after dinner, my Lord of Hunsdean drew me up to a quiet gallery that I might hear some music (but he said he durst not own it), where I might hear the queen play upon the virginal. . . . I ventured within the chamber, and stood a pretty pace, hearing her play excellently well; but she left off immediately as soon as she turned her about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward seeming to strike me with her hand, alleging that she was not used to play before men, but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy."

The motion of the keys and jacks in this instrument was the cause of the well-known sarcasm of Lord Oxford, which is thus described by Isaac Reed: "When Queen Elizabeth was playing on the virginal, Lord Oxford remarking the motion of the keys, said, in a covert allusion to Raleigh's favor at court, and the execution of Essex: "When *jacks* start up *heads* go down."

The spinet resembles the virginal in construction, except that in shape those of the Italian and English makes are nearly that of the harp laid horizontally, supposing the keyboard to be placed on the outside of the trunk or sounding board, while the German spinet looks like the clavichord. It is said to be the invention of the Venetian Spinetti. Banchieri, in 1608, derives the name "spinetta" from this maker. At the South Kensington Museum, London, is, amongst others, a most beautiful specimen of the spinet, with the inscription upon it, "Anniballis de Roxis, Medeiolanensis, MDLXXVII." It is almost covered with precious stones, as even the keys are profusely ornamented with them. Its compass is four octaves and an eighth, from E. Like the virginal, the spinet has but one string to a note. When the second string was added to each note, to render the instrument more powerful, it was named the harpsichord, or horizontal harp, and was used mainly in concert halls. The harpsichord is, in effect, a double spinet, as two rows of quills are used. When the performer wishes to play softly he is compelled to take one hand from the keyboard and move a stop to the right. A single string only is then twanged by the quill, the second row of jacks and quills being moved by the rail in which they are fixed, so that, when raised by the key, the quills pass between the strings without setting them in vibration. Many rows of jacks, and in some instances an additional set of keys and other ingenious inventions, were from time to time added to the harpsichord, until this instrument became quite an intricate piece of mechanism.

A description of the one bequeathed by Handel to his secretary, Smith, who wrote the music that Handel composed, will explain many of the improvements introduced in the harpsichord. This instrument was manufactured by the celebrated Hans Ruckers, of Antwerp, and is on exhibition in the South Kensington Museum, London. It is six feet eight inches in length, three feet in height from the ground, and three feet in width. The case is the same shape as that of the modern grand piano, and is made of black japanned deal, with painted ornaments inside the top and upon the sounding board. It has too rows of keys, the compass of each of which is four octaves and seven-eighths, G to F. Each of the upper keys has but one quill and one string; the lower row, by use of the stops, can be made to raise quills to strike one or two strings. The harpsichord is, like the spinet, totally incapable of expression; yet Handel's performance upon it must have been very fine, for, even when his loss of sight compelled him to trust to his inventive powers in playing, his embellishments of the vocal and orchestral score at the Opera House, London, were so admirable that the attention of the audience was frequently diverted from the singing to the accompaniment. This marked preference greatly mortified the singers, one of whom warned Handel that if he ever played him such a trick again he would jump down upon his instrument and put an end to the nuisance. Handel was excessively amused at this outburst, and, with his usual dry humor, said: "You vill jump, vill you? Very vell, sare; be so kind and tell me ven you vill jump, and I vill advertishe it in de bills."

The Ruckers, of Antwerp, stood highest in the art of harpsichord making, and Hans Ruckers, in 1585, was the inventor of the third string tuned to the octave; he also extended the compass to nearly five octaves. It was the school of the Ruckers, transferred to England by a Fleming named Tabel, that was the real basis of the manufacture of harpsicords as a distinct business in that country, separating it from organ building, with which it had been combined. Tabel's pupils, Burkhard Tschudi and Jacobus Kirkman, became famous in the last century, developing the harpsichord in the direction of power to the furthest limit. The quill plectra so quickly wore out that various substitutes were tried, as the process of quilling took many hours; but neither leather, tortoise shell, ivory, nor any of the substances used, were found to answer as well as the crow quill. Harpsichords were constructed with more than twenty modifications to imitate the sound of the harp, lute, mandolin, bassoon, flageolet, oboe, violin and other instruments. In order to produce these

different effects new rows of jacks were added, which were furnished with materials of the softest kind and most conducive to expression; and yet, with all the complications of stops, springs, extra rows of keys, and Venetian swells over the strings, the grand secret—the real shading of the *piano* and *forte*—was still wanting. Nothing better was devised for augmenting or diminishing the sound than to put in motion different rows of jacks, so as to withdraw them from or approximate them to the strings at pleasure.

Godfrey Silbermann, of Freiburg, made several improvements in the harpsichord about the middle of the eighteenth century, especially in the keyboard, which he extended, and in the touch, which he lightened. He also revived the clavichord in a slightly altered form, calling it the *clavecin d'amour*. In it the strings were struck and pressed up exactly in the middle by the brass wedge, which formed a middle bridge, allowing the string to vibrate in the lengths behind and in front of it. This was a step in the right direction, although a step backward.

At one time during the seventeenth century the common guitar was so much in vogue among all ranks of people as to nearly ruin the harpsichord and spinet manufacturers. Burney, in "Rees's Cyclopedia," article "Guitar," says that "ladies sold their harpsichords for a third of their cost, till Kirkman, after spending nearly all his money in buying up these instruments for better times, made a present of a number of cheap guitars to girls in milliners' shops and to ballad singers. He then sent them through the streets singing to a few accompaniments that he had taught them. In this manner he soon made the ladies ashamed of their vulgar and frivolous taste."

There are some very good specimens of the harpsichord in this country. One made by John Hitchcock, in the year 1658, and now in the Drexel collection at the Metropolitan Museum of Art; a beautiful one, embellished with fine painting, owned by Mr. Sypher, of this city; the one given to Nellie Custis by George Washington, now on exhibition at Mount Vernon; and one in New Haven, made by Jacobus Kirkman, London, 1755, and having five octaves. This one was once the property of Napoleon Bonaparte, and is now owned by Mr. M. Steinert.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century there was such an earnest desire among the musicians for an instrument upon which the performer could produce at will both loud and soft qualities that the invention of the pianoforte was brought about in different countries by several different men nearly at the same time. Its prototype is the dulcimer, a trapeze-shaped instrument of not more than three feet in greatest width, composed of a wooden framing inclosing a wrest plank for the tuning pins, around which the strings are wound at one end, and a soundboard ornamented with two or more sound holes, and carrying two bridges between which are the lengths of wire intended to vibrate, and a hitch-pin block for the attachment of the other end of the strings. Two, three, four and sometimes five strings of fine brass or iron wire are grouped for each note.

The dulcimer, laid upon a table, is struck with hammers—one held in each hand—the heads of which are clothed on one side with hard and the other with soft leather to produce the *forte* and *piano* effects. The tone, harsh in the loud playing, is always confused, as there is no damping contrivance to stop the continuance of sounds when not required.

National vanity naturally causes the wish to possess the greatest number of men of genius, and no sooner does anything really useful or novel appear than it is claimed by half a dozen nations or individuals; so it is not surprising that to the invention of the piano there are many claimants.

Until quite recently it was an open question; but chiefly through the efforts of a society in Florence, which had decided to have a celebration on March 7th, 1874, in commemoration of Cristofali, it was proven that he was without doubt the first and independent inventor of the piano.

According to the latest researches, he was born May 4th, 1653, at Padua. Here he attained such high renown as a keyed-instrument manufacturer that Prince Ferdinand of Medici, known as a patron of arts, and especially as a connoisseur of music, induced him to settle in Florence and enter his service as court maker of clavichords, spinets and harpsichords, and also to serve as custodian of his collection of musical instruments.

In the year 1711 it was announced by the celebrated Scipione Maffei, in the "Giornale dei Letterati d'Italia" (Venice), that the invention, hitherto considered impossible, of a "gravecembalo col piano e forte" had been accomplished, and he continues with the following description: "Signor Bartolomeo Cristofali, of Padua, harpsichord player of the Most Serene Prince of Tuscany, has already made three harpsichords in which the production of more or less sound depends upon the force the player uses in striking upon the keys." After speaking of the opposition with which this new invention met, which he ascribes to musicians condemning it without

FRENCH UPRIGHT, 4½ OCTAVES, WITH KNEE PEDALS (1770).

proper trial, Maffei proceeds: "Instead of jacks that produce sounds by quills, there is a little row of hammers that strike the string from below, the tops of which are covered with leather. Every hammer has the end inserted into a circular butt, that renders it movable; these butts are partially embedded and strung together in a receiver. Near the butt and under the stem of the hammer there is a projecting part or support that, receiving the blow from beneath, raises the hammer and causes it to strike the string with whatever degree of force is given by the hand of the performer; hence the sound produced can be greater or less at the pleasure of the player." The mechanism, which is then described, was ingenious, and the damping was effected by *under-dampers*—that is, the dampers acted under the strings.

Although it is evident that Cristofali was really the inventor of the pianoforte at least as early as 1710, some of the other claimants deserve more than passing notice. In England the honor is claimed for Father Wood, an English monk at Rome, who manufactured a pianoforte in 1711, and sold it to Samuel Crisp, Esq., the author of "Virginia," from whom it was purchased by Fulke Greville, Esq. This instrument being the first piano seen in England, produced an immense sensation amongst musicians, but it was defective in action, and rapid music could not be played upon it with good effect; when, however, such slow pieces as the Dead March in "Saul" were performed it was considered a marvel. Although the pianoforte had been gaining rapidly in public favor on the Continent, almost the only ones in England until the year 1760 were those made by Plenius, a harpsichordist manufacturer, who copied the crude instrument made by Father Wood, and with which he succeeded only poorly. But in 1760 twelve working pianoforte makers from Germany arrived in search of employment, and as they succeeded in thoroughly introducing the piano in England they were familiarly known by the nickname of the "Twelve Apostles."

The claimant advanced by the French is Marius, of whom Fétis, the great Belgian authority, says that he "submitted two instruments to the examination of the Académie de Sciences, in the month of February, 1716"; for in the "Recueil des Instruments et des Machines approuvés par l'Académie de Sciences" are found, under Nos. 172, 173 and 174, engraved plans of three instruments termed by Marius "clavecins à maillets," with a description of the mechanism, which was very simple and imperfect, being merely a piece of wood fastened into the end of each key, which raised a hammer covered with sheepskin over the striking part. In another action, however, he approached nearer the desired result.

Cristofali's invention was at least five years prior to Marius's, and is greatly superior; but, judging from the crudeness of the mechanism made by the latter, it is probable that he had never heard of nor seen any of Cristofali's pianos—which did not gain very great success—and therefore he, too, is an independent inventor.

The invention was also brought about, a little later, in Germany, by C. G. Schröter, through a series of circumstances. Pantaleon Hebenstreit, the violin virtuoso of Eisleben, while sojourning at a country inn, heard the old-fashioned dulcimer played by an uncultured musician for peasants to dance. He was so charmed with the dynamic qualities of that rude instrument, but above all with the production of its soft and loud qualities, that he determined to construct a similar instrument for the purpose of playing scientific music upon it. He quadrupled the dimensions, and had it made as a double dulcimer, or "Hackbrett" with two soundboards, each with its scale of strings, on one side overspun catgut, on the other, wire. This was in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and with this powerful chromatic instrument, demanding herculean force to play, Hebenstreit gave concerts all over Europe and created a tremendous *furore*, owing

to the construction of the instrument and his great skill in playing it.

In 1705 he played before Louis XIV. with such success that the king named the instrument "pantaleon." Kühnau, in Mattheson's "Critica Musica," December 8th, 1717, praises it and its superiority over the harpsichords in possessing the properties of *piano* and *forte*. Schröter, listening to Hebenstreit's wonderful performance, conceived the idea of attaching to the instrument a keyboard; and thus the piano was also invented in Germany.

Schröter was the son of an organist, and was born at Hohenstein, on the borders of Bohemia, on the 10th of August, 1699. "In 1717," he says, "I constructed at Dresden, after much consideration, the model of a new clavier, *with hammers*, upon which one could play loudly or softly." It was exhibited to the court at Dresden, and received the approval of the Elector of Saxony, but no reward was given to the inventor. He further narrates that when he wished to leave Dresden it was impossible for him to obtain possession of the two models he had submitted to the court in 1721. In one the hammers struck the strings from below, in the other from above: that both were supplied with dampers, and that the strings could be made to resound softly or loudly. The models met the approval of the elector, who ordered the construction of one struck by hammers from below, but the execution of the order was never completed. Without Schröter's knowledge and consent, as he says, his invention became known in Germany, and bad imitations thereof were made and called pianos. Godfrey Silbermann, of Strasburg, manufactured many pianos upon Schröter's system, and made him no payment for using his invention. After making two with great care he submitted them to Sebastian Bach for his approval; but this was not easily obtained, for, after trying and examining them carefully, Bach praised the mechanism, but complained of the tone, which he said was unequal and feeble, especially in the upper octaves. Agricola, the court composer of Berlin, says: "Mr. Silbermann had heard these complaints with ill grace, and had been angry with Mr. Bach for a long time. But his own conscience told him that Mr. Bach's criticisms were correct. He came to the conclusion, it must be said to his glory, not to make any more of these instruments, but to work hard to invent something to do away with the faults mentioned by Mr. Bach. On this he worked many years. Finally, after Mr. Silbermann had in fact made many improvements, he sold another instrument to the court in Rudolstadt, and shortly afterward one to the King of Prussia, and, as this one met with universal approval, many more. He even had the praiseworthy ambition to exhibit one of these instruments of his later construction to the chapelmaster, Mr. Bach, and to have him examine the same, and receive from him his utmost approval."

According to this report of Agricola, who knew Silbermann personally, there remains no doubt that we are indebted to the industrious Silbermann for the practical construction and introduction of the piano. Another imitator of Schröter, Johann Andreas Stein, of Augsburg, whose daughter was, in 1794, married to Streicher, of Vienna, was a pupil of Silbermann's, and was decidedly successful as a piano manufacturer. His inventive talent was displayed in the instruments he made, which by 1790 were adopted as models both in North and South Germany, as the two grand pianos formerly belonging to Queen Louisa —made by Huhn, organ builder at Berlin, and preserved in memory of him at Potsdam—unmistakably attest. Both closely resemble Mozart's grand piano by Anton Walter, of Salzburg, and the original model by Stein of 1780.

Mozart first became acquainted with the Stein pianos while in Augsburg, October 1777, and was very much pleased with them, selecting them for his performances in place of those made by Spaett, of Dresden. This brought the Stein pianos into public favor.

In a letter to his father, Mozart says: "Stein warrants the solidity of his sounding boards. When he has completed a board he exposes it to the air, rain, sun and snow—in a word, to every

BEETHOVEN PIANO, MADE BY NANETTE STREICHER, VIENNA, 1816.

atmosphere—that it may split; then, by means of slips firmly glued in, he closes the crevices. When a sounding board has been thus prepared it may be regarded as safe against all accidents." He then praises Stein's pedals, which were pressed by the knees, and were a great improvement upon the harpsichord stops, which compelled the player to raise his hands from the keys in regulating them. In the end, however, Anton Walter became Mozart's favorite maker, although his pianos were merely copies of Stein's. The piano represented in the illustration is one of the Steinert collection, and is a fac-simile of Mozart's grand now in the Mozarteum at Salzburg, and is a reproduction of the Stein grand both in action and appearance. It is severely plain in outline and destitute of any ornamental features, but its very simplicity and stiffness add a sort of dignity and attractiveness to this old relic. It is suggestive of decorous and stately dames in elaborate ruffles, beplastered and bepowdered, and gallant courtiers in wigs and silken knee breeches, listening with solemn attention, now sadly out of fashion, to the master's rendition of selections from the "Magic Flute" or "Don Giovanni." It has five octaves, black natural keys, white sharps and knee pedals.

All of Johann Stein's children—Friedrich, Matthaus Andreas and Maria Anna, known as Nanette—became piano makers and players, but the daughter was really the most prominent of the group. She was born January 2d, 1769, at Augsburg. When barely eight years of age she played to Mozart, at the time of his visit to Augsburg in 1777, and in spite of the bad musical habits she had contracted he said of her: "She may do yet, for she has genius." Her talent and capacity were so obvious that her father early initiated her into the details of his business, and upon his death, February 29th, 1792, she carried it on, in conjunction with her brother Matthaus Andreas, with a decision and energy almost masculine. She was at once a thorough and capable business woman, a pianist of remarkable excellence, highly cultured, and a model wife and mother. Her husband, also, was a very fine pianist, and a teacher of some note, but his name did not appear in connection with the business for several years. The firm, as late as 1801, was "Geschwister Stein," subsequently "Nanette Stein" only, which appears as the maker's name on a grand piano with six pedals existing in Windsor Castle. It was in 1802 that the brother and sister dissolved partnership, each continuing in business, and both firms endeavoring to perfect their instruments in every possible way. Beethoven as well as Mozart always showed a preference for the pianos made by Stein and his daughter. Thayer has unearthed a record of Pastor Tunker, showing that Beethoven, as early as 1791, when residing at Bonn, always used a Stein instrument. The name of the Streichers is closely connected with that of Beethoven, they having done much to aid him in his domestic arrangements, even looking after his bodily health. Thayer, in his work on Beethoven, says that upon his return to Vienna, after having been in Baden for his health, "the Streichers continued their friendly services, procured him two good servants, and otherwise looked after his interests. These servants remained with him for a year or two, and this was probably the most comfortable time of the last half of Beethoven's life." In one of his many letters to Mrs. Streicher he says: "Perhaps you do not know, though I have not always had one of your pianos, that since 1809 I have invariably preferred yours." The grand piano in the Steinert collection, known as the Beethoven piano, has the name of Streicher on the name board, but on the sounding board is the following inscription: "Nanette Streicher, *née* Stein, Wien, 1816." It is claimed, by those knowing its history, to have been made for Beethoven for his concerts, and that Mrs. Streicher kept it exclusively at the disposal of the great master whenever he wished to use it. Some of his finest works may have been created upon this old instrument, and to the true musician it must always remain an object of reverence. It is more pretentious in appearance than most of the early instruments, having decorative features, and being finished in a manner rarely excelled at the present time in the most expensive pianos. It has turned legs, somewhat ungraceful in design, but not as inelegant as many of the modern carvings at present in vogue. It probably had six pedals, similar to the piano now in Windsor Castle, but they have long been missing, and traces of them only remain.

Another of the very interesting pianos belonging to the Steinert collection is one made by the elder Stein, which was brought to America in 1793—during the Reign of Terror. It belonged to the Countess de Vernoix, *née* De Broullier, who, after having lost father, brother and uncle by the guillotine, escaped with her mother to England, whither her young husband had preceded her through the aid of his devoted valet. For a short time the countess gave lessons upon this piano, until through the efforts of the valet and his sister—the faithful nurse of the countess—they obtained means from their possessions in France to emigrate to Louisiana. Here they remained until 1804, when their estates were restored to them under Napoleon I., and they returned to France, leaving to the valet, Jules

Clamier, the plantation and all its belongings, including the piano, as a reward for his faithfulness. Jules's daughter married a Mr. Demont, and removed with her husband to Indianapolis, where she died, leaving the piano to Miss H. M. Herder, of whom Mr. Steinert purchased it. It is a handsome instrument, made of mahogany, with a large panel of silk tapestry presenting a highly colored and wondrously drawn boating scene, set in the front, with rich decorative effect. It has four pedals, and by pressing one of them the player can exactly reproduce the mandolin's tones. If this pedal were added to the modern piano it would be a most agreeable variation at times. It has brass ornaments of lyre-shaped design, and exhibits a skill in musical construction and wood working, and a solidity in build, that its years and viscissitudes have left but little impress upon.

There is another instrument in this collection called a "violin piano," which is remarkable as an example of many efforts to reproduce mechanically the action of string and bow instruments. It was built by Baudet, of Paris, early in the present century. The strings are of wire, one to each note, strung vertically, and attached to each are bristles which project about an inch. A roller of composition metal slightly "rosined" is made to revolve rapidly by means of a treadle. When the keys are pressed they rise, forcing the bristles by whalebone tangents against the roller, exciting the musical vibration. The result is a volume of sound that to the general ear is far more pleasing and satisfying than that of the pianoforte.

Such an instrument was constructed in Nurnberg in 1610, with catgut strings, and another was made in Gorlitz, in 1795, with a violin bow adjusted in a frame for each string. These were set in motion by a pedal. The Baudet instrument of course is a great improvement upon these older efforts, and it certainly succeeds in rendering in a melodious and natural manner the tones of an entire string orchestra.

Another handsome specimen of the skill of the early manufacturers, of this century, is the Babcock instrument, made in Boston in 1815. It is so thoroughly in the style now recognized as "Colonial" that it is a wonder it is not reproduced as a fitting adornment of the many houses now being built in this style of architecture. It has columnar legs, connected by massive but proportional base bars to which the pedals are attached. It has chaste, almost severe outlines, and is ornamented by slight straight lines of inlaid brass. There are three drawers in the body, which are, however, not apparent, having no handles, but are opened from beneath. This is a fair sample of the work done by American builders a century ago, and which to-day ornaments secluded garrets in out-of-the-way places.

As early as 1775 pianos were built on this continent by John Behrent, of Philadelphia, which was the centre of the trade until 1835, and at the beginning of the century Bordentown, N. J., was already known for the instruments made by J. S. McLean, to whom was issued the first patent pertaining to the craft, in 1796, shortly after the Patent Office was established.

In 1825 Babcock invented a cast-iron ring in the shape of a harp, for the purpose of increasing the power of resistance to the pull of the strings, which led to the making of the iron hitch-pin plate, together with that portion which supported the wrest plank, *in one piece*. The work of these early makers was solid, substantial, and distinguished by carefulness in construction. Between the years 1694 and 1879 some five hundred patents were issued in Europe and America for inventions of parts of pianos, and since 1879 there have been granted about one hundred and sixty in this country alone. To-day American builders stand at the head of the trade, and are continually contributing to the improvement and perfection of this instrument.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

IMPRESSIONS AND OPINIONS. By George Moore. 346 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

WAYSIDE MUSIC. POEMS. By Charles Crandall. 120 pp. Cloth, $1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

WIZARD'S MANUAL. Leisure Hour Library, No. 337. 122 pp. Paper, 25 cents. W. S. Trigg, 149 Duane Street, New York.

FOR LIFE AND LOVE. By Richard Henry Savage. Neely's Library of Choice Literature, No. 19. 448 pp. Paper, 50 cents. F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago.

RHYMES BY TWO FRIENDS. By Albert Bigelow Paine and William Allen White. 228 pp. Cloth. M. L. Izor & Son, Fort Scott, Kan.

FOR MY OWN SAKE. By Marie Bernhard. Translated by Mary Stuart Smith. Authors' Library. 258 pp. Paper, 50c. The International News Co., New York.

CATALOGUE OF THE RUSSIAN SECTION, WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO, 1893. 572 pp. Boards, illuminated. Published by the Imperial Russian Commission, Ministry of Finances, St. Petersburg.

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

THE opening chapters of a new serial story, entitled "The Silver Shafts," will be published in the next (March) number of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY. It was written especially for this magazine by Frances Swann Williams, a well-known contributor to the leading periodicals, and author of "Mr. Gadsbury's Brother," "The Jocelyn Sin," "Old Forty's Master," etc. The plot is strong and full of dramatic interest, stirring incidents and strong portrayal of characters typically American.

PRETTY PENSIONERS.

TWO IN THE SHADE.

FRANK LESLIE'S

POPULAR MONTHLY.

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HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON.

EUROPEAN PARLIAMENTS.

BY FREDERICK S. DANIEL.

THE uncertainties, delays and losses attending the course recently pursued by the Senate and House of Representatives at Washington have been brought home so sharply and tangibly to every citizen in the land as to excite not only an extraordinary interest in regard to our Congressional methods of doing business, but also in regard to Parliamentary ways in general. The vexed questions of "quorum," "silver," "tariff," have of late been thrust forward so prominently, and debated so bunglingly and lengthily, as to compel the attention of the public mind and to cause it to inquire, to wonder, how knotty questions of like perplexing and weighty character are dealt with when drifted into by the legislative bodies of other great countries. The most

OUTER LOBBY OF THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

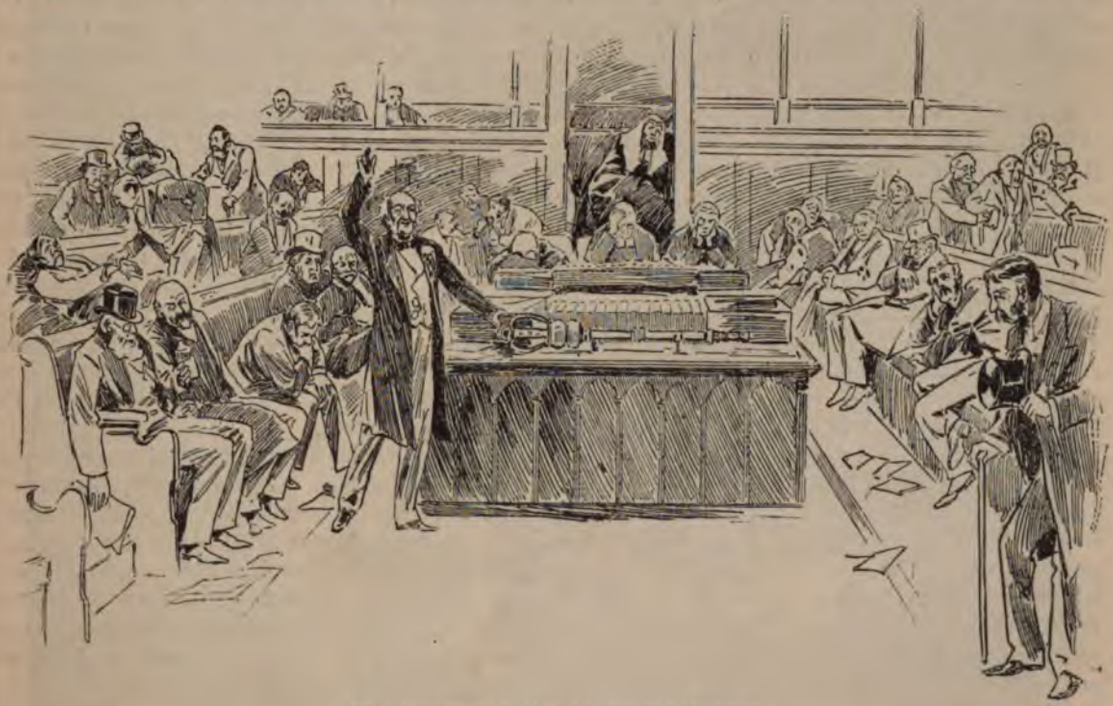
practical of all nations can scarcely refrain from fancying that even "the foreigner" could, or ought to, make a better showing under similar emergencies than the dreary procedure so long drawn out upon the boards in the Capitol building on the Potomac. Consciousness of its own unparalleled and inexhaustible practicability alone forbids indulgence in this somewhat soothing fancy; but still the widespread impatience felt under existing circumstances confers an unusual degree of interest upon the Parliamentary bodies of old Europe.

The Parliamentary germ is traceable to remote ages; first appearing in the rough councils of primitive tribes, it developed by slow gradations until it fairly blossomed out amidst the Greeks and Romans, and, upon their collapse, it withered and underwent decay. Parliamentarism, or the exercise of a nation's sovereignty through regularly elected bodies, is distinctly a modern outgrowth, its original home England, whence it spread to other countries, which more or less successfully adopted it. The American Congress is based essentially on the English lines, and is really an importation, pruned and trained to suit the requirements of a new world; the base upholds the superstructure, and fortunately in this particular instance was of a vivifying, enduring kind, and so the superstructure remains capable of improvement, which many think is now greatly needed.

"To every lord, every honor"—and England is not only the lord, but the champion, in the Parliamentary arena of Europe. In considering the English system, the striking fact stands out that the most powerful and leading Parliamentary nation during the last few centuries never possessed a written constitution, and that one merely fixed by practice and precedents amply sufficed for the enormous share of prosperity and freedom it enjoyed throughout that extended period. Only an intensely sensible, practical people, disinclined to swap realities for fictions and artificialities, could have so far kept in unison with those realities; and seeing this, it is not difficult to understand the contempt entertained in England for parchment constitutions like those of the Continent, where they have been invariably as easily canceled as written, France having been hastily given and as hastily deprived of as many as a dozen within the last hundred years. The difference between the English and the Continental constitutions lies in the fact that the former gradually grew into life, while the latter were made to order at short notice and launched without a particle of inherent vitality, truly very readable on paper, but unsuited to long use and liable to be erased at a stroke of the pen, or rather the sword.

Parliamentary sway over the realm of Great Britain has been thoroughly effective for the last couple of centuries, and the rights and privileges

of Parliament as the real governing power have been impregnably established ; the squabbling of the kings for supremacy over it long since ceased, and would be now impossible of renewal. The House of Commons, elected by the people on an enlarged suffrage plan, and the House of Lords, of hereditary membership, have been very much improved as working machines within the past fifty years, although their school of oratory cannot be ranked as high as in the days of Pitt and Burke, or even so late as of Peel, Bright and Palmerston. The only notable orator left over from the old school is Mr. Gladstone, the present octogenarian Prime Minister. The oratory, in fact, has changed with the altered times and conditions of living, and orators of the new school have not yet appeared, though they are to be expected in the course of time, because the art and gift of speaking must remain in demand in a body where speech is a prime requisite. The old-time speeches delivered in the House of Commons were highly polished, though never dwindling into mere flowery fustian, as their practical aim was always kept in view, and they suffered chiefly on the pedantic score of profuse classical quotation. Supremely ridiculous were the long original passages from the Latin and Greek authors issuing from the mouths of orators who pronounced them in the same way as the vernacular, and gravely considered this the correct thing, which it could not be, as it was merely a foolish indulgence in the fashionable caper or fad. Latin and Greek, as well as all other outlandish idioms, have now been sternly banished from both Houses, and Commons and Lords have at length got down to plain English, an effect of the nation's improved taste and enlightenment, which to-day are proud to acknowledge that the English language is the most masterful ever invented as a vehicle of thought, so pliable and comprehensive, so easy and vigorous, as to be gaining ground everywhere over other forms of speech. Speakers and writers, at the present day, in and out of Parliament, have come to recognize that the most effective words they can employ are the simplest and purest of standard English coinage. Mr. Gladstone, though a scholar devoted to Homer and Greek, was never prone at any time to quote the classics in the House of Commons, where he passed his life, and, old as he is, his speeches are still models of excellent, clear English, to be understood by all in accordance with the highest requisite of a civilized



AN ENGLISH PARLIAMENTARY PLEASANTRY.

"To the Editor of the 'Daily Graphic': Sir—It seems to me quite clear that, in the interest of Mr. Gladstone's fellow members, an Eight Hours' Compulsory bill must be applied to that youthful statesman. One by one he is wearing his fellow members down. Mr. Morley has had to take a rest, Mr. Balfour has taken influenza, Mr. Chamberlain has taken a trip to the Bahamas—Mr. Gladstone alone stands at his place, going on and on, and gazing unmoved at the spectacle of his worn-out allies and his wasted opponents. Yours faithfully, A Silent Member."

tongue. The current style in the Commons is plain, concise English for the transaction of the business of the day, beyond which its statesmanship now neither looks nor is capable of looking. The body harbors no uncommon, remarkable talent; the oratory is fair, so far as it goes. There is no straining for effect, no "stump speaking" for petty outside communities, no talking to the galleries, and there is a steady sticking to practical work both in the House and in the committee rooms. This is a decided improvement over the practice of Congressmen, who, being exceedingly fond of cheap notoriety, prattle by the hour to the galleries and to the reporters, though in the meantime necessary questions be waiting consideration. Stump speaking, for the most part a mixture of screaming words and guffaws, is the besetting sin of the newly fledged delegates at Washington, eager to make themselves heard, through the press, to their local constituents. Oftentimes it is amusing, on the scale of oratory of that original member from North Carolina, who frankly confessed that he talked, "Mr. Speaker, for Buncombe" for the county which was his home, regardless of the House and the business before it. Nothing of the sort has a foothold in the English Parliament. The general public is too critical and exacting to tolerate neglect of business, which is always important because it so nearly concerns both local and national affairs, as no European Parliament is free to disregard local matters and devote itself exclusively to high national affairs, as Congress is compelled to do under our mixed system. For the rest, a special public is not allowed in the galleries of the London building, as in the two Washington Houses, wherein the gallery audience greatly outnumbers the members, and almost overawes them by the influence of open applause or condemnation. Here again, in this small item of gallery restriction, our republican system might adopt, without any silly conceit, a betterment from the mother country.

The English Parliament does its business in its own peculiar fashion and set way, according to a complex code of rules, and its regulations and precedents are scrupulously followed. Necessarily under this system a good deal of formality is unavoidable, and thus the irreverent are very often enabled to accuse it of excessive "circumlocution" and "red-tapism." After all, however, Parliamentary business is done in an orderly, steady and deliberate, if not expeditious, way, and much valuable work is gone through with in the course of a session. The customary practice is not to overload the docket with new and unnecessary bills, but to mold well a few measures into laws; some leading, paramount measure uses up a good deal of time at every session. Reform measures have been in vogue for many years. The body can take quick action at times, and is compelled to do so in emergencies, for instance, of foreign affairs, or important interpellations suddenly sprung and involving the fate of the ministry in power. The procedure at London is, on the whole, slower and more formal than that at Washington, which, exceptionally, as has lately been seen, can consume a superabundance of time to discuss points calling for quick settlement. Modern exigencies have lately forced Parliament to adopt a very important innovation by which the majority has the means to exercise its authority at will, and this is the "closure" rule to force a vote on any measure, so as to prevent filibustering through delaying motions or interminable discussion. It was borrowed from the French, and put into force for the first time when the recent legislation for Ireland was being framed. A similar rule has been proposed in Congress, and ultimately, the prospect is, to be adopted, otherwise the Senate minority, under the actual rules, is allowed the absurd "courtesy" privilege to block the only supreme and feasible power, namely, that of the majority, already assured in the House of Representatives by the rule of "the previous question" that forces a vote. Filibustering is now impossible in any European Parliament, and should be equally impossible at Washington, the minority's pretenses being altogether indefensible. The French were the first to see the necessity of the *cloture* rule, and in this their notorious choplogic instinct placed them on the right track for once. It is a vast improvement, a logical and indispensable step in accordance with the more rapid advances in every civilized land; it simply prevents a few, most often cranky, persons from putting obstructions on the track to stop the train of progress.

In the English as well as Continental Parliaments the standard of good behavior is set very high up, dignity and decorum being accorded premiums. Congress is not so punctilious, and, after its composition, is entitled to be properly free and easy, unvexed by masters of ceremonies. Though the European parliamentarians are generally decently behaved in their official intercourse, there are moments when they are not—"men are men, the best sometimes forget"—and then passion raises among them as full-sized rackets as ever saw light in Congress or State Legislature. The same old quarrel, and the details of such scenes are familiar—the swapping from the "lie circumstantial" to the "lie direct," the

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

hurling of inodorous epithets and tosspots, the fist and the pistol—there you are all writ down, "parliamentarians," and no "M. P." of Europe living in his glass house need try to fling a pebble against any American legislative assembly. Not a single Parliament is without frequent rowing: London enjoyed an unprecedentedly scandalous one last year, sandwiched in the debate on the Irish Home Rule bill; Rome had one even more outrageous on the bank embezzlements; Paris kicked high on the Panama frauds, and has one as regularly as its daily bread, though the French "article of luxury" is insignificant in comparison. Surely, here be outbursts of the "ebullition of temper," to be seen and known of all in those old capitals, dainty though they claim to be.

The debates in the House of Commons are very attractive, and a session on some important occasion—a ministry's overthrow—presents a highly animated spectacle, wholly confined to the floor and the members. The sessions of the House of Lords, presided over by the Lord Chancellor, have a strictly perfunctory character, though in picturesqueness of splendid scenery it holds first rank. The Speaker of the House of Commons is elected by the members, and has great power and many privileges. In the usual course of his presiding he takes the chair at 4 P. M., when prayers are read by a clergyman of the Established Church, and the business of the day commences. The members invariably thin out about dinner hour, which is seven, to return about 9 P. M., when the night's sitting is entered on in earnest, to last sometimes until daybreak, and always until the small hours of the morning. The custom of Congress is to sit in the daytime. The Parliamentary holidays are frequent during a session, all the more so as the ministerial tenure of office is not fixed, but is subject to the uncertainties of voting. The best debating nights are Mondays and Thursdays, and on Wednesday the House sits only from noon to 6 P. M.; of course there is no sitting on Sunday, which, however, on the Continent is an important day for official work, elections being always held on that day when they become necessary. Unless forty members are present at a sitting, it is agreed that "there is no House," to use a Parliamentary phrase; that is, not a sufficient quorum to transact the public business. All members sit on benches, and have no desks, as Congressmen have. The attitudes of the members, when not speaking, are limited by no conventionalities, and the greatest freedom is allowed, including the practice of smoking and drinking at will, wearing hats, and a considerable amount of subdued playfulness and chaffing in the English style. Beside this marked unrestraint among their English *confrères*, the American and French legislators appear exceedingly prim and strait-laced. Ministers, though appointed by the Queen, have also to be members, and, after appointment, are invariably re-elected by their constituencies. The benches to the right of the Speaker's chair are the recognized seats of the government party, the heads of which, the ministers, occupy the first bench. The benches to the left of the Speaker's chair are filled by the members forming the "opposition," the leaders of which also take their seats on the first bench directly confronting the ministerial bench. This rule by means of the ministerial and opposition parties, representing the two great political factions of the realm, is the only feasible method of carrying on the government under the constitutional system, and no deviation from it is tolerated; it is a rule of fair play, constant criticism and checking, and the swapping of places when found necessary by public opinion, which directly supervises and directs the whole political machine. The ministers, being responsible both for the making and execution of the laws, occupy the front rank, the main position, in the House of Commons, of which the prime minister is the recognized leader, though the opposition has its own special leader. The leaders on both sides, most noted during the last fifty years, were Peel, Russell, Derby, Palmerston, Beaconsfield and Gladstone. It has been proposed that the feature of the English system which allows cabinet ministers to sit in the representative chamber should be adopted in America; but, although it might give some advantage in debates, it would not be in consonance with our vastly differing institutions. Both parties have their "whips," or special members to get up absentees, on the occasion of a vote, so as to secure the majority, which means so much on either side. The process of voting is done, not by a roll call, but by the members passing into their respective "division lobby," in order to be counted; the count is what tells. The Ayes, or those in favor of the ministry, retire into the lobby on the right of the Speaker's chair, and the Noes, or those voting with the opposition, retire into the lobby on the left of the Speaker's chair.

The building in which the two Houses of Parliament convene, directly on the left bank of the Thames, between that river and the famous old Westminster Abbey, is the most magnificent edifice ever erected for a Parliament in Europe, and surpasses any modern public edifice on the Continent. It is the worthy abode of the chief lawmakers in the Old World. The architecture is

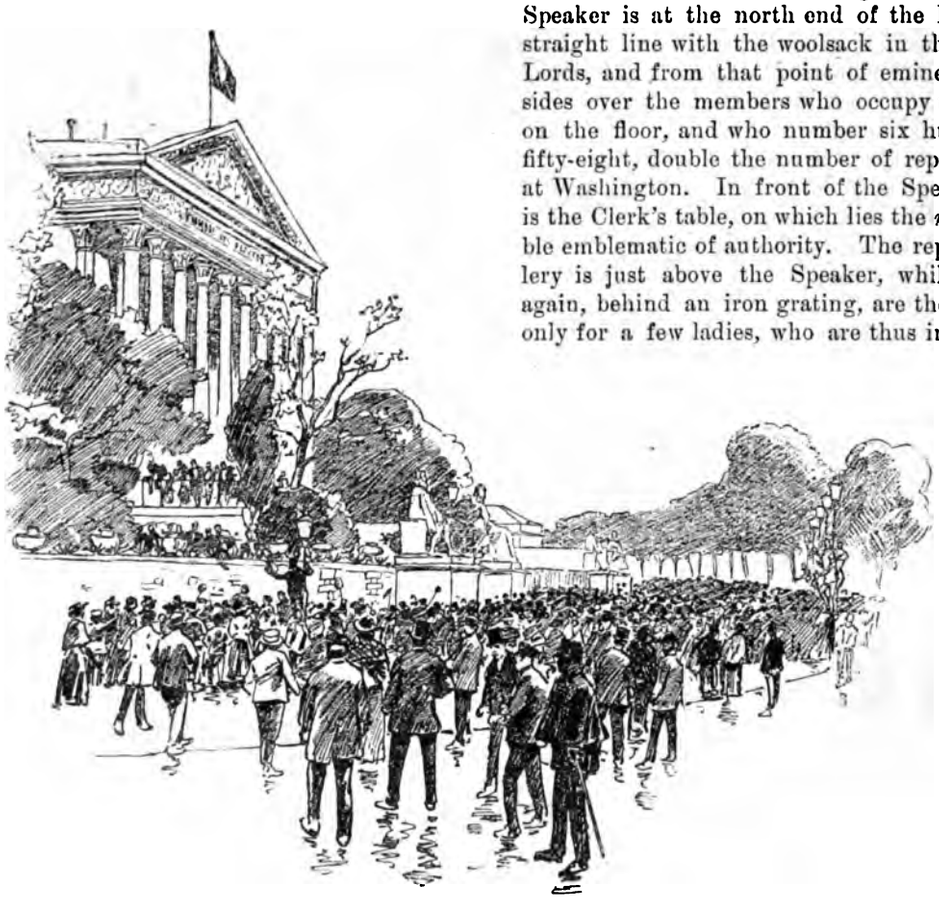
Gothic, the largest structure of this order, and is peculiarly adapted both to the history and climate of England. It can scarcely be seen at times through the dense London fogs, and moisture and soot have treated it badly; but when a good view of it can be had it stands out as a handsome sight, especially when looked at from Westminster Bridge. It is as fine a structure of the Gothic order, as the Washington Capitol is of the classic, a difference of taste, though each is most appropriate to its surroundings, climate, etc. The classic style would be out of place, often invisible, on the Thames, and the Gothic would not well crown the hill on the Potomac. The architect who erected the building, Sir Charles Barry, commenced work on it in 1840, and lived to see its completion, though its final cost, three millions sterling, surpassed his original estimates, according to the usual modern experience in putting up public edifices. The building is extensive, covering an area of eight acres, and has a hundred staircases, eleven hundred rooms and two miles of corridors. In its style and character it has a striking resemblance to the architecture prevailing in the Netherlands, of which the townhalls of Ghent and Brussels are conspicuous types, and is entirely more suitable to the banks of the Thames than any form of classic architecture could be. The river terrace is of granite, and the building is fireproof, constructed of Devonshire stone, iron beams and joists, with little wood anywhere used. The river front is the principal, and this superb façade of nine hundred feet in length is divided into five main compartments, paneled with tracery and decorated with statues and arms of the kings and queens of England from the days of the Norman Conquest to the present time. Soaring high, and with fine effect, above the body of the building are three great towers—the "Victoria Tower," 340 feet high, the "Clock Tower," 318 feet, and the "Middle Tower," 300 feet. The "Clock Tower" is so called because it contains an immense clock known as "Big Ben," which can be heard striking the hour thoughout the city; the clock has to be regulated and wound up twice a week, and five hours' time is required for each winding. There are several statues and portraits of the reigning Queen in the building, and when she visited it, "to open Parliament," as much of royalty and its insignia were displayed as could be, considering that the Commons run the political sovereignty, and have left her and the Lords only the outside, or show part, of the machinery to look after. Her majesty dislikes opening Parliament in her old age, and escapes it, to the loss and grief of the Londoners, who are accustomed to the pageants of royalty, and never feel satisfied without them; for over two hundred years these citizens have witnessed a steady and uninterrupted exhibition of kings and queens in their thoroughfares, and so the display as well as the taste for it are inheritances.

When the Queen opens Parliament—and she also prorogues or dissolves it when the premier authorizes—she enters the building through the "Victoria Tower," and proceeds to her "robing room," which is a spacious apartment elegantly fitted up, and only issues from it to march in solemn procession—black rod, crown and other regal paraphernalia—through the Victoria Gallery, one hundred and ten feet in length, to the House of Lords. She makes this march on foot, as it would be against English etiquette for her to be carried in a "sedia gestatoria" (portable chair), as the Pope of Rome is in St. Peter's; English etiquette is extremely exacting, so much so that her majesty is now more than ever addicted to shirking it. On arriving in the House of Lords, her throne awaits her to sit down on—so it serves a purpose, though one may well fancy she is sick and tired of it, as of all the processions it entails, after fifty-six years' reign. The passage through the streets from the royal palace, the entrance and march through the Victoria Gallery, the ascent of the throne and reading of the royal speech, are features of the opening spectacle much enjoyed by the crowds outside and the favored few in the building, because, as the main part of the ceremony takes place in the House of Lords, there can only be a select and very limited number of invited personages, the audience being chiefly composed of the Peers and Commoners, the latter attending with their Speaker after due notice of formal summons. Of course everything done on those grand state occasions is done according to custom and the consecrated formalities, which are as much a part of the English discipline as the laws themselves. The Peers are arrayed in their robes, the Members of the House of Commons are in dress suits, the ladies of the court in attendance are attired in splendid costumes, and the scene itself is eminently adapted to such a rich display, the House of Lords being sumptuously decorated in the richest Gothic style. The ceremony being ended with the reading of the royal speech, royalty goes back over the same route to its palatial home.

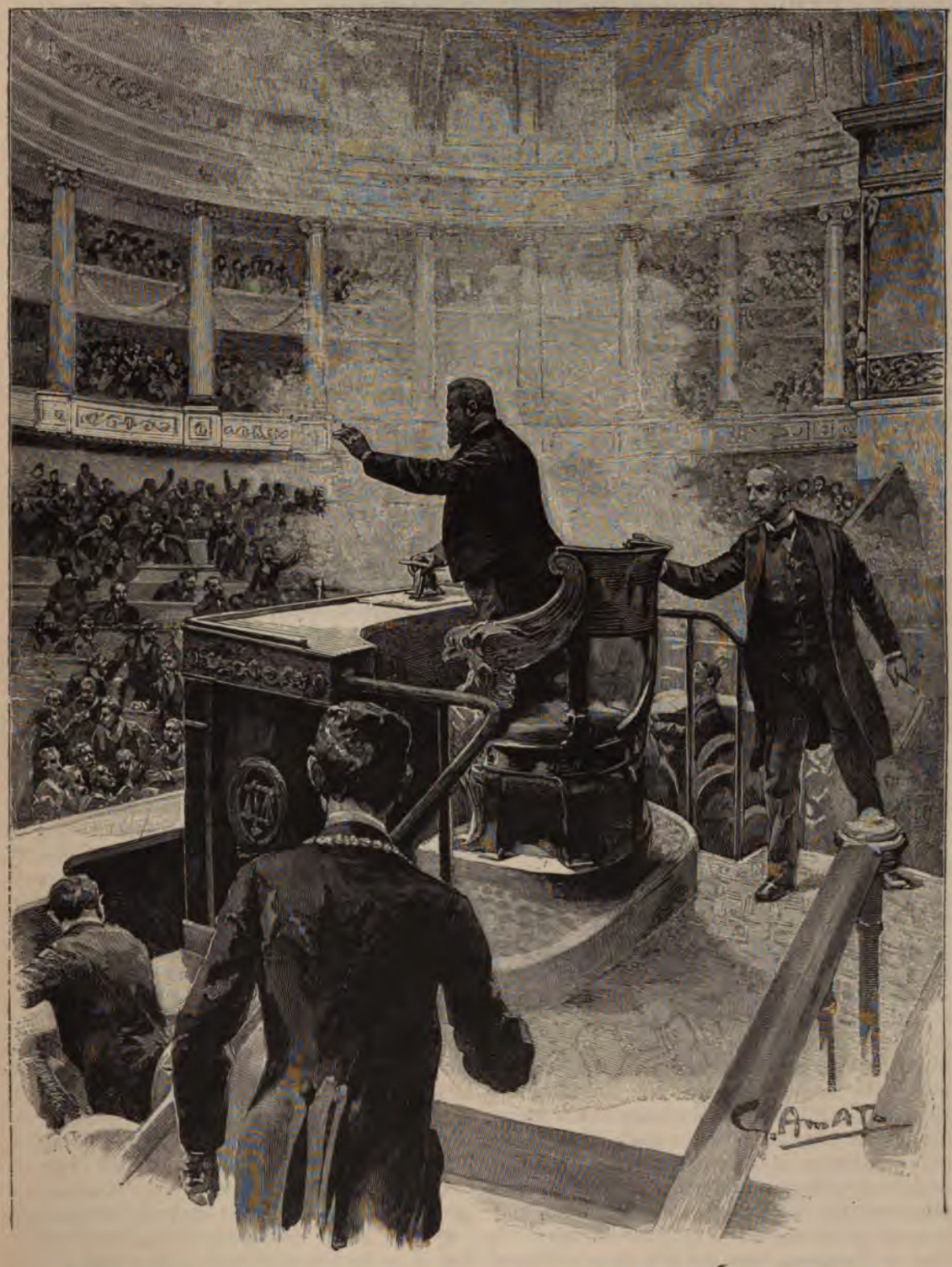
The House of Lords is, like the Senate by its fellow House, altogether more stylish and costly than the Commons. It is ninety feet long, forty-five feet broad and forty-five feet high. The floor is almost entirely occupied with the red leather benches of the members, each of whom has in the "Peers' Lobby" his own hatpeg, etc.,

provided with his name, and all the facilities in the way of attendance, as many of them are too old and feeble to help themselves. The twelve fine stained-glass windows contain portraits of all the kings and queens of England since the date of the Conquest, and eighteen niches between the windows are occupied by statues of the noble barons who extorted the precious "Magna Charta" from King John; the very handsome walls and ceiling are decorated with heraldic and other emblems, as befits a House of Lords. At the south end of the fine hall, raised by a few steps and covered with a richly gilded canopy, is the gorgeous throne of the Queen, and on the right of it is the chair reserved for the Prince of Wales, heir apparent for lo! these many years. When the Prince Consort Albert was alive there was a chair placed for him, too. The celebrated woolsack of the Lord Chancellor, a kind of cushioned ottoman, from which that worthy presides over the House, is in front of the throne, almost at the centre of the hall, and so he has constantly before him that highest emblem of the monarchy which he has the honor and the task of upholding in conjunction with his lordly colleagues, who give the House a total membership of four hundred and thirty-four, all accounted for in Burke's Peerage, besides. Near the great hall are the "Peers'" robing rooms, refreshment rooms, committee rooms, libraries, courts, division, etc., all in keeping, and more sumptuous than the rooms for such purposes allotted to the House of Commons on its side.

In the middle of the building stands the Central Hall," octagonal in shape, sixty feet in diameter and seventy-five feet high, richly decorated with heraldic emblems, and upon opposite sides the passage leads to the House of Lords and the House of Commons. The latter is only seventy-five feet long, forty-five feet broad and forty-five feet high, very substantially and handsomely fitted up with oak paneling, in a simpler and more businesslike style than its lordly neighbor at the other end of the building. The seat of the Speaker is at the north end of the House, in a straight line with the woolsack in the House of Lords, and from that point of eminence he presides over the members who occupy the benches on the floor, and who number six hundred and fifty-eight, double the number of representatives at Washington. In front of the Speaker's table is the Clerk's table, on which lies the *mace*, a bauble emblematic of authority. The reporters' gallery is just above the Speaker, while above it again, behind an iron grating, are the seats kept only for a few ladies, who are thus invisible and



THE PALAIS BOURBON, PARIS—SEAT OF THE FRENCH DEPUTIES.

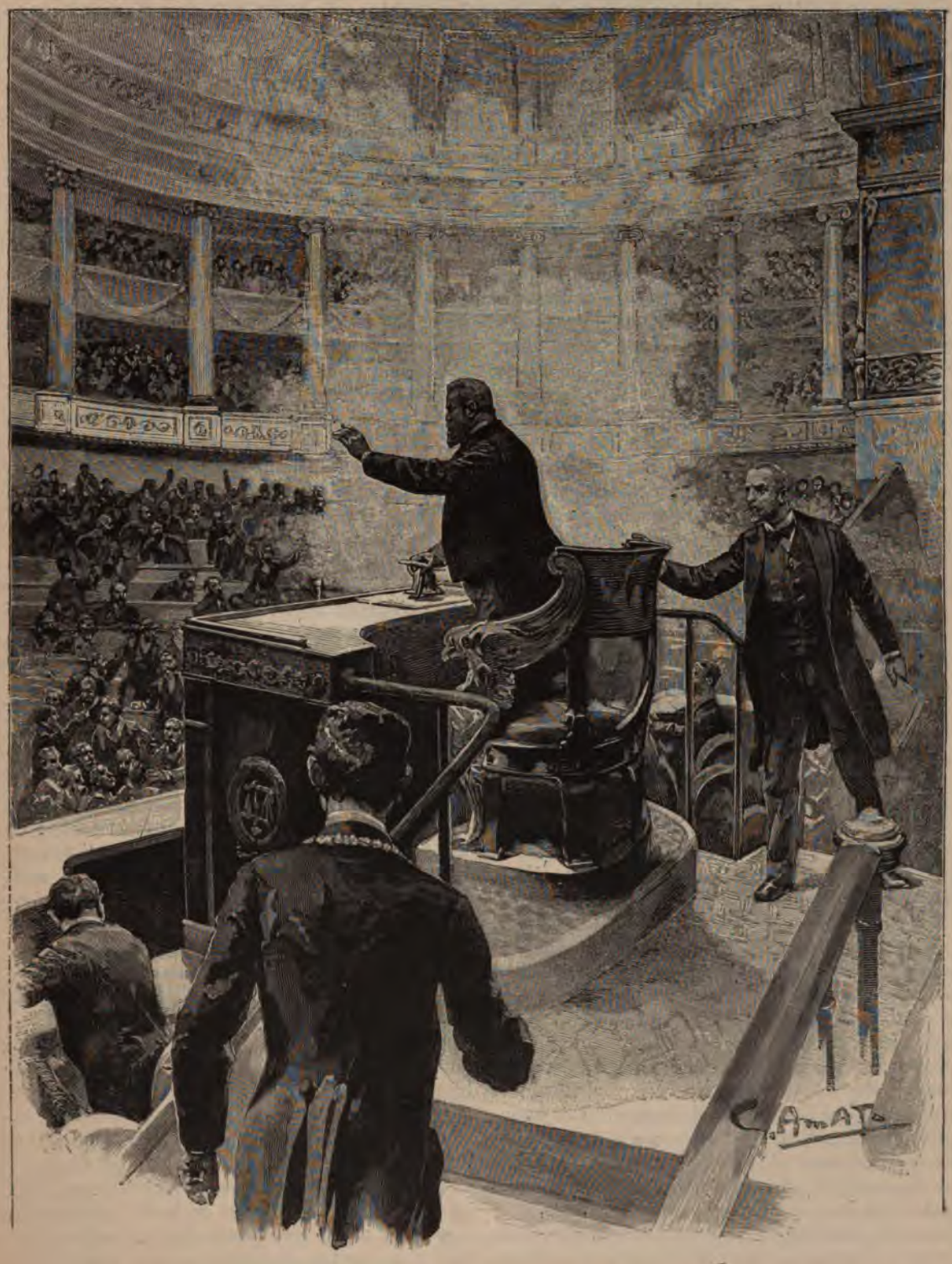


THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES — M. DUPUY, PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER, ANNOUNCING THE CONTINUANCE OF THE SESSION, AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF THE ANARCHIST BOMB, DEC. 9TH, 1893.

are accorded only an imperfect view of the House, as women have been strictly excluded from the interior of the House of Commons since the year 1738, and no clamor has been raised for their readmittance. It is really not easier to explain the fact of their exclusion than the Lord High Chancellor's sitting on the woolsack, or, turning it upside down, the sack of wool. There is no general public admission as in Congress, merely special galleries with reserved privileges, to some of which, apart the Diplomatic and Peers' boxes, admission may be obtained by permission of members, and this is not easily to be had, except by their friends. There is a yard separating rare old Westminster Abbey, wherein great geniuses and poets lie buried, from the new Parliament building, wherein "my lords and gentlemen" chatter about the topics of the day. Both the building and the river have received improvement from the adjoining solid stone "Thames Embankment," completed within recent years.

Turning to the Continent, a very different state of things from that in free and enlightened America and England is found in its many countries teeming with dense and ignorant populations. Amidst these, free institutions do not exist, save nominally, because there is no basis for them to stand upon, and Parliamentarism, in the proper sense, is replaced by a very real, overshadowing and crushing Militarism. There the sword is mightier than the pen, and the drum talks louder than the orator, even to drowning his voice sometimes into complete silence. It has been so from time immemorial, and the rule of force over the rule of reason having developed during the course of the centuries into a solid institution, its supremacy has so molded the lives, thoughts and ways of the millions upon millions of subjected people as to make them thoroughly accustomed to it, and to it alone. The rule of force has been the natural, steady outgrowth of the situation, and the rule of reason, spasmodically attempted at rare intervals, has been merely the flashing of an artificiality as flimsy and void of life as thin air, without any chance of endurance. At present this state of things holds fast and dominates Continental Europe from end to end, in spite of many reforms and much progress; and though it is to be hoped that a radical change in this essential respect may ultimately be made, there is not only no prospect of its being rapidly made, but it is unreasonable to expect that it can be made otherwise than by the due process of nature, that is to say, gradually. It is not strange, therefore, that the Continent, from the time of ancient Rome to the present day, exhibits no thorough and substantial building up of Parliamentary institutions as those set up on high in the two leading outside countries. True, every Continental capital has at this moment a "Parliament" of some sort, but it stands as the shadow of a great name, rather than as an efficient reality, or a working machine governing or capable of governing, a great country, since the governing is done by the one-man power at the head of a huge army, though the operations of this power are conveniently made to pass under the sanction of Parliamentary formalities.

The difference is a very remarkable one. In Washington or London, Congress and Parliament are the leading features, the all in all of political life. "What are they doing?" "What are they going to do?" are constant queries: and when they do act their decisions spread electrically throughout the world. In Paris, Rome or Berlin, on the other hand, citizens care little for "Parliament"—the what-is-it thing that the many do not even know to be in existence, and that the few hear of briefly in newspaper paragraphs, bothering not as to what it will or won't do. "What is the Parliament to us?" is a current comment on the working of Parliamentarism in those great military centres, and Paris is none the less the greatest military centre (from the point of view of the biggest army) because it wears stunning robes "*en République*." No, Paris occupies itself with fashions and the military; Rome, with the Vatican and the royal lottery; Berlin wonders over Emperor William and the army; but they do not set much store or lay much dependence on their respective Parliaments. Help from Parliament, alackaday!—broken reeds are known to be too weak to yield any support. "The Parliament of Paris" is quite an historical name; it talked and registered decrees for the kings of France as early as the fourteenth century, and kept on more or less continuously till the Revolutionary Assembly broke out in 1789; after this there was the "Corps Législatif" under Napoleon I.; and upon his fall came a series of Parliaments, unusually regular and lengthy in terms, under Louis XVIII., Charles X. and Louis Philippe; and then the Revolutionary Assembly broke out for the second time in 1848, to be succeeded by the "Corps Législatif" of Napoleon III., and the third "National Assembly," now sitting in the Paris Palais Bourbon, on the left bank of the Seine, opposite the bridge leading to the Place de la Concorde. The building is very ordinary, but the Assembly itself is most curiously interesting, for, being of its own kind, there is none other like it to be found, though it is copied in the other Continental affairs as closely as imitation and different tastes and ideas have allowed. It



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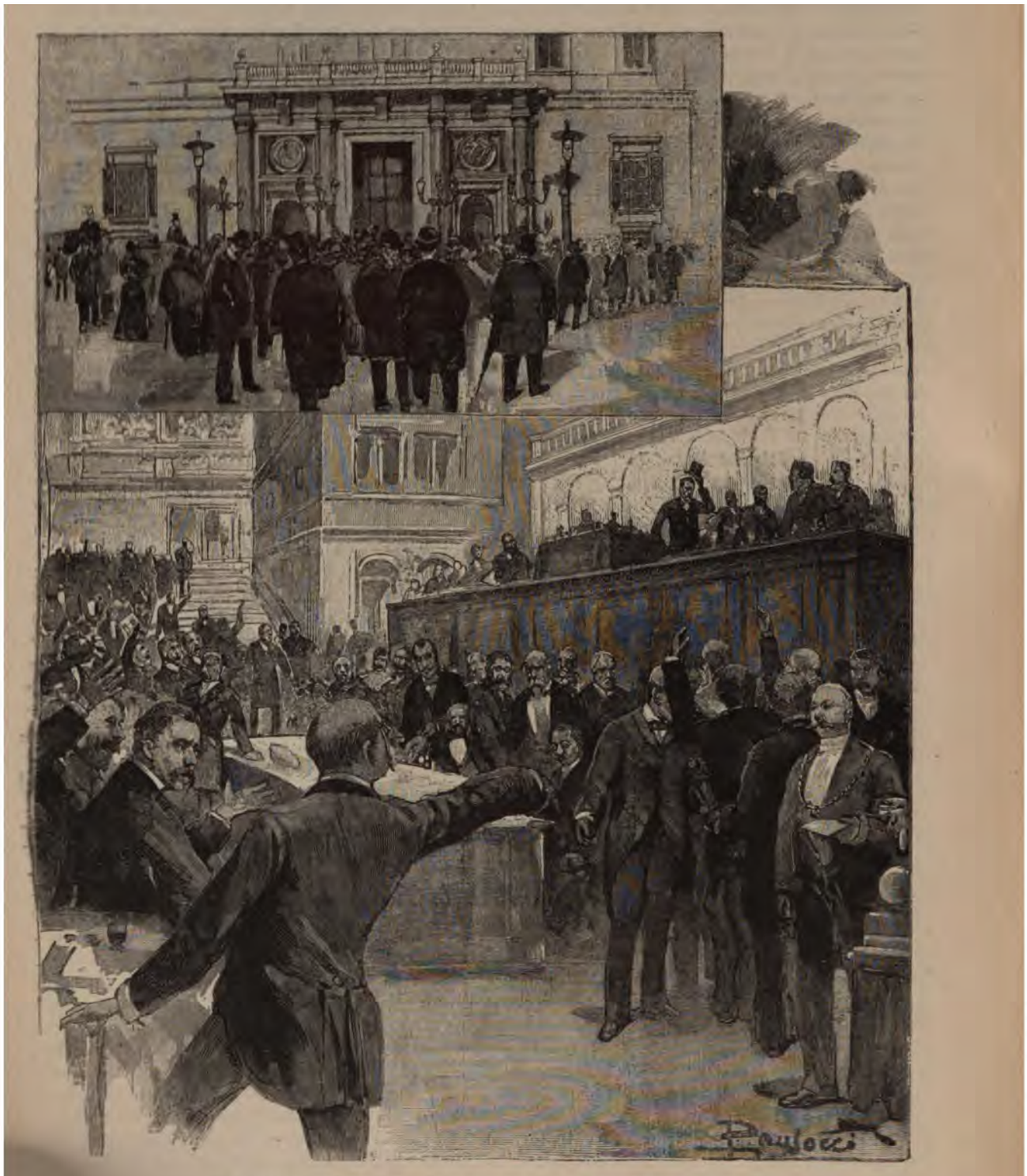

THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT—SCENES AT MONTE CITORIO (ROME) DURING THE RECENT CABINET CRISIS.

THE NEW REICHSTAG PALACE, BERLIN. — FROM THE PLANS BY PAUL WALLOT.

when tolerated by the arbitrary ministers, who either get the certain number of votes their measures require or order a new Parliament, brand-new from the polls superintended by the police and the military.

There can be no use of speakers and speeches under these imperial circumstances, and it is almost matter of surprise that the young Emperor of Germany does not lock the door of the Parliament House and put the key in his pocket, in good Cromwell style, without any more ado or pretense of granting political rights and privileges to the people of the empire. It is possible that he is induced to hold on to his Parliamentary appendage from the fact of his mother's coming from England. However, he allows it to vegetate, and the present session of the Reichstag was ceremoniously opened in a corner of his own imperial palace, the members attending to hear a speech read by him, clad in army uniform and seated on his throne. That is the kind of back-kitchen reception an Emperor who is an anointed Lord of Armies gives to a "Parliament of Chatterboxes." Truly a contrast with his own grandmother's doings—and perhaps the responsible situation requires it, and calls also for the minor Parliamentary farces played at Vienna, Brussels and Madrid.

THE NARCOTIC OF THE ANDES.

By Courtenay De Kalb.

Everybody knows that the Indians of the Andean valleys in South America have a habit of doing curious things which no one in any other part of the world would think of doing. It would certainly not occur to a man possessed of a well-educated appetite to soak a potato in water and freeze it before eating; but the Indians of Peru and Bolivia regard this as the most natural thing imaginable. Likewise it seems utterly unreasonable that a man should voluntarily and frequently live for days at a time without food, simply chewing the leaves of a little plant which afford no nourishment; and yet the Indians of the Andes do it, not as a freak, but as one of the serious and natural conditions of existence. But we must not think from these customs that the Indian is given to absurd and whimsical practices. There is almost always a good reason for the habits which are peculiar to a whole people; and when we know these reasons perhaps we may find that, instead of smiling at things which to us seem odd, we would do better to pity those who are the victims of unfortunate circumstances.

Doubtless the Andean Indian to-day eats his odoriferous frozen potatoes with more pleasure than he would a tasty dish of Delmonico's potatoes *au gratin*—such is the force of habit acquired through many generations; but his ancestors resorted to this practice simply because it was easy to preserve potatoes in this way, and some means of keeping them in a form ready for eating was absolutely necessary in a region where food was scarce, and fuel for cooking food still scarcer. So, again, it was necessity that drove him to such excessive use of the leaves of the coca plant. In the higher regions of the Andes nothing capable of sustaining life will grow. Day after day one may journey here without meeting a single human habitation. There is nothing but a succession of brown and sterile plains and valleys, each one bounded by a rim of mountains which roll up mass upon mass until the vista ends in a range of lofty peaks crowned with eternal snow. Across these silent deserts lie the pathways that bind together the fertile regions east and west of the mountains. Centuries ago, before the Spaniards conquered the empire of the Incas, it was necessary to make these journeys across the unpeopled desert, and how could the Indian, having no other beast of burden than the slow-going llama—too slow to serve him when the orders of his emperor demanded haste—carry food enough to sustain him to the end of his expedition? He solved the question by taking no food at all. Simply belting on a little leathern *chuspa*, or bag, filled with coca leaves and some ashes of the quinoa plant, he was prepared to withstand the pangs of hunger, and what was more, he could travel night and day, aided by the powerful stimulant of this curious leaf, only resting from two to three hours out of each twenty-four.

It will be seen from this that the coca plant provided the means whereby the Inca was enabled to overcome some very serious natural obstacles to the development of his empire. Not only did it help in the endurance of the fatigue and deprivations of long marches through the wilderness, but it lessened the need for so much food as a man normally requires at all times, so that he could build his wonderful military highways and other works of a public character with less difficulty than if it had been necessary to provide enormous

stores of food for the laborers employed. There is little room for surprise, then, that the Incas of old should have regarded coca as a sacred plant, as a blessing sent from God. The priests never failed to offer it up at all solemn feasts along with other sacrifices. It was burned as incense to their god, the Sun, and during all religious ceremonies the priests diligently chewed the coca leaves. It is only natural that a people whose religion was a mass of superstitions should consider a sacred plant, such as this one, to possess many remarkable powers. Since it proved efficacious for propitiating the gods it must consequently serve as a charm against the demons, so thought these people. The very hardness of the rocks was supposed to be overcome by it, and to this day the miners in the Andean silver mines throw their chewed quids of coca leaves upon the ore in the vein, believing that the rock is thereby softened. It is deemed a great offense to waste this precious leaf, and even when on the march the Indians will not carelessly toss away their spent quids, but with great scrupulousness throw them upon prominent rocks by the roadside.

This plant must not be confused with the cocoa which we use as a breakfast beverage. The cocoa, as we call it, is known in the tropics where it grows as *cacao,* and is very different from the coca of the Andes. Likewise the big starchy tuber called *coco* in Central and South America, which is used us a substitute for potatoes, is totally distinct from it. But there is one respect in which coca resembles the cacao, as well as our tea and coffee. Its leaves yield a curious poisonous alkaloid, which is exactly the same, so far as the chemist can discover, as the alkaloid obtained from each of these other familiar beverages. This alkaloid when carefully separated from all impurities consists of minute slender crystals, transparent when seen singly, but whitish when in mass. An amount which you could pick up on a pin point would prove a fatal dose, but in excessively small quantities it produces an exhilarating sensation, and enables one to endure fatigue without exhaustion. It is for the sake of this stimulating effect upon the nerves that men and women enjoy a cup of tea, or coffee, or cocoa. Of course the flavor which each possesses adds largely to its charm as a beverage, for there are many rich aromatic oils besides this alkaloid which give peculiar qualities to each substance. They are indeed widely different from each other in all respects save in this one, that they yield the same kind of nerve stimulant. It is not a little strange that wherever there exists a plant yielding this singular alkaloid men have discovered it and used it with delight. We see the natives of Brazil toasting and preparing a beverage from the nut of the guaraná, and the natives of Paraguay have always used their maté, just as we do the leaves of the tea plant, and both of these contain the same remarkable alkaloid, which soothes and stimulates the nerves, and keeps the old tissues of our bodies from wearing out so fast. And here we find the reason why coca enables the Indian to exist so long without nourishment. When we have reached our full growth we would no longer require food at all if the body were not constantly wearing away and needing renewal. Travelers in India tell us of men who have the power of suspending animation for weeks at a time, during which there is no waste of the tissues. The body lies sealed up in a tomb, until at last the cotton plugs in the nose and mouth and ears are removed, and the magician comes to life again. But the Inca did somewhat better than this; he suspended waste while the body lived and labored and underwent severest trials and hardships. It was only for a time, however, and it has been found furthermore that such a disregard of the laws of nature brings its own punishment. The body becomes emaciated, the skin dry and leathery, and in many cases, where coca has been used in great excess, a tremor in the limbs like palsy attacks one, frequently followed by a species of insanity resembling the severest forms of melancholia. Opinions naturally differ as to the relative benefits or injuries from the use of coca. When men enjoy a thing, even though it harm their health, they usually discover some learned way of excusing their indulgence. Now, the fact is, many people bring upon themselves various ills of the flesh from using tobacco, while many others grow old serenely with pipes in their mouths, and one wise philosopher departed so far from wisdom as to breakfast on a cup of tea and a pipe of tobacco, and lived eighty useful years in spite of it. So it is with coca. Dr. Poeppig saw a sufficient number of palsied and melancholic Indians in Peru to convince him that the coca habit was as dangerous as opium eating, and right upon his heels comes a learned English travelar affirming that coca is the least injurious and most soothing narcotic used by man. For good or ill there are no less than 8,000,000 people habitually chewing it in South America to-day, and some die young, and some grow old—and whoever will may draw his own conclusions.

At all events, coca is an undoubted blessing to humanity, and is becoming widely used by physicians all over the world. A wine is made from the leaves, which possesses the valuable property of stimulating the system when wasted with disease or worn with overwork. In this way a man

when very weak may be sustained until permanent recuperation can be obtained by the administration of nourishing food. More important still is the preparation known as hydrochlorate of cocaine, which produces a complete insensibility to pain in any part of the body where it may be used. Thus it may be injected into some portion of the system, and a surgical operation can be performed without suffering to the patient, although he remains in the possession of consciousness throughout the whole ordeal. Small but painful operations are in this way performed as satisfactorily as with the aid of chloroform or ether, and without the dangers and discomforts attending the use of those powerful drugs.

The plant which produces the coca leaf is known to the botanist as Erythroxylon coca. It closely resembles the blackthorn bush in appearance, growing to a height of from six to eight feet. The leaves are vivid green in color, oval in shape, and very thin. The flowers consist of five yellow petals, and usually grow in clusters. These are succeeded by brilliant scarlet berries. The seeds are sown in December and January in small plots called *almacigas*, which are protected from the sun by temporary roofs of thatching. From these plots they are transplanted into the open fields, and as the region where they are grown is generally arid the custom is to plant them in holes a foot or more in depth, so that the young roots may get the advantage of the moisture below the surface. The first crop is gathered when the plants are a year and a half old, and they continue to yield for as many as forty years. Three pickings are made each year, and the leaves are dried in the sun on coarse woolen cloths or mats. They are then packed tightly in bags, to keep them from becoming too dry and crisp, which would cause them to lose their flavor. When properly prepared the leaves should be deep green above and grayish green below. When carelessly cured they are brownish, and possess a camphoraceous odor.

Upon being chewed they taste pungent at first, and produce a sense of warmth in the mouth. Habitual users of this weed say that the flavor is much more decided and agreeable when a little unslaked lime, or the highly alkaline ash of the quinoa plant, is added to the quid. All classes use coca, and the Indian will not work unless he can stop three or four times a day to indulge in this his only luxury. But while there may have been a good reason for resorting to this stimulant in the olden days, there is less so now that food is more easily obtainable. By the aid of food he might build up a strength of body which would render useless so artificial an aid to his endurance, and there is no doubt that in the end coca impairs the vigor of those addicted to it, as happens always from reliance upon narcotics of any sort. It has a legitimate use as a most remarkable medicine, but in its abuse lies serious danger.

MISS CLISBY'S ROMANCE.

By Richard Malcolm Johnston.

—"Like a dull actor now.
I have forgot my part, and I am out."—*Coriolanus.*

I.

As to the age of Miss Margaret Clisby, the highest figure put down among those who have known her longest is forty. To me, who see her now and then promenading on Charles Street, she does not look a day over thirty. They say she is even more handsome than when she was just grown up, her tall, slender figure being so graceful, her blond cheek so smooth, her lips so pink, and her teeth so sound and white. Since the death of her last surviving parent, fifteen years back, she has been living with a younger sister, wife of Mr. Summers, near Mount Vernon Place. There was one, only one, romance in her youngest womanhood, whose ending, I have heard whispered, seemed for quite a time to weigh on her mind. However that may have been, now she looks as well content as her sister, or any other woman having husband and children to entire satisfaction. She owns a good property, and it is well invested. Whenever one of her intimate friends, in jest or otherwise, hints of her marrying on some fine day, she does not blush, but, smiling and fanning herself, answers in words which give no intimation of any special view or expectation indulged in that behalf. It is just the same if any special man is mentioned, even when it is Abbott Sinclair.

On the opposite side, and about equidistant from the Place, the Sinclairs live. Mrs. Sinclair, who was Miss Clisby's cousin, died some years ago. After a decent period it began to be suspected that the survivor was beginning to turn

his thoughts in the direction of another marriage. There seemed no urgent reason why he ought not. He was only a little past forty-five, keeping in his stout physique most of the activity and even the good looks that he had always carried. Then Eliza, his oldest daughter, nineteen, was engaged, while the other, Sarah, a year and a half younger, was too handsome, too sure of abundant provision, already too much followed by young men, to be kept from being the same before very long. And so the fact was that Mr. Sinclair, even for a longer while than he would have admitted to any person except one, had been indulging the sentiments of which he was suspected.

"'ELIZA, YOUR FATHER HAS NOT MENTIONED SUCH A THING TO ME.'"

Now, Eliza felt herself intensely concerned about it, particularly on Sarah's account. At least, that was the way in which she used to put her objection when speaking among relatives and friends of the family. Devotedly fond of her cousin Margaret, she would have placed her among those from whom she sought comfort and counsel, but for the delicacy which was in the whole thing. Because there was not one among Miss Clisby's friends and acquaintances who, if asked to express opinion about the possibility of her being won in marriage, would not have given it, answering candidly that, if the right man was to appear and offer himself, she, no matter how coolly she smiled and fanned herself, young, gay, lovely woman that she was, would find it both to her interest and her pleasure to say yes; perhaps not right down, but in time; and if he had some ardor and knew how to employ persuasive words, in no very long time. After thinking over the matter, what time their thoughts were not upon their own, and after several talks with each other, the sisters decided between them upon a compromise which, under the circumstances, would seem to come nearer than anything else they could think to being satisfactory. That was for their father, if he should prove to be absolutely fixed

upon taking another wife, to marry their cousin Margaret. Having settled that, they seemed to feel somewhat relieved, and awaited the first good opportunity to make him acquainted with their views of the situation. This occurred very soon. One night when Eliza's lover and Sarah's beaux had been dismissed by nine o'clock, on excuse of having some rather important domestic matters on hand, they repaired to the library, where they imparted and received the usual affectionate greetings.

"You retire early to-night, my dears," said the father. "How was it? Did you tire of your visitors, or they of you?"

"I don't think they got so very tired of us, father," answered Eliza; "but Sarah and I didn't feel much like entertaining, having something on our minds we wanted to talk with you about—ahem!"

"Ay? Be seated, then, and let's hear what it is."

"Father, people say that you are thinking of marrying again. Sarah and I hope it isn't so."

He rose, took a cigar from a box on the mantel, was very slow in lighting it, and when he was again seated said:

"Why?"

"Because it would seem like being hard upon us, Sarah particularly."

"Hard on both! Sarah particularly! I can't see how it should be so on either. You're thinking very strongly about marrying, yourself. Sarah, too, for aught I know. If she isn't, she will be, and when both of you are off, if it's a fair question to ask, I'd like to know what's to become of me here by myself? Is it to be taken for granted that a man in the situation I shall be then has no right to try to make some sort of provision for himself?"

"Oh, no, no, dearest," she said, quickly, and suddenly decided that it would be best to proffer the compromise at once, and so she continued: "Sarah and I have been thinking—indeed, we've been thinking a great deal about it. Taking it for granted that in all human probability you might think of seeking another wife, knowing what an affectionate heart you've always had, and how good you've been to us, we have made up our minds that we would try to be reconciled if you married—a certain lady that we love very much, that mother loved very much, and whom we know you've always thought a great deal of."

"That so? Who can that be?"

"Cousin Margaret Clisby."

He sighed, then turning to face Eliza directly, said:

"She's the very woman I want; but I don't believe she would have me. If I did I would ask her to-morrow."

This brought the girls entirely on his side, and Eliza said, with firmness:

"I believe she would. I'd be willing to bet my very life on it. She's not too old; she's as affectionate as she can be; and although she's got a-plenty to live on, you're rich, and you're perfectly healthy, and for your age the very handsomest, youngest-looking, best-mannered man in this whole town; and my opinion of Cousin Margaret is that she has too much sense to turn away from you if you were to ask her. I'm just delighted to find how we agree about her. If I were in your place I'd go there right away—to-morrow morning. Will you?"

"That I won't—not upon that errand."

"Why, father, I had no idea you were so scary. When will you go?"

"I can't say; perhaps never."

"Well, that is the most surprising thing I ever—I don't know what to make of you, father. It's the first case of timidity I've ever seen in you. Then, if *you* won't go there, *I* will, if you'll let me, and I'll find out how she stands. What do you say? Perhaps that would be best. She will know how Sarah and I feel about it, and, as it were, put her in readiness when you go."

After reflecting several moments he said:

"I've no objection, my child; I agree to indorse all you promise as to what I'll endeavor to do for Margaret's happiness if she will marry me."

"All right; I was going there to-morrow anyhow, and I'll bet you all I'm worth, or expect to be, that I bring you good news, or at least a prospect of it, if not a promise and a vision. Now, Sarah, we can go to bed, and go to sleep as soon as our heads touch the pillows."

When they had gone he sat smoking and musing until very late. Finally he rose, and said to himself, aloud:

"I'd give all I have and hope to obtain if this mission could succeed; but it will come to naught."

II.

DESPITE the fact that her father, whom she would have preferred to remain single, was a party in the case of marriage brokage on Eliza's hands, she felt that it was very interesting, even to the degree of spiciness. She knew she had uncommon persuasive ways, and, dearly loving both of those upon whose interests she was intent, determined to use them, if found necessary, to their utmost, and trusted in her ability to compass what, everything considered, would be an excellent thing all round. So early the next morning she went

upon her errand. Meeting her lover on the street, she stopped to say:

"Here you are, like another bad penny. Don't you ask where I'm going; I'm on *business*, and it's as delicate as important. I hadn't time to say even that much."

"Well, but, Eliza——"

"Oh, you needn't go to well-butting; I'm in a big hurry. I'll tell you some time, maybe, if you'll be good. I must go now. By-by!" And she glided away.

After one warm embrace and two warm kisses, and after mutual congratulations upon good healths and first-rate looks, and after the two had gotten off to themselves for the confidential chat Eliza had announced upon entrance to be on her mind, she thus began:

"Oh, Cousin Margaret, I've got something so interesting to tell you, and it's about love!"

"Interesting subject, my dear; but I supposed you had gotten over the most exciting stage."

"Oh, it's not my case at all. I met Tom just now by the monument, but I hardly more than spoke to him, I was in such a hurry to get to you. If I were to give you twenty guesses I doubt if you would hit upon it—although you might, that is, if you have been thinking about it at all. Well, I won't *palaver* about it, as they say, but tell you right away that we, Sarah and I, have found out, and only last night, that father seriously wishes to marry again. And don't you know that we were distressed, and, indeed, scared half to death, until we found out who it was he's in love with?—for I tell you now that he *is* in love, deep, deep. I never knew anybody to be more so, never. Have you any idea who she is? No? I suppose I oughtn't to ask you, under the circumstances; but I hope in my heart it won't surprise you very much. Why, darling, it is your own precious self, whom I've always loved *like* my own mother, and whom it is now my heart's desire to love *as* my own mother; and last night Sarah and I actually added it in our prayers."

Then Eliza gave a filial hug as cordial as any prospective stepmother in the whole world ought to be satisfied with.

The response was not such as the ardent girl had hoped. There was no shrinking. Miss Clisby simply let herself be encircled in the round arms, and then smiled blandly in polite recognition of the endearment. Conscious of instant diminution of her own warmth, Eliza, resuming her seat, looked at her cousin with affectionate, eager anxiety. The latter, without marked coldness, but as if on a matter of mere fact, said:

Eliza, your father has not mentioned such a thing to me."

"No, dearest; but it was because of the delicate respect he has for you along with his affection, and because of his fear that it might not be agreeable to you, at least so soon after mother's death. But that is now four years gone, and only this morning father told me that mother, several times during her long sickness, said to him that, not only on mine and Sarah's account, but on his own, she hoped that after her death he and you would marry. To think that dear father has kept this to himself so long! I declare I think he has behaved beautifully, considering how dearly he has been loving you. And as for a husband, I don't know father's equal. That I don't, and never expect to."

Miss Margaret was doing a nice little something of embroidery. She stopped, folded her stuff, laid it upon the table by which she was sitting, then said:

"Eliza, I'll give you a bit of my history if you care to listen to it. It's of no interest to anybody but me, and to me only as a recollection which has long ceased to be painful. Still I think of it sometimes, as I suppose almost everybody of my age does about things which used to seem of some value. Do you think you can bear to hear it? I'll make the story brief enough, I promise you."

"That I do, Cousin Margaret; I wonder you could ask!"

She placed her elbow upon the table, leaned her head upon the tips of her thumb and fingers, and said:

"When I was a girl about your age—and that was long before you were born—a young man made love to me. At least he professed to do so, and I fully trusted his asseverations. He was extremely handsome and in all respects entirely personable. I soon yielded to his persuasions and became entirely devoted to him. It was all so irresistible, and seemed to me so natural and so right, that I made no—indeed, it did not occur to me that it would be prudent or even proper to make efforts to hide any of the affection I had for him. It seemed to me as if my individual being was subsiding day by day and being absorbed into his. If I had been wise—no, I will not say that—but if I had been cunning, and made myself seem to have been won with difficulty, and when won, in danger of losing, except through continual devoted service, it is possible that I could have kept my lover. The being without these faculties, and something else besides, began in time to estrange him. No marked change had occurred in his words, spoken or written; but he began, as I thought, to look upon and accept my devotedness as something to which he was easily entitled, and to respond to my demonstration with

gradually lessening cordiality. Hurt by his manner, I resolved to try the strength of his feeling; so one night, as he was about to leave the house, I said that, after all, I was doubtful if we were suited to each other. The remonstrance I hoped for did not come—not a word of it. He only said that if such were my views we might as well separate. I replied—it was all I could do—that such a course seemed to me not only prudent, but unavoidable. He left me at once, and never returned. Fact was, he had already turned away from me in his heart, and to a girl who, being very lovely, was a very dear—friend. He did not make known to her, at least in words, the feeling he had for her until after our separation, and she would not listen to his suit until she had talked with me, whose relation to him she had known. I begged her to regard me as out of all consideration, and counseled, if she could love him well enough, to accept him. She did so, and I have every reason to believe that they lived happily together what time the relation continued."

Here she paused, and looked as if she were hesitating whether or not she should say more. The slight tinge that had been on her cheek during her brief narrative faded, and her subsequent words were spoken with deliberateness, as if it were a house, or some other item of property, offered for her purchase.

With something of a smile, looking at Eliza, she continued:

"Since then I have not once thought of marriage. I have never been able to understand how anyone, particularly a woman, could love more than once. A love that is true love, it has always seemed to me, either lives, flourishes and becomes fruitful, or it withers and perishes. The last is what mine did. Of it I may say thus much, and I will say it to you, that after some years came a period when there was no legal or moral impediment to its renewal; for the friend who, without any misconduct of her own, but with my consent and counsel, supplanted me, died, and I have been reliably informed that her surviving husband would be willing for me to take the place left by her. That is as impossible as if it had been he who had died instead of her. Perhaps he knows this already. If not, he will know it if he should ever seek to communicate with me upon such a subject. In all this I have never been conscious of any feeling of resentment. I admit that for a time my disappointment oppressed me sorely; but I grew to regard it as the destiny appointed by Heaven for me, and so accepting it, I have been, and I am now, very happy. If, after what I have experienced, I were to suffer myself to be persuaded to marry, I feel quite sure that nothing but disaster would come of it. But that can never be. And now, my dear, I've told you what few persons know, and what I had not expected to tell to anybody. I know I can rely upon your loyalty and your discretion."

"That you can, Cousin Margaret. But I hope you will not object to my intimating to father some of the things you have said to me?"

"You may tell him all, Eliza, every word; but him only. Indeed, I'd rather you would do it than not, so that he can put me at once out of all his reckonings."

When Eliza had reported this conversation she added:

"And oh, father, I never saw Cousin Margaret so fine! Diana at the fountain of Gargaphia, gazing at Actæon as he fled before his hounds, looked not more commanding, nor, to my belief, was more unapproachable to a man. Did you know the one who treated her so? He must have been purblind or parted from his senses."

"Your cousin Margaret must answer that, my child, if she will, as most probably she will not; and my advice to you would be not to ask her."

"Oh, dear, dear! it's a great disappointment to me and Sarah."

"Hah!" he ejaculated when she went out of the room; "Eliza did not know how keen was the point of her simile. I feared it—knew it, indeed. It was a sore mistake to let such a jewel drop from my hands; but Margaret Clisby shall never see me desireless nor utterly hopeless of recovering her. I will pay that much tribute to the past, and, if it must be, make that sacrifice, living and dying alone, as I am now."

This was two years ago. Much of his time since then has been spent by Mr. Sinclair abroad, the house being kept by Eliza, who, besides her husband and baby, partially looks after Sarah. The baby's name is Margaret Clisby, and her namesake and godmother is intensely fond of her. There is that in Miss Clisby's face and manner, when in the presence of her former lover, or when his name is called within her hearing, that indicates something, none can say precisely what. Eliza has told her over and over, with, as she tries to believe, gradually increased impunity from frown or gesture of remonstrance, that her own happiness can never be complete until her dear father is provided for, and in the only way possible. There are those who confidently profess that this is to be. Others shake their heads, but in confessedly indistinct doubt. I have my opinion; but I have been so often mistaken about such matters that I decline to express it herein.

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An Artist's Winter at Fontainebleau.

DOORWAY, JARDIN DE DIANE—TIME OF FRANCIS I.

By J. William Fosdick.

On a sunny winter's afternoon in 189– I sat at work in the long Gallery of Francis I. at Fontainebleau, trying to paint that richly decorated interior.

The sunlight streamed in through the great windows and fell in warm patches upon the polished floor. From time to time the quiet of the place would be broken by the rattling of a key in a lock, followed by the shuffling of many feet and the monotonous recital of a guardian of the château who herds along a crowd of tourists.

As is often the case, there are two or three of my fellow countrymen in the party. One of them, possibly from some remote Vermont village, is expatiating upon the air of comfort and cleanliness which pervades the vast apartments. "Yes," he ejaculates, in high staccato, "they are just keepin' it in order for the next emperor, so he can move right in with nothin' but a cake o' soap and towel for baggage!"

Presently the easel and color box catch his eye, and he

tiptoes cautiously up to my quiet corner and peers over my shoulder.

"Well," he mutters, in an undertone, "if these Frenchmen don't beat the Dutch!" Then to his wife: "Just see what this feller is up ter, Cinthy. 'Tain't much of a picter, though, *is* it?"

"S-s-sh!" says Cinthy, in a loud whisper. "Perhaps he's an Amurrican."

She leads her better half away by the coat sleeve, while he mutters: "What a shabby lot of fellers these artists be, anyway!"

Impatient to see more, he passes on to the end of the gallery; then the shuffling feet and noisy voices are silenced by a heavy oaken door which bangs behind them, and I am again left in silence.

Upon the walls of these vast apartments are hung rich tapestries woven many centuries ago, picturing the stag hunt in all its picturesque glory. The hounds and hunters are represented, the stag at bay, taking to the water, and finally being cut up for man and beast by the camp fire. It is a faithful picture of that most romantic of all hunts as indulged in by the great Francis I. when at Fontainebleau. You have only to turn on your heel and gaze out of the big window near by to behold the same leafy avenues pictured so vividly in these tapestries.

JARDIN DE DIANE—CORNER OF GALERIE DES CERFS, SCENE OF THE MURDER OF MONALDESCHI.

The Château of Fontainebleau is situated in the midst of this great hunting ground of the kings.

On this very afternoon, as I vainly endeavor to transfer the beauties of the gorgeous Renaissance interior to my canvas I can near the far-away notes of the musical *cor de chasse* coming from the depths of the forest beyond the Carp Pond. I unfasten the great doorlike windows which open upon the long stone balcony and listen. Far away to the south I can hear the horn blasts and yelps of the hounds. The stag is still hunted at Fontainebleau as it was during the days of King Francis I.

There is no king to hunt to-day, therefore the privilege is sold to any wealthy citizen who may have the wealth necessary to keep a pack and a stable full of thoroughbreds. There is something infectious in the harmonious blast of the French hunting horn played, as is customary, two or three at a time in chords of thirds. As the melodious sound, softened by distance, comes to one through the leafy avenues or rocky defiles of the historic old forest it lends something fantastic to the already legendary woods.

As I listen the horn blasts and cries become more and more distinct. The stag is evidently making for the water, his last resort. Dropping my brushes, I hasten down to the guardian's anteroom, where the door is unlocked for me, as I am a voluntary prisoner, and I hurry through the Court of the Cheval Blanc and the Court of the Fountain, pass the Porte Dorée of Mme. de Maintenon's Pavilion, and in a short while find myself on the wooded road which climbs the rocky hill upon the top of which the artillerists of the Fontainebleau garrison are accustomed to plant their big guns for target practice. I have hardly

had time to listen with bated breath when the bushes crash upon my right, and a fine stag, wild-eyed and panting, dashes into the open, followed by the yelping pack, and keepers and hunters; among the latter are several finely mounted ladies. As they fly past I am also seized with an impulse to fly, and away we go over bowlders and fallen logs in hot pursuit.

We have not far to run, however, for the stag, weakened by his wild race for life, is headed for the canal at the foot of the terraced garden. As he takes to the water with a splash there are many other minor splashes as the hounds follow in quick succession. He swims nobly and well, with his cruel followers ever climbing upon his back.

We are standing upon a grassy slope bounded upon one hand by water, while on the other the forest looms up dark and sombre. Along this slope are scattered the *chasseurs*, a gay company, for besides the hunter's bright-red coats there are the many-hued coats of the cavalry, infantry and artillery officers. What a pity that these fair nineteenth-century huntresses must needs wear these sombre black habits and ugly black silk hats! This scene—the stag, hounds, all—is so like the scene in the tapestry, that these modern Dianas in their mannish costumes seem for a moment out of place; yet upon second thought we are willing to wager that those huntresses of the tapestry, with their gayly decorated trappings and feathered hats, did not sit or ride like these.

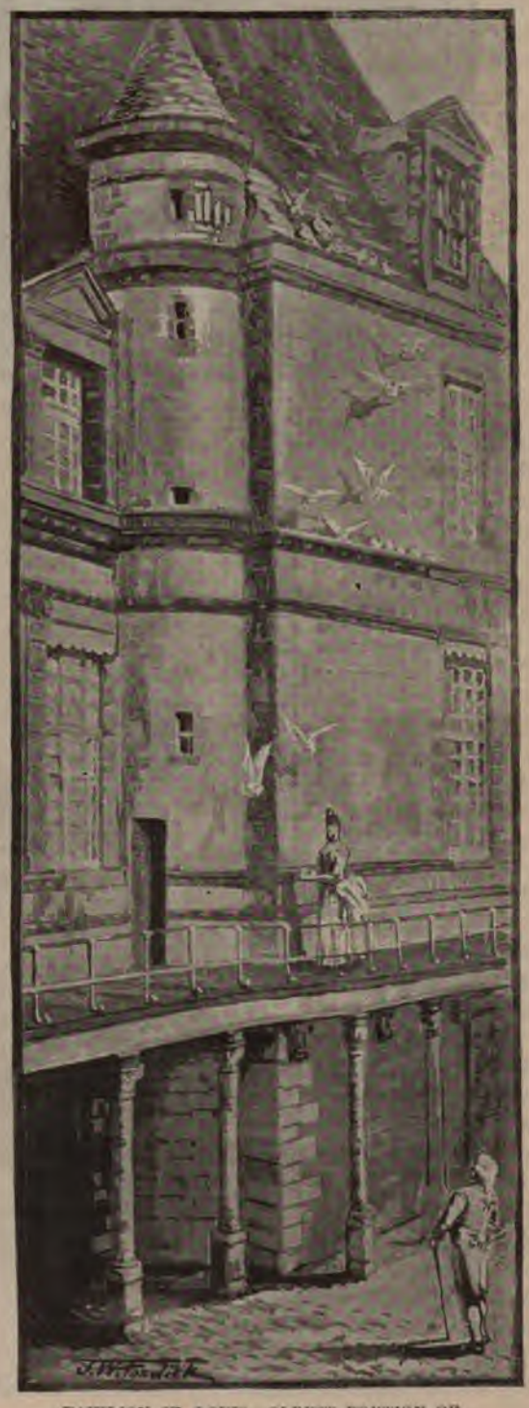
At last the antlered head struggling so nobly out upon the bosom of the tranquil canal sinks to rise no more. The dogs are called off, and I am "in at the kill." I shuddered for a moment, and wondered what Mr. Bergh would have said and done had he been there. As the crowd scatters I return to the château and my work, for the sun is still high.

But this wild chase in the clear November air has given me a feeling of unrest which I cannot shake off. After several futile efforts to continue my work I again put aside brushes and palette and start off on an exploring tour over the great château.

In France the artist is a privileged character. When I decided to draw, paint and photograph in the Château of Fontainebleau I wrote to the Minister of Public Buildings for a permit, which was freely granted. This permit enabled me to use this royal château as freely as I could have used my own house, with the exception of one restriction—that I must be locked in while at work.

I can roam where I choose from cellar to attic, but as a voluntary prisoner. The government takes this precautionary measure against dishonest parties who might choose to masquerade as artists.

It is indeed a privilege to wander freely through these historic rooms, unattended save by memories of the departed great, who have left evidences of their lives on all sides. When as a tourist one



PAVILION ST. LOUIS—OLDEST PORTION OF THE CHATEAU.

PUBLIC FOUNTAIN.

is herded through these royal apartments with twenty or thirty of his kind the unfitness of the situation weighs heavily upon one's senses. This vulgar mob, who finger the draperies and invade the sanctity of fair Marie Antoinette's bath-room, become only a shade less culpable than the howling mob which visited the Palace of Versailles and demanded her life.

To be sure, when alone one sees one's own commonplace reflection in countless mirrors at every turn; but there is no danger of encountering a cadaverous New England school teacher seated upon the crimson throne of Napoleon, or a specially

GATEWAY OF FRANCIS I.

conducted Cook party in full possession of Marie Antoinette's dainty boudoir.

On the particular afternoon of which I speak I found whole suites of apartments which the public never sees. Dark stairways leading up to mysterious chambers under the eaves; a quaint little chapel in the cellar, from the gallery of which I unexpectedly gain access to the magnificent Dance Hall of Henry II., without doubt the finest of the kind in the world.

I find doors in the paneling where one would least expect to find them, and realize how easy it is to lose oneself in this huge piece of architectural patchwork.

As I descend a dusky staircase and grope about in the dark my hand chances to fall upon a door knob. I turn and enter, to find myself upon the regular track of the tourist, beside the cradle of the King of Rome, which stands at the foot of his imperial father's mirrored bed.

These aimless wanderings have been so entertaining that the gathering dusk and six strokes from the bell tower are necessary to warn me that it is past the closing hour.

It is the custom of my guardians to come at noon and night to liberate me. I therefore hurry to the main entrance to find it locked and the guardians gone to their quarters for the night. My cries and knocks vainly echo along the stone corridors. I suddenly realize that my liberator has made his customary visit, and finding my easel deserted, has naturally concluded that I have gone home. I am actually a prisoner at Fontainebleau, and not a willing one either. Night comes on, and with its coming I experience a strong desire to quit the place.

There is but one possible mode of exit. I wander from room to room in the gloaming, trying window after window. Those on the ground floor are all barred and locked. Those which will open on the next floor are too high from the ground, and I will not risk a fall upon the paved court below.

Discouraged, and at loss as to what move to make next, I sit wearily upon the edge of the Duc d'Orleans's bed and try to regain my benumbed senses. Soon I hear footsteps in the courtyard. They are far away, and echo and re-echo, growing fainter and fainter, when at last silence reigns again ; such silence as I never felt before, which the musty air and the darkness seem to intensify.

This deathly stillness in this great place laden with memories excites my imagination, and things look more and more ghostly as the darkness deepens.

I instinctively seek the long, many-windowed Gallery of Francis I., where I have been working ; but that, too, becomes gloomy and oppressive.

COURT OF THE CHEVAL BLANC, FAÇADE AND HORSESHOE STAIRS.

The heavy sculptured forms upon the walls become a great writhing, indistinct mass.

Can the reader wonder that thoughts of murderous deeds enacted in the palace began to haunt me? That I should dread lest the restless spirit of Christina of Sweden should enter through yonder door, crying as she looks at her blood-stained hands, "Blood! blood!" Did not this reckless exiled queen have her handsome lover Monaldeschi butchered before her very eyes in the Gallery of the Cerfs close at hand? But hark! what is that? At the furthermost end of the gallery a panel in the wall opens. It is one of those many secret doors abounding in the castle. Something, I know not exactly what, glides noiselessly forth into the room. I am in no mood to investigate. I simply notice, as I hastily grasp the knob of the great oaken door, that it is more or less shapeless and is silently gliding my way.

I am not afraid to jump to the paved court below now. Tearing open a window, I climb to the sill and prepare to leap, when, to my joy, I find that it opens upon the great horseshoe-shaped staircase. Looking neither at right nor left, I hurry down three steps at a time, cross the Court of the Cheval Blanc, and with pale face and short breath confront the guardians in their quarters.

"You never came to let me out!" I exclaim. "I have escaped by the window on the staircase, and—there's something—somebody in the Gallery of Francis I.!"

"Parbleu! most likely!" exclaimed the *brigadier*. "Of course there is. I sent old Père Guichot (an old guard) over to hunt for you, half an hour ago, as you were missed down at the hotel."

Any further remarks on my part were drowned in a chorus of merry laughter. I was told that I ought to have spent the night in Napoleon's bed and made my morning toilet in the mirrored bathroom. So it was old Père Guichot in his baggy, shapeless blouse and noiseless felt slippers, and not a troubled spirit, who had caused me to quit the palace in such a hurry. But to my dying day I shall never forget my sensations when a prisoner in the Château of Fontainebleau.

Bidding the guardians good night, I hurry through the Garden of Diana to the Swan Inn, on the main street. This hotel is kept by a hearty Englishman named Nelrus, and here one can drink English ale out of a pewter mug and feast on English roasts and Yorkshire pudding, to say nothing of Mrs. Nelrus's mince pies, which are greatly appreciated by the American artists at Gréz, Barbizon and Fleury.

In the brilliantly lighted restaurant I find the usual company of French officers. They have already finished dining, and have reached cigarettes and coffee, so they are in a fit mood to enjoy my ghost story.

Later in the evening the English grooms and hostlers (English grooms are almost universally employed by wealthy Frenchmen) come trooping in by twos and threes, and I hear the details of the day's hunt. This inn might be fitly called hunters' rendezvous, and if you ever want to know where the meet is to be, go to George Nelrus, of the Swan Inn.

During the last Empire he was coachman for a foreign prince, and many are the tales that he and his good wife can tell of those days when there was a court at Fontainebleau.

A queer freak, one would at first think, this coming to Fontainebleau in midwinter; and so it might seem to an ordinary mortal, but not to an artist. I had repeatedly seen the old forest robed in green, and now I wanted to see it draped in the soft white mantle of winter. I had upon my arrival found the Swan Inn too noisy to suit my purposes, and accordingly rented a large, comfortable room over a fruit shop, nearly opposite the château, where with a roaring wood fire, plenty of books, and an occasional visit from the artists at Barbizon, I was as comfortable and happy as a lonely bachelor in a strange land could hope to be.

Fontainebleau is a garrison town, and quarters several regiments of cavalry, infantry and artillery, to say nothing of the Ecole Militaire, with its smart-looking embryo soldiers.

Every night, in the square before my window, there would be sounded the bugle call of both cavalry and infantry, and there were days when my windows would rattle with the detonations of long-range artillery practice.

Great fun it was in fine weather to watch the hussars being put through their rough cavalry drill out upon an open glade on the road to Lyons. Still greater fun was it to watch these same dandified young officers trying to skate on the frozen canal, greatly to the merriment of groups of American girls, all fine skaters, who have come down from Paris with their escorts and chaperons for a skate such as cannot be found near Paris.

The average American of the Northern States takes to skates as a duck does to water, and I have seen these gold-laced officers gaze in wonderment at the graceful manœuvres of George Vail and other clever American skaters. One night we had quite a heavy snowstorm for Fontainebleau, and on the following morning I started out for a tramp to Barbizon. As I enter the forest by the great Route de Paris I find the woods looking like a huge fairyland; each twig and bough is laden

with its soft burden of snow; the grand old forest is indeed beautiful in winter. These huge paving blocks, laid straight through the natural forest, give the highway a remarkably historic look.

One is constantly on the lookout for a gilded coach swung on straps, with an escort of outriders, at almost every turn in the road.

In reality I meet an old peasant woman with a faded yellow kerchief bound about her head, a much-patched and faded blue apron in which she carries a bunch of fagots. Strapped to her back and towering over her is a heavy load of firewood. She is a Jean François Millet painting materialized.

I soon come to an opening in the wood, in the centre of which stands a stone cross. There are many of these silent sentinels in and about the forest.

Next I encounter a guardian of the forest, and a fine picture of manhood he makes, with his gun, gaiters, game bag and dog. I find he is also bound for Barbizon, so we join forces and plod along through the ankle-deep snow. I discover that when a boy he was a playmate of the Millet children, and he tells me much of the hard battle fought by the great peasant painter in the cause of his art.

We have left the highway and are picking our way down a stony hillside, when a curious phenomenon greets my gaze. Out of a crevice in a ledge of rocks not far away there issues a column of blue smoke. I point it out to my guide, who laughs at my wonderment, saying: "Monsieur is doubtless ignorant of the existence of the Brigands' Cave;" and he went on to tell how a column of smoke issuing from the same crevice, some centuries before, had disclosed the whereabouts of a notorious gang of highwaymen who had made traveling on the Paris road close by extremely hazardous.

As we approach the village of Barbizon I recognize the Père Luniot's capacious hostelry, and, further along, the archway of Siron's Inn, and when seated before a roaring wood fire in the dining room of the latter place I find myself once more in Bohemia. There are dogs lying about; the walls are covered with sketches by many generations of artists. In one corner a young English painter, who has since received a *mention* at the Salon, is strumming on an old piano. In another an American, who has since been decorated with the ribbon of the Legion d'Honneur, is working on a large canvas. Near by are several American students, who affect the usual style of the *quartier*. They wear *bérets* and *sabots*, and have their beards trimmed to a point. They belong to the *plein air* school, and are noisily denouncing Boulanger, Gérome and others as fossils. Poor fellows, they will find out some day that these fossils could draw like Raphael.

Although Barbizon is still more or less ideally Bohemian, it is no longer the Barbizon of Millet's time. The rocky gorges and big trees are still there, where the painter used to play with his little ones, but the inhabitants of to-day depend rather upon the influx of summer visitors than upon their fields for subsistence.

When the heavy rains and fogs settle over Fontainebleau, and dampness strikes inward to one's very bones, one is inclined to wonder why he ever came to so dreary and stupid a town. But let the temperature fall below the freezing point and the sunlight appear, then all nature seems transformed. The very omnibus horses which drag the heavy 'buses to and from the station, a half-mile away, become skittish, and the orderly who gallops down the rough-paved street has some trouble to keep his seat as he rides his restless charger on to the sidewalk and pulls the bell of his commanding officer's house to let him know that he is wanted at the barracks.

There is society at Fontainebleau, but of this the outsider sees but little. I used to hear the officers of the Swan Inn gossiping over the latest military scandal—how it was notorious that the wife of Colonel Z—— was known to spend months at Pau, instead of remaining dutifully at Fontainebleau with her commanding officer; how General Boulanger had been making surreptitious visits to Paris, disguised with blue goggles. As for the society of the common soldier, one has only to walk down the main street of an evening and wander through the *cafés chantants* to see how he amuses himself. As is usually the case in most garrison towns, the preponderance of mankind over the gentler sex is noticeable at Fontainebleau, and these coarse specimens of femininity who yodel, sing and dance evening after evening receive more than their share of admiration from these sturdy conscripts.

During the Paris Exposition of 1889 certain privileged artists were permitted to make studies within the inclosure of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. One of these artists, a woman in mannish attire, worked in the midst of a herd of buffaloes. Who but Rosa Bonheur would want to hobnob with these hairy monarchs of the prairies, and who but this same original being would care to sit at dinner with the natural enemies of these bisons—the Sioux and Comanches? Yet it is a fact that Rosa Bonheur dined and wined a company of these dusky warriors, and seemed to take infinite pleasure in it, too.

BATHS OF FRANCIS I.

CORNER OF GALLERY (FRANCIS 1).

The Château of By, the home of Rosa Bonheur, is situated upon the borders of the Forest of Fontainebleau. The hamlet of By is really a part of the larger village of Thomery, celebrated for its extensive vineyards.

These vineyards are shut in upon all sides by high walls, and a walk through the village of By discloses little else than these vine-clad walls upon every side.

The château of Rosa Bonheur, however, is bound to catch the visitor's eye. Built at the time of Louis XV., it still retains an air of dignity, although the present owner has modified it considerably for her own uses.

It is said that the original lord of the manor owned extensive acres surrounding the château, although when Mlle. Bonheur bought the estate there was but little land.

Mr. Henry Bacon, the distinguished American painter, who resides in Paris, tells, in a paper prepared by him for the *Century Magazine* in 1880, of some highly interesting visits made by him in company with an old friend of Rosa Bonheur's at the Château By.

SALON, FRANCIS I.

Upon ringing at the gate they were admitted by a black-haired maid, to whom they explained their errand; they were expected, and were conducted across the courtyard to a kind of workroom, where they found a party of sheep shearers at work clipping a sheep stretched out upon a table. Rosa Bonheur was in the midst of the party, holding the animal's head. "She wore a blue blouse embroidered on the shoulders in white—a country teamster's blouse; a white collar with a single pearl button, without cravat, encircled her neck; below the blouse were pantaloons, not picturesquely arranged with gaiters, or loose inside her boots, but ending, like any of the modern masculine affairs, straight over the shoes, which were heavy and strong, but looked exceedingly small. 'Now you have seen me,' she said, 'I need not change; but had I expected you so early you would have found me *en dame.*'"

In the locality they tell an interesting tale of how, when in 1870 the Prussians arrived at Champagne, a village on the other side of the Seine, Mlle. Bonheur strode into the midst of the assembled peasantry of By, who had armed themselves, dressed in her hunting costume and carrying her gun. "'How strong is the enemy?' she asked; and, learning that there were only a few advanced guards, she said: 'Oh, if there are only three or four, we can take care of them!' She insisted upon going to the riverside, and walking up and down until

VIEW OF CHATEAU, FROM THE CARP POND.

night came on ; but happily the bridge had been destroyed, and the Prussians did not attempt to cross."

Rosa Bonheur can rightfully wear many decorations. She has received the decoration of the Leopold Cross of Honor from the King of Belgium, said to be the first ever conferred upon a woman ; also a decoration from the King of Spain. But she evidently prefers to wear the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, conferred upon her by Napoleon III.

Mr. Bacon's highly interesting account of the conditions under which it was presented is worthy of being quoted.

"It was given by the hand of the ex-Empress. The Emperor, it is said, had been advised to confer the cross of the Legion of Honor upon Rosa Bonheur; but, willing as he certainly was, he hesitated, fearing the popular judgment, which might condemn the giving of this honor to a woman. The Emperor, leaving Paris for a short summer excursion in 1865, left the Empress as regent. From the imperial residence at Fontainebleau it was only a short drive to By. The countersign at the gate was forced, and, unannounced, the Empress entered the studio, where Mlle. Rosa was at work. She rose to receive the visitor, who threw her arms about her neck and kissed her. It was only a short interview. The imperial vision had departed, the rumble of the carriage and the crack of the outriders' whips were lost in the distance. Then, and not till then, did the artist discover that as the Empress had given the kiss she had pinned upon her blouse the Legion of Honor."

The pandemonium of a market day at Fontainebleau should not be missed. The marvelous way in which these cowboys herd their cattle in the public square without fences or ropes, and the unaccountable way in which they extricate their stray cows from the general tangle of horns, tails and hides, would be a fit study for a Texan farmer. Fontainebleau is quite a market for fine cattle, being the centre of a large farming district.

Above the general din of the market place one hears the shrill clarion call of the coach horn, and the fashionable Paris mail coach, driven by a famous society whip, dashes through the square and up to the Hotel of the Black Eagle.

They left Paris in the morning, and although the relays of horses have been plenty, the galloping team is steaming in true fashion as pictured in old English prints, and stretch out their necks longingly toward the fountain basin in the centre of the courtyard.

Were it not for the Worth costumes of the ladies one might easily fancy it to be a perfect picture of the old coaching days long before the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway had been laid through the Forest of Fontainebleau.

During my stay in Fontainebleau I made many visits to Paris, and for economic reasons had ample opportunity to test the various classes of railway carriages.

I never tried third class but once, and that one time was quite enough to quell all economic tendencies. I believe that our Western live stock shipped to the Eastern States fares far better than the average third-class passenger who rides on French railways in winter, for the reason that they have plenty of fresh air.

A more abominable system of heating and ventilation than exists on these French roads could not possibly be invented.

I must recall with a deal of pleasure a delightful journey made one fine day to the village of Gréz. It was made in the genial company of a fellow artist who rode his tandem bicycle all the way to Fontainebleau in order that I might ride back with him to Gréz. These highways are ideal roads for the cyclist, and the French people are fast finding it out, for at present they seem "cycle mad."

The cyclist has little to complain of save the inquisitive questionings of the local police, who are instructed to watch all cyclists of a Teutonic cast of countenance, particularly if they be artists or photographers, as within the past ten years German spies have made a pretty thorough record of the French fortifications while riding about the country in the familiar guise of innocent cyclists.

We trundle our machine over the rough paving stones until we reach the obelisk erected to commemorate the marriage of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, where the hard, smooth earth road begins. We spin along at a flying gait until we reach the long hill upon the top of which stands the Cross of St. Hérèine, erected to commemorate the meeting of Pope Pius VII. and Napoleon Bonaparte when the former came to Fontainebleau, when the Emperor held him a prisoner at the château until he should grant all that his imperial majesty demanded.

From this point the road gradually descends through the edges of the forest to the fertile plain, and it is only a question of a half-hour when we dismount before the rambling hotel, whose courtyard has been the meeting place and scene of friendly bickerings between American, English and French artists for many a long year.

A flight of stone steps descend to a weedy garden, at the foot of which runs the river which has

been painted by many generations of artists, and probably will be painted by many more.

The world is apt to think of this happy-go-lucky student life as a rollicking kind of existence where sorrow has but a small place. In this it is sadly mistaken, for many a real tragedy has been enacted in these little art colonies. In the village graveyard at Gréz there stands a stone to the memory of a young English painter who, after years of hard study, had only just succeeded in getting his first picture hung on the line in the Salon and sold, when he sickened and died, and his friends hurried from the *vernissage* to pay a last fitting tribute to his memory.

It is a pleasant thought, though, that the greater part of those who have lived in the old inn at Gréz, painted the old bridge and sketched the old church, will never fail to recall with pleasure the sunny days when the rafters of the old *salle à manger* trembled with the joyous shouts of revelry.

A day came when this quiet out-of-the-world life had to end, and when I returned to Paris I felt much as though I were going to a foreign country. This feeling was doubly intensified when my boxes were opened at the Gare de Lyons and my property was submitted to the prying glances of the Paris *octroi*.

NORTH WIND AT NIGHT.

By Norman Gale.

Good it is when Northern winds come blowing from the ice and bear,
Shouting round the shaking steeple till the opal stars can hear;
Good it is in shifting dusks to feel the polar thunder-flail
Lashing at the weary forehead with its knots of biting hail!

Hurricanes that blow the foxes over leagues toward their prey,
Roaring sagas of the icebergs, songs of baby seals at play!
Hurricanes with ghostly chorus of the Norsemen grim and stark
Hurling oaths at giant foemen hacking furious in the dark!

In the lulls between the wrangle of the tempest and the floe
Sweet it is to fancy love songs of the patient Eskimo:
Speeding, warm at heart, across the level purity of plain,
Love beneath his furs as constant as beneath the ice the main!

Oh, I joy to hear the sinews of the god of Northern blast
Crackle as his fingers fasten on the icy hilt and vast!
Rushing over wold and valley, dusky dells and uplands bleak,
How he flings his frozen gauntlet at the challenge of my cheek!

Tho' he dash the dew about me from the blooms of other stars;
Pansies from the lap of Venus, speary rushes down from Mars;
More I love his gusty onset than the woman-breeze that brings
Scent of harems and the radiant Persian roses on his wings!

Northland god, your tears of fury drive upon my freshen'd cheeks,
While the roadside branch above me writhes in agony and creaks!
As we wrestle at the midnight, breast to breast and hand to hand,
Care and pain depart like swallows lifting to a friendly land!

THE SILVER SHAFTS

By FRANCES SWANN WILLIAMS.

Author of "Mr. Gadsbury's Brother," "The Jocelyn Sin," "Old Forty's Master," "The Muscoe Plate," "Mistress Marion," etc.

Chapter I.—The Legatee of the Legacy.

Chandos Manor was a great land estate in Virginia. The mansion was spacious, but quite indifferent to rules of architecture and contemptuous of design. Place and family, both, claimed all the antiquity possible in a new country. The latter had wandered abroad in the world, as the hereditary whim seized them, but inevitably returned to spend their last days at the manor. George Chandos proved no exception. He was a Chandos. The rule of his family dominated over his destinies, with this single difference, that wealth enhanced the interest of his reappearance. He was rich and charmingly good-natured. Further than this nobody could tell much of George Chandos, and nobody inquired. He seldom alluded to the past. Obviously his success had been outbalanced by disaster of a domestic nature. He had married and lost both wife and child in the Gulf of Mexico. The steamer went down, and the fair young wife and baby child went down with the steamer. Rewards were offered by the Pacific millionaire. Search was made along the coast. The rewards remained unclaimed. The search proved a failure. The treacherous waves of the Gulf closed in hopeless reticence over the love of his life. For years George Chandos alternated between the Pacific slope and the coast of the horrible Gulf, still searching for the lost, still hoping for news of the missing steamer. It never came. The mystery of the vanished vessel would never be solved. Hope faded at last under the weary wear of disappointment. He gave it up, after five years of racking suspense, and apparently transferred his tenderness to a little waif of a girl, chanced upon, one day, who reminded him, he averred, of Flora, his lost wife. No great difficulties arose in the way of adoption. The Creole fishwoman with whom she lived relinquished the child upon a consideration. She was christened Flora, and became the adopted daughter of George Chandos. That had happened years ago, and now father and daughter had returned to the manor house. The whilom Pacific speculator spent his money with prodigal hand in refurnishing and fitting up the fine old mansion in lavish splendor.

The dining room, with its panels and portraits, its gorgeous plate, glittering glass, fragrant flowers and spicy odors, was all aglow. The softened light streamed down upon the master of Chandos Manor. He lingered over his wine in absorbing converse with a young man of striking individuality. His name was only an iteration of the family cognomen, Lawrence—Lawrence. His features were bold and aquiline, his expression resolute and predatory; his whole appearance, although great and grand, was that of a swift, ruthless man of action.

"Lawrence," Chandos said, slowly, and even in the tinted light a nervous anxiety became legible in his countenance, "you are aware that I have staked heavily on this venture. I have never failed. It cannot be possible that my luck will desert me now; but do you think there is silver where I contend that it exists?"

His gaze was riveted upon the magnificently handsome man opposite in searching scrutiny.

"A few days will decide the matter, Colonel Chandos. A very few days more of that immense work at the Crevasse will reveal its secrets. The shafts were lowered just where you believe the silver lode is to be found. In a few days you must succeed, or——"

Something in the absolutely motionless calm of the host arrested the speaker. A pleasant heat pervaded the room, neither too warm nor chilly, yet a heavy moisture gathered over the brow and temper of George Chandos.

"Pray conclude your remark, Lawrence," he reminded, taking a sip of wine.

"Or—lose an amount frightful to men of less nerve," supplemented Lawrence, with pertinent directness. "You have, as you observed just now, invariably succeeded, but it was in great speculations of mining stocks in California. Bear in mind that the idea of silver veins of any value in Virginia is regarded as chimerical. It is at least individual; still, few men can afford to test their convictions to the amount expended by you, consequently your luck may hold to you, and make you an exception."

"Yes," assented the other, catching at the encouragement in the last few words. "I never failed. I ventured always upon my luck—it was phenomenal. And my luck cannot abandon me now, when I desire it more than ever before, because of——"

Whatever he meant to say dropped suddenly into silence. A light footfall and a merry laugh interrupted him as a small, graceful figure robed in white stood inframed in the doorway.

"May I come in, papa? There are no secrets from me, are there?"

"No, no, Flora, my pet, none—none whatever," rather hastily answered Colonel Chandos, with that mendacity pardonable to those we love, while his face brightened into geniality.

The girl came to his side and laid her long, slender hand on his shoulder. He passed an arm around her affectionately, but withal half sighed. Lawrence leaned back in his chair, forgetful of the wine, regardless of observation, and seemed to gaze at the wonderful beauty of Flora Chandos as if his eyes could never be satisfied.

"Papa, you look troubled. I have seen it for some time. Why is it, papa?" demanded Flora, smoothing the sheeny waves of black and silver hair with a loving touch. "Lawrence, what have you been discussing? Tell me, will you? Is it only the Crevasse?"

"Only!" echoed her father, smiling mechanically. "How trifling it seems to you, darling! Ah, well, be happy, dear, in your own way."

"Papa, what does it matter whether or not you find a silver vein at the Crevasse? We are rich enough, and if we become poor—— Only I hope we will not become very poor, for papa's sake," she added, softly. "I don't think I would like the poverty I knew with dear old Maman—the grimy cabin, rough clothes and rougher people, piles of horrible fish, and—— Oh, papa, I hope we will never have such poverty as that!"

Flora folded both arms around his neck, and clung somewhat closer to him as the repulsive picture reappeared with all its ugly details. Her father tightened his embrace, but the haggard misery of his countenance deepened.

"It will never return while I live, and when I am gone you have Lawrence——"

"Flora!" called a loud, shrill voice from the drawing room. "Did you tell my brother and Lawrence that the coffee is waiting?"

Flora started in some dismay.

"Oh, papa, how could I forget that Mrs. Melvern and Marion Hanton are waiting for you—to have their coffee?"

"Let them wait," carelessly retorted Chandos, without moving.

"They will be so vexed, papa—do come," urged Flora.

"They will not presume to be vexed with you, in your own house," was the displeased answer. "I have something to say, however. It had probably best be said in their presence. Come, Lawrence."

Colonel Chandos rose slowly from his seat. The same pained anxiety settled again on his countenance. The absent-minded melancholy returned to his dreamy eyes. Pausing a moment in the hall, both gentlemen seemed in the smallest degree surprised. A servant was admitting a visitor whose rather harsh tones and heavily built, unprepossessing appearance afforded strong contrast to Lawrence and Chandos.

"Ah, Mr. Harvey?" began the host, in a tone of concise politeness.

Mr. Harvey was advancing in a shuffling, only half-confident way, when his glance fell upon Lawrence. Nothing could differ more strikingly than the look with which each regarded the other. Mr. Harvey stopped in awkward consternation. He eyed Lawrence with evident dislike and distrust, which strove to avoid detection. It was plain that Mr. Harvey had no thought of encountering Lawrence at Chandos Manor, and equally plain that the menace in the one swift glance Lawrence bestowed upon the man was more than he cared to hazard a second time.

"I beg your pardon, Colonel Chandos," he hurriedly said. "I did not understand that you were engaged. My business will wait."

Annoyance crept into the careworn face of the host—annoyance, aversion and pain commingled in the disturbed expression of his features.

"Lawrence," whispered Flora, dropping back for an instant to the dining room. "Something is wrong with papa. What is it? Won't you tell me?"

Lawrence lifted the pretty fingers to his lips.

"I can only conjecture, dear, that he has ventured too largely upon the Silver Shafts. The result is disastrous, I fear me," replied Lawrence,

following her again to the hall, from which the unwelcome visitor had rather precipitately retreated.

The dining room had been aglow with the tinted radiance of the chandeliers. The drawing room was to an equal degree alight, and redolent of flowers — magnificent in dazzle of mirrors, bronzes, rich coloring and silken cushions. The occupants proved worthy of note. They were, as Flora said, Mrs. Melvern and a niece of the deceased husband of that worthy dame, Marion Hanton. The elder lady fidgeted on the rug in front of a fire lighted to take off the chill of the September night. Her wrinkled, withered face gained no youth from the cheaply dyed hair and false teeth; indeed, in every light and phase of expression the face was old, coarse and repulsive. and above all, sinister. Her broad, thickset figure had always been of masculine strength, quite devoid of any feminine grace.. Marion Hanton raised herself languidly from a sofa. A faint jealousy fired the brightness of her handsome black eyes as they rested upon Flora, then traveled onward to Lawrence. He scarcely observed her presence, and yet the tawny richness of the brune contrasted finely with the exquisite loveliness of Flora.

"I sent Flora to tell you that they had brought the coffee," began Mrs. Melvern, in a querulous voice, adding, with an airy coquetry: "You naughty fellows, what were you talking about? Tell me now."

The small keen gray eyes searched the faces of both Chandos and Lawrence in sharp questioning.

"We talked of business, Sister Dorothy," responded Chandos. "This is Flora's birthday—and, by the way, if you wish to send me a message, pray dispatch it by one of the servants. As I was saying, this is Flora's birthday. How old are you, my child?"

Chandos had taken his place upon the rug, his back to the fire and coffee cup in hand.

"Seventeen, papa," rejoined Flora, lifting her eyes to his face in grave expectation.

"Seventeen—ah, yes, you may be excellent at guessing, but how could you know about your age?" mildly interpolated Marion.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Melvern, skipping up to Chandos in savage flippancy, "you needn't humbug us, George. How do *you* know whether she is seventeen or twenty-seven?"

"That concerns no one," replied Chandos, in offended dignity, "except my daughter and myself."

"Your adopted daughter," blandly corrected his half-sister.

"Be silent, Dorothy, if you please."

"The cross wretch!" she airily commented, making a comical grimace at Lawrence.

"My daughter is seventeen to-day," Chandos went on, slowly. "I have long ago made my will. She is my sole heiress, of course."

"Of course!" burst out Mrs. Melvern, her shrewish face turning a shade more yellow; "when I am your own half-sister, with only three hundred a year."

"Aunt Dorothy, try and bear it," sweetly interjected Marion. "Nobody cares for us."

Chandos paid not the smallest attention to this byplay. He was intent upon some purpose, only preluded by what he had said.

"If my ventures are successful, as they have always been, Flora will inherit an enviable fortune. If not, I have reserved a portion for her which has never been hazarded. It includes Chandos Manor."

"My father's house going to her? Good God!" ejaculated the irrepressible dame, holding up both hands in affected horror, while her sinister eyes grew more malign.

"Some years ago," resumed Chandos, shifting his glance from Flora, and allowing it to rove restlessly over the room, "a legacy was bequeathed to me, in trust for my child. The terms were peculiar; they were as follows: If my child—I refer to the child I lost on the wreck—was found, the legacy went to her. Failing to find the child within a given number of years, the legacy reverted to another person. Of course I have failed to rescue my child. The time allotted was ten years. The time expires on day after to-morrow."

Chandos stopped and wiped his brow nervously. That it required a terrible effort to say this, and that some resistless influence forced him to avow it, was self-evident.

"The legacy was one hundred thousand dollars——"

"She won't get it—no, she won't get a dime of that money. She is not your child. You know that, and you can't make anybody believe that she is!" ejaculated Mrs. Melvern, a vicious energy in her manner. "No, you can't play that off on anybody. You will have to give up that legacy. She can't touch a penny of it."

The vulturelike nose seemed to emphasize every word. Passion reddened her coarse face until its hard ugliness became almost brutal. It was difficult to imagine her akin to Chandos. He stood in reposeful elegance, calm, refined and possibly disdainful; she danced about in the tempestuous vulgar excitement of an irate kitchenmaid.

"Dorothy!" he said, so sternly that the woman

was briefly silenced. "Bear in mind that you are in my house as my guest. If you cannot show its mistress the respect due her, pray allow me to order the carriage to convey you back to your own cottage."

"Eh! what did you say, George? I'm so deaf, I cannot hear you. What did you say?" asked his half-sister, in a high, shrill key, putting her hand behind her ear, and twisting her features into violent distortions.

Mrs. Melvern cherished a convenient deafness, always at hand when she preferred not to hear.

"The legacy was one hundred thousand dollars," he continued, without noticing her.

"That is more than Chandos Manor would sell for," again interrupted Mrs. Melvern.

This time Chandos stopped short. A bitter menace shot into his eyes. For an instant he appeared to struggle with a dire temptation to spring upon and silence her forever, so white and enraged did he look.

The woman laughed in tantalizing insolence.

"Dear, dear, what a pity you never found the child!" she interjected, holding her arms akimbo and watching him narrowly.

"My daughter Flora inherits everything I have. This is her birthday. She is seventeen, and with my consent she will marry Lawrence, the son of my old friend—the only son of my old friend."

A quickly stifled cry from Marion passed unnoticed in the burst of amazement from Mrs. Melvern.

Flora blushed in shy timidity.

"Oh, papa, why do you tell everything?" she asked, going closer, and putting her hand within his.

"Everything!" snapped up their rejuvenescent guest. "He hasn't told everything by a great deal."

George Chandos was lifting the cup of coffee to his lips. His hand seemed suddenly paralyzed. He stood in immovable rigidity, fixed by the possibly chance words.

"Well, well, Mr. Lawrence is a brave man," she philosophized, unable to restrain her malice. "To think of a Lawrence, come of such a proud old family, marrying a girl who is nobody knows who, or at least the child of a fishwoman!"

"Dorothy, how dare you speak——"

"What did you say, George? Did you speak to me?" inquired Mrs. Melvern. "I say it's a great thing to be a rich man's ward—money will marry off any girl, and Lawrence is so very poor."

"And I say leave this room and this house!" thundered her brother, thoroughly aroused.

"Why, George, did I say any harm? Would you turn against your sister, when I have just come to make you a little visit?" she asked, humbly, in evident trepidation. "I was just going on to tell you that my niece Marion is engaged, too. She don't care much for Oscar Harvey, but she will marry him. It's the money with her as well as some others," she added, in pointed meaning. "Being a son of the old steward of the Lawrence family, he has not the Lawrence blood, but he has the Lawrence money. Yes, Marion will marry Oscar Harvey."

"Perhaps, aunt," interposed Marion, in doubtful acquiescence."

"You will marry him, Marion," asserted her aunt. "What do you care for blood? All that money would make a gentleman of a fisherman. Dear, dear, how long-headed the steward was! And Oscar is not fool enough to squander it. But, George," the woman turned swiftly and squared herself opposite George Chandos, "is this all you are going to tell us?"

Her lynx eyes seemed to penetrate the secrets of his heart. The pitiless stare she bestowed upon him suggested suspicion and doubt. Oddly enough, he quailed under the subtle meaning she contrived to convey in word and look. He made a feeble effort to smile. It was a pitiful mockery, dying away at once. Drawing out his handkerchief, he passed it over his eyes and brow with exaggerated deliberation.

"Papa——" whispered Flora, as if she meant to say something cheering, then failing of words, the girl pressed her face down against his shoulder, a world of tenderness in the action.

"At present, Dorothy, yes, that is all."

His thoughts centred upon her inquiry. His mind held with strange tenacity to the one point, not diverted for one moment by either the curiosity in Marion's dark face or the sympathy and love of Flora.

"Until day after to-morrow. I suppose you will tell us more then?" persisted Mrs. Melvern. "You will satisfy us then, won't you, George?"

"Yes, yes—day after to-morrow," he answered, quickly, a perceptible relief breaking over his countenance. "For Heaven's sake don't torment me with questions until day after to-morrow."

A half-exultant laugh was the only answer his sister vouchsafed. Chandos mechanically sipped his Mocha. His glance wandered again and again to the hard, coarse face of the woman, some ill fortune bound to him by half the nearest tie of consanguinity. She was his relation, while the fair, loving girl whose white hands still enfolded his arm was not akin. Perhaps he remembered this fact. It may have moved him to a greater

exasperation against her. His glance grew cold and steellike in its perpetual reversions to the repulsive, uncompromising woman standing now in front of Lawrence, talking in loud, jocular tones. Chandos drew Flora to his breast and kissed her passionately. Without a word or glance at anyone else within the great luxurious apartment, he crossed it in his unhurried, deliberate way, and quitted the room.

Chandos neither hastened his step nor changed countenance until the study door shut after him and the study key safely locked him free of intruders. Then a great wave of anguish seemed to roll over the patrician features. His hand aimlessly stroked the raven-black hair, penciled with gray. He was still in the prime of life, but if ever a man aged in an hour George Chandos aged in that hour of self-commune, in which the confidence and daring of the Pacific speculator failed him.

The quiet of midnight fell over the mansion. Darkness had long possessed the pleasant drawing rooms when Chandos, enveloped in an overcoat, with hat drawn low over his heavy eyes, emerged from the study, and went down to the stables.

"I am going to the Silver Shafts," he said to a sleepy groom leading out the horse he had ordered.

"Ay, de Silbur Shaf's," commented the groom, watching him gallop madly away. "Marse George has mayhap had a powerful luck, but it's my notion ez he's touched bottom, by de looks ob him to-night."

CHAPTER II.

"I AM HUMAN!"

MRS. MELVERN toasted her feet before the fire in her own chamber, luxuriating in a pleasant heat which cost her nothing. Her dyed hair was concealed by a checkered calico handkerchief bound around her head and knotted in front. Her immaculate set of teeth garnished the toilet table, along with a motley collection of dye pots and brushes. One prominent tooth on each side of the limp, flabby mouth sufficed in the seclusion of her bedroom. Without her "cheap make-up," Mrs. Melvern proved a veritable old hag of the most hideous type. A very brief skirt strove to cultivate acquaintance with the old shoes into which her feet were thrust. Failing to do so, the scant garment revealed a pair of fat, thick legs covered by what had originally been stout cotton socks, which the economical dame had lengthened into stockings by aid of her knitting needles. She held a glass of brandy and water in her hand, stirring and sipping it in epicurean enjoyment. The fumes of the spirit pervaded the room. The spirit itself loosened the garrulous old tongue.

"I'll find it all out yet, see if I don't," she muttered, audibly. "Marion, there is something at the bottom of that pretty little scene downstairs to-night!" exclaimed her aunt, rousing up as Marion, in crimson dressing gown and slippers, came for the usual bedtime talk.

"What can it be, aunt?" inquired the niece, listlessly drawing the pins from her hair and allowing it to fall in a black coil on her shoulder.

"Will you have a taste of this toddy, child?—young people ought not to touch it. At my age," continued the elder, in the blandest of tones, as she held the glass away from her niece, "I have to take something to keep up my strength. Rum is cheaper when I am at home; but here, you know, I don't take anything except the best French brandy. It's my Christian duty not to offer it to others. Ugh! how de-li-cious! how it warms me up!" And Mrs. Melvern imbibed a long draught of the liquid. "Now, child, let me say a word to you."

"One moment, aunt," interrupted Marion, warily observant of the heated face and thickening breath. "What do you know of this legacy and of your brother George's affairs?"

"More than he imagines, I tell you, Marion. I haven't lived in the shadow of my own chimney all my life, have I?" she queried, meaningly.

"No; you have roved about the country more than most women of your limited means," replied the girl, a half-contemptuous indifference in her manner. "No other woman living could have done it."

"No, no," chuckled the elder woman, gleefully rubbing her fat knees, and making a futile attempt to introduce her skirt to the region of her ankles. "No woman living could have done it and saved by it. I have had a good time, and it hasn't cost anything, either. Ah, child, when you are as old as I am you'll find it all foolishness to let honor and pride, and all that nonsense, bother you! I never did, never, and I have saved a good little pile for my old age."

"Well, well, it don't matter, aunt," was the fretful interruption. "Just answer my question. What do you know of your brother's affairs?"

"I am pretty shrewd, don't you think, child?" questioned her aunt.

"Certainly you are," asserted Marion, very evidently accustomed to this preliminary formula.

"Yes, I am; and I think, child, that you are just as shrewd, and just as determined to have

money. I believe that I can trust you, because you know that whatever I have will go to you at my death. Heavens! I hope it will be years and years before that comes. I am only turned of my seventy-eighth year, and lively as a kitten yet—good for twenty years."

"Will you answer my question, aunt?" Marion checked the senseless loquacity, adding the diplomatic reminder, "You and I have no secrets from each other."

Mrs. Melvern brought the chair close to the girl. She drank another draught of brandy and water, made another effort to force her skirt into friendly terms with her ankles. The first stole into her brain; the second obstinately refused to be coerced into an unpleasant association.

"That is true, child."

"And I know how to keep a secret," interpolated Marion, now convinced that she was on the eve of a revelation.

"So you do. Well, if you breathe this you are the loser," preluded her aunt, craftily. "Besides, you would defraud me; think of that—the sin of defrauding your old aunt, as well as yourself."

"Very well, you may be assured that of the sin of defrauding myself I shall always be innocent. Now, do tell me about this legacy. To whom does it revert?"

HE GAZED IN OVERWHELMING ADMIRATION INTO THE EXQUISITE FACE OF HIS PROMISED WIFE."

"My dear," whispered the other, "that legacy reverts to some one of whom George is afraid, and with all his money it knocks him hard to pay it. I do not know who it is, but I shall discover. It is right and Christian for us to take care of ourselves. We must not encourage wickedness by allowing that will of his to take effect. Wills are only mediums of transferring property to favorite relatives. Instead of transferring, George has defrauded his poor old sister of her rights. Such deliberate depravity must be thwarted. The person robbed is Dorothy Melvern. The person to rescue George from the crime of robbing is Dorothy Melvern."

The wrinkled, reddened countenance became suffused by a half-maudlin delight. An unscrupulous cunning twinkled in the small gray eyes, arousing suspicion in any beholder save Marion. She had profited so many years by the shifts and subterfuges of the honorless aunt that they quickened her admiration.

"He can make another will," she suggested.

"Possibly, my dear; but one can hardly believe there could be so much wickedness in this world."

She made another ferocious dive at her skirt, which remained firm in its determination to hold aloof from the substantial ankles.

"Aunt," demanded Marion, her dark face changing color, "do you think Lawrence loves her—Flora, I mean?"

"He! he!" laughed Mrs. Melvern, relinquishing the tussle with her scant drapery. "Are you absurd enough to credit that, Marion? Tut! child, it is the money. Lawrence is handsome as a prince, but, my dear, he is poor. The Lawrences always had a wonderful amount of that nonsense called pride, absurd enough in any except rich people. Nothing hampers one so much. Unless there is money to gild the doubt on her birth, Lawrence will never give his aristocratic old name to a nobody's child—you may trust that. And it shows how avaricious poor evil human nature is!" sighed the elderly dame, taking higher moral grounds as the spirit warmed her blood. "George is a shrewd man, with plenty of money, but he never penetrated the secret of this girl's parentage. I am a shrewder woman, without a dollar to spend, and I did dive into the mystery and unravel it. The millionaire would give half his fortune to know who Flora's parents were. The millionaire's sister can tell him."

Intense surprise flashed into Marion's countenance. She stared at the old crone in excited incredulity. The crone returned the stare with the satisfied triumph of having made a grand *coup*.

"Aunt," suspicion and doubt evincing an ascendency in Marion's tone, "is that true? Tell the truth, aunt—you know how naturally falsehood comes to your tongue."

"It is the truth; and, Marion, I hope I don't lie unless something is to be gained by it," was the solemn assurance. "And do put out that light—it hurts my eyes. I always saved candles by sitting by firelight."

Ignoring the request, the girl fixed her searching gaze upon the hard face from which changeful expression had long ago departed. Avarice and cunning engraved themselves as the ruling passions to which, Marion fully comprehended, nothing in the woman's nature could run counter.

"If your brother would give half his fortune to discover this, and you could offer the information, why did you not do it, and make terms with him?" questioned the niece.

"He! he! Marion!" simpered the aunt, still making predatory raids upon her short drapery. "My dear, would you have me lose the chance of getting the entire fortune?"

The two looked at each other a meaning look, unreadable in words, but overfull of significance.

"My dear, twelve years ago I was staying at Pass Christian, at the best hotel. I had the bill sent to George, and he paid it, so I wasn't out of pocket. Very well, twelve years ago the proofs of her identity fell into my hands. I should have kept them, if possible. There is a legacy of one hundred thousand dollars, and George has not the riches for which the world credits him."

"Aunt Dorothy, who is Flora Chandos?"

Again the two women gazed fixedly at each other.

The one waited in breathless anxiety, dreading lest some unexpressed suspicion might be confirmed. The other laughed evasively, and parried the question with a pitiless diplomacy.

"My dear, it don't signify who she is. Nothing can be so inconvenient and awkward as facts. Flora Chandos is nameless—she had best remain so. When all else fails, nothing is so lucrative as knowing more about people's affairs than they do themselves. George Chandos would give half his wealth to have proof of that girl's birth. Flora Chandos will do the same twenty years hence. Silence," she added, in crafty wisdom, "may profit me more—it cannot do less—at any time that I choose to speak. I will abide events, Marion."

"You are a wonderful manager, aunt, with the longest head I ever knew," complimented the niece, a genuine admiration in her voice.

"Well, well, child, give me a little more brandy to make me sleepy. Ah, what a glorious thing to be rich! Now read me a chapter in the Bible,

somewhere in Ecclesiastes or Proverbs. What an inspired man Soloman was! Yes, yes, child, I have always been a Christian. The Bible is my comfort, especially Proverbs. Ah, what brandy this is, and what a frightful sum it must have cost! Read Solomon, dear."

"Where shall I read, aunt? I'd much rather talk," objected Marion, in some scorn.

"Read my favorite, that blessed text, 'Do good unto thyself and men will think well of thee.' Ah, this brandy warms my very soul! Read the blessed words, Marion. I feel so truly thankful that I discovered the girl's parentage instead of George. The ways of Providence are inscrutable, and this brandy is divine."

The mellowing warmth of the spirit seemed to overwhelm Mrs. Melvern with a pious gratitude. She leaned back in her chair, sipping the old brandy in sublime appreciation and devout thankfulness, giving apparently beautiful attention to the few verses read by Marion.

"Now, my love, we have done our duty. I am sleepy. Retire, my child; and remember that while you are in your comfortable bed I will be up and doing. I am always faithful to duty."

Marion slowly drew a shawl around her shoulders. She was accustomed to every phase of hypocrisy in the old woman before her. She knew that Dorothy Melvern sheltered her most unscrupulous schemes, even in confidences to her niece, under a tissue of subterfuge and pretext. Not for a moment did she either doubt her skill and daring or credit her verity. The girl only wondered that with her Dorothy Melvern held to the folly of making excuses and assigning plausible motives. Whatever she meant further to say old Dorothy thwarted by dozing heavily.

"It is of no consequence. Aunt never forgets or gives up, if it is to her interest; and whatever is her interest must benefit me," she said, aloud, adding, still louder, "Good night, aunt."

"Good night. George—is—always late in the study," muttered the sleeper, stupidly.

Marion closed the door after her, and traversed the passage leading to Flora's rooms. A tiny line of light told her that the little hostess was still out of bed. Her light knock had no response, nevertheless Marion opened the door at once and stepped into the room, unobservant of the cold surprise of Flora.

"I only came for a moment, Flora, to ask about your father," blandly remarked Marion, her eyes glowing, as they invariably did when they rested upon Flora. "I fancied that Colonel Chandos looked harassed and troubled. May I ask if anything has gone amiss? I believe you are in his confidence."

Flora had risen from the cushions of the sofa, and stood opposite the other in formal politeness.

"Papa has no secrets from me. Papa is quite well, I am sure. He discussed the mines with Lawrence after dinner."

"And where is he now, my dear Flora—in his room or in that alluring study?" questioned the visitor, without seating herself.

Flora's color deepened. For some reason the distrust and dislike she felt for Mrs. Melvern extended itself to Mrs. Melvern's niece.

"I don't know. Papa had recovered his spirits, if indeed they flagged. He was perhaps anxious about his mines," carelessly replied Flora, still standing.

Her manner was a tacit hint to leave, but Marion chose not to perceive either the hint, or the surprise still evident in the soft eyes opposite her.

"Ah, yes; strange that I never knew that anything disturbs your father's matchless equanimity! But you only confirm my idea that he was disturbed and depressed; however, aunt will be glad to hear your conclusion. It is a trifle odd that we both decided that your father had met with some misfortune, and that you might be aware of it. He certainly did look miserable and out of spirits. Good night."

A half-angry smile curved Marion's lips as she turned away. If she had come prompted by a malicious intent to annoy Flora the effort was crowned with success.

As her visitor quitted the room Flora's pride relaxed. She stood looking in the fire and thinking that somehow it was all true as Marion had said—her father appeared in miserable spirits. In spite of her reasoning, his expression of anxiety and trouble pictured itself to her mind's eye. The vivid, sharpened dread with which he had listened to Mrs. Melvern returned to Flora. She thought of his strange abstraction, and remembered that it had been so for days. Some disaster must threaten him. In all the years gone by she could never recall such intense pain and agitation as seemed to possess him as he stood on the rug in the drawing room. He had spoken of a legacy—hinted at another revelation. Flora gradually gathered in mental array the inexplicable fragments standing out in her father's moody conversation of late. They had caused a momentary wonder at the time of utterance. They roused a singular apprehension in the review. No straw or careless word pointed to any sufficient solution of the mystery. Nevertheless, that Mrs. Melvern was connected with it Flora divined intuitively. Reflection strengthened the conviction.

"That dreadful woman!" she whispered to her-

self, shivering in vague alarm. "Dear papa, I trust that she can never do him evil!"

The night waned while Flora still sat pondering over the first touch of trouble. How late it was, or how the time had slipped by, the girl never knew. An unusual wakefulness induced her to linger. An odd prepossession of impending calamity gathering in the cold, chilly midnight oppressed her. The fire burned down into smoldering coals, and in their turn the coals faded into dead-gray ashes.

Flora suddenly raised her head and sprang to her feet.

"I must see papa before I sleep!" she exclaimed, in a passion of nervous terror. "I must and will see him!"

Opening the door, the girl peered out into the darkness. All was profoundly still and silent. The musical tones of a clock chimed the hour of two. Timidity and a certain sense of making herself ridiculous by this novel quest at two in the morning altered her determination. She stood in the doorway listening to the tick of the hall clock, and looking apprehensively at the blackness beyond her chamber.

"Papa will be sure to laugh at me," she thought, turning back to the safety of light.

As she did so the distant, accentuated tone of a voice arrested her. Some one was speaking. It was her father.

Flora ran through the deserted passages until she turned into the one leading to the study. This room occupied the very end of a wing; George Chandos had selected it for the remote situation and perfect privacy. The dim, flickering light of a candle burned within. Through the door, which stood open, she could plainly see the only two occupants. There was no mistaking the heavy, stout woman in short bedgown and shorter skirt. It was Dorothy Melvern. Her face had a strange exultation in every line. A bitter, insolent taunt echoed in each accent of her cracked voice. Flora uttered a faint cry of shocked amazement as her father's drawn, haggard countenance met her view. Fear, absolute, unmistakable fear and desperation were depicted thereon. Her independent, high-spirited father seemed to cower and shrink helplessly before this woman.

"I tell you, George Chandos, that I will not be defrauded any longer," she was saying, a vicious hiss in her high, thin accents. "I understood your hints to-night, and I came here to verify my suspicions, and I have done it—yes, I have. That legacy is mine, and I will have every dollar of it, every halfpenny of it—have it day after to-morrow, too."

A deadly whiteness crept over Chandos's set features. His breast heaved. Her words appeared to scorch and wither him. Raising his hand in the aimless way Flora had noted in the drawing room, he held it over his eyes, perhaps to shut out the taunting, gibing face fronting him, perhaps to gain time, with a vague hope of a respite to the sentence she flung in his teeth.

"Dorothy," he began, in a low voice—"Dorothy, I have been unfortunate. Give me time, and I can make good every dollar of the legacy."

"Never, never in God's world. I'll have it day after to-morrow—it is to-morrow now—yes, to-morrow every dollar of it shall be paid."

She broke furiously in upon the even, suppressed tones. He was silent a moment. His eyes seemed to glow and burn with passion; nevertheless, when he did speak, it was another appeal for mercy.

"Dorothy, you will ruin me by forcing the payment of every dollar. I can pay half of it. Will you not give me time? You are not in danger of losing it; but, Dorothy, for God's sake do not beggar me. I am desperate—desperate!"

"Don't threaten me!" she retorted, with an exasperating laugh, as she came close to him and shook her finger menacingly in his very eyes. "I'll have every dollar of it to-morrow, and you may take your miserable foundling and tramp. You may beg or starve. Do you suppose I care what becomes of you? I might have known you never had all the money you pretended to have. Millions, indeed! Talk of making your will and leaving that upstart rich! I have your will here!"

She slapped her hand on the pocket of her skirt, from which a roll of papers protruded.

Chandos listened in patient endurance, making no effort to interrupt her. His eyes still glowed and burned; the veins swelled in his forehead and temples; but when she at last stopped his voice became a little lower and more perfectly even in answering.

"Dorothy, I might ask this of a stranger and it would be granted: Will you give me time, or will you ruin me?"

"Time, indeed!" she cried, with a mocking rage. "Do you suppose a woman in her seventy-eighth year will give you time? No; I'll have the money to-morrow!"

"I have ventured too heavily, Dorothy. I did have millions; but if you force me now," he went on, in that same hopeless monotone, "you will crush me forever. You will beggar me—beggar me!"

"I'll have it to-morrow! Don't I know what a fool you are, wasting money on a silver mine in Virginia? I won't trust my money one day with

a fool. I'll have it to-morrow—every dollar and every dime!" she reiterated, obstinately.

"In a few months I can in some degree recover myself," he began again, his tone still lower and more difficult, his gaze still riveted in melancholy intensity upon the bitter, sordid woman facing him. "I can pay every cent in a few months. To force the payment of the entire legacy will take everything in one sweep. My property will barely pay it now. It rests with you, Dorothy. I ask no sacrifice. Half the legacy is far more than you ever enjoyed. In six months every dollar can be paid; but to-morrow—God! I will not. I am human. It is impossible. Once more I ask, will you save me, or will you—ruin me?"

YVONNE.—STUDY BY MADRAZO.

"I'll have every dollar of it to-morrow—to the last penny! I won't wait one moment longer, or give you one instant to make money for that miserable foundling. I'll have it to-morrow, ruin or not—yes, I'll have it to-mor——"

The shrill gibe and threat died in a stifled, gurgling gasp. With one swift bound he had sprung upon his tormentor. Human endurance had broken its limits at last, and a tigerish passion overwhelmed him. His fingers clutched her throat in deadly griffes. The mocking face whitened to a livid purplish pallor. A low wail of agonized terror echoed in the passage, for Dorothy Melvern sank heavily to the floor.

CHAPTER III.

THE SILVER SHAFTS.

LAWRENCE had fully intended to celebrate Flora's birthday by remaining over night at Chandos Manor. The work at the "Silver Shafts," as they were termed, progressed in full blast. A few days, perhaps hours, might decide whether or not this last, tremendous hazard of the Pacific speculator would prove delusive. Nevertheless, Lawrence meant to abandon the work long enough to dine at the manor house. It was in truth a critical period. The water might break its barriers at any instant, and rush into the shafts or ruin the tunnels. The work had gone on, step by step, alluring and tempting with fruitless and costly fatality, until it had swallowed a stupendous sum. What might be discovered under the barren bowlders and slimy cairns neither George Chandos nor Lawrence, of late, ventured to predict. This was an unusual occasion, and Flora, in her pretty, coaxing way, had insisted, while George Chandos, with equal earnestness, urged Lawrence not to decline the birthday dinner. Despite all this, the close of the evening found him apparently resolute to return to his abiding place for these last months.

"You will stay here, Lawrence?" whispered Flora, pausing a moment on the broad steps for a final word before departing for the night.

"Flora, why should I? What does it avail me?" he asked, coming to the balustrade and leaning upon it, while he gazed in overwhelming admiration into the exquisite face of his promised wife. Her proportions were small and *spirituelle*, showing to wonderful advantage as she stood a step or two above him.

The light of the great crystal chandelier defined the graceful curves of the perfectly molded figure and matchless poise of the Greek head. Soft, luminous and dark under their long lashes, her eyes thrilled and moved one with the intensity of their voiceless language. Lawrence felt the power of their beauty and tenderness.

"I have not had ten minutes' talk with you to-night. I verily believe there is a conspiracy to keep me away from you. My belief is firm that I am purposely thwarted of even a brief interview. Come out on the piazza with me now, if it is not damp."

"Oh, Lawrence," interrupted Flora, with a quick glance around her, "I am positively afraid. What will they say? And is it quite proper, Lawrence, so late? Will Mrs. Melvern think so?"

"Mrs. Melvern!" echoed Lawrence, resentfully. "What has she to do with it? How can it make the smallest difference what that vulgar old woman thinks of you, Flora?"

"I know it, but—but I am afraid of her, Lawrence." Flora's voice sank to a whisper. She shivered with a faint sense of the vague distrust with which Chandos's sister inspired her. "And papa is afraid of her."

"I presume," he retorted, thoroughly vexed, "you and your papa are not forbidden the use of the piazza, are you? I conclude that you are forbidden all communication with me by that terrible old creature, with her disgusting flippancy and unprincipled hypocrisy."

"Oh, Lawrence!" the white little hand was laid on his shyly, and the half-savage expression vanished under the light touch. "Tell me if it is quite proper before strangers. You know I would go anywhere with you, Lawrence—papa never objects; but, Lawrence, tell me if this woman's tongue could make any harm of it. I don't know, because you and papa have always spoiled me."

"It don't signify in the least, Flora, what Mrs. Melvern thinks on the subject. Her tongue is venomous and vindictive enough, Heaven knows, but it cannot in the least harm you, my darling."

"Oh, Mr. Lawrence! Is it possible you are still here?" demanded Mrs. Melvern, suddenly emerging from the library at his very elbow. Her face seemed to have yellowed and browned. A spiteful energy pervaded her youthful buoyancy of manner. "Am so deaf in this left ear! You know that so many of the family become deaf in the left ear. Dreadful, isn't it? Can't hear your billing and cooing. You might say terrible things about me—I never would know it. The family always declared that to be one of Sister Melvern's noble qualities—never suspecting other people of slandering her. There now, you handsome wretch, go on with your courting; though in my time young girls never talked to their beaux alone at this late hour. But Flora has

no family to be offended, and I won't tell on her. Good night;" and laughing maliciously, the light-footed old dame skipped upstairs.

Lawrence ground his heel viciously upon a rose-bud shaken down by a coquettish toss of the dyed head, full of the schemes and *finesse* of three-quarters of a century.

"Come to the piazza, Flora. Regard my opinion, and not hers. You are to become my wife. Slander can never reach you. Come — I will have it."

He drew her hand within his arm, and the two strolled out on the piazza.

"I only ask ten minutes, my little darling," Lawrence said, as he bent down to kiss the pretty, smiling, crimson lips. "I am tired of this espionage, Flora. What right Mrs. Melvern claims to meddle in the affairs of your father I do not question, but in my affairs I refuse her any voice whatever. I now assert that I am tired of it. Flora, why can we not be married at once? To-morrow—say to-morrow, darling; be my own to-morrow, will you not?"

Flora stole a quick, shy glance up into his face.

"How can I, Lawrence?"

"What do you care for new diamonds and a trousseau, and all those follies poorer women set their hearts upon? Say to-morrow, my little darling."

She pressed her face against his breast, then raised her lashes slowly. The wonderful eyes were radiant with happiness; the musical tones quivered with tenderness. She loved this strong-willed devotion in the handsome, resolute man looking down upon her.

"I myself might safely say to-morrow, but papa would not consent," laughed Flora, slipping her hand within his. "He would think it indecorous haste, and you know I could never promise anything papa would not like; and then, Lawrence, you would not ask me to leave papa while he is troubled, would you?"

She looked at him with a tender entreaty in every lineament.

"Never, my darling. You owe much indeed to Chandos. But for him I should never have seen you. Common gratitude should hold you faithful to him——"

"Not gratitude, Lawrence, but I adore my father. I adore only two persons in all the world—you and papa," she interpolated, in sweet candor.

"And I adore you and no other," he said, quickly. "Flora, I am, as you know, halfway a pauper. My dear, I cannot give you the luxuries with which you are now surrounded—I am reluctant to take you away from them; but I am not disposed to be patient in this matter. You can never be in want, my love—never that; and perhaps I am as rich now as I may be in the future. The master and the steward do not grow rich together," he added, with a disdainful laugh. "I never regretted my want of fortune so much as I do to-night."

Flora's white fingers crept caressingly to his lips. He was handsome and fearless-looking, and deeply in earnest.

"Lawrence," the girl touched her lips to his hand as she spoke, "your poverty is nothing; it is not like mine in the old days with dear Maman, my Creole foster mother. Yours only lacks a few luxuries, but mine was grimy and real. I could not bear that, but I can bear yours; only you know, dear, we can never be poor—papa will save us from that—and then, some day, you may recover Grayfriars and all your father's estate. How is it that Mrs. Melvern says Oscar Harvey holds the Lawrence estates?"

"Mrs. Melvern is quite right. Don't for a moment allow a dream of recovery to find a lodging place in your little head. My father's estates are irrecoverable. The steward was far too shrewd for that. I can hardly tell you how it happened, or by what devious turns and shifts the elder Harvey obtained a mortgage on the Grayfriars property. The steward amassed wealth, and my father in the same ratio grew poorer. We determined to pay the mortgage. Flora, dear, your father can tell you how we toiled and struggled for ten years to save the fine old place."

"He has told me, Lawrence, dear Lawrence," broke in Flora, as both arms were folded about his neck in impetuous, loving compassion; "but tell me the end."

"The end," bitterly repeated Lawrence, a sudden, stern pain in his expression, "is clouded with an evil doubt, not for your ears, my love; but the facts, divested of their ugly suggestions, are that we achieved our purpose, and raised the money just as the limit of the mortgage expired. My father came on to Virginia, and reached the little inn then as now called Chandos Arms. No one knows what he did that night. The old steward, John Harvey, had an interview with him at the inn. Colonel Lawrence was seen after the steward and his son departed, and seemed in high spirits. He stated that he would return at once to Grayfriars. In the morning my father was found dead. No marks of violence could be discovered, and no traces of the money to rescue the estate. Both were gone. The grave holds the secret for me. The steward's son may be wiser. The steward himself stated that Colonel Lawrence requested him to call in the morning and receive

the money. We could show no proof that the mortgage was paid. He still claimed that it was not, and Grayfriars went to cancel it. The money we had gained by ten years' effort in California vanished in a night. That is the end, dearest. Neither clew nor investigation could fasten the guilt on the steward. It happened five years ago. Nothing can ever restore my father, and with equal certainty, it seems, nothing can ever reclaim my father's lost estate. We will not speak of it again. I have never relinquished my vigilant search for a key to the mystery, but all the same, darling, it will never profit me anything. You see how hopelessly a pauper I am. Nevertheless, I refuse to give you up. On the contrary, I again ask you to be my wife to-morrow."

"If papa consents, Lawrence, I will be your wife to-morrow," she answered, softly.

"You are not afraid of poverty?" he questioned, with a lingering shade of anxiety.

"Not of your poverty, Lawrence. And then," she corrected, "papa has provided for us. I confess that I shudder at the recollection of real poverty. I could not endure poverty as I knew it, even for your sake, dear Lawrence."

"I would never ask it, my pet. I only ask you to be willing to resign a few luxuries, if anything happens Colonel Chandos."

"What can happen him? What reverse could happen my fortunate papa?" cried out Flora, quickly. "Somehow you all speak as if some evil hung over papa. He has faith in himself, and so have I. Even if disaster happened he is sure to come right in the end. Yes, yes, Lawrence, if papa consents, I will be your wife to-morrow. And now I must say good night."

"One moment, darling. I may see Colonel Chandos to-night, and I shall ask him to give you to me at once."

"Yes," she murmured. "Good night, Lawrence—good night."

Once more the velvet arms were thrown around his neck. Again he touched the sweet lips, and she had flitted away into the hall.

He listened to the light footsteps flying along the upper passage, heard the door close after her.

"Escaped old Melvern this time," he laughed to himself, as he lighted a cigar and strolled off down the graveled walk.

There were lights moving about the stables. Lawrence had no especial purpose in view, except to smoke and see Chandos. At that hour he could not ask an interview of his host. Trusting to chance, he turned toward the stables.

"It's a pow'ful quare notion, anyways, en four good miles to dat Cribbasse, en a God-fo'saken hole when you gits dar," one of the grooms grumblingly explained to another as the gentleman sauntered toward them.

Lawrence was thinking of the dainty sweetness of the girl from whom he had just parted—the charm of her tenderness and beauty still absorbed him—when the remarks of the groom reminded him of the work at the Silver Shafts. The vigilance necessary and sense of responsibility for the thousands expended thereon returned to his mind.

"Is Colonel Chandos still in his study, Barney?" he inquired of the groom.

"He hab done gone to de Silber Shaf's dis half-hour ago," answered the man.

"To the Silver Shafts! Has there been any message from there?" was the anxious inquiry.

"No, sir; jes' a sudden notion hab took Marse George to go out en hab a look at de place by night, it 'pears like. Dere ain't no good comin' ob dat pisen Cribbasse, Marse Lawrence, no good, sir; 'twa'n't nebber no good, 'long of dat hole." The man shook his head with grewsome meaning.

Lawrence laughed carelessly.

"Perhaps not, Barney. We will see, provided the river don't rush through the breakwater before we are ready for it."

"'Twon't hurt nuffin, mastah, kase dere ain't nuffin under dem rocks to be hurt," sententiously replied Barney, his mulatto face looking wise.

"Bring out my horse, Barney. I will return to the Silver Shafts to-night."

Ten minutes later Lawrence galloped over the road to the work. Temporary cabins were the principal signs of life at that hour about the unsightly spot known heretofore as the "Crevasse." The muffled sound of blows far off in the distance attested the presence of workmen underground. The Crevasse had been a blot utterly devoid of utility or beauty on the Chandos estates. For no purpose that human eye could divine the river had diverged from its channel and spread into an ugly waste of treacherous pools and swift currents, broken everywhere by bowlder and rock. The country folk and servants avoided the pathless, slippery locality, and regarded it with superstitious dread. Nobody thought of it as anything but a useless bit of territory to the owner, somewhat detrimental to health in close proximity, until the rich Chandos returned and promulgated the idea of a vein of silver underlying the Crevasse.

Such an idea thrown out by a successful Pacific speculator of course fired the popular fancy. That the rich man firmly believed in it proved itself in unmistakable terms. He backed his expressed convictions by a lavish expenditure of money. The old name of the "Crevasse" gave place to the more delightful one of the "Silver Shafts."

THE HEAD OF THE DUCHESS.—FROM THE PAINTING, "SCENE FROM DON QUIXOTE," BY C. R. LESLIE, IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

Landowners professed to be skeptical of the existence of precious metal under their feet, but all agreed in a desire to shorten the distance between their lands and the Crevasse. All speculated as to the probable course the vein might run, and held to their acres with a startling tenacity. Few would have risked money in the mines, even if Chandos had asked it. He did not; the venture was exclusively his own.

Lawrence dismounted from his horse before his own cabin. Laughter and jocular voices from gangs of laborers in the other cabins drifted past him. Inside of his own log structure he found only the two assistants busy over sheets of calculation.

"La Pres, have you seen Colonel Chandos?" he asked, tossing his riding gloves upon the table.

The Frenchman turned his lively, youthful face toward him, and laughed gayly.

"Peste! Lawrence, the colonel has been here, asking the same question about you, not ten minutes ago. I told him to discover the whereabouts of *la belle* Flora. Ah, what splendid eyes she has!"

"Where is he now?" demanded Lawrence.

"Gone out to Shaft Number Three to see if they have turned out any silver in the tunnel," was the response, in an inimitably comical tone.

Lawrence strode off hurriedly toward the shaft.

"The colonel is coming up now in the basket," one of the men at the mouth of the shaft informed him.

The basket was drawn slowly up through the dark, damp shaft, and Colonel Chandos stepped on the platform among the night watch. His dinner costume was elegant and in faultless taste, but it seemed oddly out of place among the brawny laborers.

"No silver yet," he said to Lawrence. "Come, we must look at the breakwater. They tell me Harvey was here this evening."

"Yes, we will walk along the breakwater. I have something to say," Lawrence answered, as they moved away toward the river.

Chandos glanced at him with a sharp questioning, almost amounting to suspicion, in his countenance.

"What is it, Lawrence?" he asked, in half-suppressed irritation, not unmingled with alarm. "Wait a day or two. I am sure I cannot bear it now!" he added, excitedly.

Whatever he expected, it certainly alarmed him.

"I wish to say it now," was the decided answer. "Something may happen to prevent. The time is short; the matter, urgent. It must be said by to-morrow——"

"Stop!" interrupted Chandos, clutching his arm and placing himself before him—"stop! Do you see this tremendous work? Do you hear those hundreds of men chattering away when they ought to sleep? The fools! it is midnight now. These tunnels, these shafts, this breakwater, these men, Lawrence, have ruined me. All my fortune is in this"—he stretched out his hands toward the barren mines; his face grew desperate, then pitiful—"and it is gone. To-morrow the legacy falls due. If they give me time I am safe. If they force me now I am wrecked for all eternity. There is something here, but it is not silver. If they only give me time!—God! if they only give me six months!"

"They? Who?" demanded Lawrence.

"The legatee," was the short answer.

Bitter, racking anxiety overshadowed the pleasant good nature of his lineaments. The polished courtesy of his manner vanished under the icy grip of ruin.

"Ask for time——" began Lawrence.

"Wholly in vain," hopelessly replied the other. "It is a question of hours, and I cannot face it. There is a last great bubble which inevitably deludes and ruins the speculator. I thought to have shunned it. This is my bubble—it bursts and is gone. I did not see fate in this venture. My luck blinded me. Be silent; give me a few hours before the bolt falls."

"It was not of the mines or money I meant to speak," explained Lawrence, tranquilly. "It was of Flora."

"Flora!" ejaculated the other, with startling emphasis, his voice pitched to a high, loud key. "What have you to say about Flora? I thought you had said all that concerned Flora at dinner, hours ago. You are engaged to marry her, are you not?"

"Most assuredly," returned Lawrence.

"Very well," rapidly continued Chandos. "Do you want to break the engagement, now that she is no longer the heiress you supposed?"

At any other time the question would have been insulting. To-night it was pathetic. The misery and pain in every shifting expression of feature and accent of the man opposite Lawrence roused compassion instead of resentment.

"Is that it?" repeated Chandos, recklessly. "Speak out, Lawrence. When we descend the slippery grade every man gives us a kick. Besides," he added, with a harsh, angry laugh, "there is another suitor for her hand, who brings the fortune she may lack—another suitor to-day. Give her up if you choose, sir—my poor little girl! She may be a pauper, but she has another suitor."

Flora's lover and Flora's father glanced at each other in significant silence.

Reckless bitterness evinced itself in the overstrained, nervous excitement of Chandos. Swift passion flashed into the bold, determined countenance of Lawrence. The moon came out from under a cloud and gleamed down upon their faces. The river surged against the breakwater in little ripples at their feet.

"What do you mean, Colonel Chandos? Speak out yourself, and let me know what you are driving at. I am a plain man and want plain talk. Have done with your riddles. How dare you tell me my promised wife has another suitor?" demanded Lawrence, in a tone few men cared to defy.

"Because it is true. She knows nothing of it —my poor little girl!—nothing—nothing," he repeated, mournfully. "Nothing, I tell you!" he went on, quite unobservant of the wrath he had provoked. "Only to-day he came to say that he admired her above all others, and to ask my permission to woo and win my beautiful child. The lowborn scoundrel backed his suit by his ill-gotten wealth. He offered to gild the insult by advancing capital for my mines—ha! ha!" The harsh, unmirthful laugh echoed among the rocks in painful distinctness. Chandos took off his hat and bared his head to the cold night air, then groaned. That he was desperate and half maddened by the ruin threatening him evinced itself in every phase of this unnatural manner. "Yes, his thousands were at my disposal—ha! ha! ha! Plainly he thought I had need of them—ha! ha! He thought I could no longer take care of my lovely little girl."

"This is folly, Colonel Chandos," replied Lawrence, in a constrained tone. "You are not ruined yet. Will you tell me who dared make such a proposition to you? It is well known that Flora is my *fiancée*, even without the formal announcement of to-night. I pronounce such a proposition an unmitigated insult."

"Yes, yes; but Oscar Harvey suspects the impending crash. Did I not tell you? Well, I can think of nothing but the mines; the mines, taking in thousands after thousands of money, and throwing out nothing—nothing. I thought I had told you it was Oscar Harvey."

"You told me nothing of the kind," was the cold response. "You must be mistaken. Presumptuous hound that he is, the fellow would not have ventured to think of Flora when he is engaged to Miss Hauton!"

"He traded on my misery," slowly answered Flora's father. "He says that he has loved my child since he first beheld her——"

"Curse his insolence!" savagely interrupted Lawrence. "He shall answer for this. I will punish such insults as they deserve. Love from him to Flora deserves the lash—curse him!"

"Dorothy says he is to marry Marion," answered Chandos, wearily. "I don't understand it; I don't understand anything except that my luck has forsaken me—of that I am keenly aware. Did you not tell me that old Cadmus Hauton was the only stranger at Chandos Arms the night your father died and the money disappeared?"

"Yes; he was there, and we have never been able to trace him since. As he was an expensive as well as disgraceful appendage, I don't presume Marion cares to hear of her father again. But what has that to do with the cursed impudence of Oscar Harvey? Do you suppose that his treachery to Marion will be resented by old Cadmus Hauton?"

"No, no, Lawrence," was the absent-minded answer; "but the Harveys may have been interested in the utter disappearance of Hauton, and perhaps Oscar Harvey may secure his silence by an engagement to the daughter. He does not care for her. I don't know. I meant to have mentioned it some time ago. It don't matter now—nothing matters. We must go, my poor little girl and myself. We must go away from here—go among strangers. She must not know how completely ruined I am, if they refuse me time. Six months, Lawrence," he went on, wildly—"I tell you I must have six months!"

"Flora need not be informed of anything approaching ruin to you, Colonel Chandos. It would break her heart."

"Yes, yes," he groaned; "she loves me as if she had been born my child, and I—oh, Lawrence, how can I see my beautiful little girl enduring poverty again! It was all for her, and I have made a stupendous mistake—an irreparable blunder. I wanted to efface the doubt upon her birth by immense wealth."

"I came here to-night, Colonel Chandos, to ask you to consent to our marriage at once. Give me Flora without further delay. She is quite willing, provided that she is not separated from you."

"My luck is gone. She had best separate, only I cannot part with her," interpolated the other, gloomily.

"Will you let me marry Flora, to-morrow?"

(To be continued.)

NOCTURNE. — FROM THE PAINTING BY WODINSKI.

THE WAKING.

By G. T. Ferris.

The weight on his chest was lifted with the flight of the dream and its nightmare, and he had a curious sense of lightness which was yet not quite relief when he came to the waking consciousness of self. The body of the man who had rested on the pallet seemed to have slept, but the outcast spirit had gone roving in a world of shadows projected from the world of things wherein that body had once so hotly fed the flame of sense and the lusts of the flesh. The spell of anguish which the nightmare had laid on him had been scarcely less than that of death, for the shadow as dreadful as the substance had been there, if indeed substance and shadow are aught but one except in name, which itself is but a shadow. In a few hours he was to endure the extreme penalty of the law, for it could not now be long till dawn. He feebly stretched out his hands and his mind as with the groping of the infant which feels for the things it does not know, and questions mystery with the pathos of helplessness. He had a vague notion indeed that the dolorous night had wreaked such rapine on him, marauder and wolf that he had been, as to have smitten brain and muscle with stagnation. Yet through his languor fluttered a throb of knowledge that during his sleep the requital of guilt had begun, and that in the dream God had taken him in the hollow of His hand even before he had yet passed the metes and bounds of human vengeance. As the man's thoughts grew clearer, sailing up out of the mist, he felt that he had been made to rehearse the details of his own doom in the similitude of a vision, even perhaps while the executioner was knocking at the gate of the prison. He lay helplessly staring at the darkness which stretched from the place where he was straight up to the Infinite, and the plaint of his misery breathed in words which did not stir his lips, invoking Him whose face was turned away forever:

"Oh! inexorable Judge, who dost rule the universe with a rod of iron, could it not suffice Thy vengeance that I was to expiate my crimes by such an end, that Thou shouldst condemn even a worthless worm to suffer twice? Was it not enough, Thou pitiless manager of worlds and of human hearts, to have unrolled the spectacle of a wretched life with its blazonry of sin and handwriting of Thy flaming anger, that even the forthcoming must be made to torture me before its time? Surely this is the mystery of divine punishment, that the past and future are rolled together in one never-ending Now."

The answer seemed to be in the narrowing focus of remembrance that gathered itself like a great eye out of the dusk of his horizon, shedding light on the obscure, and giving shape to the formless against the background of what went before the dream. This was the history which anticipated the coming of the hour and of the man.

There was no sound but the ticking in the corridor (thus he remembered), and the guardians of the deathwatch were so still that they seemed to have muffled the sighs of their own breathing. With their horror of the condemned man's crime, a deed of bloodshed dyed more deeply red by its atrocity, there mingled a gush of pity in these rude breasts for the fellow creature so soon to tread the wine press of wrath decreed of God and man, and pass by this terrible pathway to the Unknown. They had spoken to each other with the eloquence of looks, lest they should disturb him. "Let him sleep the sleep of exhaustion and forget for an hour." They had even stopped the striking of the clock that called the march of the hours. During the earlier part of the vigil his muttering had pierced them like knives, and they had suffered only less than the man they watched. Once he had peered through the grating of the cell and beckoned; and the tongue which licked the dry lips could scarcely whisper, and the smile which tortured the face was not a smile:

"Wake me straight at the coming of the reprieve. If the lawyer lied, then he, too, should h——"

The voice which had spoken died at the word. His eyes pierced theirs to drag the heart out of their thought. They knew there would be no reprieve, and their heads were downcast as one answered with the triteness which so often masks the inexpressible:

"Yes, my poor fellow, hope to the end—good news may yet come."

He slunk into the dusk of the cell and huddled himself on the pallet in silence, worn out with anguish, till nature took its revenge and closed his eyes, though it could not steep his soul in the oblivion that came to his senses.

The minutes spun themselves into hours, but not faster than the sleeper lived backward. The magic of memory conjured an army of phantoms back to the stage on which they once had lived, ghosts of the things that were; and many of their faces were in shadow, as if under the semblance of a cowl, and they spoke without a voice:

"Murderer, you have slain us even as you slew the woman!"

The innocence of boyhood mocked him in the image of an urchin who wetted his bare feet in scented meadows among the cowslips and daisies, or drove the cows to the milking. He could hear the echoes of the schoolboy's whistle piping as blithely as the bobolink, when the losing hazard only meant the master's birch, the loss of a frolic with his fellows, or his father's kindly wrath at some flare of Pucklike mischief. The big farm kitchen, with fagots ablaze on the hearth, and the mother's love that burned there like an altar flame to kindle all the homely pleasures; the comedy of rustic courtship with its simple pains and raptures; the stir of winter pastime and the honest toil of summer with its balm of sleep which had no dreams — these phantasmagoria swept across his vision and ceased to be.

As the dream world unfolded itself it seemed more and more to the sleeper to take the semblance of a theatre, with a great stage thronged with actors and set with scenery. Though he himself was sole spectator, his shadow was also the principal actor among the apparitions that made their exits and their entrances; and he knew that the stage was set for him by an invisible manager who ordered the movement of the play. All which had gone was but the prologue of the tragedy, and the manager, that never hasted and never rested, omitting to enforce no point of stagecraft in the actor's art, would carry the tragedy to its climax without an interlude, for the spectator never forgot in his absorbed watching of the play that there was stern business to be done afterward and there could be no waits.

He saw himself drawn to Babylon, the vortex of the best and worst, in whose whirl each man follows the law of his being with accelerating speed. In the changes, of the shadow-acting gliding through fine transitions, the callow virtues of his youth shriveled before temptation and the deceits of the masquerade, where evil suits the art of disguise to match all cravings of hope or fear or passion, lust leering under the face of love, avarice aping the ways of thrift, selfishness parroting the jargon of justice, the lie smirking as truth, brass shining for gold. He saw propensity take the statue of a giant, conscience made the slave of desire, and his own shadow leading the rout of pleasure seekers among the simulacra on the stage, "Comus with all his swinish crew." The duty of the present and the ideal of the future came to him with open hands loaded with blessing and righteousness, but the gifts were disdained and trampled underfoot, until the geniuses veiled their faces and faded from the spectacle. So the good, that grew as sturdy a crop in that great city as the evil, was made food wherewith to nourish the gibes and mockery of buffoons, for whom woman had no chastity, man no courage but the impulse to fight under the standard of passion or gain, honesty no motive but that of policy, self-denial no value except as a whet to sensuality deferred, aspiration no lesson but that of the moth and the candle.

The spectator, as he watched the passing of the play and the dreadful skill with which the stage manager marshaled his puppets, felt that he must cry aloud in the agony of despair, if only for warning to his own shadow, forgetting that not one jot or tittle could now be erased from the mirror reflecting things consummated. But the voice was frozen, and he could neither disturb the performance nor leave the theatre. He saw all wicked things, with the malignity of the pit writ large and unhidden under the paint, make-up of and mimicry that envisaged their faces, drawn to his shadowy double as filings to a magnet. The spectator who looked on the drama could only see with the eyes of the just judge who had no power to affirm other than truth, for it was the nobler self, so long disinherited and come into possession of a wasted and ruined estate, that now sat in high impeachment of the things unfolded in the tragedy. It was the heart of his torment that the hate of sin, which now shone with so white a light, turned its burning ray on his own life, and perhaps the smoke of that torment would rise forever and ever. In the procession of scenes and acts which swept over the stage he beheld his appetite expand like a reptile swelling with its own venom, demanding the worst from each form of business and pleasure and glorifying it as the best, till the deformity of vice no longer needed a shining garment to clothe it with the beauty of a goddess.

Thus he saw how his double became callous with the habit of excess and ceased to care for the embellishment of sin. For sin had lost the tingle of pleasure and was enduringly warped to be necessity, the breath of the lungs, the blood in the pulse, the food and drink of the day, the essence of being, without which continuance of life would have had no logic. And the spectator knew, too, that like Lucifer he had fallen from a region where the light of stars shone in full splendor, and that he had not sinned without knowledge; that he had not been chained by birth to the temperament of the beast; and that the scenes on the stage so faithfully picturing the things of the past, which now appalled him, were baleful even more than they were brutal. The master who directed the stage and illuminated its workings left no corner or cranny dark, no insight

doubtful; and the watcher had a mysterious sense that the light serving this function was kindled from a torch which he had furnished. So the acts of the play moved swiftly on, running through all the range of unwholesome passion, of recklessness leaping the chasm between the disdain of unwritten law and the breaking of human codes, of perverse choice become immutable, to the climax of the tragedy.

The stage was set in the semblance of a chamber to which the hand of woman had lent a touch of grace in spite of its marks of poverty. The spectator remembered how vice and folly had sucked his money dry even as it had sucked his heart till he had fallen to a penury which made it impossible even to sin with any sense of luxury. The woman who sat musing in the chamber and had something of the majesty of fallen beauty had lost the world for him. She had left a home of innocence, which contained husband and children, obedient to some hitherto unknown chord of passion which his cunning finger had felt for, with crafty insight into woman's weakness, and found and touched; and so she had committed for his sake the greatest of woman's sins. She had trod in his footsteps with a fortitude that never faltered, and drugged the pain of remorse by enshrining her false idol with the ardor of a love which deserved to have been stainless. A man entered the chamber, who came by the authority of kinship and honest affection to bid the woman follow him and break the bonds which held her fast in sin. To all these pleadings and reproaches she was deaf, in her devotion to her evil genius, though her eyes were full of unshed tears and her heart was bursting as she looked to the end which comes to unshriven guilt. At last this man had left the fallen woman in sorrow for the unavailing, and before parting had kissed her with a kiss pure as the benediction of a saint, in memory of an innocent girl whose smile had been a sunbeam. The spectator saw another image skulking at the casement of a window and peering through the half-drawn curtain while that adieu was being said. There was death in the bloodshot eyes of his shadow, the look of one mad with drink, and with rage that darkened what it saw to the complexion of its own vileness. He watched the stealthy movement of the shadow, and the entrance so noiseless that the woman absorbed in thought could hear no warning step.

The convulsion which shook this spectator was that of an innocent witness, and his lips were stirred to thunder an interdiction of the crime and to blast the murderer with some potent word to save the victim.

"Not that! not that!" struggled for utterance. "Wretch that you are, stained with sin unutterable, the woman loved you with a love as deep as the sea!"

But his voice was dumb to stop the fatal pantomime; and then darkness rolled over the stage, as if the final curtain had dropped, and the lights went out, and the spectator became one with his shadow again.

But this was not the end of the vision. Everything, as the waking man afterward remembered, was now blurred in doubt and darkness, as if it was a part of his dream that he had waked and been left uncertain whether or not he had been entirely asleep. He only knew that, if this sequel was a part of the dream-conjuring through which he had been led, it was a horror more appalling than front of battle or beast, of fire or pestilence. The nightmare was a shapeless thing shrouded in dusk not to be pierced by the eye, a presence so malign that he could stir neither hand nor foot, while his very heart stood still. Like many another nightmare dreamer, he felt an unspeakable paralysis within which his spirit cowered and died. Agony of the body ran apace with the panic of his soul in a measure so supreme as to transcend all other catastrophe. Then there came a flash of strange knowledge before he awoke, and the nightmare fled, for the inscrutable mystery opened with a blaze of light and shaped the indwelling thing, as if a sword had been drawn from its scabbard. The stage manager had not ended his sublime mockery when the stage apparitions vanished, the drop curtain fell and the footlights went out. The victim had rehearsed his own execution.

Such was the dream which the condemned man recalled as he lay there in a collapse so great that he could scarcely realize the flutter of his heart nor the weight of his limbs; not all at once, but by glimpses which finally assembled their parts into a consistent whole. He wondered how long it would be before the break of day, which would be for him only a fraction of a day. Yet he thought of it only in a listless way, because he had suffered so much in his dream that the power to suffer had become almost exhausted even with that reality not far ahead, the spectre of which had been wreaked on him in the kingdom of shadows whence he seemed to have just emerged.

He tried to stretch his limbs, for he could not feel the pallet underneath him, and he smiled to himself with a sort of grim irony: "They will need to carry me when the time comes." He struggled to touch his body, but there was no answering sense of contact, and it was as if he were stroking the empty air. Surely he could not have been palsied by the anguish of his dream; yet it

would have killed him, he knew, had it lasted but a moment longer. He reached out a hand to touch the stone of his cell, that granite wall as hard and implacable as the fate which hemmed him in. There was nothing. What could it mean? Weak, dazed, crushed as he was in mind and body, he fluttered with a thrill of expectant wonder as to the cause of his insensibility. He remembered that he had read of cases where some cruel stroke of suffering had made a quick wreck of the powers of sensation. He listened intently for the ticking of the clock in the corridor, for some stir of the watchers, whose vigil would now soon cease. He would like to say good-by to the kind hearts who had not hated him because his hands were red with human blood, before the coming of the sinister valet of his last toilet. No sound stirred the silence. He remembered there had been a dull glimmer in the outer gloom of the cell before he had slept that sleep which he could only think of with a mental shudder. He strained his eyes, yet there was no light, not even the faintest. Could it be possible that he had been entirely bereft of his senses, sight, hearing, touch?

The problem perplexed him with something of awe, mingled with a growing fear that he was on the threshold of a fresh mystery, for what else could this silence, darkness and intangibility portend? As his soul pondered and became passionately alert, it was with the vain beating of some desperate winged thing against the bars of its cage. Intense curiosity banished even the thought of impending shame and punishment, though he fancied that daylight must be very near. Then the memory of his nightmare rolled back on him, and the vision of the darkness which had been cleft asunder by that sword blade of light. Instantly the full revelation of the truth swallowed him up as if a bottomless pit had yawned beneath his feet:

"I have been executed—I am dead!"

HORRORS OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

By William H. Garrison.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his remarkable essay on education, lays down the fundamental principle that the first essential toward which the educator should direct his powers is self-preservation. In so doing he shapes the philosophical notion that human life is the object toward which the efforts of humanity should be directed. And therefore when a member of any community has violated a law that is deemed in any way destructive to the harmony of that community the extreme penalty must logically be the destruction of that offender. This view of the rights of the many against the criminal has been held from the earliest times, and it has been the basis of this general idea that capital punishment finds its place in the jurisprudence of every time and of every nation. "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, yea, all that man hath will he give for his life," is the formulated statement that makes the execution of a fellow man a possibility in a civilized country. At certain times the sentiment of the people took from the authorities the necessity of imposing this punishment, and in the play of "Hamlet," under the laws which governed the central figure in the play, it was not merely the privilege of the "melancholy Dane" to wreak his wrath upon his perfidious uncle, but it was a duty imposed by privilege and precedent.

When once primitive man had decided in his own mind that justice demanded a life for a life he apparently exercised his ingenuity in devising methods to make the life-taking process as hideous and painful as he possibly could. The Cambodian stood with sword in hand and with several strokes cleft his victim in twain. Dr. Guillotin gave to the instrument which he devised a name which is a part of the language. The Prussian, with the directness that characterizes the Teuton, simply beheaded his victim with an ax, while the more resourceful mind of the Hindoo laid his victim in the street to wait the slow tread of the elephant whose lumbering hoofs were to crush from his body the vital breath. In Armenia the swift, bright blade of the razor gleamed as the last sight that greeted the eyes of the doomed. The modern view of capital punishment has a twofold object: First, to deprive the dangerous man of a life that might again find itself bent on mischief; then, to warn those whose tendencies are similar that their end would be the end of disgrace. It was because of the deterrent effect that is supposed to reside in the taking of life that Moses tabulated his series of punishments by death which ring strangely in modern ears. In his code of crimes the death sentence followed such apparently trivial offenses as eating leavened bread during the Passover, suffering an unruly ox to be at liberty, compound-

ing holy ointment or selling the same to any stranger, and the violation of the Sabbath ; any act of violence toward one's father or mother, eating the fat of beasts that had been consecrated, blasphemy, and even the approach to the tabernacle by a stranger.

Under the Draconian system the lightest crimes were held so heinous that the penalty of death ran almost through the entire gamut. But this was subsequently so modified through the one adopted by the Athenian law that men were not only not deterred and prevented from committing crime, but exile for life was a commutation easily secured. In more modern times in England, after capital punishment was an accepted fact and public exhibition, horse stealing, cattle stealing, stealing from houses and forgery in general were capital offenses, and for these crimes down to the picking of pockets no wrongdoer was exempt from death. The list would be tedious to enumerate, but suffice it to say that one hundred and sixty forms of violation of the law were punished by the execution of the individual.

In our own country, in 1650, in the Colony of Massachusetts, the list had diminished until it contained only idolatry, witchcraft, blasphemy, murder, manslaughter, poisoning, stealing, false witness, treason, cursing and smiting of parents, rebellious sons, Quakers and Jesuits returning after banishment ; and in the year 1790 this list had been reduced to treason, murder, burglary and arson.

The modes by which the punishment is inflicted vary in every country, from the primitive method of beating the subject with clubs until life is extinct up to the application of the swift messenger electricity, that does its work almost as quickly and subtly as human thought. The killing of a victim by beating to death is the legal mode among the Hottentots, and the scene which precedes execution is almost impossible to imagine. The criminal is seized and placed in a circle composed of the leading men of his tribe. His sentence determined upon, the chief strikes the first blow, and thereafter his judges rain upon him a succession of strokes that cease only when the bruised and mangled victim falls to the ground exhausted. More skillfully barbarous, but by no means as brutal, was the punishment of boiling the victim to death. This was imposed during the reign of bluff King Hal, without benefit of clergy, upon poisoners. Those condemned to this mode of punishment were subjected to the process in boiling water, oil, molten lead and sulphur. An old author, obviously masculine, contends that this form of punishment is especially adapted to the cases of women who attempt to poison their husbands. Another scarcely less humane mode of depriving a human being of life is that of blowing the condemned from a cannon, a subject that has been made painfully realistic by Vereschagin's great picture. On the authority of Dr. Calkins there is no interval for suffering, as no sooner has the peripheral sensa-

THE GUILLOTINE (FRANCE).

tion reached the central organ than the same is dissipated to the four winds of heaven. This scientific statement must be taken with the grain of salt that allows for the agony of the victim while undergoing the process which precedes the dissipation of his central perceptive organ. Burning is one of the lowest, and, to the average mind, the most dreadful, forms of loosing the human soul from its environs. The ancient Romans, the Jews, the Britons and other nations have made use of it in their scheme of capital punishment. The Britons threw their victims, many in number, into wicker cages made in the form of some well-known idol. The wood was heaped beneath and around it and the fire lighted. As the flames rolled upward and mingled their roar with the impotent groans of the victims the likeness to the god was lost, but to him was accredited the vengeance imposed on the sufferers.

Another horrible method of inflicting the death penalty was by burying alive. It seems almost incredible that, not satisfied with interring the condemned, some barbarous tribes buried to the hips or shoulders, packing the earth firmly in, and left their victim helpless, to meet a lingering death of exposure and starvation.

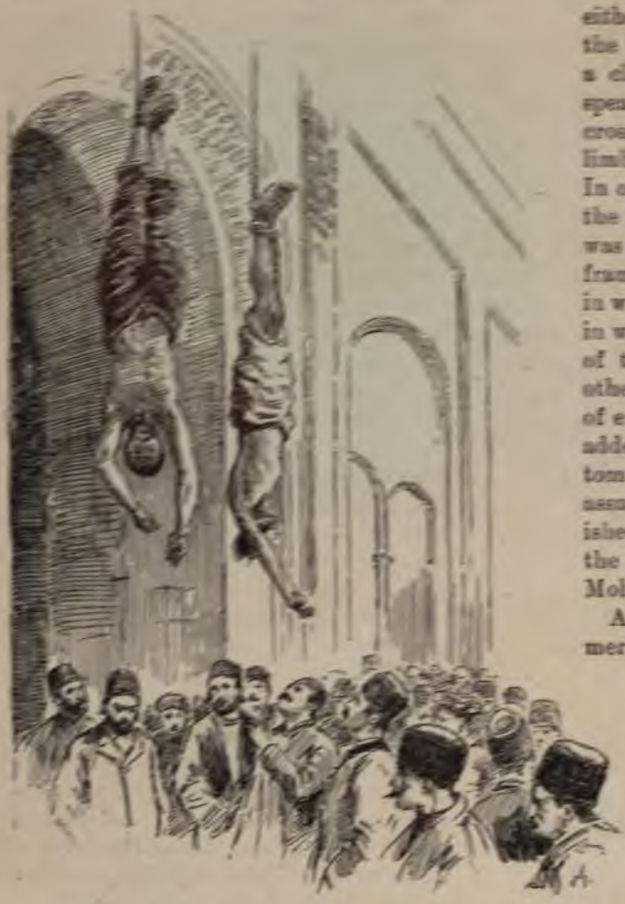
Crucifixion, which the story of Christ has carried over the round world, is a form of punishment so repellent to modern ideas that it is almost an argument for those who deny the divinity of the Saviour who suffered. Yet Dr. Lyman Abbott has presented this practice as it existed at the time of Christ in his brilliant and interesting description. "Of all the cruel punishments of a barbarous age, crucifixion was the most barbarous. It possessed a bad pre-eminence of cruelty in an age when fashionable audiences crowded the vast amphitheatre to applaud the fearful horrors of gladiatorial combats, and fair women gave the death signal, and feasted their sanguinary eyes on the ebbing life of the defeated. It was in this age that Cicero called crucifixion a punishment most inhuman and shocking, and wrote of it that it should be removed from the eyes and ears and the thought of men. Too horrible for a Roman citizen, no freeman might be subjected to it. It was reserved, with rare exceptions, for slaves and foreigners. Upon this gentile cruelty the Jew looked with special horror. The cross, like the eagle, was a sign of degradation. Its infliction by the Romans was a badge of Israel's servitude. The ancient law of Moses fixed a peculiar curse to it. To crucify even a corpse was to submit it to the greatest possible indignity. Thus the agony of pain was intensified by the agony of a peculiar shame. The physical agony of the cross was that of a lingering death. The victim's life was wrested from him in a fierce but predetermined battle that lasted many hours, often several days. Every moment of this hopeless contest added new agony to an anguish at first almost unendurable. The form of the Latin cross is as familiar as it is sacred to all Christendom. The sufferer

THE AX AND BLOCK (PRUSSIA).

EXECUTION WITH THE SWORD (CAMBODIA).

was usually bound upon it as it lay upon the ground. The hands and feet were then firmly nailed to the wood. Lest this fastening should prove too frail, a transverse piece of wood between the thighs afforded an additional support. The cross was then elevated, with the sufferer upon it, and fastened firmly in the ground. In this act the body was terribly wrenched. The concussion often dislocated the limbs. Then, hanging between heaven and earth, the victim was left to die. The hot rays of an Oriental sun beat down upon his naked body and unsheltered head. The ragged edges of his undressed wounds festered and inflamed. From these wounds shooting pains ran along in accelerating waves of increasing anguish. Every attempt to secure any relief from the unnaturally constrained position increased the torment. The blood, impeded in its circulation, flowed in slackened and laborious currents. An increasing fever consumed the body with internal fires; the head throbbed with anguish; the parched lips burned with a raging thirst. As death drew nigh insects swarmed upon the body, and birds of prey commenced to feast upon it before life was yet extinct. Yet no vital organ was directly touched, and the stubborn life surrendered to its invincible foe only after a long and protracted siege. Even the pitiless and stolid Roman endured not long the sight of sufferings at once so protracted and intense. For death, if not hastened by other means, did not usually take place for four or five days. Rarely, however, was the wretched criminal suffered to die by the mere infliction of the cross. A thrust with the spear or a blow with the club at length put an end to tortures which wearied even the patience of the spectators. Crucifixion was not, however, uncommon in an age when no discrimination was made between punishment and revenge, and when ingenuity was exhausted in the endeavor to intensify the sufferings of those condemned for crime, or even captured in war. At the time of the siege of Jerusalem hundreds of Jews were crucified together, and left to hang in sight of the city walls."

THROAT CUTTING (ARMENIA).



EXPOSURE OF BODIES OF EXECUTED ROBBERS AT THE BAZAAR (PERSIA).

either the malice or the mercy of those in charge, the victim's legs were broken with heavy blows of a club, his vitals were pierced by thrusts of a spear, a fire was kindled around the foot of the cross, or wild beasts were admitted to gnaw his limbs. Some drugged drink was usually given. In one form the agony was aggravated by placing the criminal with the head downward. Great as was the suffering, such is the power of the human frame to bear it that there are narratives of cases in which life was prolonged many days; of others in which it lasted until starvation, not the torture of the situation, ended the victim's misery; of others in which a rescue, even after a long time of exposure, resulted in recovery. It should be added that, to prevent any interference, the custom was to keep guards stationed until death was assured. It is stated that crucifixion was abolished by the Emperor Constantine, and that at the present day the use of it is nearly confined to Mohammedans.

A punishment analogous to crucifixion was formerly practiced in the West India Islands. The origin of this special punishment has been attributed to Semiramis, but the refinements of cruelty which were subsequently introduced were growths for which, fortunately, no one name can be held responsible. The victim was compelled to carry his own cross to the place appointed for the execution, commonly remote; the various tokens of the peculiar shame of the punishment were connected with this procession. Arrived at the fatal spot, the sufferer was stripped naked. He was fastened to the cross, then lying on the ground, either by spikes driven through the hands and feet, or, in another form of the punishment, by cords bound around them. There was a form of the punishment in which a tree or post was used, the hands being secured by one nail above the malefactor's head, while the feet were fastened by another nail below. The cross was then erected, its foot or base secured in the ground, and the sufferer left to await death by the slow increase of physical anguish. If the intensity of suffering was too slow in its effect for

THE ELEPHANT AS EXECUTIONER (CENTRAL INDIA).

THE GARROTE, IN SPAIN—EXECUTION OF ANARCHISTS.

delinquent was suspended from a post by means of a hook inserted under his shoulder or under his breastbone. In this manner he was prevented from doing anything to assist himself, and all persons were prohibited, under severe penalties, from relieving him. He remained in this situation, exposed to the scorching heat of the day, where the sun is almost vertical and the atmosphere almost without a cloud, and to the chilling dews of the night. His lacerated flesh attracted a multitude of insects, which increased his torments, and under the fever produced by these complicated sufferings, joined to hunger and thirst, all raging in the most intense degree, he gradually expired.

There was a peculiar punishment, and perhaps a capital one, called crucifrangium by the ancients, inflicted on Roman slaves and Christian martyrs, as also on women and girls. Under Diocletian twenty-three Christians suffered martyrdom in this manner. The legs of the criminal were laid on an anvil, and by main force fractured by a heavy hammer, somewhat similar to the more modern custom of breaking the bones of offenders on a wheel by an iron bar.

Beheading is of ancient date, and was certainly known among the Greeks and Romans. Xenophon says that losing the head was looked upon as the most honorable death. The decollation, as it was called, of St. John the Baptist shows the existence of this punishment among the Jews under the Roman governor of Judea. Suetonius tells that Caligula kept an artist in beheading, who decapitated prisoners in his presence, fetched indiscriminately for that purpose from the jails. The mode formerly practised in England, by the ax and block (and still in use in Germany), and that which originated in France late in the eighteenth century and was gradually adopted in many other European countries—the guillotine—are described more in detail elsewhere. Among the Chinese the malefactor kneels upon the ground, the "board of infamy" is taken from his back, and the executioner, by a single blow of a two-handed sword, strikes off his head with great dexterity. These headsmen, and indeed the generality of inferior officers of justice in China, are selected from the soldiery, according to the custom of primitive barbarians; neither is this employment considered more ignominious than the office of sheriff in Anglo-Saxon countries. Decapitation is held by the Chinese as the most disgraceful kind of death, because the head, which is the principal part of a man, is separated from the body, and that body is not consigned to the grave entire as he received it from his parents. If a great mandarin be convicted of any atrocious offense he is executed in this manner like the meanest person. After the head is severed it is frequently suspended from a tree by the side of a public road; the body is thrown into a ditch, the law having deemed it unworthy the respect of regular funeral rites. When the sentence is submitted to the emperor for his approbation, if the crime be of the first degree of atrocity, he orders the malefactor to be executed at once; when it is only of an ordinary nature, he directs that the criminal shall be imprisoned until the autumn and then executed, a particular day of that season being appointed for that function. The emperor seldom orders a subject to be executed until he has consulted with his first law officers whether he can avoid it without infringing on the constitution of his realm. He fasts for a certain period previous to signing an order for an execution, and his imperial majesty esteems those years of his reign the most illustrious and most fortunate in which he has had the least occasion to let fall upon his subjects the rigorous sword of justice.

Breaking on the wheel is a mode of execution that has acquired some notoriety from the frequency with which it is mentioned in histories narrating the cruelties common in the Middle Ages, but it is really only one form of beating to death. The condemned was lashed upon the periphery of a large wheel, which was caused slowly to revolve, and as it revolved he received a succession of blows from clubs in the hands of the executioners, or from bludgeons worked by clumsy machinery such as the times furnished; thus bruising the flesh, breaking the bones and steadily reducing the body to a mangled, formless corpse. The "wheel" was for centuries a common instrument of torture and death in several countries of Europe. It appears to have come first into use in Germany, where it was employed as early as the tenth century. Francis I., about 1525, introduced it into France. It was employed also for a time in England. The prisoner designed for death by this method was bound to an instrument rudely resembling a wheel, his legs and arms being separated as far as possible and attached to crossbars corresponding to spokes. As the wheel revolved the limbs of the victim were fractured by blows from a heavy ramrod delivered below the knees and elbows. Sometimes the rod was held in position mechanically, the limbs of the prisoner, as he was whirled on the wheel, coming in contact with it. Usually, however, the rod was held in the hands of an executioner, who administered the blows as rapidly as he could wield it. In France the torture of this mode of punishment was lessened in many cases

by heavy blows being dealt on the head and chest of the victim, so as to shorten life. These blows were called *coups de grâce*, or strokes of mercy.

Bisecting such as is practiced by the Cambodians is thus described: "Samuel hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord;" also as instanced in the subjecting of the Rabbites to saws and axes and a roasting in a brick kiln. Thus used, the terms seem to include any rude, untaught mode of cutting the body asunder with an implement like a sword; or with a wooden saw, a martyrdom said to have been inflicted upon the Prophet Isaiah, and to have been a not uncommon fate of early Christians. Ep. Heb. xi. 37 says that many "were stoned, were sawn asunder." It is mentioned also as a Babylonian custom.

There is no difficulty in believing, in times and among people where the chief effort in capital punishment was to intensify agony and shame, the rude device of tearing the body forcibly asunder would be employed. This element entered into the punishment visited upon Ravaillac, who assassinated Henry IV. of France in 1610, which is noted as one of the most cruel on record. He was tied to a rack shaped like St. Andrew's cross. His right hand, to which was fastened the fatal dagger, was thrust into a slow fire. Pinchers then tore the flesh from various parts of his body, and into the wounds thus made boiling oil, lead, pitch and resin were poured. A horse was then attached to each limb, and his joints were drawn asunder. Afterward the spectators dragged the body through the streets. So great was his power of will that he scarcely uttered a groan while these tortures were being inflicted; and he died without implicating any of his accomplices.

Drawing and quartering was not a distinct punishment, but an adjunct or circumstance of aggravation formerly superadded in England to hanging, for the more heinous crimes, particularly high treason. In the ancient and severer form, sentence involving drawing and quartering directed that the offender should be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and there hanged by the neck, but not until dead; that he should be taken down again, and while yet alive his bowels should be taken out and burnt before his face; and that afterward his head should be severed from the body, and the body divided into four quarters; and his head and quarters should be at the king's disposal.

The simple primitive mode of punishment by drowning is often mentioned. It seems to have been in vogue in former days in Syria, Greece, Rome and Persia. The methods are described: One, that of attaching some heavy weight to the body, then casting it into the sea or river; the other, that of sewing the living victim in a large sack or bag. It is said that George, Duke of Clarence, and brother to Edward IV., for bold and disorderly words of expostulation against an injustice done by the king, was committed close prisoner to the Tower, and there secretly put to death by immersing his head in a butt of Malmsey wine.

Everyone has been made familiar, by such accounts as that of the Prophet Daniel, with the primitive practice of exposing criminals to be devoured by wild beasts. They were not always literally "cast into the den," however. The victim was shut into the cage where the wild beasts were kept confined; or, in some forms of the penalty, man and beast were ushered into the arena or the pit of the circus and allowed to contend as a public show or amusement. By the ancient mode of executing parricides so heinous an offender was sown in a sack alive, venomous serpents with him, and sometimes a dog, a monkey, or the like, was added. Vipers are mentioned in some accounts of similar executions.

In Cochin-China, before the occupation by the French, a woman convicted of adultery was trampled to death by an elephant trained for that purpose; and in Tonquin female criminals were tied to a loose stake, and in that situation delivered to the elephant, who seized them with his trunk, threw them into the air, then caught them on his tusks, and finished by trampling them underfoot.

Stripping the skin from the body of the condemned while he yet lived was formerly the custom in England. It was, however, a barbarous mode of torturing an offender to death, rather than a punishment in a judicial sense. The mode of punishment which includes flogging and the "knout," recently abolished in Russia, also covered by the terms "scourging," "whipping," has not been used, primarily at least, in the other European countries in modern times as "capital punishment"; that is, has not been used where the sentence or judicial design has been to inflict death. In Russia the condemned man is conducted half naked to the place chosen for this kind of execution; all that he has on is a pair of simple linen drawers around his extremities; his hands are bound together, palm to palm. He is laid flat upon his belly, on a frame inclined diagonally, and at the extremity of which are fixed iron rings; his hands are fastened to one end of the frame, and his feet to the other; he is then stretched in such a manner that he cannot make a single movement, just as an eel's skin is stretched in order to dry. This stretching the victim causes his bones to crack, and dislocates

DECAPITATION, IN CHINA—AFTER AN EXECUTION OF PIRATES.

them. The executioner advances a few steps with his body bent, holding the knout in both hands, while the long thong drags along the ground between his legs. After coming to within three or four paces of the prisoner he raises it, by a vigorous movement, toward the top of his head, and then instantly draws it down with rapidity toward his knees. The thong flies and whistles through the air, and descending on the body of the victim, twines around it like a loop of iron. In spite of his tension, the poor wretch bounds as if he were submitted to the powerful shock of galvanism. The executioner retraces his steps, and repeats the same operation as many times as there are blows to be inflicted. When the thong envelops the body with its edges the flesh and muscles are literally cut in strips as if with a razor, but when it falls flat then the bones crack ; the flesh in that case is not cut, but crushed and bruised, and the blood spurts out in all directions. The sufferer becomes green and blue, like a body in a state of decomposition. The knout is fatal if the justice of the czar or of the executioner desires it to be so.

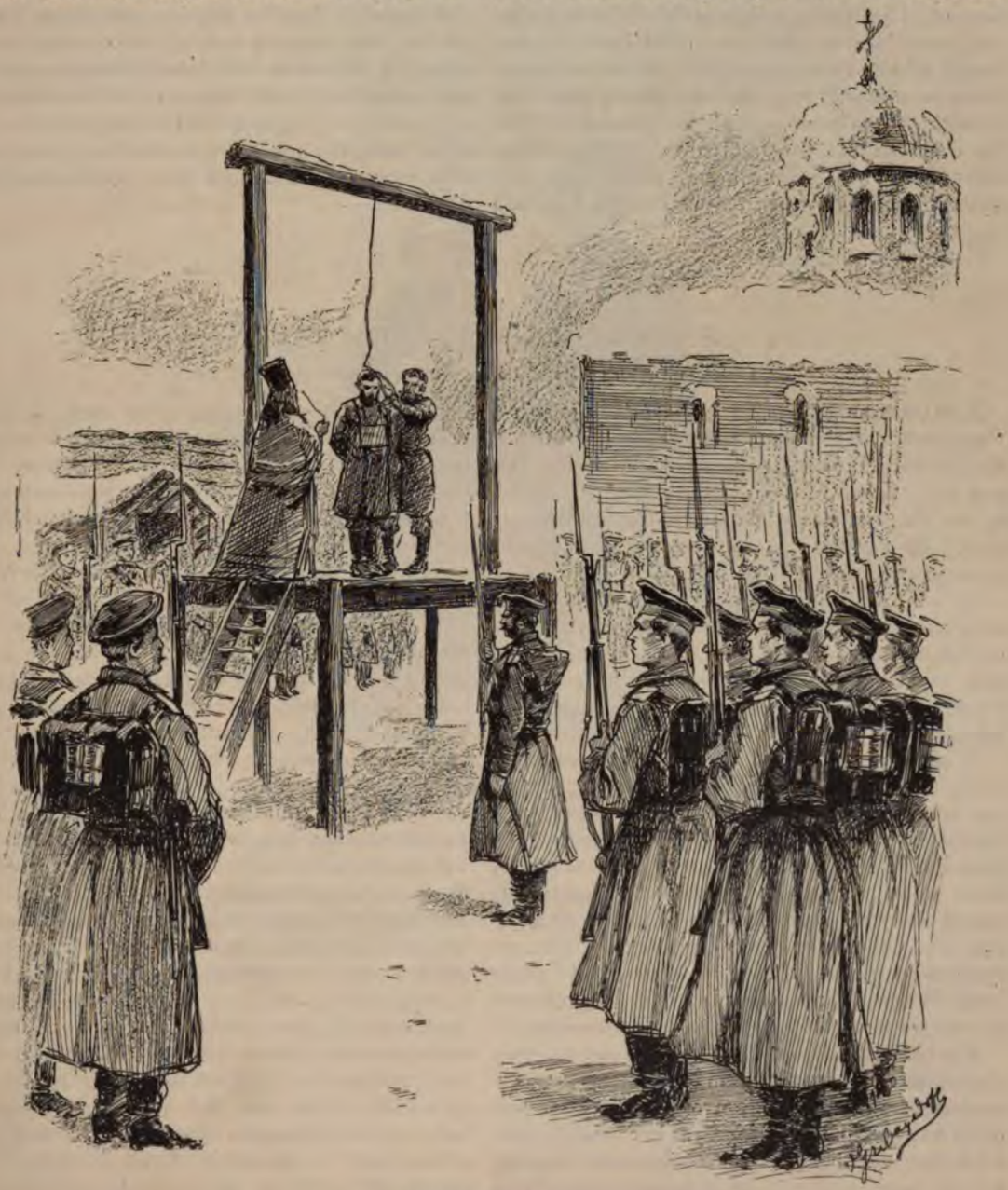
The mode of execution by the garrote seems to have been originally devised by the Moors and Arabs, and to have been taken from them by the Spaniards, by whom it has been transmitted to the Spanish colonies in America. In the earliest form it consisted in simply placing a cord round the neck of the criminal, who was seated on a chair fixed to a post, and then twisting the cord by means of a stick inserted between it and the back of the neck till strangulation was produced. Afterward a brass collar was used containing a screw, which the executioner turned till its point entered the spinal marrow where it unites with the brain, causing instant death.

It is said that in the days of the Inquisition a strangulation by this method was granted as a mercy to heretics who recanted before the execution of the sentence of burning at the stake.

In Spain garroting takes place on a platform, publicly, during the daytime, in the place destined in general for this purpose, or in that determined by the tribunal when special causes render it necessary. The criminal is conducted to the scaffold in a black tunic (hopa), on horseback or in a cart, and the public crier announces the sentence in loud tones during the transit. If the criminal be a regicide or a parricide the tunic is yellow, and he wears besides a cap (birrete) of the same color, both covered with red spots. The corpse remains exposed on the scaffold until

one hour before sunset, when it is buried. If the criminal's friends or relations beg the body for this purpose it is delivered to them, but the code prohibits the funeral being celebrated with pomp or ceremony.

Hanging is, and has long been, the mode of capital punishment employed in England and America. In its simplest form, that of suspending the criminal by a cord around his neck from the branch of a tree, it must have been of very early origin. Accounts vary as to the date of the introduction of the gallows as the instrument. This seems to have occurred in Roman dominions soon after the Emperor Constantine abolished crucifixion. An early form of this seems to have been a crude imitation of a tree—a tall post bearing at its top a projecting beam, from the end of which the fatal cord could be suspended. In the fifteenth century the gallows beam balanced, like that of a pair of scales, at the top of the post, from one end of which depended the halter and from the other a heavy weight. When the rope was



HANGING, RUSSIA.

pulled down and put around the offender's neck the weight at the other end lifted him from the ground. A form of hanging very usual in England, where the gallows, or gibbet, as it is also called, was in use from about the middle of the fifteenth century (though there are historic allusions to its earlier use), consisted in two upright posts connected at the top by a crossbeam, from which the rope might be suspended. In employing the gallows the offender was, in early times, driven to the place in a cart, which, after the halter had been adjusted, was driven from under the beam, leaving the man to fall as far as the length of the rope permitted. In more recent times a similar fall was secured either by attaching a weight much heavier than the human body to the other end of the fatal rope, which, passing through a wheel at the beam, pulled the body upward some feet, when the weight was released; or by requiring the prisoner to stand on a platform while the rope was adjusted, the support of which was removed, when the criminal fell to the end of the rope's length.

Far superior to hanging as a means of taking life judicially is execution by the guillotine and by electricity. The guillotine is at the present day employed in France and her colonies, in Belgium, Norway and Sweden, and in Italy. The accompanying illustration gives a clear idea of its workings. The electric chair is so far in use in the State of New York only. Although its operation was attended with some bungling at the outset, a consensus of opinion pronounces it now the safest and most humane method of taking life; and, judging by the several reports from the other side, the probabilities are that the system will soon be introduced into several European countries.

A TRUE ESKIMO ROMANCE.

By J. M. Mills, M.D., Surgeon of the Peary Relief Expedition.

Kyoawader, or Kio, as we called him, was the "angikok" of the most northern settlement in Greenland. In the language of the Indian, he was the "Great Medicine Man"; as understood by the Eskimos, he was prophet, priest and physician. He was not held in great love, though in great awe and fear.

He had obtained his supremacy by his shrewdness and superior skill in the hunt. Of sly, deceitful nature, he knew how to play on the fears and credulity of his people, who believed his boastful assertions of wonderful power and infallibility.

It appeared that he was shrewd enough to doubt whether he could impose upon us; for on one occasion, when we took him as guide on a walrus hunt, he refused at first to consult the gods as to the success of our expedition. Finally, after much persuasion, he bent his head low, closed his eyes and repeated some Eskimo incantation while we waited in solemn silence. Then he announced that we would get ten "awak" (walrus). It seems the elements were not propitious; we saw no walrus, but procured some reindeer.

Kio had taken unto himself (this expression is appropriate, as that is the manner of marriage) a woman of the American Arctic coast, who had quite a tragic history. This was her second marital experience, her first husband having met the fate of many venturesome Eskimos, while hunting the walrus. They have the custom of carrying their harpoon line around the neck, and, as a rule, are dexterous enough to quickly remove it before the animal that has been harpooned dives to the bottom; but if the line becomes entangled their doom is sealed. And so it was with Klayn's husband. Kayak and husky (Eskimo for man) were dragged under, and, as the saying is in North Greenland, the sea spirit swallowed her husband. She had an infant daughter, and as there was no one to provide for her now, and it would be difficult for her to gain a second mate, she deliberately and calmly choked her child, and thereby spared it many hardships. As a rule, however, the Eskimos are very fond of their children and affectionate to their wives. This is not the only excellent trait these people possess. They would examine and touch everything they saw, but would not take it, though they expressed a desire to have everything. The vessel, the guns, the thimbles or anything else was equally acceptable; but they did not care for jewelry or fancy stuffs, as with most savage races. We gave Manne, a a good-looking, oval-featured kuna (wife), a present for her child. She would not accept it with any amount of persuasion, but went off and brought her "pickaninny" (child), so that she might take it herself. They are extremely good-humored, easy-tempered people, easily amused, and fond of ridiculing everything. They are bright and intelligent, quick of apprehension, and have excellent memories. Though not effusive, they ex-

press their pleasure and surprise by an amusing exclamation, "Ne-ne-ne!" or "Piuke!" (good), in a tone quaint and drawling. Our commander presented Megipso with a doll; she stared at it in frightened curiosity, but refused to take it. Manne, another kuna, was finally prevailed on to accept it; but the wonder, fear and hesitation depicted on her mobile face was most ridiculous. They evidently thought it was a dead American child, as I learned afterward that she would not give it to her daughter, but buried it.

Kio's mate was by no means ill favored. Though no longer young, at least not for an Eskimo, as they do not live to an old age, she had quite a comely appearance. Being very skillful with the needle, she had been employed by Mrs. Peary to assist her during the winter in making the season's clothing, until her liege lord, no doubt desiring all her attention, objected and took her home, much to her regret, as she was delighted to work for the kind Peary's kuna, as Mrs. Peary was called.

Daniel, our epigrammatic young Eskimo interpreter, assisted me to interview her on one occasion while visiting her tent. She admitted that she feared her master, and said she would like to go back with the "piuke" Peary's kuna.

The angikok's past contained a similar criminal record. The members of his tribe say he killed his first wife, and therefore his present spouse lives in constant terror of his brutality and anger. Soon after our arrival at Redcliff—the winter quarters of Lieutenant Peary—he had beaten her most cruelly, and we thought of taking the matter into our own hands in order to put a stop to his tyranny, but soon afterward started on our tour of exploration of Humbolt Glacier, as we did not expect Peary to return from the inland ice journey until the first week in August, and now it was only the 26th of July. Our aspiration, as with former explorers, was not realized, for when we reached Rensselaer Bay we found the passage completely blocked by dense, thick and impassable ice packs extending, except for a small lead, all the way across from the Greenland to the American coast. We were partly consoled for the great disappointment by a very interesting and exciting walrus hunt; these fierce animals abound in the waters in thousands. We also visited many places of historic polar interest—the scenes of Arctic tragedy, dauntless courage and wonderful endurance: Cape Sabine, where the small remnant of Greely's hardy, venturesome band were found by Captain Schley and Ash; passed Cape Foulke, where Hayes, of Kane's expedition, wintered in 1860-'61; Refuge Harbor, well named, as the *Polaris* party commanded by Hall and Budington found refuge here after their ship was "nipped."

KLAYN AND POOKAMINGWAH.

Unable to proceed further, we returned to

KIO, THE MEDICINE MAN.

Redcliff, in McCormick Bay, on the 29th of July. The chief topic of interest at the settlement, second only to Peary's return, was the flight of Kio's wife. She had at last rebelled against his brutal treatment. The day after our departure he had beaten her unmercifully, and on the next day, while he was absent on the hunt, this much-abused and long-suffering woman left her "tupee" (tent), taking with her her husband's daughter, Tookaming-wah, only thirteen years old, but already married to Koko, an estimable Eskimo youth.

According to the laws of this country (justly entitled "No Man's Land") the daughter belongs to her parents until after the birth of her first child; then she is the exclusive property of her husband, who may do with her as he wills, as there is no one to control his actions.

Kio's tyranny not only caused his wife's flight, but separated Koko from his young wife, who for an Eskimo was quite attractive. The dark-brown iris

AN IGLOO, OR SEALSKIN TENT.

PEARY'S CAMP AT REDCLIFF.

appeared all the more sparkling in the snow-white scleral bed; gracefully arched eyebrows and neatly molded mouth, the lips not protruding as with most of the Eskimo maidens; the swarthy copper hue of countenance enhanced by the healthy, rosy coloring of the cheek; her long, thick, coal-black hair hung down in charming disarray; her figure supple and well proportioned. She possessed a certain wild grace and ease, was always in a good humor, smiling and easily pleased. In her quiet, ineffusive way she seemed very fond of Koko. I noticed she liked being near him when he was engaged in repairing his instruments of the hunt, and following him around when it did not interfere with his work. At first I thought Koko was indifferent to his loss, as he took it calmly, or that he knew of her whereabouts and would not inform her father, Kio, as he feared he might harm her. Later I had an opportunity of learning from him that he grieved after her. It was on one of the days of our search for Verhoff. Entriken and I, with Koko for guide, were directed to explore the valley and hill at the western extremity of Robinson's Basin. We took our rifles along, in order to fire signals and in case we met any game. Near the summit our sharp-eyed Eskimo discovered deer tracks that led directly in our course. We eagerly climbed to the top, and there, on this level, treeless summit, about five hundred yards off, were three reindeer. Koko and I began to carefully stalk the deer, whilst Entriken made a

COSTUME OF A GREENLAND ESKIMO WOMAN.

detour round to the right under the overhanging rock, and succeeded in killing two. We ran after the third, but failed to catch him, so we returned to eviscerate the slain deer and remove them to the ship. Reindeer is a great delicacy and luxury. The organ most palatable to the Eskimo is the stomach, that contains the moss, the food of the deer. Koko, having quickly finished his work, smiled and said, "Mischua tuttoo" (much deer), but took the immense, heavy carcass on his head and shoulder and carried it down the rugged, mosspit-covered hill and over the huge bowlders. On our journey down, and during the occasional rests, I endeavored to question Koko about his lost wife. He said that he was "pienke ibli" (devoted to her), and longed "taka" (to see) her, pointed to his breast and held out his arms, but gave me to understand that it was better she was away, as her father might injure her, and he was helpless. However, as he said this his eyes flashed fiercely, sufficient to intimate that he would swiftly and surely avenge her "sunabo" (death). I asked him if he knew where she was. "Wungatoo" (I do not know), he replied, and added in strict confidence that he would secretly depart and search for her and protect her. He seemed indifferent to the fate of her mother. He further remarked that the old man was "perblocktoo" (crazy). As I was a physician, and consequently an "angikok," he wished to know if I could help him and protect her from harm. I assured him I would. He seemed much happier, and bundled his great burden without an apparent effort, jumping from bowlder to bowlder as light and agile as the deer of his native land.

Kio, unable to obtain any information from the natives, set off in his "kayak" (Eskimo sealskin boat) to hunt his kuna and to bring her back. On the second day after our return, whilst the *Kite* lay anchored in McCormick Bay, four of our party were directed to take one of the ship's long boats and row over to Igloolahmiey, in Robinson Bay, an unexplored and apparently unknown inlet north of McCormick Bay. Here we were to hunt reindeer or any other game we might find, and also make botanical and entomological collections. After two and a half hours' hard rowing we arrived here and pitched our tents near a turbulent glacier stream, an ideal spot, with exceedingly picturesque environments. In the foreground the mirror-like waters of Musgrave Sound reflected the myriads of icebergs, of varied and fantastic shapes, that decked its surface. To the left the red sandstone cliffs of Point Cleveland, that had suggested the name of Perry's winter home, stood forth in bold prominence. Opposite, on the other side of the sound, the trio of islands, Huklyt, Herbert and Northumberland, stood guard at the entrance of Whale Sound. They were tastefully ornamented with graceful pendent glaciers, in striking contrast to the dark mountain side, while in the background of our tent were undulating hills clothed with many-hued moss, a soft and luxuriant bed three feet in depth, beneath which was a solid mountain of ice, as if to mark the short reign of summer, on whose heels rigid winter quickly follows.

While two of the party remained to prepare the evening meal, Meehan and myself climbed the hillside where the little auks have their loomeries, on a ridge of sharp-cut stone and huge bowlders halfway to the summit. Here these Arctic birds congregate in thousands, and fill the air with their quaint chirps.

After shooting a few for our morning meal we returned to the tent, and on the way saw an Arctic hare, clothed in snow-white garb, standing upon the brow of the hill, gazing down at us in a very independent manner. The challenge was too tempting. In attempting to cross the glacier stream, that had now become flushed and swollen from the melting snow and ice, I was thrown off my feet and almost carried down the stream. I got "Boer" Rabbit, however, and we had a delicious rabbit stew next day.

As we were finishing our evening repast (it was 9 P.M., but bright and clear as daylight, for we were in the land of the midnight sun, where there is continuous day with the exception of three and a half months), who should we see coming across the sound in his light, frail kayak of sealskin but our arch villain Kio! He landed, drawing his skin shell well up on the shore for fear of the tide, and came to us with the smiling Eskimo greeting, "Chimo!" (welcome). We chimed in, and inquired whether he had succeeded in finding his kuna. He answered, "Nami," and added that she was "pienke nami" (no good), and that he would kill her when he did find her, which we feared he might do, as there was no authority to prevent him.

He did not seem very disconsolate about his loss, and took it stoically. In fact, we had no difficulty in persuading him to postpone his search, and remain with us to act as guide on our hunting expeditions. He was accounted one of the best hunters of the tribe, and therefore a valuable assistant.

As we were admiring the exquisitely picturesque polar panorama, so unique and wonderful, and watching the numerous shoals of white and blue whales swimming by, another Eskimo appeared in sight, leisurely walking down the shore, followed by a woman and a child (pick-

aninny). It was Kiuna and his family; they lived all alone further up the bay, and are the most northern inhabitants of Greenland. This Kiuna was formerly held up to ridicule, and considered a very inferior specimen on account of his poor workmanship, shown in his lance, harpoon and other hunting implements, but especially on account of his poor success in the hunt. But since last season he has risen high in the estimation of his primitive brethren. He left for the hunt, and was not heard of for months; he was given up as dead; the evil spirits of the water had devoured him. He was in the happy hunting ground of the Eskimo, a gorgeous paradise represented by a great sea where whale, seal, walrus and other animals abound in thousands, so that they (the Eskimo spirits) can "scoffen" (eat) to their hearts' content and their stomachs' repletion. This Elysium was warm and comfortable, in pleasant antithesis to their terrestrial quarters.

But to return to Kiuna, who of a sudden reappeared. He had succeeded in killing and landing six walrus. This is quite a feat when we consider that these thick-skinned, formidable beasts weigh from 1,800 to 2,000 pounds, and are very difficult to kill. So now he is a sort of angikok, as he has proved himself a great hunter. He seemed to have a great reverence for Kio, however. Before proceeding with our narrative I wish to relate an incident that proved our worthy prophet's great faith in his supernatural powers.

Bryant and I had returned from a fruitless reindeer hunt, and were seated in front of our tent, listening to Kio's boasts. Among other things, he asserted that he was under the protection of some mighty spirit, possibly that of Aurora, the spirit of the departed, who indulges in the exhilarating sport of celestial football with walrus heads; consequently nothing could harm him. We picked up a bone, and placed it about 150 feet off. Each took a shot, and, as it happened, made two good bull's eyes. We brought the bone to Kio. He looked at the holes, at us, with mouth-open amazement, then got up and walked off without a word, ignoring our challenge to let us try the same experiment on him.

When we left Iglootahomey to return to the *Kite* he continued on his hunt for his wife, and we did not hear anything about him or his family until on our return, on August 15th, from a tour of exploration and hunting in Inglefield Gulf, where we had another exciting battle with the walrus.

Arrived at Redcliff, we found Kio's tent, way up on the hillside and some distance from the other tents, still mourning the absence of its owner. It was closed and silent, except for the wolfish dogs whining and barking for their absent master, who it appears was still on the search for his wife. Kio's tent had formerly been with the others, a few yards from Peary's igloo (house); but Kio was reported to have plotted some mischief—had intended, so said some of the Eskimos, to massacre the entire Peary party, and thus possess himself of their belongings; but the other Eskimos would not join the conspiracy, as they were very fond of all the members, and were otherwise in no way savage or evil-minded. They were as a rule a good-natured, good-hearted lot. Kio, knowing that his plot was discovered, moved away, out of rifle range, as he thought, fearing the punishment he justly deserved. But the Peary party simply ignored him.

Redcliff, the Arctic home of the Peary party, presented a quaint and curious aspect. The antipodes of life—the primitive "tupee" and the civilized dwelling; Peary's house resting securely on a slight elevation, strong, sturdy and firmly constructed, with many of the comforts and even some of the luxuries of civilization, looking down upon the skin tent of the Innuits, that represented the zero of existence, their only couch a few bear- or deerskins stretched on mother earth; their food, the raw seal, walrus, narwhal, or reindeer; but truly the most contented race on the globe—their only object in life, to provide food for the dark, cold winter months.

The scene in the background provided an appropriate frame for this rare, unique picture; the reddish-brown mountain side, decked with golden poppy and buttercup and ruddy phlox—another suggestion of civilization when contrasted with the ice cap above, which reminds us of the first days of man.

The latest report at Redcliff was that Kio had been traveling up and down the bay, and recently found a drinking cup belonging to his wife, at Iglini, situated at the head of Robinson Bay. It would be quite natural for her to seek protection here, where her sister, Kiuna's wife, resides; in fact, it seems the only place of shelter she can obtain, as the next village, Itiblu, is too far away, and separated from Redcliff by the waters of Murchison Sound.

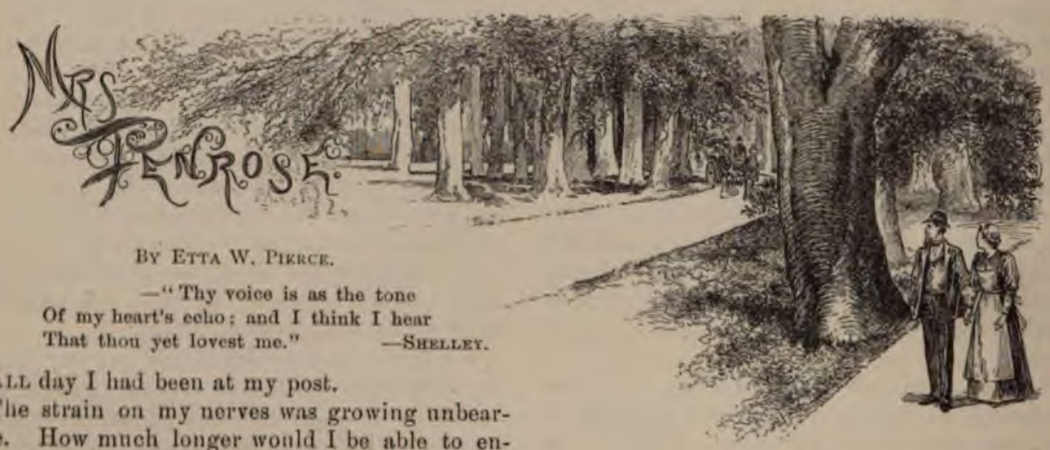
On the second day of the seven employed in hunting for our unfortunate comrade Verhoff Lieutenant Peary decided thoroughly to search "Five Glacier Valley," the route taken by Verhoff. We were assisted by the Eskimos, who are as skillful as the Indians in trailing and tracking. Prof. Heilprin, in command of the relief party, steamed over on the *Kite* to Robinson Bay, there

to make inquiries of Kiuna, and explore the coast and glacier at the head of the bay.

As we neared Kiuna's "tupee" we saw Kio coming out in his kayak to meet us. We had not seen him for several days. Our first inquiry was whether he had discovered any signs of Verhoff. "Nami," he answered, shortly. But to our inquiry whether he had found his wife, he laconically replied, with a smile: "Ab" (yes).

Koko was happy in again possessing his child wife. As she and the mother sit there on the deck, munching complacently on some raw narwhal that Koko cut from the slimy carcass lying near by, and sewing their threadbare, worn-out "kamaks" (boots), they do not seem to be much the worse for their long, arduous and dangerous journey.

It is really most pathetic to think of this woman and child traveling for eight or ten days over the rugged, steep and barren mountains, crossing ice and snow and treacherous, slippery glaciers, with their yawning crevasses, or those clefts still more dangerous that are filled in with snow, and are therefore a deceitful snare; subsisting as best they could on Heaven knows what, for game is very scarce here, and even otherwise, she could not procure any, having no hunting implements. The sterile, rock-covered mountains provide only a small, poorly nourishing berry, something like our huckleberry, and a sort of scurvy grass similar in many respects to our sour grass. It seems Klayn also succeeded in snaring a small Arctic bird, the snow bunting, with a strand of her long, strong black hair.



By Etta W. Pierce.

—"Thy voice is as the tone
Of my heart's echo; and I think I hear
That thou yet lovest me." —Shelley.

All day I had been at my post.

The strain on my nerves was growing unbearable. How much longer would I be able to endure the iron gratings, the vacant eyes, the meaningless laughter, the constant contact with minds wrecked and gone out? I looked around.

Miss Storme, my fellow attendant, was placidly stitching at a piece of fancywork. She did not understand my moods, and we cordially disliked each other. The patients—all of the harmless order—were moving at will up and down the long, wide corridor from which on either side their sleeping rooms opened. My eyes fell on a piano in a corner. Ah, there was a momentary relief. I sat down at the instrument, and began to play a nocturn.

The effect was magical. The German fräulein, who had been crossed in love and was always groping about with wide, bewildered eyes, as though seeking her lost wits, subsided instantly into an armchair and a gentle doze. The hilari-
woman who persisted in standing on her
and whom I had to invert with trying reg-
ell to saying her prayers. The white-haired Creole lady, once a famous beauty and belle, paused in a monotonous tramp up and down, and put one thin finger to her faded lip.

"Colfax," she murmured, softly, "the next dance is ours!"

Colfax was the lover whom a jealous rival had shot at her side in a ballroom just twenty years before. Did the nocturn bring back to her clouded brain that awful night—the face of the slain man, and her own happy, beautiful girlhood buried and lost then under a horror of great darkness? On all the patients a hush fell. My own feverish emotions dominated for a space the deranged creatures around me.

I played on and on—pouring my heart, without fear or reserve, into the tumultuous leaping notes. Miss Storme turned once to look at me, then shrugged her shoulders and continued her stitching. Presently a distant door opened. A masculine step echoed down the corridor.

"I heard you afar off, Miss Steele," said a voice at my shoulder. "Something must be wrong when you play like this—what is it?"

No need to turn my head. I knew who stood beside me, with questioning gray eyes fixed on my face.

"I am a little tired—nothing more," I answered; but my hands dropped quickly from the keys.

"Ah, you have had a trying day! You shall be relieved at once."

He spoke a few words to Miss Storme. The next moment I was following Dr. Harding down the corridor. We passed through a door which he locked behind us, crossed a terrace, and descending a flight of stone steps, entered the high-walled garden of the asylum.

"Now," he said, kindly, "draw a long, free breath, Miss Steele. You need not tell me that the fräulein, and the lady who stands on her head, and all the rest of them, have tormented you sorely to-day—the fact is written in your face."

It was late summer, hot and dry. Beds of purple heliotrope and tall, ruffled dahlias, gray with dust, bordered the brick walks. A smell of ripening grapes filled the air; a fountain babbled on the thirsty lawn, and now and then yellow leaves, like vagrant sunbeams, sailed by us on the wind. Dr. Harding, swinging along at my side, with the waning afternoon light on his tawny, clear-cut face, continued to regard me critically.

"You are young, Miss Steele," he said, "and naturally you find life in a lunatic asylum sad and depressing."

"Yes," I acknowledged; "but then, life, except to a favored few, is sad and depressing everywhere. Why do *you* hide your talents here, Dr. Harding? Men of your stamp are not often found in a madhouse."

His lips tightened.

"As a disease, insanity possesses a peculiar fascination for me, and this place, you will admit, is most favorable for a special study of its various forms. Then, too, the world has dealt me bitter blows in my day, and I am glad to be shut away from it for awhile."

"You do not look as though the blows had harmed you," I said, forcing a laugh.

Indeed, he was like a bronze viking in his strength and beauty.

"Wounds," he answered, in a dry tone, "sometimes bleed inwardly. When I came to this retreat, Miss Steele, I was the maddest person in it. But, thank God!"—he flung back his broad shoulders, drawing in a deep breath—"I have outlived that time."

"Ah, you had met with some misfortune?" I said—I felt a burning desire to hear him talk of himself.

He smiled.

"It is a simple story, Miss Steele. I loved a woman who did not love me—a creature without heart or conscience."

"Oh!"

My hand went up involuntarily to my throat—I seemed suffocating.

"Do not feel badly for me, my dear child," said Robert Harding. "It is past now, I tell you—Circe has ceased to charm."

A spasm of raging jealousy went over me. For three months I had been thrown in daily contact with this man, and unsought, unasked, I loved him with my whole heart. Hot tears burned under my eyelids. As I dashed them away a sudden, blood-curdling shriek rang through the garden. It came from a wing of the main building, the quarters of the dangerous patients. Of course, the cry was familiar, but to-day my nerves were weak. I grasped Dr. Harding's arm convulsively.

"What!" he said. "You do not yet know that sound, Miss Steele? Good Heaven! it *is* a frightful place for a young creature like you. I see that your strength is failing here. You are pale and thin—you must have change and rest."

I shook my head. Why did he trouble himself about a little flaxen-haired nurse, who was unequal to her duties? I deserved only a sharp reprimand.

"No, no!" I faltered; "I may as well earn my bread in this place as in any other."

But the telltale drops, that I could no longer restrain, were pouring down my cheeks. He took out his handkerchief and wiped them away.

"Come, this will not do!" he said, in a tone at once authoritative and tender; "I must take you to the superintendent. He does not like to have the nurses overworked. Plainly you cannot stand this sort of thing. You were made to be petted, protected, loved——"

He paused abruptly. What more was he about to say? I never knew. We had reached the end of the garden, and now stood looking down a long avenue which wound from the portico of the main building away to the distant entrance gate. My eyes, following Harding's, espied a handsome victoria drawn by blooded horses approaching swiftly through the thick beech trees that bordered the avenue.

"Visitors!" said Harding, resuming his professional air. "Let us see if we cannot reach Forest's study in advance of them."

He took my hand as though I was a child.

Perhaps he had never been so near caring for me as at that moment. We hurried across the terrace, through a door ornamented with ancient fanlights, and down a passage to the superintendent's office.

There, at a table, sat Dr. Forest, a fat blond man of benevolent aspect. Harding drew me briskly forward.

"Pardon, my dear Forest," he began. "Miss Steele needs a few moments of your attention. Cannot she be given a vacation, or—or——"

The victoria had made good speed up the avenue. The door by which we had just entered flew open again. A servant said:

"A lady to see Dr. Forest."

At the back of the superintendent's chair I saw a curtained window. Forest waved us toward it.

"My dear Harding, wait there a moment with Miss Steele—I will attend to you directly," he said.

We stepped behind the curtain. At the same moment two women, maid and mistress, evidently, entered the study.

With a peculiar gliding grace the lady approached the superintendent's table. Her slender girlish figure was draped in widow's weeds. She flung back her crape veil, and showed a pale face, correctly oval, with slight hollows in the cheeks and shadows under the large velvet-brown eyes. Masses of copper-gold hair clustered low on her temples, and an air of high breeding gave distinction to her beauty.

"You are Dr. Forest?" she began, in a faint tone.

"Yes, madam," he answered.

She seemed to gather courage. She looked him full in the face and drew her breath hard.

"I am Mrs. Penrose. I wish to place myself in your hands for treatment. This woman," with a slight motion toward her companion, who had drawn out a linen handkerchief and was weeping behind it, "is my servant—she will attend me here. Pray receive me at once as a patient, Dr. Forest. I am going mad—yes, I am mad already!"

Long service in a madhouse had accustomed Dr. Forest to many strange things. He pointed to a chair.

"Sit down, madam," he said, soothingly, "and tell me your reasons for supposing yourself mad."

She fell into the chair. A lamp, just lighted, shone full upon her.

"What an excessively handsome creature!" I whispered to Robert Harding. He neither moved nor answered.

"Listen, and judge for yourself," said the lady. "My husband's name was Philip Penrose. I married him solely for worldly advantages. This wretched fabric," she crushed one end of her long crape veil in a hand like carven pearl, "is no emblem of sorrow. At heart I have never grieved for him. I acted a lie—feigned a devotion that I never felt. In time he must inevitably have discovered the truth, but a few weeks after our wedding day he died, leaving all his possessions to the woman whom he was pleased to call in his will his faithful and loving wife."

She laughed mockingly; her big eyes were shining like stars. Dr. Forest took hold of her wrist and began to count the pulse.

"Go on," he said.

"His loving wife!" she repeated, with ineffable scorn. "God knows I was never that! The end came suddenly. He was thrown from his carriage and fatally injured. I sat by his side as death approached. I was shocked and frightened—nothing more. Suddenly he seized me by the shoulders and forced me to my knees.

"'Swear before God,' he said, 'that you love me, Agatha!'

"I was helpless with terror. I took the false, false oath.

"'Swear that you will remain my widow till your dying day—that you will never give a thought to another man—that you will be mine—mine—for all time and eternity.'

"My sin had found me out! I could not escape him. His white face pressed my face; his wild eyes looked into my eyes. I took this oath as I had taken the other. Horror! With a glad cry he strained me to his heart.

"'Your loyalty,' he said, 'demands a reward. I will remain near you, Agatha, henceforth and forever. Death shall not separate us. You shall see me—you shall feel my presence everywhere. I will never leave nor forsake you. In life and in death you belong wholly to me. Remember!'

"And with these words on his lips he died."

"Is this true?" said Dr. Forest to the weeping servant.

"Every word, sir!"

He nodded to Mrs. Penrose.

"Continue, madam."

With a violent shudder the beautiful creature went on:

"The night after my husband's burial, as I was descending a staircase in my own house, an icy breath blew suddenly upon me. I turned, and saw Philip Penrose at my shoulder. He had kept his word—his ghost had appeared to comfort me. I screamed and fainted. From that hour to this he has pursued me everywhere. I am *never* safe from him! Life has become one long horror. My punishment, like Cain's, is greater than I can bear. I awake at night to find him at my bed-

side—I encounter him in the street—at every turn. It is ghastly — horrible! To-day," she pressed her hand to her heart, "I sat down to lunch. He came and took the opposite seat at the board, and looked across at me. His dead eyes were still full of doting affection—the selfsame madness that possessed him in life. Death has not disenchanted him, nor destroyed his earthly illusions. He stretched out his arms to me. I ran shrieking from the table, made such preparations as I could, and started for this asylum. I am mad, I tell you! I ask for treatment. Help me, Dr. Forest—I must have help—I must be freed from Philip Penrose's ghost or die!"

It is impossible to describe the tragic passion of her tone. It thrilled me powerfully. Harding stood like a stone. His face was hidden in the window curtain.

The superintendent began to question Mrs. Penrose, writing down her age, residence and story. He also applied the tests usual in incipient cases, and the tearful servant the while stood by, anxious and watchful.

"Have *you* seen the ghost of Philip Penrose?" said Forest to her.

"No, sir," she answered; "nobody sees him but my poor mistress."

"Was he a good master to you?"

"Fairly good, sir."

"Is Mrs. Penrose's carriage waiting?"

"No, sir. She sent it away. She has come to the asylum to stay, and I will stay with her."

"The case is a very interesting one," said Forest; and he rang for the matron, and consigned Mrs. Penrose and her maid to the care of that person. As the door closed on them he turned, flushed and disturbed, toward our hiding place.

"Well, Harding," he said, with forced lightness, "that is something in your line of study, eh? Pure hallucination — nerves all unstrung. You know Kant's maxim, 'The senses do not deceive us, but only the judgment.' Philip Penrose's ghost is, without doubt, her own shadow. We must relieve her, before her state of mind, which is only symptomatic, terminates in a fixed idea—insanity. Did you hear her story?"

Harding stepped out of the recess.

"Yes," he answered, shortly.

"Did you—ah—*see* her?"

"I saw her," replied Harding; and he turned abruptly and walked out of the room.

Dr. Forest and I looked at each other.

"Dear me!" said the superintendent; "didn't Harding want to tell me something about you, Miss Steele?"

"No," I protested, hurriedly. "It was nothing—absolutely nothing!" And I sneaked off in the wake of the others. Robert Harding had forgotten both me and my affairs.

This was the way Mrs. Penrose became an inmate of the ward where Miss Storme and I were on duty. From the first Dr. Forest was deeply impressed with the patient, and gave us special instructions for her care and comfort.

"Sane or demented," said Miss Storme, dryly, "she is far too handsome for men to look at and keep their heads. Small wonder that Philip Penrose, dead, continues to pursue her!"

On the morning succeeding her arrival Mrs. Penrose appeared in the long corridor, leaning languidly on the arm of her servant, who made a capital foil to her beauty.

"Juliet and nurse!" whispered Miss Storme.

As usual, the patients were sitting and walking about at will, and the lady's fine eyes seemed to take in at a glance all that there was to see among us. Her dress of lustreless black sheathed her figure like a glove, and the arrangement of her hair and of the lace about her creamy throat and bosom did not betoken a disordered mind. The German fräulein stared at her in worshipful silence. The once famous Creole belle touched her stylish gown and whispered:

"You are a new one, my dear—are you going to the ball? We must not be late. I have promised the first dance to Colfax."

Mrs. Penrose looked at me with eyes deep and calm as mountain lakes.

"Who is Colfax, nurse!" she asked.

I told the story.

"What! Twenty years the martyr of love—twenty years of madness for love's sake!" cried Mrs. Penrose, and she threw both arms around the white-haired woman and kissed her with enthusiasm. Soon after Dr. Forest entered the ward on his morning rounds.

"Well," he said, hurrying up to the new patient, "was your sleep disturbed last night, my dear Mrs. Penrose?"

"Not at all," she answered, in a stage whisper; "the ghost has not entered here."

The doctor rubbed his large, freckled hands.

"That is good. Look, madam; we have flowers, sunshine, music, books for your diversion. My assistant, Harding, puts great faith in such agencies. Now, that veranda is one of his ideas." He pointed to the end of the corridor, where a glass door opened into a charming nook, full of flowering plants and low easy chairs. "He insisted on having it built, that the patients might sun themselves there, like so many snakes, and listen to the blackbirds in the garden."

"Delightful!" murmured Mrs. Penrose, "I should like to know your assistant."

"He is on duty in the men's wing to-day. Let us take possession of his little veranda, and I will explain to you the true theory of ghosts."

He led her to a chair among the flowering plants. For a half-hour the murmur of their voices floated back into the corridor. I suppose flirtation is unquenchable in some women, even though their wits be astray—certainly Mrs. Penrose's half-veiled glances and soft, dreamy smiles would have done credit to a thorough coquette. And the baldheaded superintendent fell under her spell with amazing ease.

"Is lunacy infectious?" whispered Miss Storme, spitefully.

I do not know what theory the poor man entertained regarding ghosts, but it seemed to me his method of exorcising Philip Penrose's shade was a novel one.

Yet, what did I care, though all the females in the ward chose to make eyes at Dr. Forest? My thoughts were following after Robert Harding. In vain I waited. He made no attempt to see me again. Not once did he enter the ward—I could not catch so much as a glimpse of him. I felt hurt—miserable. Day succeeded day, rounding out a dreary, hopeless week.

Forest was dancing constant attendance on Mrs. Penrose. For a busy man, he found a great deal of time to devote to her case. His interest in hallucination increased daily. As for the lady, she gave the nurses little trouble. Those large melting eyes of hers were forever roaming beyond Forest's bald head, beyond attendants and fellow sufferers, seeking something which she did not find. She was fond of sitting in the blossom-scented veranda, and on one occasion she pulled my sleeve softly and said:

"Where is the man who insisted upon building this nook? Why does he not come into the ward, nurse?"

"I do not know," I answered. "He is on duty in another part of the establishment."

"Ah! Is he a friend of yours, nurse?"

"Yes—certainly."

She heaved a long sigh, and fell into a brown study.

Where was he, indeed! My heart was vainly asking the same question. An hour or two later I went out into the garden to give the fräulein her daily airing. We passed along under the high wall, and till my dying day I shall remember the smell of the purpling grapes, the chirp of crickets in the dry grass, the tall red rows of dahlias nodding in the sun. At the first turn in the walk I came face to face with Robert Harding.

"My dear Miss Steele," he said, quietly, "I was hoping to meet you here. How are you getting on?"

"I am growing stronger, thank you," I answered.

"Stronger!" His surprised tone told me that he had quite forgotten my lack of strength. "Oh, yes. Pray, what have you been doing in the last week?"

"'I TURNED, AND SAW PHILIP PENROSE AT MY SHOULDER.'"

"Helping Dr. Forest to lay the Penrose ghost."

He set his back against the high wall. He was holding his hat in his hand, and a frown darkened his level brows.

"With what success?" he sneered.

"Really," I answered, "Philip Penrose seems to annoy his widow no longer."

"Indeed! Forest, then, has conquered the ghost?"

"And Mrs. Penrose has conquered Forest."

His eyes flashed, but he laughed out in a hard, reckless way.

"Very likely! There are women who can find adorers even in a lunatic asylum. Nellie!" It was the first time he had ever called me by my name. His face put on a strange, desperate look. "You good, sweet Nellie, I have little to offer any woman. Even my heart is a Dead Sea apple; I feel like an extinct volcano; I have lived my life, and am no longer capable of violent emotions. Do you think that you could cast in your future with mine? Could I make you happy? At least, you would be released from the dreary treadmill of your present work. I cannot talk of love, for I am done forever with that folly; but—I—— Great God!"

The entrance gate of the garden had swung suddenly back. Miss Storme stepped through, and after her came a lissom figure in black, with copper-gold hair shining richly in the sunlight. This latter party paused and looked at Harding. A wonderful white glow leaped into her face.

"Robert!" she cried out, in a voice that I shall never forget. "Oh, Robert!"

I did not need to be told that they were old acquaintances. Harding grew as white as chalk.

"In God's name, what brought you to this place?" he answered, harshly. "You are no more insane than I am!"

She made a step toward him.

"You sent back my letters unopened, Robert—you refused to see me; I had no other resource."

"What! did you do this thing for my sake, Agatha?"

"For your sake, Robert." There was a moment of silence. "Indeed, I treated you badly," she said, in a tone that would have melted polar ice; "but I have suffered for it. Your anger, your resentment are killing me. Say that you forgive me, Robert, and I will ask nothing more."

"Forgive you? Why not? Penrose tempted you with his money. I was a poor devil of a doctor; that you should throw me over was not strange; but *this*—to come here, to feign madness——"

"You did not think I could so humiliate myself? Would you have believed in my repentance without strong evidence? For a week you have known that I was in this place, and yet you have held aloof from me—how hard, how cruel of you!" A sob choked her voice. "Oh, Robert, for the sake of the old days when you loved me, take my hand once—just once!"

He hesitated. Circe had *not* ceased to charm, and the extinct volcano throbbed anew with fire. I had only to look in his wild, white face, and see there the wreck of all my own foolish hopes. He took the hand that she stretched to him. As palm met palm a sharp cry broke from his lips. His arms closed fiercely around her; the next moment she lay sobbing on his breast.

Miss Storme shrugged her shoulders and slipped back through the high wooden gate. As for me, I laid hold on the poor fräulein, who was staring blankly at us all, and hurried away with her, unseen, unnoticed, into the furthest depths of the garden.

* * * * * *

"I'll admit that she duped me," said Dr. Forest, in a chagrined tone. "She had jilted Harding, it seems, to marry money. He would not be lured back to her shrine after the death of the husband, and inside the asylum he was not easy of access. Since Mohammed wouldn't come to the mountain, why, the mountain came to Mohammed. Ha! ha!" with a weak attempt at a laugh. "Of course the ghost was a fabrication. Good Heaven!" he heaved a mighty sigh, "she must have loved Harding tremendously. They are going abroad, I hear. By the way, Miss Steele, Harding was a good friend of yours, was he not?"

I stood in the pretty veranda, looking out into the autumn sunshine, but never seeing it. Once Mrs. Penrose had asked a similar question. I was wiser now, and so I answered:

"No, Dr. Forest, he was not my friend."

HOW TO GET MARRIED, THOUGH IN FRANCE.

By Berkley Sherwood Dunn, M.D.

A party of four being at luncheon in New York city one morning, one of the gentlemen related the experience of his marriage in France. It appeared so ridiculously serious that I here present it, hoping it may afford as much amusement to my readers as it did to those who heard it at first hand. It is not an imaginative narrative: the incidents really occurred, and are vouched for by the principal actors, to whom this sketch has been submitted before trespassing upon the credulity of the public.

The jealousy between the church and the state in France is exemplified in the laws of marriage. The church is forbidden to solemnize marriage before the parties have first been joined in wedlock by the civil magistrate.

In point of law the religious ceremony has no more significance than the wedding breakfast, the parties being legally married after the civil ceremony. But the church does not quietly submit to this usurpation of her prerogative, and she has, without ostentation, made it a particular point of social etiquette that all unions shall receive her public blessing, and this extends to every denomination.

To make this requirement more pronounced and the respect for the church evident to the world, social usage has surrounded these ceremonies with a fixed mode of procedure which is invariably followed.

For the civil ceremony, the bride, accompanied by her family and two of their most distinguished friends, to sign the civil register of the *acte de mariage* as her witnesses, proceeds to the office of the mayor of the quarter in which she resides—for in all cities each *arrondissement*, or ward, has its mayor. Here the party is met by the groom, attended in a like manner.

Immediately after the civil ceremony—the hour for which is usually kept secret, and which is unaccompanied by any display or gathering of friends—they separate, the bride returning quietly to her home; and with the possible exception of a reunion of the two families at a breakfast or dinner *intime* following this ceremony, the newly married couple do not see each other until they meet at the church for the religious ceremony, which takes place the following day and is made the gala occasion. The marriage invitations are for this ceremony, the civil one being completely ignored.

There has been a great deal of discussion in France of late years by the legislative, scientific and medical bodies over the decrease in the population. The deaths exceed the births to a degree that excites the serious consideration of the government as to the ways and means to arrest this condition of affairs and to turn the tide in the opposite direction. I mention this only as a reason for saying that one cause of this state of things appears to me to lie in the ponderous complication of laws regulating marriage, which prevents unions that might take place were it a less vexatious proceeding. Vexatious it certainly proved to be to the gentleman of whom I speak; for, as the nuptial day drew near, his time was devoted to obtaining signatures and seals, and his nightly dreams were visions of unsurmountable obstacles and obdurate officials.

Having been residents in France for several years, it was natural they should desire to be married in the midst of their friends, and being advised of the difficulties and delays attendant upon a marriage here, especially in the case of one or both of the parties being foreigners, the groom applied to Comte de M——, Mayor of Nice (where they were spending the winter), for information and direction, and was told that he must present his birth certificate, or in default of that a certificate, signed and sworn to by nine witnesses, testifying to his parentage and date and place of birth, before any attention could be paid to his case. As he had already complied with this demand several years previously for the Minister of Public Instruction before he was permitted to become a student in France, he wrote his lawyers in Paris to send him the document. After several weeks' delay they succeeded in procuring a copy from the ministerial office, and thus armed, he again presented himself before his honor the mayor, who referred him to the *officier de l'état civil* as having charge of the formalities.

This official informed him that for the purposes of being entered at the Paris faculty his paper was sufficient, but for the regulations of marriage it would not do; however, all that was required was to return it to Paris and have it certified to under seal by the court before whom the nine witnesses had originally appeared.

He accordingly returned it to his lawyers, who, upon application to the court specified, were informed that the judge who had taken the acknowledgment of the witnesses had since died, and that as the present court was totally ignorant in the matter it would be necessary to bring the nine signers before the present judge in order to have the document *homologué*, as it is termed. As the witnesses were formed mostly of visitors

to Paris who had since returned to America, this was impossible, and the lawyers wrote him to place the matter in the hands of a Nice law firm in order to procure an entirely new act before the local court.

Matters now began to grow interesting.

The first certificate had as signers his mother's sister, who was present at his birth, and other relatives; but in Nice he had no such sponsors. However, after learning that the witnesses were required to make oath only to the best of their knowledge and belief, he applied to the pastor of the American Church—without whose help and counsel certain failure would have attended his many efforts during these months—who promised to head the list; with this encouraging assurance he returned to his hotel.

It was the fourth winter of his residence in this hotel, with the guests of which, as in all summer and winter resorts, one soon becomes acquainted during each successive season. After dinner he visited the billiard room, where the gentlemen congregate for their coffee and cigars, and confided to Mr. H—— a well-known New York clubman, his need of eight additional names to that of his pastor's.

Mr. H—— thereupon mounted a chair, called the room to order, and in a witty speech asked for volunteers to meet the following morning at the main entrance, to go across the way and testify that they knew our friend had been born and was still alive. As a result of this eloquent appeal, the following morning found fourteen gentlemen assembled at the rendezvous, and although but eight were required, they all followed, wishing to see the formalities of a legal birth in France.

The papers, having been duly signed and sworn to before the court officer, were delivered to the lawyers to be *homologués* by the judge as described.

RELATING EXPERIENCE.

Taking its regular turn upon the calendar, the case was called only after twelve days' delay, and the applicant being required to appear in person, the judge remarked that it was incomprehensible to him that anyone should be unable to present so valuable a document as their original birth certificate. Our friend stated that so far as he knew such papers were not generally issued in the United States. The judge then said that there had been no trouble in procuring twice as many witnesses as were necessary, which would be difficult for a native to do, and he failed to see how a foreigner could so readily find such a number in

CALLING FOR VOLUNTEERS.

a watering place where Americans were almost wholly transient.

That our friend would have committed himself had not his lawyer intervened with a plausible explanation is certain; but M. le Juge had not yet finished. He inquired in an amiable way why it was that neither a certificate of birth nor a copy of the record of birth from his birthplace could be furnished. There were the very best reasons in the world, and our friend proceeded to explain that he was born in a small hamlet situated in a narrow valley among the Alleghany Mountains, which was completely swept away by a great flood in 1864, leaving not a stick or stone to mark the former situation of houses or church, and that all the church and civic records had been destroyed.

M. LE JUGE MAKES AMIABLE INQUIRIES.

"Ah, now," siad

the judge, "that is something comprehensible. You will please send to the United States authorities to certify officially to those facts, and I will then legalize your *acte de notoriété.*"

Arguments were useless. The lawyer was furious, not with the judge, but with his client for telling the truth. Of course such a certificate as the judge demanded was out of the question, and recourse was again had to the valuable advice and aid of the pastor, who fortunately is possessed of considerable influence with the authorities. They went to the American Consul, and thence, with a letter from him, proceeded to the chief law officer of the department, *le procureur de la république,* who indorsed it and sent his chief clerk to explain the matter to the mayor. His honor's secretary noted the points in the case, and promised to communicate the result within a day or two. In due course the mayor's indorsement arrived, and armed with these combined certificates and accompanied by the lawyer, our friend presented himself before the judge in private chambers.

THE LAWYER IS FURIOUS WITH HIS CLIENT FOR TELLING THE TRUTH.

It is customary in writing any formal indorsement or introduction to an official in France to name first the person and follow with his profession, which was done in this case. The judge read the papers, and turning to the lawyer, inquired why he had not informed him that his client was a graduate of the faculty of Paris, and then to our friend, with great formality, said: "Your degree gives you standing in France; so I will only require you to make oath to the statement regarding your birthplace at the next sitting of the court, and I will then take great pleasure in legalizing your papers."

"NO SUCH LETTER HAD BEEN RECEIVED."

All of this occupied nearly two months, but in the meantime the anxious groom had not been idle. It soon became evident that time had no consideration in the official mind, and that if he would be married upon the date appointed and fast approaching he must anticipate these delays.

Soon after the refusal of his first papers sent from Paris he procured from the

officier de l'état civil a list of the marriage requirements and formalities. He learned that the presence of the parents at the ceremony, or their written consent to the union, was necessary; but as they were both deceased, a certificate of the date and place of their death must be furnished. The particulars of their age, date and place of marriage, etc., formed part of the *acte de notoriété* which was causing so much trouble.

He wrote to America for these certificates, but this was not all. He was required to furnish a certificate from the mayor of the *arrondissement* in Paris in which his house is located to testify that he had lived there six months continuously; and also from the same mayor a certificate that the banns had been published for two weeks in Paris at the mayor's office of his *arrondissement*.

All of these papers were finally secured, and it wanted but ten days of the happy one appointed.

The wedding invitations were issued. The invitations to the dinner to follow the civil ceremony, which his amiable cousin proposed to give, had been accepted. General D——, a friend to all the parties, had completed the arrangements for the church decorations, and had decided with the church officials and the ushers upon the details of the church ceremonies. Nothing was wanting but the receipt of the certificates from America relative to his parents, to be entirely *en règle;* and these he had been advised by cable were on the way in duplicate. In six days they arrived, and he proceeded to the mayor's office with a light heart, feeling that the last obstacle had been overcome, and the demands of exacting officials were satisfied to the smallest detail.

On handing in the papers the *officier de l'état civil* examined them, and having found them quite correct, asked for the other papers.

"What other papers?"

"Why, the proof of the publication of banns in New York; we expected you would receive them with these documents."

"This is the first I have heard of any such papers being required;" and in proof of his statement our friend produced the written specifications furnished him by this same official, and certainly there was no notice of this requirement.

Raising his shoulders, and throwing out his elbows as only a native can, the officer replied: "Everybody knows that he must furnish a certificate of the publication of banns from the native country."

"Yes, certainly—no doubt—but I do not—and—and—what am I to do?" queried our friend.

"My dear sir, you must procure it!"

"But I am quite sure the law does not require the publication of banns in New York, as one can be married there at any moment without notice of any kind!"

"That is possible; but to comply with our law you must, in that case, furnish a certificate from the Mayor of New York that it is not necessary to publish the banns there!"

"How can I? We are to be married in four days; the invitations are issued—all the preparations are made. You know yourself to what great trouble and expense I have been to comply with the French requirements. It is impossible to obtain such a document from New York in so short a time!"

"I regret very much, and am very sorry, but it cannot be avoided."

"Will it suffice for me to obtain a cablegram from the mayor stating that the publication of banns is not required?"

"No; that will not answer. You must have a legal certificate from the proper authorities to meet the demands of the French law."

Our friend's feelings can be better imagined than described. The prospect of his marriage in France was as remote as though no steps had been taken to bring it about.

During the time it took to walk from the Hôtel de Ville to the Rectory, to inform his ever-faithful friend the pastor that at the last moment all their labor appeared in vain and that this final obstacle was the deathblow to all their plans, the unhappy victim of circumlocution thought that life was not worth the living. But he had not appreciated the extent of the clergyman's goodness, or his versatility. The latter suggested, after a moment's thought, that possibly a certificate from the American Minister at Paris might answer the purposes of one from New York, and volunteered to use his influence with the mayor for its acceptance. Accordingly, they visited his honor, who said he must refer them again to the *officier de l'état civil*, as he was unacquainted with the legal requirements, but would give his hearty indorsement and request that everything possible should be done in the matter. Upon presenting the mayor's letter to the clerk with the proposition of a certificate from the American Embassy in Paris there was a general consultation, the outcome of which was that they would ask the advice of the law officer and communicate the result before evening.

About four o'clock a letter was received stating that such a certificate, written upon stamped paper and properly acknowledged, would be accepted in lieu of one from New York.

Our friend immediately telegraphed the particulars to his lawyers in Paris, requesting that the certificate be procured, and mailed the follow-

ing day in order to arrive on the morning of the second day after, as the civil ceremony was fixed for four o'clock of that day. He received a telegram from them the next day stating that it would arrive by the mail distributed in Nice at half past eleven of the morning of the day appointed, and would be addressed to the mayor to avoid delay.

Je soussigné, avocat au barreau de New York, Licencié en Droit de la Faculté de Paris, ex-conseil de la Légation des Etats Unis d'Amerique — Certifie —

Que d'après la loi de l'Etat de New York il n'est pas requis de faire aucunes publications avant la célébration d'un mariage, et, en plus, que d'après la loi dud dit Etat, les futures épous n'ont besoin ni l'un ni l'autre d'aucune autorisation de leurs ascendants pour contracter mariage.

Fait à Paris, ce onze Fevrier, mil huit cent quatre-vingt douze

Henry Cachard

Vu à la Légation des Etats Unis d'amérique pour certifier que Monsieur Henry Cachard, ex-conseil de cette Légation, à toute qualité et compétence pour délivrer un certificat de coutume visant des points de droit américain, et que foi et dus a son attestation

Paris le onze Février 1892.

Henry Vignaud

Le ministre des affaires etrangeres certifie veritable la signature de Monsieur Henry Vignaud Paris le 12 Fevrier 1892

Pour le ministre
Pour le chef de Bureau Délégué
E. Corpel

THE MAYOR'S CERTIFICATE.

In company with General D—— and the Comte de L——, who was to be groomsman, he went to the *bureau de l'état civil* a little before the hour of the mail delivery, to learn if the document was satisfactory.

They saw the postman arrive; fifteen minutes later the mayor sent word that no such letter had been received. Our friend's face may well have been the picture of dismay. He felt that the fates were leagued against him.

He dispatched a telegram of inquiry to Paris. The comte hastened to a hotel a short distance away to ascertain if the letter had arrived.

In spite of the anathemas hurled in English by the general at everything French, and his appeals to his disheartened friend to "brace up," the victim felt that the "brace" in him had finally become exhausted. At this point of almost complete collapse the mayor's messenger appeared to say that the special carrier charged with the delivery of registered packages had brought the letter, and that it complied with the requirements.

This certificate was a curious document. It was written on stamped paper, and first bore the statement of American law on the subject by the leading American law firm of Paris. Then a statement signed by the American Minister; then a statement signed by the French Minister of Foreign Affairs certifying to the signature of the American Minister, and that he really was the American representative accredited to France.

Word was sent to all the interested parties anxiously awaiting the outcome; and the relieved but nearly exhausted groom had need of his share of the champagne that was soon opened. Thus, after months of unremitting labor, it was not until a quarter past twelve of the day set for the wedding that he was certain whether or not he could be married in France.

Subsequent details, not embodied in the preceding narrative, were communicated by my friend, to the following effect: "For instance, when I expostulated with the *officier de l'état civil* against what appeared to me as senseless, he very politely remarked that I must not forget that these details caused them much trouble and clerical work which was designed solely to protect the subjects of France; that the marriages of foreigners served only to fill their books and occupy their time unprofitably (as there are no fees). Had it been an American official he would probably have said: 'If you don't like our laws and customs, why don't you get married in your own country?' Again, I was informed by the mayor that the American Consul would furnish us with all necessary certificates; but upon application to him I learned that Secretary of State Bayard had issued an order prohibiting the diplomatic and consular corps having anything to do with American marriages abroad. Then I learned much of the French social customs governing these affairs. After the announcement of the engagement the *fiancée* retires from society until after the wedding. My *fiancée* was under the chaperonage of a prominent society personage, who allowed certain modifications of the French rules; but I was not permitted to call upon her in the evening, nor to walk, drive or attend her to any public place, although I could meet her at church, visit her *loge* at the opera, etc., and return home with the party, but was always dismissed at the door. I was never allowed more than two dances at a ball, and could not be her partner in the german, or sit out a dance with her. All of this was very interesting to me as being so different from our American customs. At the dinner given by my cousin following the civil ceremony, contrary to my expectations, I was not permitted to escort my wife to table, and was cautioned to speak of her as Miss K——, or mademoiselle, in any reference I might make in response to a toast. I was not permitted to speak to her alone, or accompany her party to their hotel after the dinner, and I did not see my wife again until we met at the church altar the following day."

A recent issue of *Galignani* furnishes this illustrative instance, with which our study of French marriage customs may be appropriately brought to a close:

"MARRIED RELIGIOUSLY BEFORE CIVILLY.

"A strange case occurred at Parc St. Maur on Wednesday in connection with a marriage. A young and presumably happy couple went duly through the civil ceremony before the mayor pronounced the terrible 'oui' and signed the certificate of marriage. Then they went to the church and went through the religious ceremony. After the religious ceremony they sat down to the traditional wedding breakfast. But this joyous festivity was interrupted by the appearance of the mayor's clerk, who declared in horrified tones that they were not married.

"The bridegroom reminded the clerk of the ceremonies in which they had just taken part, and told him that they had also repeated the terrible 'oui' before M. le Curé. He said that if this did not constitute a marriage he had been misinformed.

"Then the mayor's clerk confessed that in the hurry and confusion—several marriages had taken place on that day—he had mixed up the marriage certificates, and that they had signed the wrong one.

"As the half-wedded pair expressed a wish to have the ceremony completed that day, the clerk said that they had better return to the Mairie after lunch, by which time he would have drawn up other certificates. But here another difficulty arose. One of the witnesses had gone back to Paris. He was telegraphed for, but it was evening before he arrived. However, the marriage was at last performed according to law, and the young couple went off to Fontainebleau."

THE WOMAN'S STORY OF TOLSTOI'S "KREUTZER SONATA."

By Maley Bainbridge Crist.

Chapter I.

Without doubt no class of men are so well versed in psychological analysis as the priesthood, for to them is laid bare the human conscience, with its mysterious promptings and consciousness of guilt in motive or act. The sins of their people become a powerful educator, not alone deepening their insight and broadening their sympathy for frail humanity, but lifting them as well to a higher and more exalted plane of life.

Father Wayneclete, the venerable and venerated Benedictine, whose life of labor and love elicited the devotion of all with whom he came in contact, was a superior example of this class of men. His sincere earnestness, his singular asceticism, combined with great wisdom and courage, and, above all else, the almost divine spirit of charity which marked his dealings with all his fellow men, stamped him an extraordinary personage.

"HE LIFTED ME FROM THE COFFIN AS THOUGH I HAD BEEN A CHILD."

"Ten years ago Father Wayneclete was given charge of a monastery in a certain small village

in England, situated less than a mile from the convent in which for the past thirty years I have lived as seemingly quiet and uneventful a life as usually marks that of a nun; for no one ever guessed the wild war which all these years has waged in my heart, and which neither time, solitude nor religion has the power to subdue. Even now, as in the seclusion of my convent chamber my rebellious hand dares pen thoughts and deeds which should long since have been wiped from memory, I know that I am committing what is doubtless an unpardonable sin, but which I feel to be my only rescue from insanity. Holy Mother, pity me, for I must write or go mad! Even my religious duties are a hollow mockery, and my life a living falsehood, for during all the outward calm of these years of convent life there has rankled in my heart, where naught but love and peace should reign, a hatred both fierce and bitter; hatred toward man, the author of all my woe—man in whom for thirty years I have believed goodness and sincerity to be but a myth, an ideal element bestowed by deluded women. It is hard for one who has suffered as I have to brand themselves a hypocrite, and yet such I feel myself to be, for I have entered the confessional during all these years without once unburdening my soul of its past sins; and so must I ever have continued, my proud heart rebelling against revealing itself to man, had not mine own eyes witnessed the unselfish and self-sacrificing life of this aged Benedictine, Father Wayneclete. Woman! surely thy name is inconsistency. Wherefore, after thirty years of hatred and distrust toward man, should the white flower of faith blossom within my bosom, and I eagerly stretch forth my hands to welcome the first opportunity of baring my poor scarred heart before this monk who compels both confidence and respect."

She trembled violently as she stole softly from the convent and down the dark avenue of trees leading to the monastery of the Benedictine. So intent was she upon one purpose, that of finding the sympathy which now alone could sustain poor tottering reason, that a sense of impropriety in thus stealing away to the monastery never entered her mind, nor did the fact that she might encounter other monks than Father Wayneclete. Onward sped the slight, dark-robed figure, which might easily have been confounded with the shadows of the night. Onward and still onward, never pausing until she reached and ascended the steps of the monastery cathedral. The human mind is so constituted as often to observe and as it were amuse itself with the most minute and trivial surroundings, at times when its greatest interests are at stake. And so this woman who shrank into the darkest corner of the dimly lighted cathedral mechanically noted the gold-embroidered cloth and quaintly carved candlesticks of the altar; noted the heavy crimson curtain of the confessional, the pictures along the nave, and even the faint perfume of the lilies which decked the altar of the Virgin, before which knelt the aged Benedictine upon whose help she now utterly depended; then slowly her mind wandered back to the object of her visit, and she wondered shudderingly if this man would be able to save her from herself. The church was deserted save for the presence of these two. She was too greatly excited to speak, and seized the sleeve of his surtout much as a child might have done. He started perceptibly. The presence of a nun in this monastic precinct was a thing unheard of; and yet his manner was kindly and his voice sympathetic as he inquired:

"What can I do for you, my daughter?"

The poor creature seemed suffering bodily as well as mentally, and for an instant the small, bloodless hands with their scarred fingers were pressed closely against the left side, while a spasm of pain contracted the features, which, notwithstanding the ravages of age and suffering, together with deep and lasting scars which appealed pitifully to an observer, still bore unmistakable traces of beauty. The monk noted all this, and also that the face was that of a Russian, as he caught in his arms the fainting figure which must otherwise have fallen at his feet.

CHAPTER II.

FATHER WAYNECLETE was now thoroughly alarmed, for the face of his strange guest in the dimly lighted cathedral seemed to bear the gray-ashy whiteness of a corpse. Not caring to arouse the inmates of the monastery, and thereby perhaps divulge a secret intended for himself alone, he labored patiently with his charge, chafing the small, cold hands, and forcing stimulants between the colorless lips, until he was rewarded by her return to consciousness. She sat up, and gazing about in a bewildered way, would have spoken but for the interposition of the monk.

"Wait, daughter. Do not try to speak until you are stronger!" he exclaimed; and she obeyed with the docility of a child.

For some moments they sat thus, when the nun broke the silence by exclaiming, in a voice so pensive, so soft and sweet that it was like the notes of a bird, or the soft ripple of water:

"Father, I have come to you that you may save me from myself."

"Daughter," replied the monk, "I will gladly

offer you my sympathy and assistance by pointing you to the sacrament of penance, that you may make your peace with God."

"Father," she continued, "for thirty years I have entered the confessional without once revealing the burdens of my scarred heart. My life has been a living lie. But the hour has come when I must unburden my soul of its sins and find forgiveness. Nay, more—I must have something tangible, I must have warm human sympathy; for, let my sins be what they may, my suffering has been such that I cannot bear reproach; and you—you are the only one to whom I feel I can confide the story of my life."

"Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow." Softly the words fell from the lips of the monk, and soothed the aching heart of the grief-stricken woman beside him.

A heavy sigh shook the slight form as she replied:

"Never was there an experience like mine; never a life more desolate; and never, perchance, a life hurled into eternity by the stroke of a dagger, and brought back by a kiss, a caress, a kindly word. Ah, how empty all that seems to me now! But I digress. To begin my story: I was the daughter of a landed gentleman of Penza whose fortune was ruined by unwise speculation. I was most tenderly and delicately reared. Educated in a convent, breathing from infancy, as it were, the spirituality of my surroundings, I was graduated at an early age without having entered into the slightest contact with the practical and materialistic outside world. My nature, being both poetical and hypersensitive, became abnormally so, nurtured by such surroundings, and my introduction to society found me as guileless and unsuspicious as a little child, and equally as ready to clothe whomsoever fancy might dictate with attributes existing alone in my own imagination. Just as my education was completed the reverse in my father's fortune occurred; but although dowerless, I found myself surrounded by admirers, for I was what the world called beautiful, and my accomplishments were more than ordinary. My life was smooth and uneventful until there crossed its pathway the man destined forever to curse it—one Posdnicheff. But how the name startles you! You have heard the story, then, of Posdnicheff, the wife murderer? Ay, but you have heard only one side of it; the other I am about to relate to you. But compose yourself, father. You are white like death; you tremble and your teeth chatter. You are not in the presence of a spirit, but in that of the wife whom not alone Posdnicheff, but all who have heard his story, believe to be in her grave."

"Proceed, daughter," replied the monk, with a desperate effort at composure.

"This Posdnicheff," she continued, "created upon me a different impression than had any of my other admirers. There was a suave deference in his manner toward women, mingled with a certain easy nonchalance, which completely captivated me; for how was I to know that the very attributes I admired in this man were born of his intimate experience with women; or, in short, that he appreciated them because he was a voluptuary? It is difficult for a person of my temperament to disbelieve in those who please them. The distrust must come through bitter experience, and my disillusion came through matrimony. Even now, when to forget would be a happiness I never hope to realize, does my memory recall in vivid detail every thrill of joy that filled my heart the night I was betrothed to Posdnicheff. I remember just how our boat rocked to and fro as it drifted along in the moonlight; and how he praised the shimmer of my hair, and vowed I was the only woman he had ever loved. I remember, too, that after our marriage his first allusion to this betrothal night was one of scorn. He said, had it not been for the moonlight on the water, the shimmer of my perfumed hair and the exquisite fit of my gown, he would fortunately have remained heart whole. Doubtless he was right; for well do women know that men esteem them in proportion to their physical attractions; and if in addition they have brain, combined with a certain degree of docility that renders them governable, why, so much the better. This all women know instinctively; but no pure woman ever dreams of the depth of moral degradation into which she may be plunged by the man who swears to honor and protect her. My engagement to Posdnicheff was brief; and my love and childlike trust in him rendered sacred every detail of preparations toward that great event which I told myself should permit me to dwell in the sunshine of his presence as long as life should last. Our courtship, however, was the only happy period I was permitted to enjoy with Posdnicheff; and even this was destined to be interrupted. I shall never forget the awful moment wherein he temporarily shattered my confidence, and for the time obliterated from my life every vestige of happiness. Had I loved him less ardently, or had I been more experienced, when he showed me his diary in which was enough guilt to blast him in the eyes of the world, I would then have renounced him forever; but, God pity me! I was a very child in experience, and in my weakness and love I forgave him; compelling myself to believe that his affection for me had made

him a different man, and that he was now a creature incapable of a sin so heinous as that portrayed in his diary by his own confession. Oh, the fallacy, the hallucination of that blind infatuation the world calls love! The break in our courtship was patched up, and wedding preparations went on with increased rapidity. But alas! how swift my disillusion! The anticipated honeymoon palled upon my taste, and, like the fabled apples of the Dead Sea, turned to ashes. All the mental congeniality and union of soul which I had dreamed was ours vanished forever in a tide of aversion and disgust. I found myself wedded to a monster who viewed my every act with jealousy and suspicion. How well do I remember, when I was no longer able to control my feelings in his presence, I endeavored to evade him by a pretense that I was fretting for my mother; but when he failed to console me, and began chiding me as capricious, I ceased crying, and burst into such a state of frenzied rage as to astonish him into quietude. It was our first quarrel, and it was a fierce one. A mighty chasm which neither of us should ever be able to bridge had suddenly yawned between us. Quarrel followed quarrel in rapid succession, each more bitter than the preceding one; and yet, violent as were these quarrels, there were intervals when this man's bitterness and jealousy were for the time being forgotten, only to burst forth with renewed fury. Picture to yourself what to a pure woman such a life must have been! Hell can hold no terror to one who suffered as did I. Posdnicheff's diabolical jealousy seemed continually to increase, until finally no man dared address me upon the most commonplace topic that his motives were not impugned. He was even jealous of my attentions to my babe—my little Basil, who brought the first gleam of sunshine to my married life. Ere long, however, a baby in the household ceased to be a novelty, and domestic cares crowded upon me with such rapidity that my health became broken and my nerves completely shattered, and I am satisfied that, but for the timely and persistent interposition of my family physician, who insisted that I must have a complete rest both physical and mental, my miserable existence must surely have had a speedy termination. This was the source of another fierce quarrel between Posdnicheff and myself, he avowing that no rascally doctor had any right to intrude his advice. In this instance, however, I was firm; and after a three months' visit to my paternal home (my first in ten years), so rapid was the improvement in my shattered health and broken spirits that I returned to my family with almost the buoyancy of youth in my

Inevitable burdens were more easily borne,

and even the fault finding and unkindness of Posdnicheff ceased to trouble me. For the first time in years I took an interest in things that had been my delight in girlhood days. Once more I tirelessly applied myself to the piano, until I again became a first-rate performer. All this, however, was witnessed by Posdnicheff with the direst distrust and indignation; but having grown calloused through long abuse, a spirit of complete indifference now took possession of me, or I should have been utterly wretched under his constant and vindictive reproach. Well do I remember his turning away from me one day, muttering: 'Curse her! she is more beautiful than the day I married her!' And I remember, too, just what a revengeful thrill of happiness flashed over me as I mentally congratulated myself that I was spared something which my tyrannical master had been unable to destroy. Affairs went on at this rate for several months, when suddenly there entered upon the scene of my lonely existence the one destined forever to change its tenor. Well do I remember the slightest details connected with my first meeting of Troukhatchevsky, of whom I had often heard Posdnicheff speak, but had never met, owing to the fact that he had been in Paris since a year previous to my marriage. I remember that I was looking very well the afternoon that Troukhatchevsky called, and I remember noting the fact with satisfaction after he had gone. Not that I cared to make any particular impression upon him other than the desire to please, which is the innate characteristic of every woman. I remember also my pleased surprise at the cordial invitation Posdnicheff tendered him to return the same evening and bring his violin; and I detected, too, what one less acquainted with Posdnicheff would have failed to do, viz., something other than a desire to enjoy Troukhatchevsky's company and his music—an insane desire (born of furious jealousy) to throw his wife into the society of another man that he might secretly observe her conduct. Troukhatchevsky was the sort of man most women admire and the majority of men dislike. To men he was cold and austere, while to women he was exactly the reverse. He was a handsome man, and although one of genius, was as particular in all the little niceties of dress and social custom as the veriest exquisite might have been. As I now look back on the first evening spent in his society I wonder at the strange fatality which at that critical moment impelled Posdnicheff to throw us together. I knew at the expiration of the first evening that, should circumstances permit (as they bade fair to do), this musician must necessarily fill the void in my lonely existence.

Not that anything tangible presented itself to my mind, only a sense of real comfort experienced in his presence; a feeling that life must be less lonely for knowing him. Long afterward I learned that this intuition was mutual with Troukhatchevsky. Whether or not Posdnicheff read anything of it in the expression of either of our faces I do not know; but he watched us narrowly the entire evening, and I noted the expression of jealousy I knew so well contract his countenance. The evening passed more pleasantly to me than any I had spent for years. Troukhatchevsky's music, played with the spirit of a real artist, and the pleasure of accompanying with the piano a violinist such as he, made the evening an exceedingly enjoyable one to me. At its close I was somewhat surprised at the intensity of Posdnicheff's assumed cordiality toward Troukhatchevsky, and his pressing invitation to him to return at his earliest convenience. Weeks rapidly grew to months, and the mutual devotion of Troukhatchevsky and myself to music, together with the earnest solicitations of Posdnicheff that he should visit us often, threw us frequently in each other's society."

Here the nun paused, and once more pressed her hand closely to her left side as though to suppress a sudden pain. Her colorless lips were tightly compressed, and her eyes closed. The priest trembled as he looked at her, so exactly was she the counterpart of a corpse.

Chapter III.

Ten minutes elapsed ere the strange visitor resumed her story.

"Yes," she continued; "it is useless for me to deny that ere six months passed Troukhatchevsky was the very sunshine of my existence. In a thousand nameless and unobtrusive ways he caused me to realize that I was the one woman in all the world to him; and after all, was it other than natural that one so crushed, so abused, so tyrannized over as was I should reach out after a stray gleam of sunshine that chanced to cross my darkened pathway? During our friendship he was never guilty of the slightest familiarity with me. In the sight of God, who justly judges His creatures by their motives, I was innocent." She heaved a deep sigh, and a bitter smile of sarcasm curled her white lips as she exclaimed, "Heaven pity deluded women! for dark as Erebus is the sea of trouble through which they must pass ere they lose entire faith in that creature so unworthy of it—man. Once more life seemed tinged with the rainbow gleams of bygone days, and time sped on flower-tipped wings, when suddenly as a storm cloud gathers in a clear summer sky so the jealousy of Posdnicheff, which had been quietly strengthening, burst upon my unprotected head in all its awful fury. Posdnicheff himself had planned for a dinner, after which the guests were to be entertained by Troukhatchevsky's music. With seeming interest and delight he had busied himself in sending out numerous invitations to his chosen guests, as well as by ordering an elaborate *menu*, when suddenly, a day or two before the dinner was to take place, I noted a change in him. He was sullen and morose, and I guessed immediately that jealousy was the cause of it. He secluded himself in his study, and I decided to go to him, and if it were possible to conciliate him. I entered the study, and looking toward me without speaking, he lighted a cigarette and began smoking. Seating myself beside him, I leaned my head against his shoulder, exclaiming, 'Why do you smoke when you see I wish to talk to you?' He recoiled from my touch with a look of hatred and disgust. 'If you do not want me to play with Troukhatchevsky I will not do so,' I continued; 'and all you have to do is simply to write to our guests that I am ill.' He burst into a volley of the most horrible oaths, and swore that I had disgraced myself and dishonored him. Fiercely we each flung vindictive epithets, until, seizing me by the arm, in a terrible voice he roared, 'Go before I kill you!' 'Are you mad?' I cried. His eyes seemed to emit sparks of fire as with a voice hoarse with rage he shrieked, 'Go before I kill you!' and seizing a heavy paper weight, he dashed it violently at my feet; and as I turned to fly hurled after me a massive candlestick, still shouting like a madman, 'Go! I tell you—go before I murder you!' I became unconscious, remaining so for hours; I learned afterward that I wept and laughed alternately during all this period. When I again grew calm under the influence of connubial love my husband kissed me, and then we forgave each other. He confessed to me afterward that he had been jealous of Troukhatchevsky. We decided, however, that the dinner should go on as planned, lest some one guess the real condition of affairs (as it had been publicly announced that we were to play). I determined, however, to notify Troukhatchevsky that after this dinner all intercourse between us should cease. The opportunity came to me during a rehearsal which occurred the evening previous to our dinner, and from which, fortunately, Posdnicheff chanced to be absent. Heaven alone can know the anguish it caused me to voluntarily put out of my life the last ray of sunshine that was ever to gladden it. I shall never forget the expression upon Trou-

khatchevsky's handsome face," she continued, dreamily, "when I made known to him the scene which had occurred between Posdnicheff and myself, and which had led to my decision. As a man might plead for his life, so he pleaded with me to relent; but I remained firm in my decision, telling him that upon the morrow we should meet for the last time. The morrow came, and with it our guests. Dinner passed off as dinners usually do, and then followed our music. I seated myself at the piano, a strange pain tugging at my heart. For the last time! for the last time! seemed to ring in my ears like a funeral dirge. I was trembling so violently that I could scarcely arrange the music. I am certain Posdnicheff noticed my extreme nervousness, which I presume he considered due to my inferior talent and the difficult accompaniment I was about to perform. Doubtless he also took note of the manner in which the eyes of Troukhatchevsky and myself were riveted upon each other's face as I began giving the pitch. Troukhatchevsky was as pale as death, but not a muscle of his face betrayed emotion, and his hand was perfectly steady as he drew the bow across the violin. He leaned toward me for an instant, under the pretext of a suggestion regarding the music. 'Through this music my soul shall commune with yours,' he whispered; and the music we were about to perform was indeed that in which every passion of the human heart is portrayed, for Beethoven, like Shakespeare, is the master delineator of every human passion, and the piece we were about to perform was Beethoven's wonderful 'Kreutzer Sonata'; and if ever passion was portrayed in music, if ever one soul communed with another through the divine melody of sound, it was mine with that of Troukhatchevsky, in his exquisite rendering of the 'Kreutzer Sonata.' My accompaniment was wholly mechanical, for I was completely absorbed in the poem of sweet sound which the man whom, in spite of myself, I so tenderly loved was pouring into my soul. That first presto movement, ah! I can hear it yet; it is like a great draught of wine, it intoxicates, and all the music which followed it during the evening could not for an instant efface its impression. It seemed to have exerted an almost hypnotic influence upon me, and the remainder of the evening Troukhatchevsky's music seemed to envelop me like a garment.

CHAPTER IV.

"A STRANGE feeling of desolation came over me as, upon the departure of our last guest, I closed the piano; a dim, half-conscious feeling that, in my loneliness, I should never care to renew the remembrance of the happy hours with which the piano should ever be associated. Two days dragged wearily by, during which time I strove eagerly to engross myself with the children and household affairs, when, at the end of these, Posdnicheff suddenly announced that he was about to leave home upon business which was to detain him a week. His leaving home was always a cause for thanksgiving on my part, but it was seldom he was detained longer than a couple of days. His absence for a week would have been a source of unbounded satisfaction to me had I not been so bitterly depressed over the giving up of Troukhatchevsky, toward whom, in spite of all determination otherwise, my obdurate heart would involuntarily turn. The morning of Posdnicheff's departure there came to me a letter in a familiar hand, the sight of which sent the blood from heart to brain with a bound. It was from Troukhatchevsky, and stated that he had bade Posdnicheff farewell at the station that morning, and that his own plans were arranged for an immediate return to Paris, and that in all probability he should never revisit Russia. Then came a passionate entreaty to meet him once more for a final farewell. The intensity of this man's passion for me was such that each sentence seemed to glow in jewellike splendor. How long, think you, did my cold philosophical reason struggle in the current of such a passion? My will, once so strong, seemed but a poor wind-tossed reed; and as one starving would eagerly grasp a morsel of food, so I hastened to let Troukhatchevsky know that on the morrow he might come to me."

She paused, as if for breath, and her breathing grew difficult and labored, while again, she pressed her hand convulsively to her left side, as though she fain would still a pain that was wellnigh unbearable.

"Let me hasten over this part of my experience, which it almost takes my life to relate," she resumed, her voice hoarse with emotion. "The following evening Troukhatchevsky came; and as I look back upon that, the last happy evening of my life, I wonder that some premonition did not come to me that I was upon the eve of an awful tragedy. But no—naught, save the knowledge that I was soon to part from the man I loved marred those moments of perfect bliss. Ye gods!" she panted; "how soon it was all over! The evening had flown so rapidly that we failed to note the lateness of the hour, which was something past one o'clock. Troukhatchevsky and myself had repaired to the dining room to partake of some refreshments, when suddenly the door opened, and we were confronted by Posdni-

cheff, who, pale as death, stood with hands clasped behind him. Doubtless the countenances of Troukhatchevsky and myself betrayed a mingled expression of surprise and fear, with perhaps a tinge of displeasure at this sudden interruption. Troukhatchevsky was the first to break the silence. 'We have been practicing some music,' he remarked; and then I ventured to exclaim: 'You are back sooner than you expected to be!' Not a word issued from the white lips of Posdnicheff, as with the fury of a madman he threw himself upon me, endeavoring to secrete from Troukhatchevsky the dagger which he carried, in order, doubtless, that he might stab me in the throat or heart. But its glitter attracted Troukhatchevsky's attention, and clutching Posdnicheff's hands, he loudly cried, 'What are you doing? Are you mad? Help! help!' Never have I seen anything to compare with the hideousness of Posdnicheff's face as he tore his hands from the grasp of Troukhatchevsky and threw himself heavily upon him; but the livid face, the protruding eyes and the glittering dagger never swerved me for an instant from my determined effort to save the man I loved; and hurling myself upon his left arm, I bore down heavily upon him. He strove to throw me off, but I bore more heavily still, giving Troukhatchevsky an opportunity to escape with his life. Summoning all his strength, Posdnicheff struck me full in the face. With a scream I fell upon the sofa, crying out, 'There is nothing between us! nothing! nothing! I swear it!' My words seemed to increase his fury; for, catching me by the throat, he shook me so violently as to almost strangle me. With both hands I clung to his, endeavoring to tear them from my throat, when suddenly he buried the dagger in my left side between the lower ribs. My God!" she frantically exclaimed, her small, scarred hand pressing hard against the spot where the fatal dagger had pierced, "there has not been a day, not even an hour, since then, that I have not felt the pain of that dagger's plunge just as I felt it then. I clutched at the dagger with both hands, almost severing my fingers, but could not ward off the blow. However, not satisfied with, as he supposed, murdering me, he dashed me from the couch to the floor, and planting his foot on my face, left thereupon the accursed mutilation which was forever to mark me as a montrosity, a creature to be shunned by all her fellows. I have a vague recollection at this juncture of the old nurse entering, having been attracted by the noise; then, as a jet of blood burst forth, for a time I knew no more. When I recovered consciousness the first thing of which I was cognizant was the smell of antiseptic drugs in the room, and the next, that I was lying upon the bed, propped up very high with cushions. Just then Posdnicheff entered, and nearing the bedside, stood gazing upon me. At sight of him all the horror of the past scene flashed into my mind, and I remember exclaiming, in a weak voice: 'You have killed me, and you shall not have one of my children; they shall go to my sister. I hate you! oh, how I hate you!' Then I grew very cold and speechless. I knew all that was going on about me, and yet was powerless to speak or move. Fedorovitch, my faithful physician, of whom Posdnicheff had ever been so jealous, came to the bedside, and examining my pulse, exclaimed: 'She is dead!' Then came all the hideous preparations of death, even to the placing of my body in a coffin. Great God! my tongue is powerless to utter all the horror I endured. I even knew when the shadows of twilight began to gather, and my little band of weeping children were led from the room by their old nurse, leaving me alone to the night and the horror of my situation. A couple of hours elapsed, and again I heard footsteps and the sound of subdued voices. Nearer and nearer they came, until they paused beside my coffin. One was the voice of my old nurse, the other (although somewhat disguised) was the voice which to me there was none other like. 'I came here at the request of Father Lyof, who is too ill to come himself,' the soft musical voice went on to explain. 'I am the priest from a neighboring village.' The old nurse crossed herself reverently in his presence, and left him, as she supposed, alone with the dead. Gently he lifted the cloths from my bruised, discolored face, and gazed down upon me. 'Great Heavens!' he exclaimed, and started back in surprise. Was I so hideous, then, that even he recoiled from me? was the thought which first suggested itself. He lifted my cold, bandaged hands, stroking them caressingly as he murmured: 'Poor, poor girl! who would have ever dreamed of this?' How his touch thrilled me! Little waves of electricity seemed to flash down my frozen veins. He leaned forward, and I felt a great teardrop plash upon my face. This teardrop of human sympathy, this magnetic touch of the man I adored, seemed to infuse within me a new life. I put forth a tremendous effort; a great sigh escaped my lips, which caused Troukhatchevsky to bend eagerly over the coffin. 'Save me!' I faintly gasped. 'Merciful Heaven!' he exclaimed, 'they are burying her alive!' He lifted my head. 'Thank God that I am in time to rescue you!' he whispered, hurriedly. 'But remember, all depends upon perfect silence on your part. Be strong, dearest. In one hour I will

TASMANIA.—FLOOD IN CATARACT GORGE, LAUNCESTON.—SEE PAGE 347.

return, and then—you are mine, mine forever!' How his words echoed and re-echoed throughout my brain! From the depths of Hades I had suddenly been ushered into heaven. The loathsome coffin, in which the most terrible moments of my life had been spent, suddenly became a downy couch of sweetest repose. The fear, the horror of it all had vanished; for had it not given to me my lover? All that guilty fear which is the necessary accompaniment of an illicit love had also vanished. For, I asked myself, had not death wiped out all guilt, and given me to this man pure as when I became the wife of Posdnicheff?—for so vivid was my remembrance of the awful murder scene, so horribly real the comatose condition from which I was just recovering, that to my confused brain I seemed actually to have been dead. Once during the absence of Troukhatchevsky the old nurse came into the room, and I trembled lest she hear the loud throbbing of my heart; but no, she simply snuffed the candles, relighted a few others, and went her way again. Just before the arrival of Troukhatchevsky every moment seemed an age; all sorts of weird fancies and wild forebodings took possession of me. When he did finally arrive, he entered the room so stealthily that I was not aware of his presence until he stood at my side. 'Courage, dearest!' he whispered. 'A few moments more, and all will be well.' He placed a heavy sack on the floor beside me, and returned almost immediately, bearing another of equal weight. Placing it beside the first, he lifted me from the coffin as though I had been a child, and so quick and deft were his movements that ere I was aware of it I found myself in a close cab which was in near waiting. I learned afterward that the sacks contained one hundred and thirty pounds of lead, and that Troukhatchevsky hurriedly placed them in the coffin, taking care to put on the lid, which he screwed tightly down. Having completed his plan, he immediately sought the old nurse, to whom he gave strict charge that upon no condition whatever was the lid to be removed from the coffin: 'For,' he explained, 'not only is the body beginning to decompose, but it is sacrilegious thus to expose the mutilated countenance of a murdered woman to the gaze of the curious; and when the undertaker arrives upon the morrow say to him, my good woman, that this is the priest's command.' Reverently crossing herself, the old woman assured the supposed priest that his order should be executed, for to the pious Catholic a priest's slightest wish is not to be disregarded; and hence, relieved of all forebodings upon that score, Troukhatchevsky sprang lightly into the cab and drove rapidly away.

CHAPTER V.

"I NO sooner entered the carriage than I again became totally unconscious, and so precarious was my condition that to drive farther than the neighboring village would have been to still more surely endanger my life. Troukhatchevsky, too, was running a risk by remaining longer in Russia, and in his priest's garb he cautiously entered a private hospital, where he deposited a sufficient sum to insure me the best treatment, and imposed upon the credulity of the institution to such an extent as to lead them to believe that I was an only sister, who, having met with a severe accident, he intrusted to their care during an absence on his part compelled by most pressing ecclesiastical duties. He also succeeded in so profoundly impressing them in his favor that they bade him an almost affectionate adieu, tendering him implicit assurance that his most minute directions should be faithfully executed—one of which was to notify him daily of

my condition, and should I recover, to send me in the care of a competent nurse to his address in Paris. Never shall I forget my convalescence," she continued, while her eyes took on a far-away expression. "Never shall I forget the impatience with which I awaited the letters that came so regularly from Troukhatchevsky; nor my feverish longing for the day upon which I was to go to him. The past seemed a blank to me. Even my children were forgotten. I was as one resurrected from the dead; a new life, roseate-hued with youthful dreams, seemed to stretch itself before me. One of my foibles (perhaps the chief) was pride in my personal appearance; and upon my first discovery that my hands (which were my especial pride) had been scarred and disfigured forever I immediately set about to discover if fate had dealt more kindly with my face; but a mirror was promptly refused me, and I had only the beauty of my magnificent hair with which to console myself. I was totally ignorant of the fact that not only was my beauty of countenance destroyed, but that I had been rendered positively revolting; and when the truth was first revealed to me, and from the mirror, instead of the pink-and-white beauty so pleasing to my sight, there stared back at me a hideous, blanched and disfigured face, I wept for days and nights, refusing to be comforted, lest the awful change lessen the love of him whom I now so madly worshiped. Long, tear-stained letters I wrote to him—letters in which I laid bare all the anguish of my tortured soul, all my fears and misgivings; and it was not until strong, comforting letters in his own familiar hand were returned me that my sorrow was lessened and once more I dared to hope. As I look back upon that morning, more than thirty years ago, when I quitted Russia forever, it seems to me a whole lifetime has elapsed. For months my every thought had been one continuous dream of meeting Troukhatchevsky. In my weakened physical condition I was as one who had been hypnotized. I seemed to feel and see only through Troukhatchevsky. My great, absorbing passion for him had deprived me of my personality, woman's chief charm. My love was a morbid, consuming passion, which for the time dwarfed, as it were, my mentality. As I look back upon that pitiful moment of ecstatic bliss when, in Paris, I was once more reunited to Troukhatchevsky, every fibre of my body tingles with scorn. It is unnecessary for me to detail our meeting. It would have been the one supreme moment of my life had there not weighed heavily upon me the fear lest my lover's devotion be lessened through my loss of beauty. I was heavily veiled, and for hours refused every entreaty upon his part to uncover my face. The sound of his soft musical voice thrilled me with foolish ecstasy. I was mad with joy to feel his arms about me once more; to hear him whisper sweet nothings which to me meant everything; to listen to his praise of my voice—my exquisite form; to hear his earnest assurance that no physical change could ever in the least affect his devotion for me, and with his arms close about me to hear him call me his own. His—entirely and completely his—I who had been dead, and was now resurrected that I might live again, as it were, in another world. Ah, the mad joy of the moment was too intense to last!"

She paused, panting for breath; a strange light gleamed in her eyes, which suddenly faded away, giving place to a look of bitter scorn.

"Bah!" she continued, with a shudder. "Why recall all this? But," she slowly added, while a bitter laugh escaped her white lips, "what matters it to one whose heart has turned to stone? Swiftly as the approach of a hurricane happiness gave place to despair. I lifted the veil from my face, and Troukhatchevsky positively recoiled from my presence. There was a look of horror upon his handsome face, which he was plainly struggling to conceal. He arose with bowed head, his long, white fingers covering his beautiful eyes,

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FROM THE BAY.

and walking slowly across the room, paused at the door. 'Poor maimed darling!' he exclaimed, 'I am totally unprepared for this—I must be alone for a little while.' And with the look of horror upon his face he unceremoniously left the room.

"It was the last time I ever beheld him. Swift as an electric stroke was the metamorphosis I underwent. From a loving, trusting woman I was transformed to a creature whose hatred for man was so fierce as to almost consume my vitality. I tarried not a moment in Paris, but quitted it forever, and coming immediately to England, entered this neighboring convent as a nun, and here for thirty years I have tried in vain to live a life of holiness and peace; tried in vain to conquer my hatred for your sex, sufficiently, at least, to seek absolution through the confessional; but not until I beheld your life of lowliness and self-sacrifice could I bring myself to believe that any goodness dwelt in man; and to you, and you only, I felt that I could reveal the history of my shattered life."

The sweet passionate voice had ceased its story, and the monk with bowed head conducted her to the confessional.

"Ego te absolvo a peccatis tuis in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen."

His words were broken by sobs, but they brought sweet peace to the tired spirit of the nun. Issuing from the confessional, the monk exclaimed:

"Daughter, since both you and I have forsworn all mortal passion, I would free your heart of its bitterness toward the man who with you has sinned. I would not shield him, for his sin has been greater than yours and his suffering equal; and yet, you were hasty in your misjudgment of him. He sought you all over Europe, and finding you not, his entire life has been devoted to ministering to others."

"Do you know whereof you speak?" asked the nun, with a queer tremor in her voice.

The monk lifted his head, and the two looked at each other. All traces of age and sorrow in the face of the Benedictine seemed suddenly to have disappeared. True, the hair on his brow was snowy and thin; the long fingers, once so white and shapely, were now hard and worn with toil; the master hand of the artist had lost its cunning; but the beautiful eyes, which in the long ago had found their way into the heart of Posdnicheff's wife, were the same. The face, too, at this instant wore its old familiar aspect, save that now it was spiritualized, glorified, shining, as it were, with an ethereal light.

With a glad cry of recognition the nun sprang to her feet, and the two stood gazing into each other's face in mute rapture. They were like two spirits of another world, who, having undergone the mysteries of life and death, stood calmly looking back upon it all. There was not a vestige of earthly passion in the riveted gaze which so plainly reflected the splendor of their mutual love; and as death ofttimes destroys the lines of age upon a face, and imprints upon the frozen image a smile, so, by some strange revulsion, at this eventful moment the poor scarred face of the nun assumed its old-time beauty. These people who had suffered so long and so deeply, who loved each other with an exalted passion seldom known to mortals, and who were soon to part forever, stood looking into each other's eyes as though they fain would gaze forever. It was a marriage of soul, and the union was complete. They did not even clasp hands in parting; their love was too high, too exalted, to partake of aught that was earthly. For one brief instant the nun knelt at the feet of the monk for his blessing.

"Bendicat vos omnipotens Deus, Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus," he slowly repeated.

"Amen," came the reverent response; and swiftly and silently the slight, dark-robed figure glided out into the night, and away from his presence forever.

The sudden departure from the village of the much-loved Benedictine was a matter of surprise to all save one, and she kept her counsel well.

A year subsequent, in a spacious, sunny convent room sat a nun whose small, scarred hands were busily employed in placing upon canvas a rare painting. She was surrounded by a group of admiring girls, who envied the poor mutilated hands their deftness. Suddenly the brush paused in its birdlike flight across the canvas, and in a full, sweet voice the nun cried out:

"Ah! at last—you have come for me."

The girls looked up in surprise. The nun sank back in her chair; a smile of ineffable sweetness parted her lips—such a smile as had not rested there for over thirty years. She was dead. A few moments later a telegram reached the confessor of that convent, announcing the death of Father Wayneclete. The death of the two had been simultaneous.

TASMANIA.

By E. Trowbridge.

Leaving Melbourne by the Union Steamship Company's *Flinders*, we pass through the Yarra River—redolent of unsavory odors—to the entrance of Hobson's Bay, a distance of two miles; thence through this inland sea, forty-five miles more, to the Heads. Then passing through the Heads, with the watering places of Queenscliff and Sorrento on either side of us, we enter the open sea, and very quickly find ourselves in Bass's Straits, where one is almost sure to experience "Channel weather." To us, however, winds and skies are favorable, and after a quiet night we wake to find the Tasmanian cliffs frowning before us. In Melbourne the weather was hot—102° in the shade; but here the breeze is cool and refreshing, and our enjoyment begins from the moment we set foot on these shores. My friend Torrey, who accompanies me, is an American like myself, and as he has been here before, I find him a regular traveling encyclopedia in regard to people and places of interest in Tasmania.

A true American, loyal to his heart's core; a faithful, devoted friend; a man the very soul of exactitude and honor, my friend Torrey has only one fault. He loves to *walk* himself, and supposes that everyone else is similarly inclined; and to induce you to accompany him on his peregrinations he will stoop to the lowest depths of deceit and mislead you as to distance with unblushing effrontery. The quintessence of truth in all other matters, he cannot state a distance correctly.

As we approach our first harbor, the town of Devonport, we note the beauty of the scenery. The country is rugged and wooded, and numerous little rivers, most of them navigable for a few miles, run into the sea at frequent intervals. At Devonport our steamer stops for four hours, taking in potatoes, and we are enabled to look over the town. Torrey comes to me and suggests a short walk, to see a friend of his—"just around the corner." After a long and patient struggle over hills and through dusty roads we at length reach our goal, and are rewarded by the view as we look out to sea and note the windings of the beautiful little river in which our steamer lies moored. During our stay here the wind has freshened, and as we steam out to sea again, bound for Emu Bay, thirty-five miles distant, everything betokens a lively time for the next three hours. As I sit on deck watching the receding land Torrey comes to me with a bud from the Tasmanian groves on his arm in the shape of a very pretty young lady. "Fred," he says, "I want to introduce to you Miss R—— from Launceston."

He informs me that he has taken Miss R—— under his charge for the remainder of the trip, and then excuses himself "for a moment."

Now, Torrey is a good sailor, and has crossed the straits many times; but this choppy sea is too much for him, and the young lady "under his charge" is left to my tender mercies till we reach our journey's end, when he reappears looking very pale and "tired." Verily, *mal de mer* is no respecter of persons, and one and all are liable to pay their tribute to Neptune.

Emu Bay is most delightfully situated. A little bay runs in, with a splendid beach for bathing; and a fine breakwater has been constructed, running out into the sea for 600 feet. At this breakwater, or pier, all the vessels make fast, and as you approach the town the high mountains in the background make a pleasing contrast to the long line of coast scenery.

Throughout all the northwestern coast of Tasmania one peculiarity strikes the visitor. Each town has two names, and these two names are equally well known, and letters addressed either way reach their destination. For instance, this place is both Emu Bay and Burnie; the last was Devonport or Formby; the next is Circular Head or Stanley, and so on. I have not been able to learn a satisfactory reason for this; there seem to be in each place two cliques, each insisting on a name, and neither will give in.

Emu Bay would make the loveliest watering place in all Tasmania. With its fine drives, its ocean, river and mountain scenery, and its unequaled site for a fine hotel, it lacks only enterprise and push to make it the Newport of Australasia. Several gentlemen are interesting themselves in this direction, and a scheme is on foot to erect a suitable hotel. American capital could well be invested here, and with an American to run the hotel money could be coined.

During the summer months people would flock here from Victoria and New South Wales to escape the heat and enjoy the delightful climate, and the tourist from all parts of the world would find here a haven of rest and peace. We were most hospitably entertained by Mr. J. W. Norton Smith, the managing director of the Van Diemen's Land Company, a company similar to the Honorable East India Company, who have acquired their lands from the crown, and who own

CAPE RAOUL.

great tracts. From Mr. Smith we obtain letters to men of influence in Hobart and Launceston, and also receive an invitation to visit the Mount Bischoff Mine.

This takes a whole day, as it is about forty miles from Emu Bay; but it is well worth the time spent. It is the largest tin mine in the world, and an idea of its value can be formed when you consider that dividends have already been paid amounting to £2,500,000.

On a perfect Sunday afternoon we leave Emu Bay, and by the courtesy of Mr. William Jones are driven to Ulverstone-Deven, a distance of eighteen miles. We are accompanied by the genial proprietor of the Wellington *Times*, a gentleman who is never more in his element than when writing a leader on American politics. The road was along the coast, and the sea, which to-day was peaceful and unruffled, just shimmered in the bright sunlight. Along the side of a cliff we wound our way, looking down on the sea below us, and on the other hand gazing at a sheer wall rising 300 feet above us; through fields of wheat and potatoes, and amid fruit trees not larger than a lilac bush, and yet laden to the ground with the ripe fruit; still on, over perfect roads, and passing directly through the richest iron mine of the colony—where the iron found is within three per cent. of being pure hematite—until another river is

FERN-TREE BOWER, MOUNT WELLINGTON.

HOBART, FROM THE BAY.

reached, and nestling on its banks we see the town of Ulverstone.

We rest over night at Ulverstone, and push on by train at 6 A.M. the next day and come right through to Hobart. The distance is about 225 miles, and yet it took us fifteen hours, as the Tasmanian Government railways run their trains at a slow rate of speed. Owing to the frequent curves and abrupt turns, and also with a view to economy, the road was built narrow gauge, and yet with this drawback everything possible has been done for the comfort of the traveler. I find the carriages as comfortable as those on Continental railways, and all the improvements that the Governments of Victoria and New South Wales have adopted are found here.

The general manager is wide awake and progressive, and extensive travel through the Old World has kept him in pace with the times, so far as is possible. Like the post-office and telegraph systems, the railways are controlled by the government, and their rules are apt to be arbitrary in the extreme.

Our railway journey takes us through the "bush" for miles; and by the "bush" you must not imply a scrub or jungle, but simply an unim-

PINNACLE AND ORGAN PIPES, MOUNT WELLINGTON.

proved country. In places the smaller trees have been removed, and the larger ones have been "rung" and left to die.

Emerging from the bush, our train passes through a country which affords the most varied and beautiful scenery.

Tasmania is certainly the most interesting country it has been my privilege to visit. It was discovered by Tasman, and he gave to it the name of his patron, Van Diemen, and called it Van Diemen's Land, which name it bore for years, though latterly it is only spoken of as Tasmania.

But to resume: Our train wound its way through a splendid farm country and over pasture lands where thousands of sheep were grazing, then through glades of ferns and bulrushes—great tree ferns, and bulrushes ten feet high, almost resembling sugar cane. The grand mountains were all about us, and we wound in and out, the scene ever changing. The beautiful purplish haze was over all, and never have I seen such a scenic effect. Suddenly we came to a sort of morass, or lagoon, covering acres, with long grass of a dark-blue color, and through this grass the water could be distinguished, over which the setting sun cast a golden pathway to the high mountain in the distance, adding to its beauty and grandeur: and so on and on, till the twilight deepened into night and the stars shone clear and bright, fairly lighting up the heavens and making the Sepulchre at the foot of the Southern Cross yawn in its prominence. Around one more sharp turn, a perfect horseshoe bend, then crossing the Derwent River, we enter the city of Hobart, behind which towers Mount Wellington, 5,000 feet above the sea. Here, too, Torrey knows everyone, and, accompanied by several colonial gentlemen, friends of his, we thoroughly *do* the city. There is so much to be seen that one hardly knows where to begin to describe it all. Torrey, with his customary exactness, informs me that we "must start at 8:23 o'clock," and then wakes me up at five o'clock, so that I may be ready. But even the inconvenience of early rising is forgotten, as each turn of the road shows us a different view yet more beautiful than the last. Leaving the city, we ascend a steep hill—in fact, for seven miles our road is all uphill—and soon Hobart lies below us; the beautiful river, with its many turns and numerous little bays, winds about and through the city. One of the finest harbors in the world is spread out before us like a huge inland lake, having a narrow opening to the sea; and beyond that the coast range of cliffs and mountains, with all their rugged beauty . . . . . .

Before us is Mount Wellington, towering into the clouds, with its grim and precipitous front and its verdure-clad sides, while all about us are ferns and flowering shrubs. To please Torrey I alight and take a walk, or, rather, a climb, over rocks and fallen trees, and through streams whose edges are covered with the most luxuriant ferns. As I progress I feel that for friendship's sake I am taking my life in my hands, for snakes abound here, and their bite is deadly; but again I am repaid, for suddenly the rushing of waters is heard, and a magnificent waterfall bursts on our view. We now stand at the very foot of Mount Wellington, and it seems even more majestic in its grandeur as we look at it through the network of tree ferns which surround us. Little mountain streams dash merrily along, and the great eucalyptus trees, rooted 300 feet below in the glade, tower above where we stand.

Returning to our friends (who "would not take that walk for all the scenery Tasmania can offer," but which was joy to Torrey), we leave Mount Wellington behind us, and now wind around a mountain whose sides run down to the sea, from where we get a continued view of river, bay and sea. The Derwent River is about the width of the Hudson, but its course is tortuous in the extreme, and the scenery it affords is ever changing. At New Norfolk it perhaps reaches the height of its beauty, and here we were shown over the hop-growing country, which interest is assuming vast proportions in the colony. We in America who have traveled thoroughly over our own country, and who have repeatedly crossed the ocean and traveled over Europe, begin to seek new and novel scenes. To such I say, *Come here!* Here is a country rich in its resources and brimful of interest. Fruit and wheat grow to perfection. One farmer here told me that he had this year raised a crop of wheat 104 bushels to the acre. The mineral resources are beyond estimate. The rich mines of the west coast are only just being developed, and their possibilities are enormous. Tin, iron, silver, lead and gold are already found in large quantities, and timber is of the utmost value.

Several species of hard woods which grow here are most valuable, the Tasmanian blackwood especially being desirable for furniture makers, picture-frame manufacturers, etc., as it is capable of taking the highest polish, and while resembling ebony is harder than lignum-vitæ. The timber used here for the paving of the streets is almost as hard, being thoroughly durable, and seems to outwear stone. I noticed in places, where wood and stone pavements join, that the wood had worn best, and that even where the juncture was made

the wood had not chipped or broken. Here is an industry to be opened up between the United States and Tasmania. The cities of Hobart and Launceston have pavements that have stood all tests since 1885, and are now as good as when laid.

Every American knows what the experience has been in our own cities, and how much money has been wasted on wooden pavements, simply because our blocks would not stand the wear. Here are the blocks for us, and the supply is almost endless. Admittedly wooden pavements are most desirable, and with these blocks shipped to us, we would have street pavements to be proud of, and not be, as we are to-day, the scorn and derision of visitors in this respect. Another advantage to be gained would be that vessels coming here with general cargoes could secure return freights, whereas now they are compelled to go to other ports, seeking.

There was an exhibit made of these blocks, and a section of the pavement laid down, in the grounds of the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago, and the attention of the proper authorities was directed to this enterprise. The roads about the city, and, in fact, all through this colony, are excellent, having been constructed by the convicts when Van Dieman's Land was a penal colony. There are about 35,000 inhabitants in the city of Hobart, and perhaps 10,000 less in Launceston, while the whole island has a population of less than 200,000. The financial condition of the colony is good; and while general business is dull now, owing to the depression prevalent throughout all Australasia, things seem to be improving here, and the outlook is greatly enhanced by the feeling of confidence in the present government and their policy. At present the bonds of the colony, freely taken in London, bear four and a half per cent. interest, but new bonds are now being issued, to retire these, bearing interest at three and a half per cent.

It is to be hoped that some of our investors will look into this matter. The loan is well secured, the country prosperous, and these bonds can be bought at about ninety-two.

About the city of Hobart are many fine buildings, gardens and parks. On the banks of the Derwent, just at the edge of the bay, is the Queen's Domain, a large park extending for miles along the river. In this park is situated Government House, which is the finest government residence in the colonies.

Then there are the barracks and soldiers' quarters, with the fine parade ground, where the bands discourse fine music to the delight of the thronging populace.

The hotels are decidedly primitive all through the colony, and are lacking in many necessaries. After certain hours it is impossible to obtain food, and there are no restaurants in the whole city. An excellent opportunity is offered here to a live American to run a hotel properly.

I must not forget to mention the trumpeter, a most delicious fish taken only in these waters. It is similar to our shad, only it is free from bones.

But Torrey has planned a trip to Port Arthur, the late penal settlement of the colony, and I must speak of this before leaving Hobart. With his customary forethought he has made all arrangements, even to providing the best of company, and informs me that we must leave at eight o'clock in the morning.

That hour sees a jolly party on board the little steamer which is to convey us to our destination. Port Arthur is about forty-five miles from Hobart, and as the day is perfect and the sea calm we all anticipate the trip.

Two gentlemen with their wives, a sprightly little widow named Mrs. Hawley, and a Miss Logan, with ourselves, comprised the party. The sail down the bay was delightful. On either side of us rose the mountains, in many places wooded to the water's edge, the shores being indented here and there with little coves; behind us was the city, with its high mountain background, and before us the open sea. We pass through a sort of narrows, and by a reeflike island called the "Iron Pot," on which is erected a lighthouse, and then we are fairly at sea, and just about where the waters of the Pacific and Indian Oceans merge. The fresh breeze from the south, with no land nearer than the south pole, creates a gentle swell, the ladies begin to lose their interest in the scenery, Torrey grows pale and suggests that the motion is less felt amidships, and all of a sudden the little widow and himself are missing. Miss Logan pluckily remains on the upper deck with me; and as for myself, the interest increases, for we are passing the wildest and most rugged cliff scenery on which I have ever gazed. In a sort of hole in one of these cliffs we are pointed out the "Blowhole," a place where the action of the waters for endless ages past has worn a passage through the cliff itself, and left a sort of waterway, through which each incoming wave forces its way. The waters recede very rapidly, and during storms the sight is grandeur itself. The receding and incoming waves meet each other with a report like a clap of thunder, and the spray is dashed to an immense height, and burrows its way into the solid rock, honeycombing the cliff. In Marcus Clarke's well-known novel, "For the Term of His Natural Life," the author

"TESSELLATED PAVEMENT."

makes one of his characters, John Rex, escape by this means.

Close at hand is also seen the celebrated "Tessellated Pavement," a natural pavement of rocks worn as smooth as the entrance to an Oriental palace, each square being distinctly outlined. But now we see Cape Raoul before us, and all interest is centred on this, the very acme of rugged beauty. I am on the bridge with the captain, and the breeze having died away, we pass so close that I can easily toss a biscuit ashore. The cliff rises sheer 2,000 feet above us, and at its base the water is thirty-five fathoms deep. Here and there little shrubs may be seen clinging to the face of the cliff, but for the most part it is barren rock, and yet wildly, grandly beautiful. The cliff seems to rise out of the sea in perpendicular columns, and these columns unite and form one grand whole, and yet each separate column can be distinguished. The top is as even as a table save toward the very point itself, where the afore-mentioned columns do not unite, but tower up in solitary grandeur, close together, rugged and uneven, and terminating in sharp pinnacles resembling the pipes of a huge organ. At the base of the cliff are numerous caves worn out by the prolonged beating of the waves, and even in the mildest weather the spray [illegible]es to a great height, adding to the effect. Leaving Cape Raoul, we [illegible]rown Mountain, and rounding that, pass into smooth water; and after two more abrupt turns we see the village of Port Arthur nestling before us at the foot of a hill.

We next pass "Dead Men's Isle," where are buried 1,700 bodies, mostly of convicts. Save for its historic associations there is little to interest one in Port Arthur now. The ruins of the old Penitentiary still stand, and we were fortunate enough to secure as guide an old convict, now free, who came out in 1846. He took us everywhere, and many and thrilling were the stories to which we listened of those old terrible days, when men were kept in chains for a whole year; when for the slightest misdemeanor they were taken out and given "one hundred on the bare back"; where bulldogs by land and sharks by sea prevented escape, and where work in the underground coal mines must have been akin to the horrors of Siberia. Men suffered in those days beyond de-

TASMAN'S ARCH (SOUTH COAST OF TASMANIA).

LAUNCESTON, FROM CATARACT HILL.

scription, and it was not an uncommon thing for prisoners to drown themselves, or to draw lots as to which should kill the other, the survivor preferring the death penalty that followed to a life of endless torture. We were shown the "Triangle," where all hands were called to witness punishment, the culprit being stripped to the waist and triced up (and here our guide showed us by the marks on his back that this was no fairy tale); then the houses of the governor and commandant, in the grounds of which are two willows transplanted from Napoleon's grave at St. Helena; and then the old church, which was designed and built by one of the convicts, and for erecting which he received his freedom.

PORT ARTHUR—SHOWING RUINS OF CONVICT CHURCH.

GOVERNMENT OFFICES, HOBART.

The old "Model Prison" has been purchased by an Episcopal clergyman, and is being remodeled as a residence. No visitors are allowed now; but here again Torrey came to our aid. He knew the clergyman, and by his courtesy we were allowed to enter. The chapel was the most interesting. At service, each prisoner marched to his seat and then closed a door, shutting himself out of sight of his neighbors, and only being visible to the wardens who sat in front, like grim statues, and who reported almost the moving of an eyelid.

The convicts were made keepers, or constables, as they were called, and the more vigilance they exercised the longer they held their position, which yielded them 2s. 6d. per day. Our guide told us that he had known a convict constable to lead his own father out for one hundred lashes before breakfast. The old solitary cells are now being made into one large room, and will constitute the smoking room of the reverend gentleman's house, which must ever be a rather grewsome place in which to live.

Volumes could be filled about this place, with its horrors of old; but our whistle sounds and we must be off.

During our four hours' stop the wind has freshened into a regular southeast gale, and our little steamer has a hard time of it "rounding the Raoul." We notice places where the cliff seems to have been broken away, and are informed that last year some men-of-war used it for target practice. Surely an act of vandalism like this is to be deprecated.

Our return journey occupies more time than our trip down, and the night is far advanced before we reach the smooth waters of the bay. Miss Logan has grown very "tired," and on more than one occasion her head droops and she needs to be "held in place," while Torrey and the widow, wet through by the frequent baths of spray, are oblivious of all but each other. But home is reached at last, and after much persuasion our host at the hotel provides a cold supper for us, and we retire.

Early the next day we bid a reluctant farewell to the many friends who have done so much to make our week at Hobart enjoyable, and regaling ourselves once more with the scenery, which never palls, we reach Launceston, whence we shall take the return steamer to Melbourne.

Tasmania is certainly a Mecca for the tourist, and here at Launceston we are again impressed with its varied opportunities for enjoyment.

TOWNHALL, HOBART.

I am under obligations to many gentlemen for courtesies rendered, and for facilities given me to see so much in my limited time. Messrs. Walsh Brothers, and Birchall, of Hobart and Launceston, publish an excellent "Handbook of Tasmania," as well as the "Tasmanian Almanac," and other interesting accounts of the old convict days. Very few ticket-of-leave men are now in Tasmania, and the society is refined, the inhabitants being for the most part either natives or descendants of good old English stock, and you meet with true, unostentatious hospitality on all sides. England is still "home," and will ever remain so to those simple and loyal hearts.

But now for a few words about Launceston. The city is located at the head of the River Tamar, forty-four miles from the sea, and is not as picturesque as Hobart. The *distant* scenery is very fine, but there is no immediate background of mountains, and the city itself lacks a setting, so to speak. The finest view of Launceston is obtained from the bridge over Cataract Gorge, and this spot, which will be referred to later, is very beautiful and interesting. The private residences and some of the public buildings are perhaps, as a whole, finer than those in Hobart, and the parks and surrounding drives are very beautiful and well laid out. A pleasant drive through a rich farm country, affording frequent glimpses of the river, brings you, after nine miles have been covered, to a place called "Corra Linn." A branch of the River Esk flows between high rocks, and the stream abounds in rapids and waterfalls. Here again was Torrey's energy shown.

He was determined that the whole party should see the sight from the best vantage point, and despite our protestations he led us down a steep and perilous pass, from which place, having first returned thanks to Heaven for our safety, we feasted our eyes on the scene before us. We stood at the bend, and the stream came rushing and tumbling toward us. Before us was "Pulpit Rock," rising perhaps 200 feet. Leaving the place where we stood, the river flowed between high walls for perhaps a quarter of a mile, and the effect was comparable to that of looking through a great unroofed tunnel.

But the finest of all the scenery about Launceston, and perhaps the very gem of the colony, is the "Cataract Gorge." Torrey said it was "only a step," and scoffed at the idea of riding; and this time he was within limits, for it was only about four miles, and we, having taken it easily, were not at all fatigued. At this point two mountains come together, and between them is a wild and picturesque gorge. Through this flows one branch of the River Esk. Along one side of this gorge has been constructed a pathway; in places it is cut out of the rock, and again it consists of bridges or footways resting on trestlework.

SETTLER'S FIRST HOUSE, ON A TASMANIAN BUSH FARM.

On one side the rocks tower above you, with the ferns growing everywhere in great profusion; on the opposite side is an inaccessible mountain, with different tints of green; while far below rushes the river, with its whirlpools and rapids. We were unfortunate in seeing the gorge when the Esk was very low, but could imagine the power and glory of the river at floodtime. The walk extends into the heart of the mountains for perhaps one mile, and each turn reveals something new, till finally you gaze down into a circular pool called the First Basin. Looking back from here, you get different glimpses of the path you have

trod; here and there little bowers or pagodas have been built and seats are conveniently placed, and the whole forms a grand and wild park, a cool retreat, a delightful resort for the people of the city after the labors of the day are ended. Taken altogether, 'tis a "thing of beauty," and will surely remain "a joy forever," for time must only enhance this rugged beauty.

The "Government Reserves" are frequent throughout the colony. Large tracts of land are held by the government; sometimes they are leased for a term of years, or held to be some day devoted to the public good in the shape of parks or gardens. During one of our drives we came across a settlement in the bush, and saw the axmen at work felling trees. I suppose no people in the world can compete with the Tasmanian axman. His celerity and dexterity in leveling to the ground a mighty tree is wonderful. At all athletic sports here they have their chopping contests, and one of these men will lay low a monarch of the forest measuring from four to five feet in circumference in less than six minutes.

The following day we embark on the steamship *Pateena*, and enjoy a sail down the winding river through scenes ever changing, now wild, rugged and primitive, again peaceful and luxuriant, till we pass through the Heads and enter the open sea, leaving Tasmania behind with many regrets. The sea is quiet, the night delightful, and Torrey, glorying in the fact that *this time* he is not sick, keeps everyone up till midnight talking over the incidents of the trip. We awake in the morning with delicious memories of cool mountain airs, only to swelter in the intense heat of a Victorian summer's day.

LA REINE EST MORTE—VIVE LE ROI!

By Bettie Garland.

No more lilies hanging fragile on their slender tilting stems,
No more roses' crinkled heart-cups holding up their dewdrop gems;
Every ray of morning sunlight glitters coldly as it shines,
Pierces through the floating vapors, leaving white uncertain lines.
Time is tapping nimble fingers on the daylight's hourglass sand;
Autumn gives her jeweled sceptre into Winter's shivering hand;
Winter waves it, and the jewels, garnets, rubies, topaz rare,
Strewn from royal crown and sceptre, stain and dye the frosty air.
Like poor birds, the hunter's target, come they swiftly quivering down;
Nature holds them on her bosom, wrapped in shrouds of gray and brown.
Comes the Ice King, spreads his ermine o'er the earth from pole to zone,
Decks his head with crown of crystal, blustering, breathless, mounts his throne.

WINTER TWILIGHT.

By F. W. Bourdillon.

O winter twilight, while the moon
  Grows whiter on the deepening blue,
  I find some brief-lived thoughts in you,
That rise not in the night or noon.

Of faded loves that once were sweet,
  But now are neither sweet nor sad;
  Of hopes that distant looked so glad,
Yet lie unnoticed at our feet.

Small profit; yet in dreams that hold
  One hand to forward, one to past,
  We stay the years that fly so fast,
And link our new lives to the old.

Fort Hamilton

By Don C. Seitz.

"They of the artillery" lead routine lives. The infantry and cavalry in Uncle Sam's little army see life in camp and field; chasing Apaches in Arizona and cow stealers in the Sweet Grass country, they find excitement in the scout and on the trail; they have all the variety that the broad frontier affords, and become seasoned soldiers, fit for any task, and can make names for themselves. But the artillery regiments are forever pent up in garrisons, awaiting the foreign invasion that it is to be hoped will never come. Their lives are spent tugging away at great guns and pelting distant targets in lieu of hostile war ships. There is a little dash in the light battery line now and then, but only for practice.

ENTRANCE TO ROOM ONCE OCCUPIED BY STONEWALL JACKSON.

Scattered from Fort Preble in the lovely harbor of Portland to Fort Barrancas on the far-away Florida keys, four regiments of artillery spend their days. Fort Warren in Boston harbor, Fort Adams at Newport, old Fort Schuyler on Throgg's Neck in the Sound, the general headquarters of the Department of the East on Governor's Island, Fort Hamilton and Fort Wadsworth, with the breastworks and bastions of Fort Tompkins, guarding the Narrows; Fort McHenry, still glorious for its famous defense of Baltimore, and

INTERIOR.

OLD POWDER MAGAZINE.

Fortress Monroe, the only splendid sample of the art of Vauban and Cohorn which the country owns, accommodate most of them. Since ancient Fort Marion at St. Augustine, built more than three centuries ago, became untenable, its garrison enjoys life at St. Francis Barracks, and infantry have taken the place of the artillery.

But the chief artillery station on the Atlantic coast is at Fort Hamilton, on the tip end of Long Island, whose other tip end carries the warning beacon of Montauk Light to the edge of Nantucket Shoals. Long Island is a natural breastwork for the greatest State and greatest city in the nation, but it is armed only at Fort Hamilton. Should an invasion ever come the point of attack would fall in the harbor of New York. Here is to be found the greatest wealth, and the indemnity that a powerful fleet might exact defies immediate estimate. The defenses are old and poor, but they are slowly being bettered against the time when some hostile cruiser with ten-mile guns shall anchor off Gravesend, and with the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge for a target endeavor to play havoc with the metropolis.

It was on the morning of the 22d of August, 1776, that the fair New Utrecht shore caught its first glimpse of war. The Bay of Gravesend was filled with British ships bearing Lord Howe's army of conquest. Scattered about amid the vales of King's County, the Continental army, under Washington, Israel Putnam and Lord Stirling, awaited the foe. Warned of their coming, but not certain whether Long Island or New Jersey was to be the attacking point, hasty fortifications were thrown up in commanding positions in what is now Brooklyn and Prospect Park, on Governor's Island, and here on the edge of the green Dyker's Meadows, by the landing known as Denyse's Ferry, where Colonel Hand and his riflemen raised a rude redoubt. On this fateful August morning, then, the guns of the frigate *Rose* barked ominously, and were followed by the broadsides of the *Phenix* and *Greyhound*, until Hand and his Continentals were pelted out of their position, and it was made clear that the move on Jersey was a feint, and that Brooklyn and New York were the objects aimed at.

None too soon did this knowledge come. Without delay the barges from the transports were filled with "redcoats" and pulled away for shore. The little battery of twelve-pounders was theirs in a moment more. Bateaux of Hessians from the Staten Island rendezvous swelled the forces, until an army of 20,000 troops were marshaled along the shore under Howe, Clinton and Cornwallis, the great commanders of the Revolution on the British side. They had come in pursuance of a well-formed plan, and had come to stay seven years, until the final evacuation at the end of the tedious war.

There followed the battle of Long Island, the first conflict after Bunker Hill, replete with disaster to the Continental army; but of that history has told enough.

At this time Alexander Hamilton, the great Federalist from whom the fort gets its name, was a stripling just out of King's (now Columbia) College, and had taken up his sword in the cause of the republic, in the creation and perpetuation of which he was to play so important a part.

Strangely, but slight efforts were made to fortify the Narrows during the War of 1812. Nor did the British essay a land attack upon New York. The fleets of the enemy invaded Long Island Sound and hovered off the Capes of the Delaware, now and then edging in from Barnegat to Sandy Hook, and once creeping up the Shrewsbury to toss a few round shot into Red Bank. Even in 1814, when Hardy's squadron scared the city into sudden efforts to erect defenses, the Narrows were neglected, save for a beginning that in time became Fort Lafayette, on a ledge in the channel. Land was in this year ceded for the present site of Fort Hamilton, but it was not utilized. Instead, the low bastion on Governor's

Island, where Wouter Van Twiller was once manorial lord, was strengthened, the Heights of Harlem and those of Fort Greene, in Brooklyn, were covered with redoubts, the citizens and soldiery working with prodigious zeal. As the poet Samuel Woodworth wrote,

> "Plumbers, founders, dyers, tinners, tánners, shavers,
> Sweeps, clerks and criers, jewelers, engravers,
> Clothiers, drapers, players, cartmen, hatters, tailors,
> Gaugers, sealers, weighers, carpenters and sailors,"

all delved with pick and shovel for the common protection. So well were they satisfied with the result of their labors that Woodworth evolved this defiance :

> "Better not invade; recollect the spirit
> Which our dads displayed and their sons inherit.
> Still, if you advance, friendly caution slighting,
> You may get by chance a bellyful of fighting.
>
> "Chorus.—Pickax, shovel, spade, crowbar, hoe and barrow;
> Better not invade—Yankees have the marrow."

This hasty work was performed under the direction of General Joseph Gardner Swift, the first graduate from the West Point Military Academy, then a lieutenant of engineers. None of it was destined to be permanent in its character. The war was so much an affair of the sea that it taught no special lesson as to the need of shore defenses, and for a decade nothing was done.

But as the country grew the requirements of coast defense began to receive attention. General Bernard, an eminent French engineer, was detailed to select sites and plan fortifications. This was the beginning of the forts at the Narrows. The glorious gateway to the grandest harbor in the world wore an aspect of smiling peace, broken only by the low walls of Fort Lafayette, half hidden under the shadow of the lofty shore, until August 25th, 1824, when Colonel George Talcott, of the Engineers, surveyed the lines of Fort Hamilton. On April 26th, 1825, ground was broken; on June 11th the corner stone was laid; and on July 10th, 1831, the completed fort was turned over by Captain Blaney and Lieutenant Mansfield to Major Rene De Mussey. Battery F of the Fourth Artillery, Captain Levi Whiting, formed the first garrison.

There is but little history about the fort, and that is mainly reminiscent of the old army—the old army of Zachary Taylor and Winfield Scott. Many subalterns who did duty within the gray old walls,

EXTERIOR OF CASEMATES.

A LITTLE GAME.

played poker in the whitewashed casemates or idled on the bombproofs watching the ships sail by, became noted soldiers in the War with Mexico and famous commanders in the battles of the Rebellion. Robert E. Lee, the general of the Confederacy, was stationed at the fort as a lieutenant of engineers for two years before he went away to win his first laurels at Chapultepec. Here, too, in a low, snug casemate, Thomas Jonathan Jackson, who will live in history as the "Stonewall" of the Confederacy, was long quartered as a lieutenant of the First Artillery, the same fine regiment that now garrisons the post. There is nothing notable about the room. It is at the corner angle, and the sod is deep on its roof. The trees that were saplings in Stonewall's time are giants now. There are no traditions about him at the fort. He was simply a stern-faced young officer with little sign about him of the hero he was to become. General John Sedgwick, who fell at Spottsylvania, on the Union side; Abner Doubleday, chief of artillery, a gallant and noble man; General William F. Barry and General Henry J. Hunt, were lieutenants in the Second Artillery at Fort Hamilton. General Truman Seymour was a lieutenant with Stonewall Jackson in the First Artillery. In the shifting of troops just before the war Major Robert Anderson, the defender of Fort Sumter, was for two years the commandant of the garrison. Major Anderson left, with his detail of First Artillerymen, for his world-famous stand at Sumter.

SIGNAL DRILL.

A SALLY-PORT

PRISONER AT WORK

SENTRY-BOX

A SOLDIER'S WIFE

Long ago Fort Hamilton village was a place of pleasant resort, with a huge colonnaded hotel, much frequented by Southerners who liked to spend the hot season in comfort by the sea. Now it is but a shabby station at the end of an electric road, afflicted with evil resorts and abounding in brawling throngs. But the panorama it unfolds is as beautiful as ever. Low down in the water side the walls of Fort Lafayette are crumbling; farther back, villas line the shore. Across the Narrows the granite stronghold of Fort Wadsworth hugs the foot of the hill upon which the earthworks of Fort Tompkins stand out in grassy outlines, formidable, but far from looking so. To the left, on Long Island, lie the Dyker Meadows, soon to bristle with powerful ordnance; beyond, the villages of Bath and Bensonhurst, with Coney Island's picturesque grotesquery cutting off the seaward view. Sandy Hook is straight ahead, with the Highlands of Navesink behind it, upon which, at night, the cyclopean eyes of the Two Lights glow and flash across the waves, telling that here are sands and shoals, and a shore that is to be avoided when the breakers are high.

There are Revolutionary memories in plenty in the country about the fort. Not far distant stood the house where the patriot General Woodhull died from wounds inflicted by a British trooper, who fell upon him with his bayonet when the general, commanded to say "God save the king," answered, bravely, "God save us all." The Cortelyou house now shelters the engineers who are busy improving the fortifications. It is at the extremity of the present line of breastworks. It saw the beginning of the battle of Long Island, and is perfect yet.

The day in garrison begins long before the dawn, while the mist is yet gray over the bay. Bugles blow and drums vibrate until the troopers are wide awake. Then begins the routine of drill, dress parade, and such work as the post affords. The prisoners are brought out from the guardhouse, clad in full suits of brown overalls, and set to cleaning up corners and doing odd jobs, under the direction of an armed sentry. Petty infractions of discipline and affection for "red eye" from the village barrooms keep a sufficient supply of men in disgrace to get the chores done.

Behind the main fort, between the low wooden building called headquarters and the grass-enshrouded bastion, is the parade ground, a pretty piece of lawn, upon which, at nine o'clock in the morning, the band turns out under lead of a tall drum major and attunes a battalion through the evolutions of dress parade and inspection. The battalion is small, but full-uniformed and soldierly. Every detail of military requirement is gone through with, and the band is one of the best in the service. It is a source of pride with the veteran Colonel Loomis L. Langdon, of the First Artillery, who commands the post, and is kept up to a high musical standard.

While the drill goes on the wives and families of the officers gather about the piazzas of the headquarters building to listen to the music and enjoy the briskness of the scene. It is a sort of reunion with the military clan, an occasion of gossip and sociability.

The homes of the officers are in a row of handsome houses along the village side of the ninety-six-acre reservation. Here are gardens and trees and tennis courts, pleasant homes for the commandant and his subalterns. Behind them are the barracks and storehouses, the hospital, doctor's house, and the stable and barracks of the light battery.

The light battery is admirably disciplined and equipped. Under its commander, Captain Dillenback, it has participated in numerous parades in New York, always attracting deserved attention by new 3:10 field guns and its "business" appearance. The horses are fine chestnuts, named after great Union generals, and the men are active, sinewy young fellows, inured to hard service. Inside the old brick structure in which the light batterymen lodge by themselves the floors and tables, all uncovered and unpainted, shine, so clean and polished are they. The plates and cutlery, and indeed every item required for living purposes, are spick and span. The little library is well thumbed, and an ancient billiard table has had its green baize worn threadbare by unnumbered sharpshooting carromers.

The flag and the sun keep together at military posts. The sullen bark of the gun echoes as the standard floats out in the morning air, or as it flutters down in the twilight. Other guns at other forts resound and other flags flutter. There is no deviation in military regularity and formalities. Though Fort Hamilton is the headquarters of the First Artillery, it is not an official saluting point. Sometimes foreign war ships, whose commanders do not know that the saluting battery is on Governor's Island, bang away with blank cartridges at Fort Hamilton. Then the colonel has to bestir himself to return a prompt answer, and so avoid possible diplomatic complications with the sensitive saluters from abroad.

Most picturesque is the deserted bastion, with its portcullis and moat, its underground chambers and its suggestiveness of ruin. Instead of war, it is given over to the most necessary operation of peace, the making of bread. In a big oven battalions of loaves are baked, which go to

feed the men at the post, and some of which supply the officers' families, though these have to be paid for and accounted for to the quartermaster. The rations at a military post are varied by a device known as a company fund. The supplies of flour and beef and bacon are much more per man than are required in co-operative cooking. The company is therefore credited with the surplus at market value, and can use the money in supplying itself with vegetables and dainties not found in the regular ration. Married men benefit by this device as well as the single troopers. The government allows regular soldiers to marry, and provides to a certain extent for them in the way of quarters, rations and transportation. Here at Fort Hamilton the families live in the casemates set aside for married men, and in a little tangle of rude houses, hung birdcagelike in the counterscarp.

No Kipling has come up to tell of the romance of these barracks. Romances there are, and sometimes tragedies.

During the war time old Fort Lafayette in the Narrows was crowded with state prisoners, many of them men of eminence, some of them suspected spies, blockade runners and adventurers such as appear at times of human commotion. Now and then a few of these overflowed into Fort Hamilton. One of these was Colonel Thomas, known as Zarvona, or "the French lady," from the fact that he was small of stature and effeminate in bearing, and under cover of a woman's garb led a band of a dozen men on board a Chesapeake steamer, and when well out of the harbor captured her and hoisted the flag of the Confederacy. He finally escaped from Fort Lafayette, after a term in Fort Hamilton, by improvising a set of life preservers. Unfortunately, these proved his doom. His body was found floating in the bay, with the preservers in such a position as to keep his head submerged. Captain Kennedy, who was implicated in an attempt to set fire to the leading hotels of New York city, and who was hanged at Fort Lafayette, lies in a forgotten grave in the post cemetery along with nameless troopers who have here ended their adventures.

All sorts and conditions of men abide in the artillery. The First possesses a poet in the person of Private William Stokes, of Company G, whose army verses have excited much attention. They have been published in the *Army and Navy Journal*, and have been widely copied. Here is one of his best, and it fits the service neatly:

AMERICAN ARMY.

The call is after soundin' assembly for parade:
The sergeants, front an' centre, have dutifully said,
"All present or accounted for," an' while the bugles blow,
With "Forward—guide right—march!" we do the best we know.
Us Englishmen an' Frenchmen,
Hungarians an' Scotch,
Eyetalyans an' Germans,
An' Irishmen an' Dutch;
An' Scandinavians from above,
An' Switzers from below,
For there you see, before you, the—
American Army O!

There's too much pressure on the right—ease off—ah, see 'em gape,
Collapsin' like a rotten fence all twisted out o' shape;
Close up there! gently—not as if you're jumpin' o'er a brook.
Heads up! an' look before you as a sojer ought to look.
You Englishmen an' Frenchmen, etc.

MARRIED SOLDIER'S QUARTERS.

PRISONERS ON THEIR WAY TO WORK.

Their 'coutrements are pretty slick, for who could wear
the Blue
An' breathe this air, an' not resolve to do as Romans do?
An', faith, if not, they'll quickly learn in quite another way,
By marching to the guardhouse or by losin' half their pay.
Those Englishmen an' Frenchmen, etc.

Here brown men an' black men an' red men are seen,
An' tall men an' small men an' fat men an' lean,
With short steps an' long steps—a canter and a walk—
An', holy Moses! what a Babel, when you hear 'em talk!
Those Englishmen an' Frenchmen, etc.

Maginnis scowls at Johnny Bull, an' Yawcob Meyer roars
At Jean Duval; an' I have heard the comp'ny "countin'
fours"
In seven different languages; on which eventful day
The captain burst a blood vessel an' fainted dead away.
'Mid Englishmen and Frenchmen, etc.

Ah, will we never see the time when, as our glances run
Along the line, we'll only find Americans—everyone!
Who love the "sky-born beauties" that from yonder
flagstaff wave,
Of which their mothers sweetly sung—their fathers bled
to save?
No Englishmen, no Frenchmen,
Hungarians or Scotch,
Eyetalyans or Germans,
No Irishmen nor Dutch
'But true-born, stanch Americans,
Whose hearts with home love glow,
Then—then, my man! you'll witness an
AMERICAN ARMY O!

Bombproofs line the road that winds below the glacis along the shore. Above, on the ramparts, fat columbiads peer menacingly to the seaward. Down in musty casemates the long thirty-twos that once constituted the armament are rusting away. They are no more obsolete than the fifteen-inch columbiads. But the foundations are now going down on the edge of the Dyker Meadows for a new redoubt and for a gun table that will uphold a weapon that can send hot welcome to any floating belligerent twelve miles away. More will follow, both on the meadows and at Plum Island, behind Manhattan Beach, and on the outlying sand spit of Rockaway, until the harbor is properly defended—that is, unless the government changes its policy and goes to sleep again, as it has so often done before. Up to date Fort Hamilton has cost about $3,000,000, and is not worth the money. In case of an immediate conflict the new "tin" ships, as the naval officers call them, would have to be respon-

sible for the defense of New York. Sometimes millions well invested save a good many more in tribute or in hasty, ineffective expenditure.

Within the ramparts is a quadrangle of perhaps half an acre in well-kept lawn, giving no suggestion of a fortress other than the tunnellike passages into the counterscarp, the winding stairways leading up to the casemates, and the glimpse of the defenses visible through the sally port which frames a picture of the approach to the Narrows that is ever changing as the ships go by. The walls are green with the stains of years, grass is thick upon the roof covering. Inside the casemates the men there quartered are awaiting call to guard duty, smoking, playing cards, or snoozing on their cots. One side of the quadrangle is given over to the band. Here the chill casemates have been turned into cozy habitations, and melody abounds. The band members are always at practice. A summer scene within this court is one of lazy pleasantness. Children frolic about, and handsome dogs scamper across the lawn. Up on the ramparts the mower whets his scythe and reaps the purple asters that tint the terraces. As Bret Harte has written:

> "Under the guns,
> Under the guns of the fort on the hill,
> Daisies are ripening and buttercups fill,
> Under the guns,
> Under the guns of the fort on the hill."

LOOKING DOWN THE BAY.

HIRAM'S CANARY.

By Mary V. Worstell.

Somebody once said: "The Wilsons have more fun among themselves than any other family I know."

I belong to the Wilson family, and so I ought to know that we are considerably given to jollification. A birthday, holiday, or the anniversary of almost any event, furnishes a sufficient excuse for having a specially good time. But this liking for fun is inherited, so I shall waste no time in trying to excuse it.

Our most recent fun is to be credited to the youngest member of the family, though Jessie has now reached an age when she can no longer plead extreme youth in palliation for her jokes.

Jessie was showing to a cousin from down East the wonders of Central Park. Finally they reached the menagerie, where a particularly uncanny hyena attracted them by its ugliness. Jessie roguishly begged Hiram to buy it for her as a lapdog. Hiram, in turn, sought to arrive at a compr

and said he would send her an animal soon after he got home. Jessie uneasily requested further particulars, but, beyond his first threat, Hiram maintained a diplomatic silence—more from uncertainty, I believe, than from a wish to be very secret.

Well, Hiram afterward wrote us that he had had a capital time in New York, and of course this was pleasant to know, but not a word of the impending "animal" was in his first letter.

A month later came a second letter to Jessie, which said only:

"DEAR COUSIN JESSIE: The 'animal' will arrive soon after this letter. It will begin to sing early, but I hope it will not disturb your slumbers enough to be troublesome.

"Your affectionate cousin, HIRAM."

"What can it be?" exclaimed Jessie.

"Probably a canary; it would be just like Hiram to send you an 'Andreasburg' in a gorgeous cage," mother suggested.

"That *would* be nice," assented Jessie from the bottom of her polite, considerate heart; for I happen to know that *up to this particular instant* Jessie had hated canaries, and had frequently said not only that they were a nuisance to care for, but moreover were conspicuously lacking in both affection and sense. In this we all heartily concurred, but that was before the canary was *en route* to our cheerful flat. We were destined to remain firm in our original opinion, however.

The next day a big, burly expressman appeared at our own particular front door, and said:

"It's a rooster I have in a crate downstairs. What will I do wid 'im?"

As there is an unwritten law that roosters are not allowed in the halls of an apartment house, we had to say, with as much composure as could be summoned at short notice:

"Bring it right upstairs, please."

So in a few moments the expressman reappeared, bearing a huge crate, and in it was a fine young rooster. Our new pet was evidently soliloquizing, and expressing his strong disapproval of the whole affair.

Well, it was taken to the kitchen and laughed over. Then, over its cage, Jessie vowed to pay Hiram back for his joke.

But we laughed most at the dinner table. Just before dinner Jessie secretly placed the crate and "crater" under the table. When the bell rang we all went out to the dining room, the boys with evening papers in their hands, for they still had their eagle eyes on the President; and the Hawaiian controversy furnished a theme for endless discussion. I couldn't say to any of them, "What's the news?" or "How are you?" without their saying: "Well, I don't know as the government wants it, but I hope England won't get it, that's all. She wants the earth." Then I have to explain that my remark was only a friendly salutation, and not an inquiry as to those tiresome islands.

But the rooster! It had the sense to remain quiet till all of the boys were glancing at the headlines in the evening papers. Then Jessie reached one hand under the table and gave our new pet a gentle little poke. The rooster responded gently.

The boys looked perplexed. A more vigorous poke aroused it fully to the situation, and it began a monologue of considerable length and spirit, but it was quite lost in the burst of laughter and the breathless explanations that followed the discovery of a sturdy young rooster, in a crate, under the table, in the dining room of a New York flat.

This morning, at half past six, I was awakened by its—its cheerful carol, which somehow chimed in with the metre of the jolly little song that Rosina Vokes used to sing, "His heart was true to Poll," by which I mean that it was a "cock'-a-doo'dle-doo'" with a prolonged rendering of the word "Poll," or the final "doo," whichever version you prefer.

Although there was a ripple of laughter from every occupied room in the flat whenever that ridiculous bird chose to lift his voice in song, "a man may smile, and smile, and be a villain," for there was murder in our hearts. To-day our butcher will call for Hiram's "animal," and later he will appear among us again, but not *under* the table.

Jessie has recanted her heresies, and has resumed her original stand in regard to canaries.

Meanwhile we are plotting revenge on Hiram.

THE END OF A WORLD.

By Olive Harper.

The fiat had gone forth. The destruction of a world was impending. Its time had come, as seedtime follows harvest. It had in its time evolved out of chaos and darkness at the word of command; it had passed through all its stages, covering eons of time, and now was about to resolve into nothingness. The space it had filled would know it no more. It would hold nothing where once a world had been.

For days there was a hush and a stillness and a sense of an impending something that could not be defined as danger, yet every soul felt it, and none knew what it was or whence it came. The winds ceased to blow. A misty haze covered the earth and hid the sun, yet was not dense enough to be called fog. The leaves on the trees hung motionless, and the rivers became sluggish; the ocean heaved with long, rolling motions, and the waves languidly lapped the shore instead of bounding in restless endeavor. Birds sat bewildered in unaccustomed places, and animals whined or snuffed the air uneasily.

But all persons in all countries went about their accustomed avocations as usual, even while laboring under the strange feeling that oppressed them.

It began down in the depths of the ocean. The molten fires must find a new outlet. There had once been a submarine volcano there, and this volcano had left, when its fires had been temporarily quenched, a few blackened islands formed of molten stone, lava and scoria; islands more barren and desolate than human mind can conceive. Those great smoke-blackened rocks flew asunder, and long tongues of flame burst into the air, carrying with them huge rocks that had formed a portion of the earth's crust, and molten matter of every description, tossing them around as if child's playthings. The fiery stream, as it passed through the deep waters, made a funnel of the steam, through which it passed to a height unknown. And when this submarine volcano had piled other mountains of rock and scoria in place of those demolished a rock broke through, a fissure was made—a something had happened—and the water of all the ocean rushed in to quench the eternal fire in the centre of the earth. The two elements fought a giants' battle. The water poured in; the fire formed it into steam and tried to force it out. The steam followed every line affording a passage; it worked its way hundreds, thousands of miles, and then found vent and burst mountains asunder, rent valleys, awakened to new life old and extinct volcanoes, and forced the active ones to more terrible and destructive fury. And all this while each new convulsion let in greater volumes of water and generated new and greater forces. The crust of the whole earth now trembled; mountains crashed down into hollows; rivers sent clouds of steam along their banks; the ocean bubbled and sent up spouts of steam miles high in a thousand places. Great fish, monsters hitherto unseen, writhed in agony or floated dead upon the surface.

In all lands, in all countries and among all nations there was wild supplication and prayer, and people rushed to and fro in fright like ants whose nest was being destroyed. Children cried to their parents; parents prayed to God, to the Great Spirit, or to idols, according to their teachings. Some rushed upon others, and there were scenes of bloody sacrifice to heathen gods to avert the calamity.

Here would be a man with an unfinished book, or picture, or some other work, which he had fondly hoped would perpetuate his name. There another would try to save his gold, or a woman a bundle of her belongings which she could not bear to lose.

In the confusion, while houses were falling, waters drying up and death and destruction imminent, some would rob others by violence, forgetting there was no place to flee to for safety. Hunger and thirst were everywhere. Ships rocked on the seething waters or were engulfed in the upheavals. Some people prayed, some wept, some tried to flee, some went mad, and some lay down and died from sheer fright. Wives looked to their husbands in vain for protection; dumb brutes whined in vain to their masters; the aged and feeble were trampled on; and the hoarse groans of dying men, the shrill cries of despairing women and the pitiful wails of children, the unearthly screams of animals as they rushed madly to and fro, and the wild shrieks of the birds as they fluttered and fell in the scalding steam, mingled until they blended in one hideous sound; and the air reeked with the odor of putrefaction.

Now the valleys sank still deeper, and steam burst from millions of crevices, and the subterranean fires were roused to ungovernable fury by the insidious steam, that grew stronger the fiercer the fires. The frozen, icebound regions were melted by the heat of the volcanoes and the new force of steam engendered in the centre of the earth, and the crash of mountains, the bursting

of new volcanoes, were like the gunshots in a battle. The heat was overpowering, and one by one the feeble gave way and died, while others rushed around in the vain search for safety, and the dearest of home ties were forgotten in this awful hour. In all lands, in all islands, on all seas, it was the same. Destruction was written over all.

One by one the most beautiful and the most enduring works of man crumbled away like a pile of sand. The united cries of all the people on the earth were unheard; their united prayers were unanswered, and singly and in piles they lay dying or dead. Then one greater upheaval and rending, a denser volume of steam and smoke, and after that one moment of utter quiet and stillness, followed by the cataclysm that burst the world into fragments, which went flying off into immeasurable space, leaving no trace of its previous existence, leaving nothing to show for the toils and labors of so many millions of beings; nothing to show of the ambitions of men, the pains of women, nothing of its own beauty; resolved into dust, perhaps to gather again at Supreme command and form another world—perhaps to float in particles forever through boundless infinity of space.

TO A ROSE OF THE ROSEBUD GARDEN.

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

So you study your Euclid, darling,
And to-morrow you ride in the Row—
And a Future is waiting for you
Whose secrets we may not know.

What will they hold for you, dear one,
The days and the years to be?
I would I could read their promise,
But the vision is not for me.

You must gather in Life's wide Garden
Roses and heart's-ease and rue;
And roses have thorns to vex us,
But I think they'll be kind to you;

For you are Love's loving daughter—
Heiress to Honor and Truth—
So the Future smiles as she wooes you,
And Hope and Joy are for Ruth.

CONSOLATRIX.

(*Roundel.*)

By J. S. Fletcher.

She set her music to the words,
And, when her whiter hand has met
White keys, she sings and strikes the chords
She set.

Ah! at that hour when eyes are wet,
And sorrow, crossing at the fords
Of song the torrent of regret,

Takes all the healing she accords—
Who that has once heard can forget
The more than music in the words
She set?

"THERE SUDDENLY APPEARED AT ONE OF THE SECOND-STORY WINDOWS A HUMAN FACE."

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

By Robert N. Stephens.

Even after this lapse of years, although my surroundings are studiously kept cheerful, it is with reluctance that I recall the incident, lest the recollection, if dwelt upon, should cause a return of the unhappy mental state in which was fostered my susceptibility to a kind of terror that finally mastered me.

It is not possible for me to begin my recital at the proper beginning, for who can locate the long-dormant impression (so slight perhaps as never to have affected the normal consciousness) that, when awakened by association, becomes in an excited mind the germ of a hallucination?

At that time of my always happy married life my wife and I were very poor. My salary as a telegraphic-news editor on a morning newspaper would have maintained us very well, but the greater part of it was applied weekly to the cancellation of a debt under the burden of which neither of us could have rested easily without the knowledge that we were constantly diminishing it. My wife cheerfully bore her part of the privation to which we were reduced, carefully adjusting our expenses to our abilities to the very cent.

So many were the little sacrifices made by my wife without complaint that I deemed it but fair to deny myself the luxury of riding home from my work at night. Pretending to her that the exercise was good for me, I walked from the office, after the newspaper had gone to the press, to our house, which was far in the suburbs. It was a very small but neat residence, which we had taken because of the cheapness of the rent.

My wife's economical arrangements allowed me the indulgence of a mug of beer each night after my work. The hour between two o'clock in the morning and that of my starting upon my long homeward walk was the one period of relaxation

vouchsafed me during the whole day, and so it was in this hour that I took my beer, in company with some of my associates on the newspaper. We did our drinking in a little room back of a café which kept open all night, and this time of relaxation was given up to discussing the newspaper fresh from the press and to general conversation.

At the time of which I write there was much talk in the air, and in magazines and newspapers, of mental and psychic phenomena, of hallucinations, dual personalities, subconsciousness, apparitions, dreams, telepathy, and all those manifestations once thought supernatural but now slowly being explicated through the calm and serious investigations of objective science.

One member of the newspaper's staff, the exchange editor, was especially interested in these yet mysterious subjects. He it was who usually introduced them into our conversation, and he talked of them most entertainingly. I too was attracted by them, and I gave them a great deal of random thought, though not with his method and understanding. Our talk would drift into all the branches and shift to all the kindred subjects of the main themes. Thus would be told innumerable stories of strange dreams, of uncanny experiences and of terrifying incidents. The nature and the causes of fear were frequently discussed by us in these convivial meetings.

How deeply these talks affected the other men who engaged in them I do not know. I suppose the subjects of our conversation were soon dismissed from their thoughts, and wrought no mental uneasiness in any of them, for all were healthy, robust fellows in body and mind. But I was then frail in body and, from much introspection and from depressing and disquieting influences in my youth, somewhat morbid in mind.

I had not outgrown the childish weakness of fear. I was not afraid of pain, or even death. Man, natural or visible, had no terror for me. Nor was I in the least superstitious—in fact, I was rather inclined toward materialism. Yet the fear that I frequently felt was similar to what is known as superstitious fear. I was afraid only in the dark and alone. It was the unseen, that which might be behind me, that caused my blood to run cold, impelled me to accelerate my pace, made me tremble and paralyzed my will. It was the uncertain something seen through the open door at night, the indefinite noise heard in darkness. I feared the unknown in whose existence I did not believe. This is not incredible, and I easily explained it to myself. I knew that there was nothing in the darkness to harm me, but I was afraid of what my imagination might create there. I feared that my own mind might produce some apparition, perceptible to it alone but by it referred to my physical eye. I dreaded lest I might become the victim of an illusion of my own. Had a hideous form emerged from the open door in the night, an unsightly hand sought to inclose my throat, I would have known, even in the keenest anguish of my terror, that the form and the hand were not really there—that my fancy merely placed them there. But I feared that, nevertheless, the sight would overpower me, drive me to madness, or to sudden death by heart disease. I knew that my mind was well stored with impressions of a kind from which my imagination could create the most frightful visions. I feared that some such creation would have, in my mind's eye, all the vividness of reality. So I shuddered at my own capability to affright myself, my own capacity for poignant fright. I was afraid of some hallucination that I myself might evoke, afraid of my own fancy, afraid of fear.

The nightly conversations upon comparatively inexplicable matters were therefore harmful to my peace. My walks homeward were attended by successive terrors. When I would reach my own door I would hurry to escape the non-existing but imaginable something behind me, yet I would hesitate in fear of the something that I might encounter in the dark vestibule upon opening the door. The darkness of the vestibule and hall was a part of our scheme of household economy. I would have been ashamed to have asked my wife to leave the gas lighted, ashamed to have confessed my liability to fright.

You now have some cognizance of the state of my mind at that time when I lost the only key to the front door of our house. We had possessed two keys. I had broken mine, and my wife had given me hers, as we could not then afford to have another made. My wife had been content to use the back door and the alleyway when she had desired to leave the house at any time during my absence at work. It was on a Tuesday that I lost the second key. I would not have the money to spare for the purchase of a new one until the following Friday, salary day. Disliking to ask the locksmith to give us credit for so small a sum as the price of a key, and unwilling to betray my poverty to any of my acquaintances by borrowing the amount, we decided to do without a key until Friday. The door locked upon being closed, and it could be unlocked from the inside without a key. My wife offered to come from bed and let me in upon my ringing the bell on my arrival home. At that time we kept no servant.

"'Twill be for only a few nights," she said, "and I'm sure to wake at the sound of the bell."

There was nothing to do in the matter but to adopt her suggestion. She demonstrated her wakefulness the next night by coming promptly in response to the ringing of the bell. On the second night she was equally alert.

The next day, when I arose for breakfast at noon, my wife, with an expression of care on her face, held up a letter which she had just received, and said: "Cousin Alice has suddenly taken a turn for the worse. Aunt Rachel had to stay up with her all last night, and she's just sent me this note by messenger. If Alice doesn't improve before night the doctor fears her case will be hopeless. Aunt Rachel says here that she'll send me a dispatch this afternoon, and if the poor girl is no better I must go to see her this evening. Perhaps I'll have to stay all night, but I'll hurry back in the forenoon in time to get your breakfast. You don't mind, do you, dear?"

"Not at all. Poor Alice! But who is to let me into the house to-night?"

"I never thought of that. I'd like to take the back-door key if I go, so as to get in to-morrow without waking you. You mustn't lose your sleep, you know. Why not let me leave the front door unlocked? Then you'll only have to turn the knob and walk in."

"But so could anyone else," I objected.

"Oh, who would want to rob a house like this? We have nothing worth stealing. If you think it's not safe, however, you take the back-door key, and get up to let me in to-morrow."

"No; I'd rather take the risk than be waked up too soon. You know I can't return to sleep after I've been awakened. Leave the door unlocked for me. Besides, you may not have to go at all."

So it was decided. That night when I reached my doorstep I had misgivings, which had not assailed me by daylight, as to my likelihood of being unvisited by fear should I find that my wife had gone to the bedside of her cousin, who lay ill at the other end of the city. To my relief, the door knob refused to turn when I grasped it, and I knew that my wife was at home. She came, as usual, in reply to the ring of the bell. The next day she received a note from her aunt, telling her that her cousin's condition had changed for the better.

On Friday we applied to another purpose the money intended for the key, and we deferred the purchase for another week. My wife uncomplainingly agreed to continue coming downstairs to let me in. The news from her cousin, whom she visited on Saturday, was such as to free her from the apprehension of being suddenly summoned to the sick room during my absence from home.

On the following Monday night—or, rather, on Tuesday morning—I left the office two hours after midnight, and spent a half-hour over my mug of beer, in the customary place, in talk with the exchange editor and others. I had not been in the best of health for the preceding week, and my mind was oppressed with a kind of gloom, a sense of forlornness. It was a black, damp, cloudy night, after a rainfall which promised to be succeeded by another within a few hours. I was therefore not in a talkative mood, and I listened to the others the more attentively.

Some one suggested that a very grisly story could be based upon the idea of a man receiving telepathic communications from one who has been pronounced dead and has been buried, but who in his grave has awakened from a trance. Knowing that much talk of this sort would make my lonely walk homeward most unpleasant, I quitted the group and started on my way.

My route, after I had left the vicinity of the office, lay through deserted streets. Most of them were well illuminated by electric light, which had a spectral kind of radiance, but several blocks on my way lay mostly in shadow.

At about three o'clock, when the night was darkest, and I was nearing the suburbs, I came to an unevenly lighted block of tall brick houses built in solid rows. There was not a living being in sight. There reigned the stillness of the dead. When I reached the middle of the block I casually cast a glance at the houses on the opposite side of the street. My eyes fell upon the second-story windows of an empty-looking residence, a short distance ahead. These windows, like all the others on the block, were quite dark and sinister, the glass having the black shine peculiar to unlighted windows at night.

While I was looking at this house there suddenly appeared at one of the second-story windows a human face, the sight of which sent a shiver through my every fibre. It was perfectly still, as if pressed against the pane.

I cannot describe that visage. I can recall few definite details of it. All I know of its appearance is that it was large and pale, with an indescribable kind of hideousness. It filled me with the utmost horror. Its outlines were indeterminate; its shape was undefined. But I know that it had ghastly, searching, malignant eyes, which seemed almost to burn; and that it was distended by a fiendish grin.

How I got past the house and put the face behind me I cannot tell. I seemed powerless in every muscle, transfixed in terror; yet I rushed on, violently closing my eyes against the sight. When I had placed a block between that house

and me I breathed again, but the horrible impression of the face remained upon me, and fright beset me, in varying degrees of intensity, until I was safe in bed.

In daylight, the next afternoon, I recalled the sight of the previous night without overmastering terror, but with a slightly sickened feeling. Engrossed in my work, in the brilliant light and excitement and jovial companionship attending my labors in the office that evening, I kept the thing out of my mind. Fortunately, that night our talk over the beer was of a merry character, and I started for home without fear. Memory of the face at the window did not recur to me until I had reached the block on which was located the house in which the visage had appeared. Then I recalled the sight vividly.

The fear of again seeing the odious face took complete possession of me, and to avoid the shock of beholding it a second time I closed my eyes and ran until the window was behind me. I then resolved never thereafter to walk past that house alone so late at night.

On the following night, therefore, I avoided that street in going home, and so upon the next night and two nights thereafter.

In daytime I gave the face little thought, although it often reappeared to my mind; for to think of it, to make mental inquiry as to what about it was so horrible, as to why it had been at the window at that unseemly hour, as to whether it belonged to a maniac or a monster—to ponder upon these questions, or to attempt by investigation to find answers to them, was to impress the thing deeper upon my brain and to cause it the more probably to recur in my dreams. So I used every expedient to drive the recollection from my mind whenever it intruded there.

On the night before the second Friday after I had lost the front-door key I was mechanically making my way homeward, my thoughts busy with plans for increasing our income. So deeply absorbed was my mind in the subject that I heedlessly took my old route to my home, and so I found myself on the block containing the house with the sinister window. I suddenly recalled my determination not to pass this house, and my reason therefor. In an instant all my former terror awoke. I hurried on, keeping my eyes fixed directly in front of me, so that I could not see the window. But involuntarily they caught a glimpse of it. The face was not there.

This did not allay my fears. I found new food for dread in the circumstance of the face's absence from the window. What, I asked myself, if its possessor had gotten out of the house and were even now walking the streets as I was?

My uneasiness increased as I neared my home. Eager to find relief in the companionship of my wife, I rushed up the four stone steps in front of my house and rang the bell. I waited for the welcome sound of my wife's steps upon the stairs inside.

I waited a full minute. Within the house all was silent.

I rang the bell again. Apprehension grew within me. Still there was no sound of familiar footsteps on the stairs.

My heart beat wildly, and I rang the bell a third time. That I might open the door upon the instant of her unlocking it, I placed my left hand upon the knob. To a mechanical movement of my hand the knob responded. It turned as my hand moved. The pressure that I involuntarily exerted upon the door had effect, and it opened. Amazed, I stepped into the vestibule.

Notwithstanding the darkness of the hall, I saw some one coming down the stairs as if to meet me. I cast a look at the face, which, strangely enough, was visible and recognizable. It was the horrible, grinning face I had seen at the window!

I uttered what seemed to me a piercing shriek, although it may not have sounded at all outside of my brain, and I fell senseless to the floor. Unconsciousness, as complete as that of death, rescued me from an exquisite agony of terror.

* * * * * *

When I again knew myself I was lying upon my bed, my wife bending tenderly over me. It was daylight, and I was undressed.

"How did I get here?" I asked.

"The milkman found you lying in the vestibule, with the door open," said my wife, caressing my head. "He brought you upstairs and sent for a doctor, in whose hands I found you when I got back that morning from Alice. Aunt Rachel had telegraphed for me the evening before, and I left the door unlocked, as we'd agreed upon some time ago. You must have had a fainting fit, and the shock brought on the fever that's kept you delirious ever since—eight days."

"But was nothing wrong in the house? Didn't the milkman find anyone here, or anything disturbed?"

"No one was here, and nothing was disturbed. Why do you ask?"

"Oh," I said, lightly, "some one might have taken advantage of the open door to come in and ransack the house."

When I recovered my health I changed my employment, and never since that time have I worked at night or gone anywhere alone in the darkness.

Born Aug. 21st, 1820. Died Dec. 4th, 1893.

PROFESSOR JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D , D.C.L., F.R.S.

PROFESSOR JOHN TYNDALL:

A MODERN LEADER IN SCIENCE.

In reviewing the amazing advance of science in this latter half of the nineteenth century, Professor Huxley says: "If physical science, during the last fifty years, has attained dimensions beyond all former precedent, and can exhibit achievements of greater importance than any former such period can show, it is because able men, animated by the true scientific spirit, carefully trained in the method of science, and having at their disposal immensely improved appliances, have devoted themselves to the enlargement of the boundaries of natural knowledge in greater number than during any previous half-century of the world's history." In the foremost rank amongst these modern leaders in physical science belongs John Tyndall, whose death, regarded almost as a personal loss by people of thought the world over, leaves a vacancy not soon to be filled. No contemporary man of science was more widely known or held in higher esteem. It is not, indeed, as an original investigator that Tyndall can be ranked with the great discoverers of the nineteenth century: his contributions to knowledge are not comparable—nor would he himself have wished to compare them—to the broad results achieved by such men, for example, as Darwin and Faraday. But if he did not link his name with any startling, stupendous revelation of new fact or theory, as an expounder of the laws and wonders brought to light by physical research he displayed qualities which have never been surpassed, and perhaps only equaled by his illustrious contemporary and friend, Professor Huxley. None other has so luminously developed the meaning and scope of the laws unveiled by earlier workers; none could ever conduct his hearers or his readers more skillfully into the unseen but well-ordered universe that lies beyond our senses, and there reconstruct with rich and suggestive language the world we cannot see nor hear, drawing from it silent, beautiful and striking confirmations of his statements. No

conjurer who ever exhibited marvelous feats of legerdemain was neater in manipulation or more astonishing in his results than Tyndall lecturing at the Royal Institution, where, with a beam of light for his magic wand and a tube of glass for his enchanted garden, he forced the fairy secrets of nature to lay bare their loveliness and subtlety. If one has any taste at all for romance beyond the novelist's art, and for miracles higher and finer than most of those claimed by theology, he will find in such books as "Sound," and "Heat as a Mode of Motion," delight unparalleled; while the strong and graceful style conducts him pleasantly deeper and deeper into the mysteries which encircle the commonest life. In the "Forms of Water" Tyndall has followed the transformation of the Proteus-element with the passion of an artist and the precision of a judge—water, that ordinary but marvelous compound of two gases, which of itself might teach the lesson of St. Paul about "things seen and unseen," for we sail upon it, we skate upon it, we live by it, our bodies are mainly composed of it, and yet an electric spark dissipates it into the invisible, and a little degree of heat raises it into steam and sends it, ghost-like, out of sight again. One of his great services to his time, and a permanent gift to humanity, consisted in those researches into the "Floating Matter of the Air" which have cast such clear light upon the source of zymotic diseases, and so essentially aided those who are laboring to combat them. From the exquisite illustrations given with the electrical beam operating upon air optically pure and air full of sailing germs, he put an end to the rash doctrines of "abiogenesis," or life spontaneously started—too fondly sustained by Bastian and others—and gave a new meaning to purity of atmosphere, of water, and of hospital treatment. Even those independent researches of Pasteur, crowned so splendidly now in the scientific acknowledgment that he has vanquished hydrophobia and added it to curable maladies, are immensely illuminated by the experiments of Tyndall with his sterilized liquids, his bent glass tubes and his Alpine empyrean, too clear to breed a bacterium or a bacillus. Nobody has so lucidly instructed us why the physician and the nurse should keep their hands spotless as ivory newly cut, and how vast a part absolute cleanliness plays in all the healing process of wounds and injuries. No doctor had proclaimed that internal hurts of the lungs never gangrene, or had seen the immense significance of the fact, until the Irish physicist—a surveyor first and then an engineer—got hold of nature's rule in the matter, and explained it by showing how the deepest breath from the lungs made a black bar across the electric ray, having no germs in it, because the fine villus of the mucous membranes and their linings sifted from the inspired atmosphere its floating particles. It was Tyndall who first made the Western World understand—what the Chinese have known since Confucius—the prodigious safeguard in time of epidemic of boiling the water and the milk, and he also discovered those obdurate little chitinous beings, productive of much ill, which will sometimes survive the first boiling, and can only be extirpated by a second.

While it may be said that to Faraday—his predecessor in the office of Director of the Laboratory of the Royal Institution—Tyndall owed the direction given to his analytical genius, and that to Germany we must ascribe his precise and erudite methods, Ireland should have the credit of those bright gifts of imagination and eloquence which no other British scientist has so successfully pressed into the service of his work. He was born at Leighlin Bridge, County Carlow, Ireland, August 21st, 1820, and received his early education in the local schools. In 1839 he entered the service of the Irish Ordnance Survey as "Civil Assistant"; and in this position, through the kindness of his chief, General George Wynne, R. E., who afterward became his intimate friend, he was permitted to make himself familiar with every department of the Survey's work, both in the office and in the field. He became a practical draughtsman, computer, surveyor and trigonometrical observer—which knowledge he subsequently turned to admirable account in his studies of Alpine glaciers. It was at this period that he was influenced by one of those seemingly trivial incidents which sometimes are the pivot upon which turns a great career. One of the officials, who had become interested in Tyndall's work, asked him one day how his leisure hours were employed. The answer not being satisfactory, he rejoined: "You have five hours a day at your disposal, and this time ought to be devoted to systematic study. Had I, when at your age, had a friend to advise me, as I now advise you, instead of being in a subordinate position, I might have been at the head of the Survey." Next morning Tyndall was at his books before five o'clock, and for twelve years never swerved from the practice.

In 1844 Tyndall accepted an appointment offered him by a Manchester firm, and during the next few years his energies were devoted to engineering in connection with railways. Meanwhile he had become profoundly interested in various branches of abstract science; and his railway work, absorbing as it must often have been, did not prevent him from pursuing the studies which

accorded with his inclination. In 1847, hoping to obtain more leisure for the development of his scientific powers, he accepted a post at Queenwood College, Hampshire. Here he became intimate with Dr. Frankland, who was instructor in chemistry; and in 1848 the two friends went together to Marburg, the German university which had been made famous among men of science by the illustrious Bunsen. At Marburg Tyndall worked strenuously, studying not only under Bunsen, but under Stegmann, Gerling and Knoblauch. His first scientific paper was a mathematical essay on screw surfaces, which formed the subject of his inaugural dissertation when he took his degree. But the investigation which first made him known to the scientific world was "On the Magne-optic Properties of Crystals, and the Relation of Magnetism and Diamagnetism to Molecular Arrangement." This investigation was executed with Professor Knoblauch, and was published in the *Philosophical Magazine* for 1850. In 1851 he went to Berlin, and continued his researches in the laboratory of Professor Magnus. During a visit from Germany to England at this time Tyndall made the personal acquaintance of Faraday; and in February, 1853, he delivered his first Friday evening discourse at the Royal Institution, for which Faraday's labors had secured a splendid reputation. Faraday was so much pleased with the new lecturer that, on his proposal, Tyndall was elected to the Institution's Chair of Natural Philosophy, which had been held early in the century by Thomas Young. Tyndall had a warm admiration for the great man who had done him such good service, and his appreciation was finely expressed, after Faraday's death, in his well-known study of "Faraday as a Discoverer." When Faraday resigned the office of Director of the Laboratory of the Royal Institution Tyndall was appointed his successor.

Professor Tyndall was first attracted to the Alps in 1849 for the sole object of recreation. But he could not be long in the presence of the grand physical phenomena there displayed without becoming interested in the scientific questions they presented. Accordingly, for more than twenty years, the Alps served the double purpose to Professor Tyndall of physical and mental reinvigoration, after being run down by his London work; and, at the same time, they furnished him with a series of the most interesting scientific problems. In company with his friends Professor Huxley and Professor Hirst, and often alone, usually in summer, but sometimes in winter, he climbed the mountains and explored the glaciers to clear up the various questions that had arisen. The description of his adventures and the results of his researches were embodied in his volume on "The Glaciers of the Alps." A strong vein of poetry ran through all Tyndall's thought and aspiration. The Alps interested him as a man of science, but their great charm lay in the power with which they appealed to his imagination.

All of Professor Tyndall's investigations were fundamental in their character. They were particularly directed toward the examination of the molecular constitution of matter, and he supplied, more than any other man of his time, the foundation upon which modern science rests. He did not confine his inquiries to any particular branch of physics. Heat, light, acoustics, electricity and magnetism, all were the subjects of his inquiries. Between 1849 and 1856 he devoted himself chiefly to experiments in magnetism and electricity, in the course of which he settled the question of reversed polarity.

In 1859 he began a remarkable series of researches in radiant heat, which continued for ten years. He ascertained that dry atmospheric air had an absorptive power about equal to that of its elementary components and but a fraction of that of aqueous vapor, a discovery which in its bearings on terrestrial and solar radiation exerted a marked influence on the progress of meteorology. His investigations of obscure and luminous radiations, and on the nature of the transmutation of heat rays, furnished some of the most noteworthy of his contributions to molecular physics. By experiments made upon his own eyes he demonstrated that the heat energy of a concentrated electric beam capable of exploding gunpowder at an absolutely dark focus is incompetent to offset the sense of sight in the human retina. It was in the course of the investigations connected with his famous experiment of separating light from heat that Professor Tyndall assumed one of the most daring personal risks that ever a scientific man ventured upon. Knowing a layer of iodine placed before the eye intercepted the light, he determined to place his own eye in the focus of strong invisible rays. He knew that if the dark rays were absorbed in a high degree by the humors of the eye the albumen of the humors might coagulate; and, on the other hand, if there was no high absorption, the rays might strike upon the retina with a force sufficient to destroy it. When he first brought his eye, undefended, near the dark focus, the heat on the parts surrounding the pupil was too intense to be endured. He therefore made an aperture in the plate of metal, and, placing his eye behind this aperture, he gradually approached the point of convergence of the invisible rays. First the pupil

and next the retina were placed in the focus without any sensible damage. Immediately afterward a sheet of platinum foil placed in the position which the retina had occupied became red hot. The subjects of gaseous conductivity, the action of odors and colors on radiant heat, and the various laws governing acoustic and optical phenomena, also occupied his attention.

Some of Professor Tyndall's conclusions upon these questions were contested by his friend, the late Professor Magnus, but Sir George Stokes, in referring to them at the banquet given to Tyndall in 1887—on the occasion of his retirement from active duties in connection with the Royal Society—said that they had always seemed to him to bear the stamp of truth, and that their validity had been generally admitted. Some of the inferences from Tyndall's doctrine have an important bearing upon questions relating to atmospheric temperature and climatological conditions.

AN ALPINE SCRAMBLE—CROSSING A CREVASSE ON THE DENT BLANCHE.

Yet, important as these and other investigations were, it is not chiefly to them that Tyndall owes his fame. He ranked among the foremost men of his time, as has been already said, mainly because of his extraordinary power of awakening in the non-scientific public a vivid interest in strictly scientific results and processes. There are not, perhaps, in any language more luminous treatises of their kind than his book on "Heat, a Mode of Motion," his corresponding volume on "Sound," and the essays in his "Fragments of Science." These works are masterpieces both of thought and style, and it is unlikely, even if some of the conclusions set forth in them should become antiquated, that they will ever wholly lose the place they have won in popular scientific literature. They bring out with magnificent power not only the methods of science, but the grandeur and impressiveness of what may be called its imaginative aspects. Others among his most notable and popular writings are: "On Radiation," "Natural Philosophy in Easy Lessons," "Essays on the Use and Limit of the Imagination in Science."

Professor Tyndall's memorable visit to the United States was made in 1872, when he delivered a series of lectures in the Eastern cities. The proceeds of these lectures, amounting eventually to a fund of $33,000, he generously gave for the foundation of scientific scholarships in Harvard, Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania, "in aid of students who devote themselves to original research." The account of his exploration of Niagara Falls, given at length in the "Fragments," deserves to be quoted here, in the form at least of a few extracts, as a fine example of his vivid narrative style.

"On the first evening of my visit," he says, "I met, at the head of Biddle's Stair, the guide to the Cave of the Winds. He was in the prime of manhood—large, well built, firm and pleasant in mouth and eye. My interest in the scene stirred up his, and made him communicative. Turning to a photograph, he described, by reference to it, a feat which he had accomplished some time previously, and which had brought him almost under the green water of the Horseshoe Fall. 'Can you lead me there to-morrow?' I asked. He eyed me inquiringly, weighing perhaps the chances of a man of light build, and with gray in his whiskers, in such an undertaking. 'I wish,' I added, 'to see as much of the fall as can be seen, and where you lead I will endeavor to follow.' His scrutiny relaxed into a smile, and he said: 'Very well; I shall be ready for you to-morrow.'

"On the morrow accordingly I came. In the hut at the head of Biddle's Stair I stripped wholly, and redressed according to instructions—drawing on two pairs of woolen pantaloons, three woolen jackets, two pairs of socks and a pair of felt shoes. Even if wet, my guide assured me that the clothes would keep me from being chilled; and he was right. A suit and hood of yellow oilcloth covered all. Most laudable precautions were taken by the young assistant who helped to dress me to keep the water out; but his devices broke down immediately when severely tested.

"We descended the stair, the handle of a pitchfork doing in my case the duty of an alpenstock. At the bottom the guide inquired whether we should go first to the Cave of the Winds or the Horseshoe, remarking that the latter would try us most. I decided on getting the roughest done first, and he turned to the left over the stones. They were sharp and trying. The base of the first portion of the cataract is covered with huge bowlders, obviously the ruins of the limestone

ALPENSTOCK, HATS AND CLOAK WORN BY PROF. TYNDALL ON HIS LAST ALPINE EXCURSION.

ledge above. The water does not distribute itself uniformly among these, but seeks for itself channels through which it pours torrentially. We passed some of these with wetted feet, but without difficulty. At length we came to the side of a more formidable current. My guide walked along its edge until he reached it least turbulent portion. Halting, he said: 'This is our greatest difficulty; if we can cross here we shall get far toward the Horseshoe.'

"He waded in. It evidently required all his strength to steady him. The water rose above his loins and it foamed still higher. He had to search for footing amid unseen bowlders, against which the torrent rose violently. He struggled and swayed, but he struggled successfully, and finally reached the shallower water on the other side. Stretching out his arm, he said to me, 'Now, come on.' I looked down into the torrent, as it rushed to the river below, which was seething with the tumult of the cataract. . . . I entered the water. Even where it was not more than knee-deep its power was manifest. As it rose around me I sought to split the torrent by presenting a side to it; but the insecurity of the footing enabled it to grasp my loins, twist me fairly around and bring its impetus to bear upon my back. Further struggle was impossible, and feeling my balance hopelessly gone, I turned, flung myself toward the bank just quitted, and was, as expected, swept into shallower water.

"The oilcloth covering was a great encumbrance; it had been made for a much stouter man, and, standing upright after my submersion, my legs occupied the centre of two bags of water. Prudence was at my elbow, whispering dissuasion; but, taking everything into account, it appeared more immoral to retreat than to proceed. Instructed by the first misadventure, I once more entered the stream. Had the alpenstock been of iron it might have helped me; but as it was, the tendency of the water to sweep it out of my hands rendered it worse than useless. I, however, clung to it by habit. Again the torrent rose and again I wavered; but by keeping the left hip well against it I remained upright, and at length grasped the hand of my leader at the other side. He laughed pleasantly. The first victory was gained, and he enjoyed it. 'No traveler,' he said, 'was ever here before.'"

Professor Tyndall describes at length their further progress, with much difficulty, until they "rounded the promontory on which the Terrapin Tower stands"—this was in 1872, before the tower was destroyed—"and moved, amid the wildest commotion, along the arm of the Horseshoe, until the bowlders failed us, and the cataract fell into the profound gorge of the Niagara River. . . . Apart from its scientific value, and purely as a moral agent, the play was worth the candle. My companion knew no more of me than that I enjoyed the wildness; but as I bent

in the shelter of his large frame he said: 'I should like to see you attempting to describe all this.' He rightly thought it indescribable. The name of this gallant fellow was Thomas Conroy."

In 1876 Professor Tyndall married Louisa, Lord Claude Hamilton's eldest daughter, who survives him. They built for themselves at Haslemere, in Surrey, the pleasant home known as Hindhead House, some views of which are given amongst the illustrations accompanying this article. The summer months they usually spent in Switzerland, at their châlet on the Bel Alp, overlooking the Aletsch Glacier. It was at the Hindhead House that the great scientist passed away, on the 4th of December last—an untimely end, that was not directly due to natural causes. The fearless investigator of nature's secrets, who had repeatedly risked his life in the cause of science, came to his death from the effects of an overdose of chloral, administered by mistake.

Tyndall's personal character was one of strong, not to say dogmatic, convictions, tempered by a sincere love of justice, and a passion for fair dealing that was really chivalrous. This temper was displayed on various occasions, but in none more conspicuously than in his generous defense of the German physicist Mayer, whose scientific claims

INTERIOR OF HINDHEAD HOUSE.

he considered to be depreciated by English scientific men. Mayer's had been a hard fate. An undoubted pioneer in establishing the important doctrine of the correlation of forces, working out its several lines of proof with marvelous sagacity and an amount of exhausting labor that resulted in mental derangement, and with little sympathetic recognition on the part of his own countrymen, Professor Tyndall was indignant that Englishmen, who pride themselves upon fair play, should detract from the just fame of the unfortunate foreigner. The man was unknown to him, but the rights of the discoverer and the honor of science were involved, and against the attacks of Professors Thomson, Tait and others Professor Tyndall made a defense so effectual that the claims of the German philosopher were hardly brought in question again.

In his later years Professor Tyndall made himself rather prominent by the vehemence with which he fought against Home Rule. It was natural that he should feel strongly on the subject, but the violence of his language was distasteful to many even of the most resolute opponents of Mr. Gladstone's policy. Possibly it was due rather to irritation caused by ill health than to the strength of his convictions. Certainly it had a very misleading effect on those who regarded it as an expression of the essential qualities of his character.

Another controversial utterance, which caused an unduly harsh impression in regard to his religious convictions, was his indorsement, apparently in good faith, of the proposition of the so-called "prayer test." A strenuous advocate of the doctrine of evolution, an indefatigable seeker after truth, fearless in his freedom of thought and expression, he was naturally impatient at the misdirected zeal of those persons who, like Dr. Huntley, accused him of irreligion because of his fidelity to reason. It was in July, 1872, that he published with commendation a letter addressed to himself, wherein the writer proposed that the efficacy of prayer should be tested by providing a hospital in which the patients in one ward should be for a term of years the objects of the prayers of the faithful, and then the rate of mortality in that ward should be compared with that of the rest of the institution. This proposition gave rise to a widespread controversy and protest. Yet

HINDHEAD HOUSE.

FUNERAL OF PROFESSOR TYNDALL, HASLEMERE CHURCH—AT THE GRAVESIDE.

Tyndall was far from being an aggressive agnostic. As a youth he found much to interest him in the controversy between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, and questions relating to religion continued to the last to play a part of immense importance in his intellectual life. No educated person whose memory goes back as far as twenty years can have forgotten the impression produced by the famous address delivered by him as President of the British Association at Belfast. Since that time the public have become so accustomed to the free expression of opinion that it would not be easy for a president of the British Association, even if his doctrines were more "advanced" than those of Professor Tyndall, to create much excitement by a statement of his views. In 1874 the conditions were different, and Tyndall's heresies necessarily gave rise to a prolonged and curious controversy. The Address contained no very original ideas, but it was written in a style of remarkable grace and vigor, and at least had the merit of stimulating thought on some of the questions by which the modern world has been most deeply moved. No one would say now—as many said then—that it was the work of a thorough materialist. Some loosely expressed conceptions did seem to point in this direction, but they were not in vital accordance with the general tendencies of Tyndall's thoughts. The intimate friend of Carlyle was not likely to be a man of crudely materialistic principles.

"Professor Tyndall's place in the history of the intellectual movement of our age," says Dr. Richard Garnett, in his tribute to the memory of his deceased contemporary, "is marked out in a measure by his own account of the sources of his inspiration. He does not tell us that he has sat at the feet of Newton or Cuvier. Intense as were his gratitude to and his affection for Faraday, he does not attribute his eminence to his intimacy with that great natural philosopher. The moral philosophers, he tells us, were the making of him. If he has been anything, it is owing to the impression produced upon him by the writings of Emerson. Yet Emerson must not have all the honor, for we are told that, when a mere lad, Tyndall took up Carlyle's 'Past and Present,' and, having read it through three times, ended by making a written analysis of the chapters. In this quick accessibility to spiritual influences is to be found the secret of Tyndall's wide distinction from the general mass and of his special qualifications for bringing the scientific and other intellectual worlds into *rapport* which explains his influence upon both. Much the same may be said of his distinguished friend Huxley, whose massive cogency, like Tyndall's elegant lucidity, would have been comparatively ineffective if it had not been inspired by a perception of the relations of the scientific truths he expounded to things more important than accurate physical knowledge. It is observable that when Professor Huxley had the option of selecting a biography to write he did not choose a man of science, but a metaphysical philosopher—David Hume. An admirer of Carlyle and Emerson—especially if, like Tyndall, he adds their master Goethe to the party—is almost sure to be more or less of a poet. Without creative imagination, or the accomplishment of verse, Tyndall is full of poetry. The objects which attract him especially are those which most fascinate the imagination of poets, examples of special brilliancy or purity or subtlety in the material world. He loves the diamond, the crystal, the block of ice, the tints of sea water or morning and evening sky, the azure of the firmament above all. His sense of color must have been exquisite; he is seldom long without some reference to it. Thus, poet and physicist at once, he was certain to make great use of the imagination, a faculty equally necessary and dangerous to scientific greatness. Without the power of combination a scientific explorer must be a mere amasser of facts, and combination requires imagination. The danger of the abuse of this divine faculty in exact investigation is still more palpable. Whether Tyndall abused it or not we cannot presume to pronounce. If he did, it was a very dangerous abuse, for his power of statement is so great, and his talent for imperceptibly conducting his reader into his own conclusions so irresistible, that the general reader can hardly escape from him. In his arguments, however, there is no sophistry; if he has erred, his kindling imagination has first led away himself.

"No one can tell what such a man might have effected had his days been prolonged, nor how long it may be before another is raised up to fill his place. For a quarter of a century after the discovery of the Rosetta Stone there were but two men in Europe who could apply it with any success to the elucidation of Egyptian hieroglyphics. Mr. Herbert Spencer was at one time the only man who could philosophically formulate the doctrine of evolution, though many groped after it. The particular form under which it won its way to scientific acceptance was at the moment of its promulgation the exclusive property of two individuals, Darwin and Wallace. The premature death of Davy or Morton might conceivably have postponed the safety lamp or anæsthetic surgery for many years. On the other hand, science is never likely to want for brilliant expositors, useful popularizers of the discoveries of others, deft

and infallible experimentalists. In all these departments Tyndall was by common consent *facile princeps,* but none of them is recognized as constituting a claim to greatness; he had, moreover, retired from the actual practice of all, and yet his death is felt to make an irreparable void."

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

By Ernest Ingersoll.

Persistent and patient is the work of experimenters in the art of human flight. Among the latest and most encouraging efforts is that of a German named Lilienthal, in England, who practices on the slope of a long hill on the summit of which he has constructed an elevated jumping-off place. His apparatus consists of two long, rigid wings, similar in shape and structure to those of a bird, and two tails, one horizontal and one vertical. Herr Lilienthal grasps the rod connecting the wings and springs off. He can control the machine and steer it fairly well by the motion of his legs and body, and has succeeded in keeping afloat for 250 yards, measured downhill. The sustaining power of this machine is not much, therefore, but it serves a good purpose in giving the would-be aeronaut experience in steering. The model for "flight," in this instance, seems to have been the flying squirrel rather than the bird.

The extraordinary way in which one science will cast a side light of great value upon another is shown nowhere more strikingly than in the illumination to be derived from the study of the animals and plants of oceanic islands. The way to this, and the importance of it, were both shown by Wallace; but much new and more special work has been done by his followers. The Sandwich Islands, especially, have been studied lately by naturalists, particularly with reference to the birds, which show in a very marked degree the effect upon their species of isolation long endured. Scarcely a single indigenous Hawaiian bird can be referred to any genus known elsewhere, and almost every island in the group has its own peculiar species among these genera, limited to it. The same is true of the flora of the group; and when these facts are considered the mind begins to understand what a vast lapse of time must have passed since these islands began their separate existence—and yet how long a time previously must they have been connected. It is interesting, by the way, to note that the affinities of Hawaiian plants and animals are mainly with America, and only to a much less degree are related to the South Pacific.

Interesting experiments in relation to obtaining and measuring intense cold have lately been made in France. A temperature has been produced of nearly 491° Fahr. below the freezing point of water, or 459° below zero. This temperature was obtained, according to the report, by using a series of cold wells according to a simple and original plan. In the first of these wells there was used a mixture of carbonic acid and sulphurous acid, and by their evaporation a temperature was secured of 110° C. below zero; in this cold well was then immersed a condenser in which the vapors of a still more volatile liquid, protoxide of nitrogen, or ethylene, were condensed, and thus reached 150° below zero; in another well 210° was marked, and again 273°. In the case of these last-named wells nitrogen, carbonic oxide, marsh gas, and atmospheric air under a pressure of forty atmospheres, were employed; and the instruments with which measurements of the lower temperatures were made consisted of hydrogen thermometers graduated by comparison with sulphuric ether instruments. It is thought that the low temperatures obtained by these experiments will lead to some new chemical combinations of an important character.

The aurora borealis is now a subject of systematic and united observation in the United States, meteorological experts in all parts of the country reporting their observations each time of its occurrence. It thus appears that some displays which are not remarkable for brilliance may be extremely wide in reach. That of last July (on the 15th) was such a one. Though by no means as striking as is often seen in the northern United States (it was brightest and most lasting toward New York), it was visible as far south as Washington and clear across to the Pacific coast; morever, it seems to have manifested itself in a different way every few hundred miles, and was especially distinguished in the Eastern States by the presence of a narrow band east and west, just south of the zenith. The observations of anyone upon auroral displays will always be welcomed by the United States Weather Bureau or any local station.

The twinkling of the stars is a subject which has not been understood because neglected. A French astronomer who has paid particular attention to the subject sums up his own and earlier observations into some interesting conclusions. His special object was to learn whether the twinkling or scintillation of the stars was affected by the atmospheric changes around our earth, and whether, in consequence, anything could be learned of weather changes in advance by noting the aspect of the stars. It is shown, first, that red stars scintillate less than white stars. Second, it is announced that the proportionate intensity of the scintillation can be ascertained by multiplying the refraction by the thickness of the stratum of air, etc.; and third, that the causes of some of the persistent differences between scintillations may be due to diversities in the stars themselves. The observer's situation and the state of the atmosphere account for most of the noticeable differences, however. Thus the stars twinkle less when gazed at from clear highlands than when observed from the valleys. It is furthermore shown that a feeble scintillation generally announces bad weather, and some striking instances where this prophecy has been verified within a day or two have been recorded.

A "shooting school" may not be altogether a matter for report amongst items of "progress in science," but it may contribute toward it, and its appliances are certainly novel, as exhibited in the new shooting school just established in London. Not to mention many appliances for the testing of guns, the arrangements of various targets to give would-be hunters practice in shooting at all sorts of game embody many very novel applications in electricity. The London *Field* says that the equipment includes an ingeniously devised and arranged electrical indicating target to be used in conjunction with a try gun for measuring purposes. Consequently it will be seen at a glance with what shape of gun the beginner can shoot best. Ground-game shooting can be practiced at a running rabbit traveling across a horizontal electrical target, so that the shooter will see at once whether he has fired too soon or too late, for the target registers each shot, and shows exactly what has happened. Nor are those who contemplate big-game shooting forgotten, as one of the additions will be a charging-tiger target; and it has been whispered that it may be possible at no distant date to practice at driven birds

without any fear of depleting the stock. This need not exhaust the possibilities of a shooting school, for the proprietors might do well to instruct pupils in the art of carrying a gun in such a manner that their friends shall not have a clear view down the barrels; while they might also teach them that to pull a gun through a hedge muzzle first is not the best way of getting through an obstacle.

LITERARY MEMORANDA.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S new book is entitled "The Building of the City Beautiful" (Stone & Kimball, Cambridge and Chicago). It is the imaginative romance of a new Utopia. Religion is the foundation stone of the new state, and in it all work for the common good: all are producers, and distribution takes care of itself. It is a pretty story and poetically told, and each chapter is headed with a metrical epigraph founded on some Biblical idea.

ONE thinks of George Moore, the vivacious author of "Confessions of a Young Man," first of all as a European, and not particularly as an Englishman or an Irishman. Perhaps "cosmopolite of Paris" would characterize him as nearly as any phrase at hand. He has lived many years in the French capital, studied art there, and become thoroughly acquainted with the student life, the personalities of great men of the day, the ateliers and the theatres. Returning to London, he criticises art, letters and the drama, not upon the customary insular plane, but rather with the broader view and keener discrimination acquired in the atmosphere of the world's centre of taste and culture. Some of the most important of his later essays in the English reviews have been collected and reprinted, forming the volume entitled "Impressions and Opinions" (Scribners). This title is aptly chosen, inasmuch as the author's impressions seem to be quite a different thing from his deliberate settled opinions. In the former he shows a decided tendency toward the superlative. Thus, we find Turgueneff, as a writer of short stories, "standing quite alone, towering above all competitors"; Verlaine is "in a sense" a greater poet than Tennyson; Zola has "a power of lifting detail into such intense relief that the illusion of life is more vivid in his works than in those of any other writer"; M. Goncourt's biography of Mlle. Clairon is so enveloping and naturally seductive that the reader exclaims, "My knowledge of life has been definitely increased, and at this moment I know no one so intensely and so completely as Mlle. Clairon"; and, obversely, "Acting is the lowest of the arts, if it be an art at all." But in these dogmatic days a little of enthusiasm, of *emportement*, is rather a quality than a defect in a critic. Moreover, Mr. Moore is not too proud to change his mind and to frankly set down a revised and improved *opinion* upon an earlier recorded *impression*. In his highly interesting chapter on Paul Verlaine, the inspired poet of our contemporary Decadence, he says: "When I wrote the 'Confessions,' I was only slightly acquainted with Verlaine's later work; and being at a loss to reconcile beautiful, pitiful pleas for pardon addressed to Jesus Christ and His Holy Mother with the well-known disorder of his life, I hastily concluded that Verlaine was a striking exemplification of Poe's theory of originality and how it may be acquired. I have since discovered that I was mistaken. Nature is more subtle than our logic, even more subtle than Poe's. Verlaine believes in the Roman Catholic Church as earnestly as the Pope himself, but in Verlaine there is only belief—practice is wholly wanting in him. Nor do I think he ever quite realizes how he lives or how he writes." The study of Balzac, through the medium of that writer's shorter tales, is the most elaborate thing in Mr. Moore's book; but there are many brilliant passages —which are, moreover, singularly timely and apropos—in his observations upon such topics as "Degas," Ibsen's "Ghosts," the contemporary English dramatists, and the French and English Théâtres Libres.

TWO RECENT volumes of verse, both by younger American poets, whose names will be remembered by readers of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY as among the occasional contributors to this magazine, are "Poems of Nature and Love," by Madison Cawein, and "Wayside Music," by Charles Crandall. Neither of these collections of lyrics is lacking in that musical ring, that true poetical note, which is the only proper excuse for such books. Mr. Cawein's offering consists mainly of pieces culled from two of his earlier volumes, with alterations and expurgations suggested by not wholly injudicious criticism. The result is that we have here the best qualities of this charmingly individual poet, with a minimum of his defects. Mr. Crandall's work is slighter and more reserved than Mr. Cawein's, but it has the grace and finish which might naturally be expected of the finely critical compiler of "Representative Sonnets." Flattering acknowledgments of its excellent qualities have already reached the author from some of the high priests of contemporary American literature, notably Messrs. E. C. Stedman and T. B. Aldrich. But Mr. Crandall's poems speak for themselves, particularly the sonnets. As an example of his handling of this most exacting form of English verse, here is

SLEEP'S CONQUEST.

Invisible armies come, we know not whence,
And like a still, insinuating tide
Encompass us about on every side.
They overpower each weary, outpost sense
Till thought is taken, sleeping in his tents.
Yet now the conqueror, with a lofty pride,
Becomes our guardian, with us doth abide,
And plans all night our wondrous recompense.

He takes away the worn and tarnished day
And brings to-morrow, bride without a stain;
Gives us fresh liberty, a chance to mend—
Life, hope and friends enhanced with fresh array.
Then, when we fail, he conquers us again,
Paroling us each day until the end.

Another quotable bit, in a metrical scheme originally devised by Victor Hugo, but admirably adapted by the American poet to his essentially modern theme, is

THE TRAIN.

Hark!
It comes!
It hums!
With ear to ground
I catch the sound,
The warning, courier roar
That runs along before.
The pulsing, struggling now is clearer,
The hillsides echo—nearer, nearer—
Till with a rush like fleeing, frightened cattle,
With dust and wind and clang and shriek and rattle
Passes the Cyclops of the train!
And there's a fair face at a pane.
Like a piano string
The rails, unburdened, sing;
The white smoke flies
Up to the skies;
The sound
Is drowned.
Hark!

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

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BY CHARLES BRADFORD HUDSON.

IF there was ever a youth, a student, to whom the name of the Latin Quarter was not an inspiration of longing, in whose breast it failed to rouse an alluring dream of classic learning and Bohemian liberty, of time-honored schools and glittering *cafés*, of erudite professors and dazzling *grisettes*, of study, gayety and tumult, he could not have been well constituted. And this is the one dream which, when realized, fully comes up to expectations. The famous old Quartier Latin of Paris is all the most ardent imagination can picture it, and perhaps a trifle more. Its streets are as narrow and ancient, its boulevards as beautiful, its *brasseries* as brilliant and unconstrained, and its institutions of learning as venerable, as the most sanguine could hope.

In the many descriptions and countless photographs of Paris this quaint old region has been overlooked and neglected, though there is hardly a more interesting one either for sights or traditions. There is no better way to get an idea of its extent in one direction than to start from the Pont des Arts, which crosses the Seine near the lower extremity of the quarter opposite the upper end of the Louvre, and walk up the quay to the Wine Halls which mark the upper boundary. This is a distance of about a mile, and is the extent of the left bank formerly intercepted by the wall built by Philippe-Auguste in the twelfth century. It started from the spot occupied at present by the Institut de France, which stands upon the site of the ancient Tour de Nesle, a stronghold placed at the lower end of the fortifications, and the scene of the infamies of Queen Margaret of Burgundy, disastrous to the students who were so ill-starred as to attract her notice. From here it described an irregular semicircle, inclosing in its sweep the Mont Ste. Genevieve, where stands the Pantheon and the Sorbonne, and struck the river again just below the Wine Halls, where another tower once stood, called La Tournelle. Strictly speaking, the Latin Quarter is the section which was circumscribed by this wall, though generally the term applies to the somewhat larger modern Quarter of the Schools, extending back to the Boulevard Montparnasse, thus including

some very pretty residence streets. The quay at the foot of the quarter is the haunt of the second-hand book dealer, and the parapet is surmounted by hundreds of boxes of old books. There is always a good line of customers along this row of boxes, for it is an attraction which few are able to resist. One can start in with good resolutions and ignore with fortitude the first quarter of a mile of dilapidated literature, but the effect is cumulative, and a mile of such temptation is more than the most determined can withstand. All classes elbow each other here—the affluent citizen, the priest, the soldier and the bareheaded girl, and each can find something just in his line of thought, from a treatise on projectiles or saints to the most inflammatory of indigenous romance. There is an occasional numismatist and a dealer in postage stamps to be found among the booksellers, and here and there an antiquarian on a small scale with the most motley collection of worthless and valuable bric-a-brac it is possible to imagine.

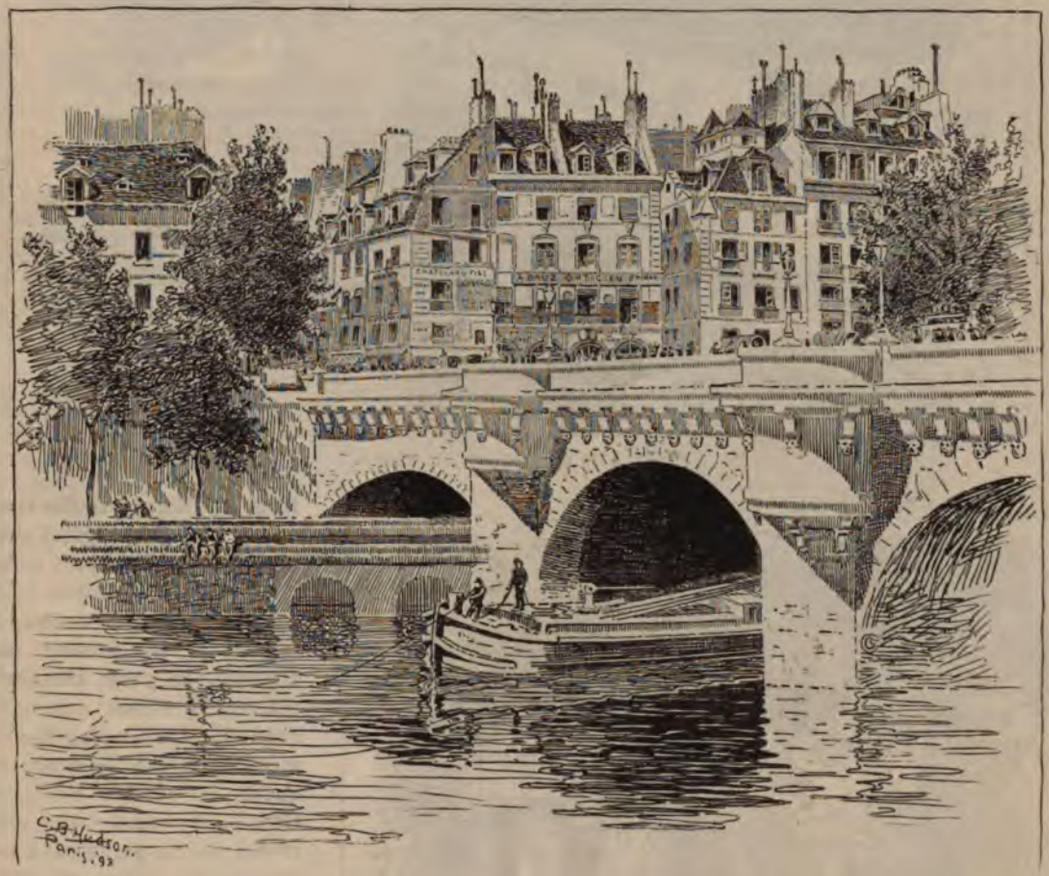
Just across from Nôtre Dame, in the narrow district between the quay and the Boulevard St. Germain, is a bit of old Paris which is excelled by no other portion of the city for the quaintness of its buildings and the interest of their associations. Turning into this region from the broad, sunny quay, it seems dark, damp and somewhat sinister. The crooked streets—one of which is so narrow that, walking down the middle, you can readily touch the wall on either side—reverberate with the clatter of voices not too musical, and swarm with rough, sometimes hideous, men and women. The latter are even the harder and more savage in appearance, and are excellent examples of the class from whose ranks was recruited that horde of she-devils, the *petroleuses* of the Commune, who looted, burned and destroyed with such senseless fury in the bloody days of '71. They are usually peaceful enough now, however, even though it be in virtue of the presence of numerous soldierly *sergents-de-ville*, with bayonets at their hips. But I must admit that my first view of this neighborhood was not assuring. The little Place du Petit Pont was filled with a surging mob which swayed round an unfortunate Gaul in their midst, who by some means had incurred the displeasure of two Parisiennes, and they were clinging to his arms and coat tails, clawing, kicking and objurgating with the greatest enthusiasm and *élan*. But this was on a Sunday, which in Paris is a day of recreation.

AN OLD BIT NEAR ST. GERMAIN DES PRÉS.

A few steps from the Place du Petit Pont on the Rue de la Bucherie is a moss-grown wall so extremely old that many of its stones have nearly crumbled away. Over its summit looms the gloomy pile of the ancient hospital, the original Hôtel Dieu, and back of this a few trees stand out sharply against the dark walls of a mass of still more ancient buildings, which form the further sides of the quadrangle. This century-scarred inclosure was once the educational centre of Europe. In its midst, nearly concealed by the tall

buildings which tower above, is the little Church of St. Julien le Pauvre, the most ancient in Paris and one of the most valuable relics within its walls. It was founded in 507.

The blackened exterior of the little edifice is extremely simple and without grace or beauty, but the little gray interior, with its primitive Gothic ornamentation, its curious inscriptions and carvings, is one of the most interesting in Paris. Whilst I was sitting there during one of my numerous visits—for the place possesses a strong fascination—a little side door opened, and there filed into the church the most singular procession of rough, lame, halt, sick and wretched-looking specimens of man that I have ever seen. One after another the grisly miserables presented themselves at the door and limped and shuffled in silence across the church and out in long and sad review, each crossing himself as he looked toward the altar, some kneeling for a short prayer, all as deeply reverent as children unmarked by hard strife with want and sin. Curious to see the reservoir which could pour out such an agglomeration of human misery, I stepped to the door and looked out into a little graveled court half filled by a group of men gathered round a priest, who was distributing alms among them and giving to each therewith a few kindly words of advice or admonition. The scarred and dilapidated walls of the ancient buildings around furnished an appropriate setting for the scarred and dilapidated crowd, each of whom received his pittance, murmured a few words of gratitude and slunk away to the nearest eating house suited to his poverty-stricken pocket. This charity, I learned, is as ancient as the church, and is in adherence to a tradition nearly as old as Christianity. An hospice once stood upon this spot, says the legend, founded in the early days of the Christian era by one Julien, who devoted his life here to hospitality to wayfarers, in penance for having unwittingly slain his parents.



PONT NEUF AND THE LOWER QUARTER.

As it stands at present, the edifice dates from the twelfth century, and marks the transition

PLACE AND BOULEVARD ST. MICHEL.

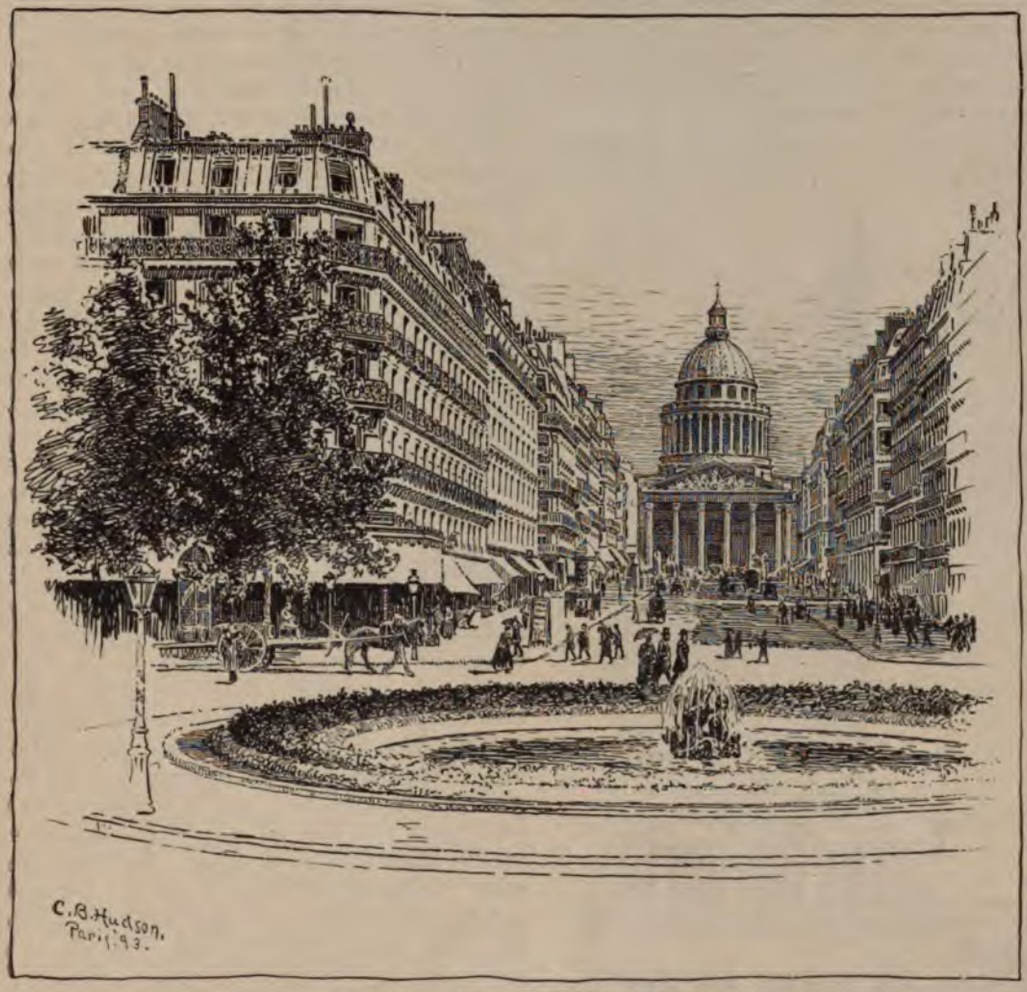
BOOKSTALLS ON THE QUAIS.

from the Roman to the Gothic order. Of the original structure some portions only remain, having been destroyed in 886 by marauding Normans, and rebuilt in its present form. During the great intellectual movement which commenced about 1000, following the Crusades and the Norman conquests of Italy, Sicily and Greece, it became the centre round which gathered a community of men of letters. Students flocked to Paris from all the Christian countries, and there sprang up on the four streets surrounding the church —Rue de la Bucherie, Rue St. Julien le Pauvre, Rue Galande and Rue du Fouarre—an aggregation of no less than seventy colleges and schools. These "colleges" were little different from ordinary hostelries, except in the scholarly character of their inmates.

Many of the ancient buildings remain quite unaltered. Most of them antedate the discovery of the American continent, and some of the streets in the neighborhood preserve their mediæval aspect almost unchanged, except in respect to their denizens. Rue du Fouarre has suffered most at the hands of modern improvement. The ancient buildings on one side have been removed to widen the street, and in their place is a modern flat with a tawdry *brasserie*. And this Rue du Fouarre is the most interesting in its associations of all in the quarter, if not in all Paris. In the old days, when there was no apartment large enough to contain the mob of students, they heard the lectures seated on straw in the open street. Hence its name—*fouarre* meaning straw. Among those who listened here were Dante, Petrarch, Rabelais, Brunetto Latini, Roger Bacon and Raymond Lulle, and of these, the three former have mentioned it in their writings. Dante, in one of the tiercets of the "Divine Comedy," thus remembers his old master, Sigier de Brabant:

> "Ossa la luce eterna de Sigieri
> Che, leggendo nel vico degli Strami
> Sillogizo invidiosi veri."
>
> —*Paradise, Canto X.*

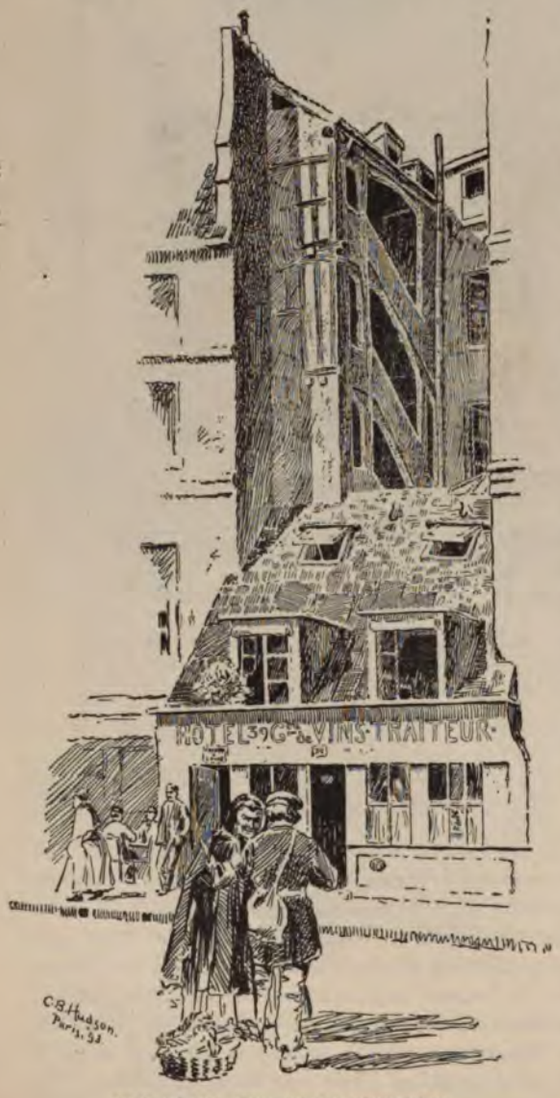
This was the birthplace of the University. The schools which had been established here formed the nucleus for what became under Louis IX. the University of Paris, the prototype of our modern institution. Philippe-Auguste established, in 1200, the regulations governing the schools of Paris, and granted them extraordinary rights and privileges, which became later a source of constant discord between the scholars and the Parisians. In virtue of these the students, and their servants as well, enjoyed practical immunity from punishment for whatever outlawry they chose to commit. They



RUE SOUFFLOT, AND THE PANTHEON.

could be arrested for an offense only when taken *in flagrante delicto*, then only by the officers of the King, and were under the jurisdiction of ecclesiastical courts alone. It was forbidden the Provost of Paris to arrest them under any circumstances, and in 1408, when two students, guilty of assassination and highway robbery, were captured and hung by this officer, he was forced, upon the demand of the University, to take the two corpses from the gibbet with his own hands, to kiss each on the mouth and to conduct them on an immense funeral car, escorted by a military and clerical procession, to the Church of the Mathurins, and there to present them, with solemn ceremony, to the Rector of the University.

It will be readily imagined by anyone familiar with the student and his little ways, his native



OLD HÔTEL, RUE DE LA BUCHERIE.

penchant for turmoil, violence and disorder, how he would conduct himself when fortified by such privileges and immunities. The genus was characterized by very much the same peculiarities seven or eight centuries ago as it is to-day, with perhaps an even more extravagant idea of fun. So playful did the students become in the fourteenth century that it was found necessary to construct fortifications at the end of the bridge connecting the Latin Quarter, or the "Université," as it was then called, with the city on the island, to oppose their nocturnal incursions. For this object the Petit Chatelet, an ancient stronghold at the end of the Petit Pont, was rebuilt in 1369. It appears from the records of those old days that the life of the Parisian must have been a trial and a vexation. Rows between townspeople and students were frequent and sanguinary, and at times assumed the proportions of veritable pitched battles. Toward the seventeenth century the Latin Quarter was under a virtual reign of terror, and at last a decree of Parliament dated June 6th, 1601, announced that the King forbade "the said scholars to carry swords and daggers on the Quai de la Tournelle or to commit there any insolence." The star of the University was on the decline. She had long been shorn of her political power, which until the fifteenth century had been very great. The college buildings were cleared of the many disorderly characters of both sexes by whom they had long been infested, and a law of Parliament of 1622 prohibited the unfortunate students from carrying any manner of weapons whatever, or assembling on the streets, under pain of death. Every one of these measures of reform was met by fierce and bloody resistance, but they were enforced notwithstanding. They were effectual, however, only for short periods, and it has been only in comparatively recent years that the Quarter of the Schools has been in a measure law-abiding. And there is another institution of which it has the distinction of being the birthplace as well as of the University, and which, like this one, has played no small part in the world's progress. That is the barricade. On May 12th, 1588, known as the "Day of the Barricades," when the insurrection headed by the Duc de Guise against Henry III. reached a crisis, the students erected a barricade on the Place Maubert. There have been many since more fiercely fought, but this was the original. To-day there is little evidence of such a bloody disposition, though recent events have shown the students as ready to resent what they consider an invasion of their rights as they were in years gone by.

The greater part of the Latin Quarter, ex-

cepting those portions which have been cut through in late years by the boulevards and a few new streets, bears the same general appearance as the neighborhood of St. Julien le Pauvre. The old streets are crooked and narrow. The tall houses lean outward toward the street as far up as the first floor, then backward at a very decided angle, as though the builders were a little uncertain of their ability to construct a vertical wall which would not fall into the street below. This gives them a curious, knee-sprung appearance which is very characteristic of old Paris. There is hardly a turn which does not present some curious old building, same mediæval "hôtel" or quaint, time-worn church which was old before Columbus was born. Not one but is worthy of a description by itself, and most of them have histories longer than that of the average nation of our Western Hemisphere and nearly as eventful. Bloody, too, some of them, and there is more than one old wall hereabouts which bears still the marks of bullets significantly placed at about the height of a man's head, and it is not the rarest thing to find a street corner with a niche gnawed out by musketry in a manner which suggests that on a certain occasion it must have been uncomfortable here for some one.

ST. GERMAIN DES PRÉS.

The dingy little store windows contain a world of interest. The lower part of the quarter, back of the Institut de France, is the region of curiosity shops, of dealers in old prints and antique furniture, and any one of their musty-smelling establishments is a museum of antiquities well worth a visit. From a point hereabouts for a distance of some thousand yards down the river bank is the site of the famous Pré aux Clercs, the great meadows which from the twelfth century until the middle of the seventeenth were the favorite haunts of the students or *clercs*, their trysting place with their sweethearts and the scene of their frequent duels. The question of its proprietorship was the occasion of long dispute and fierce encounters between the students and the neighboring Abbey of St. Germain des Prés, which at that time was very powerful. Many battles were waged with the people of the abbey and their allies, the denizens of the Faubourg St. Germain, and when victory favored the students they looted the gardens and orchards of the abbey and set fire to the buildings. The Ecole des Beaux-Arts stands here now, and further back from the river are several other art schools and many famous studios. The region is

full of evidences of the presence of art students, and in every other store is a picture seller, a dealer in art materials, artistic properties or casts, and the second-hand stores are full of easels and studio furniture. The type of the streets is the long-haired, seedy, tam-o'-shantered art student himself, laden with stretchers, vast portfolios or sketching paraphernalia—the traditional art student of the stage, of the novel, as nearly as he can render himself by picturesque garb and fantastic coiffure. Nearly as numerous on Monday mornings are the models, going from one academy to another in search of engagements for the week, or lounging in gayly colored groups in front of some school.

This "Pays Latin," the "Latin Country," as Balzac called it, has an atmosphere distinctively its own, an air of learning, of scholarship and art, which tones its inherent Parisian frivolity and makes its shabbiness respectable. The characteristic figure is the student with his portfolio. This is his insignium, his badge of Bohemia, and he is rarely seen without it. One is apt to be somewhat disappointed in the appearance of the average French student. He lacks the robust mien and sturdy expression of his Anglo-Saxon brother.

He looks decidedly callow and unsubstantial, and this is enhanced by his long hair and the straggling, codling down on his chin, which is rarely shaven. The conclusion from superficial observation is that he needs more of the American and English taste for vigorous out-of-door games, which, in fact, an effort is being made to cultivate, and one sees an occasional awkward game of football. But it is hardly in their blood. Traditions are wanting, and there is no French Tom Brown.

There are students here from every quarter of the globe, and it is worthy of remark, therefore, that the French students are exclusive. One of their mottoes is, "La France pour les français," and while foreigners are courteously treated, they are liked better when they hold themselves aloof. The "Rastaquero," or "Rasta," as he is termed, who forces himself into native student circles is not popular, and in a recent issue of a journal devoted to the interests of the schools the Russian students are praised for their reserve in this respect.

A BIT OF THE WALL OF PHILIPPE-AUGUSTE.

Wandering in the oldest, dingiest street in the mustiest section of the quarter, a turn or half a dozen steps may bring you into the full life, color and movement of a modern boulevard. Volumes have been written about the boulevards of Paris. They are the glory of the city and the nation. The Boulevard St. Michel, or the "Boul Mich," as the students call it, is the glory of the Latin Quarter. It is well worthy of so being. Viewed from the Pont St. Michel, with the beautiful Fontaine St. Michel for the centre, the boulevard stretching away on the left toward Mont Ste. Genevieve, its architectural lines modified by the foliage, the distance toned and softened by the wonderful atmosphere, so often praised, it is truly a magnificent prospect. And

STUDENTS' MI-CAREME (MID-LENT) CARNIVAL, PLACE DU PANTHEON.

it is no less interesting than beautiful. Any Parisian boulevard is interesting, but St. Michel has a quality of interest which is paralleled nowhere in the world, due, of course, to the presence of those ineffable creatures, the students, who throng here in droves and multitudes, loquacious, gay and unrestrained. But night is the time to see the Boul Mich, and not earlier than eleven o'clock. Then the student is free and awake, and the *cafés* are crowded with a restless, singing, shouting, turbulent mob which would drive insane any landlord save him bred to the Boulevard St. Michel. The hostelries under the shadow of the Sorbonne are all full to overflowing, and the tables on the sidewalk are occupied by the students and their feminine friends, for it is one of the characteristics of the Frenchman that he is never thoroughly at ease and happy out of the society of the gentler sex. So in every popular resort of the quarter there are as many "*étudiantes*" as students, eating, drinking mildly and unqualifiedly joyous. By midnight the crowd has become a crush. The street is full and a constant stream flows in and out of the *café*, where the uproar is simply deafening. There is no ill humor, however great the crush, and intoxication is extremely rare, but the gayety is something indescribable. Only a French student can attain such an extravagant degree of wild hilarity without the lavish use of stimulants. When he does reach that condition there is no adequate outlet for his spirits, no noise loud enough, no action sufficiently violent, and the furniture of the *café* has to suffer. And it is infectious. A single cheerful student is sufficient to dementate the entire crowd. I have seen every man in the *café* on his feet at once, jumping frantically up and down, not dancing—too excited for that—and shouting some students' song at the top of his voice, overturning tables, smashing chairs and glasses, utterly beside himself from glee, from the simple joy of living. In vain may the landlord protest. He simply diverts attention from the furniture to himself, and when he escapes from the clutches of his boisterous guests, stunned and deafened, he is content to see his establishment come about their ears without a murmur.

RUE GALANDE.

To see the Boul Mich on the night of a *fête* like Mardi Gras or Mi-Carême is an event of a lifetime. The entire quarter is out, and everybody is bent on having the gayest possible kind of a time, regardless of propriety and every other consideration. The air is full of flying confetti, and the trees glitter in the brilliant light with festoons of the myriads of long strips of multicolored paper which have been thrown from the windows during the day. The crowd is stifling, crushing, but everyone submits to being pulled and hauled and squeezed out of breath in the jam with the utmost good nature. Everybody throws confetti, the men at the women and the women in return, and everyone is armed with a long ostrich feather with which to tickle the face of everyone else. And this, I aver, is one of the most

RUE DU FOUARRE.

RIVER FRONT FROM THE ISLE DE LA CITÉ.

cheering of human diversions. I know of nothing so intensely, exquisitely funny as to poke a feather into the open mouth of an elderly lady who is looking up, unconsciously grinning, with jaws serenely agape, and to see the smile vanish and transform itself into a facial spasm of mingled surprise and nausea as she sputters and snorts in the wild effort of ejection. And the best of it is that it does not give offense.

A fair number of the conventional tourists' sights are in the Quartier Latin. Besides the many old churches scattered through it, there are the Hôtel des Monnaies or Mint, with its museum; the great Sorbonne, with its faculties, libraries and museums; the National School of Decorative Arts; the Polytechnic; the School of Mines, with its museum of mineralogy and geology; the School of Bridges and Roads, with its library and museum; the Academy of Medicine and the College of France; the Pantheon; and the beautiful old Hôtel de Cluny, with its museum of archæology. "The Hôtel de Cluny, which still exists for the consolation of the artist," as Victor Hugo says, is

CHAPEL OF THE HÔTEL DE CLUNY.

one of the gems of Paris and one of the finest relics remaining of the architecture of the Middle Ages. It is a beautiful Gothic structure, dating from the fifteenth century, built upon the site of a Roman palace, a part of the baths of which still remains in a very good state of preservation. This palace is believed to have been built by Constantius Chlorus about 300 A. D., and was originally of vast extent, reaching, with its gardens, from

the river to the present site of the Pantheon. Then there is the old Palais du Luxembourg, with its beautiful garden and its gallery of modern paintings. The garden, as far as possible to-day, takes the place of the ancient Pré aux Clercs. Its terraces in the afternoons swarm with students mildly ogling the demure French maidens seated with their mammas along the balustrades. It is a beautiful old park and a favorite resort of artists.

These are a few of the sights and attractions of the classic old Quarter of the Schools. Its fascination is not to be described. But when one has lived in it and learned the charm of its ancient streets and venerable buildings there is for him no other part of Paris.

"'WAS IT INSPIRATION, OR DOES SUCH A WOMAN EXIST?'"

THE HEAD OF MEDUSA

By Judith Spencer.

Two men sat by the open window of a dimly lighted studio, smoking in friendly silence. The summer night was stifling in its heat.

At length Ashburton knocked the ashes from his pipe, and began to prowl about the room. His friend's half-finished picture upon the easel failed to interest him for long, and soon he had taken to examining the various studies which were standing with their faces to the wall.

An exclamation of surprise suddenly broke the stillness and brought Lewis to his feet, and a curious expression of anger and pain came over his face as he saw the picture which Ashburton had unearthed.

It was a Medusa head of strange and almost diabolical beauty.

"Why have I never seen this before?" cried Ashburton; but Lewis made no audible reply. "It is *wonderful;* you have done nothing better," Ashburton went on, with enthusiasm. "Why don't you send it to the Exhibition? It would certainly sell——"

"It is not for sale," the artist broke in, curtly.

"If not to the general public, then to me, Lewis. I *must* have it; it is the most haunting face I have ever seen! Was it inspiration, or does such a woman exist?"

"*Woman?* Call her a fiend! You cannot have it, Harry. I never meant you should see it. She brings a curse on all who cross her path. Pray Heaven that *you*, at least, escape!"

As he uttered these words Lewis seized the picture upon which his friend was gazing as if entranced. A moment more and he had cast it into the empty fireplace and touched it with a match. But through the consuming fire the beautiful Medusa's smile flashed weirdly out upon the two, as if she triumphed even then.

"Would that her power for evil were ended, too!" cried Lewis, with passionate bitterness. "But women have always brought a curse upon men since the days of Eve. The embodiment of all that is selfish, all that is bad, they fasten themselves on their victims like those devilfish which never let go their hold, and slowly and steadily drag them down—to perdition!"

Ashburton listened in amazement to this frantic outburst.

"Good Heavens, man, you don't know what you are saying! All women are not such as you describe, thank God! Have you forgotten your mother? And what is there selfish or ignoble in Jean?"

"Ah, Jean is an angel!" Lewis muttered, brokenly, as he threw himself again in his chair by the window, with his face averted to the night.

Ashburton looked in perplexity from his friend to the flickering ashes in the grate, all that was left now of the haunting Medusa face. But Lewis had relapsed into moody silence, and Ashburton soon after took his leave.

These two had been friends from boyhood, and had shared each other's lives and thoughts until long after they had grown to men's estate. Then Asburton's profession had taken him away to the West, and upon his return, after three years of absence, he had found Lewis a changed man.

The buoyant, frank and open-handed artist had become a moody, silent and grasping man. In the old days he had striven for fame; now his one aim seemed to be to paint pictures which would sell, and while Ashburton knew that they brought him thousands where he had received but hundreds three years before, he spent no more upon himself, and not so much on others.

Yet, Lewis had seemed honestly glad of his friend's return, and their old brotherly relations had been resumed at once, in spite of that veil between them which Lewis mutely refused to lift.

Time Ashburton had pondered over the friend, but he had never found a until to-night. It was a woman, then, as he might have known! A woman, with that beautiful Medusa face, who had somehow bound her victim hand and foot, and cast him forth into a night of darkness and despair.

As Ashburton was thinking of these things he passed a quiet house, dark save for one dimly lighted upper room, where Jean, the girl whom he and Lewis had worshiped since their boyhood, was watching out the night by a fever patient's bedside. And as he thought of her noble nature and complete renunciation of self he murmured, "She is an angel!" echoing unconsciously the words of his friend.

She had always been an ideal to them both, as girl and woman. And what home had been so happy in bygone days as the home of Jean and her mother, where the "boys" had been welcomed as brothers, and loved with a sister's love?

But as Jean was entering womanhood dark days had come. Her mother had been stricken with a long and suffering illness, through which the daughter nursed her with untiring tenderness. And then, during the first hard weeks of her desolation, she had resolved to devote her life to the care of the sick.

She was a trained nurse now, with a noble enthusiasm for her profession; and though her "brothers," as she called them still, saw her but seldom, they at least esteemed her as she deserved.

Time passed, and neither Ashburton nor Lewis ever referred to the destroyed Medusa by word or sign.

It was some months afterward when Ashburton, on returning to his rooms one night, found a little dog cowering and whining in the vestibule.

"Bijou," he read on the silver collar, and being naturally fond of animals, he was moved to give shelter to the lost pet, while he advertised it in the next day's column of "Lost and Found."

Early on the morrow there was a knock upon his door, and he opened it to a graceful woman, closely veiled, who had hardly voiced her errand before Bijou sprang fawning upon her, with short barks of evident delight.

The lady took possession of her pet, and while thanking Ashburton put back her veil.

He started visibly, for Lewis's Medusa stood before him in the flesh!

She smiled, and graciously held out her hand.

"I am a stranger in your city," she said, "and alone with Bijou, so perhaps you can guess my gladness at recovering my pet. And, if one who feels so deeply in your debt may waive the conventionalities so far, I will say that any time you care to call at the Hazlewood, why, *Bijou* will make you welcome! My name is Annette Soulé."

From that moment Ashburton was under her fatal spell. Was she widow, or maid, or wife? He only knew that she was beautiful.

He went to the Hazlewood, of course. He could not keep away, though he told himself that he was only curious to solve the mystery which connected this beautiful woman with his friend. He sent up his card with the penciled words, "Bijou's friend," and was told that *Madame* Soulé was at home to him. A moment later and he was in her presence. Bijou was ecstatic. Bijou's mistress was gracious and fascinating.

Ashburton left with the invitation renewed, and he came again and again—was unable to keep away. And yet, clever man as he had always prided himself upon being, he knew hardly more of her at the end of a month than he had known on the day of their first meeting.

She was impenetrable, and his eyes were two much blinded by her beauty and suave flattery to see how she was beguiling him and leading him on to madness. If he ever wondered now about Lewis's connection with her, it was with a secret, jealous hope that he did not know of her presence so near him, and never would find it out.

She had said that she was a stranger in his city, and friendless but for him. And once, when he had pressed the question, she had told him that she was free.

"So free, my friend, that I have no wish to bind myself by fetters which might prove irksome," she had said. "Nay, no protestations; your *friendship* is all I wish for. Be warned in time; I accept no *love* except from—Bijou!"

But her warning came too late, and she accepted rich gifts from him, if not his love.

During this time he had seen Lewis but seldom, and Jean not at all.

Lewis had been quick to see the change, and was troubled by it, for Ashburton avoided the studio now, and his friend could seldom find him at his rooms, unless by a special appointment to meet him there.

One night, a little before the hour which Lewis had appointed for dropping in upon him, a light rap on the door broke Ashburton's reverie, and he opened to see the haunting Medusa face before him, the subject of all his dreams.

Mme. Soulé laughed lightly at his surprise.

"No, nothing is wrong," she said. "I was returning in a cab from a late appointment with my lawyers, and seeing a light in your window, the fancy took me to stop, and at my leisure look at some of the curious things which a quick glance revealed to me on my first visit."

It was bewildering; she was so sure of herself, so sure of him!

She roamed about the room and examined his Indian relics with evident interest, while he answered her questions abstractedly, a vague fear and suspicion shaping themselves in his mind.

Ten minutes more and Lewis would be due. Did she know that he was coming? Had she made this an excuse to see him? And what effect would this unforeseen meeting have upon his friend—upon all three?

She had taken up a curious Eastern dagger, and was toying with it in so careless a way that, though still preoccupied, he put out his hand and took it gently from her.

She laughed.

"What do you fear, my friend? Is your dagger—*poisoned?*"

He bent his head with an answering smile. It was an absolute wrong to her to suspect any hidden motive under her frank and playful manner.

At this moment Lewis's familiar quick double rap sounded upon the door.

Mme. Soulé started, and looked hurriedly around.

"It is some one to see you. How thoughtless I have been in coming here! What will they think? Quick, give me my cloak. Is there no inner room whence I can steal away unseen?"

Ashburton watched her closely. Her confusion seemed womanly and real. Was she indeed merely acting a part?

"It is my friend George Lewis, the artist. I knew he was coming; I should have told you."

She slipped her cloak back with a smile.

"Why, then, I need not run away! Let him come in."

"You know him?"

"We have met."

The double knock was repeated. She went closer to Ashburton and laid her hand upon his arm. There was a subdued excitement in her manner.

"Do me this favor," she said. "Don't tell him I am here. Let me see him for five minutes—*alone.*"

"And then?" he said, jealously.

"And then—why, anything you wish, my friend! Only—let me have my whim."

He was completely in her power. He obeyed her as if entranced.

"What's the matter, old man? Were you dreaming?" said Lewis, as he opened the door at last.

"Go in. I will join you in a minute," Ashburton said. Then, as Lewis entered the lighted room, a strange force impelled Ashburton to follow—against his will.

He saw Lewis start at discovering a woman

presence there, but her back was toward him, and he had not yet seen her face. He saw her turn then quickly; saw Lewis recoil with a gesture of horror; saw the beautiful Medusa face intense with a deadly hatred; saw her spring forward, with something gleaming in her uplifted hand. Then, before either man had divined her purpose, the Eastern dagger was buried in his breast, and Lewis fell with a groan at her feet.

Ashburton sprang forward with an outcry of horror, and for an instant his eyes met hers across the body of the wounded man.

She was the first to recover.

"Your friend is a madman," she said. "He spoke words to which I could not listen; then he seized your dagger and without warning plunged it into his breast."

"Murderess!" fell from Ashburton's shaking lips; but Lewis raised himself slowly on his arm, and turned his white face to his friend.

"Listen!" he gasped. "I did it—*myself!* For God's sake—let her go—unharmed! She is —*my wife!*"

He fell back then in a deathlike swoon, and as Ashburton knelt over him the smiling woman passed slowly out of the room.

At the door she turned for one backward glance of triumph, and murmured, as if to herself:

"So your dagger was poisoned, my friend—then the man is as good as dead!"

But the dagger was not poisoned, and Lewis was not to die. Skillful surgeons attended him, and Jean, like a sweet Sister of Charity, came at Ashburton's summons and nursed him with tenderest care. They, only, knew the truth, for a story was afloat that the artist, in a fit of despondency, had attempted suicide in the rooms of his friend.

During this anxious time Ashburton was like a man deranged. His weakness in having given way to the fascination of that beautiful, evil woman, and in having become her tool, seemed a crime against his friend which he never could expiate. And Jean, with quick sympathy, saw his trouble, and, powerless to help him, feared for the mind of the one as much as for the life of the other.

Lewis was out of danger at last, and well started upon the returning road to health. He asked often to see his friend, and Jean would bring Ashburton to the bedside; but after a few minutes of constrained silence he would rise abruptly and wander out into the night. He walked the streets for hours at a time, trying to rid himself face which haunted him, waking or sleep-

-a he was returning late, and phys-

ically wearied out, he heard the quick rush of engines, and listlessly turned aside to join the following crowd.

Suddenly he hastened his footsteps. The fire was in the Hazlewood; in the apartment under Mme. Soulé's own the flames were bursting forth; their glare lit up the street, and made it light as day.

There was some delay; the ladders had not yet come, and retreat for those in the upper part of the building had been cut off. He looked up, and there, at an open window, he saw her for the first time since that fatal night. Her face, lighted up by the pulsing flamelight, recalled the burning Medusa in the studio. It was the same resplendent, diabolical beauty; but now, with outstretched hands, she was pleading, imploring help from the crowd below.

It was horrible that she should die like this! And there was Bijou on the window seat beside her, howling dismally with fright.

Where *were* the ladders? Was there no other hope of rescue?

He broke his way through the multitude, and she saw him and called his name. He had been a famous athlete in his college days, and now, with a kind of madness upon him, he broke away from the restraining hands and was making his way upward by aid of the ornate columns and heavy ornaments of the façade.

The crowd cheered wildly at his quick advance. The voice that had so beguiled him lured him on; but the conviction seemed being burned into his mind with the flakes of fire which fell upon him that he was going to his death. And yet, fiend as he knew her to be, her spell was upon him still, and he could not have stood by and left this beautiful woman alone to her horrible fate.

He had almost reached her now. His hands were bleeding, his strength was going, and the flames which burst through the windows just below her own were scorching his face and nearly blinding him.

A shout from the watching crowd in the street, "The ladders!—at last!" Then *her* voice rang out, just over him, in triumph, and Bijou's short, quick, joyous bark of welcome as the little dog came leaping through the air to meet him, struck him and loosed his hold; and he fell, through a gulf of strange noise and confusion, into oblivion.

* * * * * *

Ashburton came to himself in his own familiar room. He had been ill, for Jean and Lewis were bending over him. Those hideous, haunting fancies had been but his delirium, and he smiled weakly as Jean arranged his pillows, then closed his eyes and slept.

But on waking again the fancies seemed so real that, as Jean bent over him, he put the question. She looked at him with her clear, truthful eyes.

"You did not dream," she said. "There was a fearful fire, but the ladders came in time. No one was hurt but you and a little dog which jumped from an upper window and was killed."

"Bijou!" he murmured, thinking how nearly he had shared poor Bijou's fate.

His recovery was very slow. It seemed impossible to arouse his interest in anything again. At last, when he was strong enough to need his nurse no longer, Jean left him in the care of Lewis, who still made Ashburton's quarters his home.

LILACS.

Lewis, at least, showed no signs now of all that he had gone through, and Ashburton wondered to find him so like the Lewis of long ago, while he himself was silent and gloomy, still haunted by thoughts and remembrances of which he could not bring himself to speak.

One morning Lewis took his languid hand.

"Harry, old man," he said, "if you won't rouse yourself for your own sake, try to do it—for *mine*. Many things have happened since you and I last talked together, and the best way for you to learn of them, I think, is to read the newspapers, which you have not seen for weeks. I am going out for an hour. Promise me you will look these over while I am gone."

Ashburton assented, and listlessly took up the topmost paper when he was alone. The first thing that caught his eye was a thrilling account of the Hazlewood fire, of the beautiful Mme. Soulé's deadly peril, of his own gallant attempt at a rescue, and of the tardy arrival of the ladder company—in time to save her life.

It brought the awful scene so vividly before him that he shuddered and dropped the paper. But by and by, remembering his promise to Lewis, he took up the second one.

In a moment his wandering gaze became fixed, attentive, and he was reading with eager interest the strange sequel to the story of the fire.

At the very moment of her rescue, it seemed that the beautiful woman had been recognized as a daring adventuress, well known in many cities under as many different names, and who had always cleverly managed to escape the arrest with which she had been menaced more than once.

Then another paper took up the theme, and told how a well-known artist, whose name was withheld, had fallen a victim to her fascinations, and had married her several years before, only to discover that she had been forging the name he had given her, for vast amounts. Separation followed, but it was known that he had paid her debts, and that he contributed generously to her support, on the condition that she kept away from the city in which he made his home. She had secretly broken this promise, however, within the past few months, when, after the sudden death of a young companion, suspicion of poisoning, from motives of jealousy, had been fastened upon her.

Then came the brief story of her arrest, with some of the many charges which had been brought against her. She had asserted her innocence boldly, and declared she could bring convincing proofs in her favor, yet on the following morning she had been found in her cell—*dead*, and by her own hand.

The paper fell to the floor. The weight which had burdened him was lifted. The beautiful Medusa, with her irresistible fascination, was hidden forever in the grave, and he was free from her evil power at last!

When Lewis came in no word was spoken, but their hands met with an almost painful pressure.

Their old manner of life was now resumed, and the past was ignored, if not forgotten.

But Jean was not neglected now. Each owed so much to her, and each seemed to vie with the other in a renewal of his old devotion.

She was wearied after a winter of constant nursing, and was taking a few weeks' rest, and their frequent friendly visits made it seem like old times, she said.

One night Lewis was waiting in the small reception room to see her, when Ashburton happened in.

"Hello, Lewis! you here?" he said. "You could never guess what I have in this box—it's full of trailing arbutus, the earliest blooms. I've been off in the country, tramping the woods all the afternoon to get it for her. Jean said last night she was longing for some; she had not seen any for years."

Lewis looked intently at his friend.

"Ashburton," he said, suddenly, "you love her?"

The quick blood leaping upward gave Ashburton's dark cheek a ruddy tinge.

"I do indeed, old fellow!" he responded; "and I mean to win her if I can."

The next moment Jean was with them, and Lewis soon after took his leave.

He went back to his easel now, and painted with feverish energy.

"While the mood is on me I must work," he said, when his friend remonstrated with him on his too close application.

At last one night—it was late, but Lewis had not thought of retiring—there was a familiar footfall on the uncarpeted stair, and a moment later Ashburton stood in the doorway, his face aglow with happiness.

Lewis arose.

"No need to put it into words," he said. "Your face tells me the story."

"Old fellow, I'm the happiest man alive!"

Lewis wrung Ashburton's hand.

"I congratulate you, dear old boy, and—I wish *her*—every happiness."

The two chanced to be standing before the grate in which the beautiful Medusa head had blazed away into nothingness less than a year ago. The scene recurred to Ashburton, and he spoke involuntarily, as if to himself:

"*That* was a momentary madness, a blind infatuation, but *this*—this is *love.*"

Lewis, too, was looking downward, but before his inner vision rose the pure, sweet face of *Jean,* and the ashes he looked upon seemed the ashes of his dead hope.

"She will give up her profession for my sake," Ashburton said at last, with a proud content; "and we are to be married in the early fall. Lewis, we want you to give the bride away."

Lewis straightened himself suddenly and looked at his friend with an odd half-smile.

"*Impossible,*" he said, quietly, "for I am going abroad in June. Perhaps I ought to have told you of my plans before, but they were not decided, definitely, until to-night."

AN EASTER REMEMBRANCE.

By Lilian Whiting.

To you, O love, all greetings go
  Whene'er a festival appears;
  All the glad days of all the years
Set toward you with their joyous flow.

So on this resurrection morn—
  Sublime with messages that give
  Fair meanings to the years we live—
When a diviner life is born.

I turn me, dear, to ask for you
  New joys and sweetness, flowers and love
  All the fair gifts of Heaven above
Make, for your sake, the world anew.

His love be yours—His peace enfold!
  The Easter sun shines down in glory;
  All hearts are thrilling to the story,
And from the grave the stone is rolled!

IN NATURE'S KINDERGARTEN SCHOOL.

By Charles H. Crandall.

In Nature's kindergarten school
  I gather, out of grass and dew—
Emblem of her eternal rule—
  A cup and saucer, brown of hue.

An acorn? Yes. And as I gaze,
  From wheels of chariots, spoke on spoke,
The sunlight falls in glittering rays
  That praise the product of the oak!

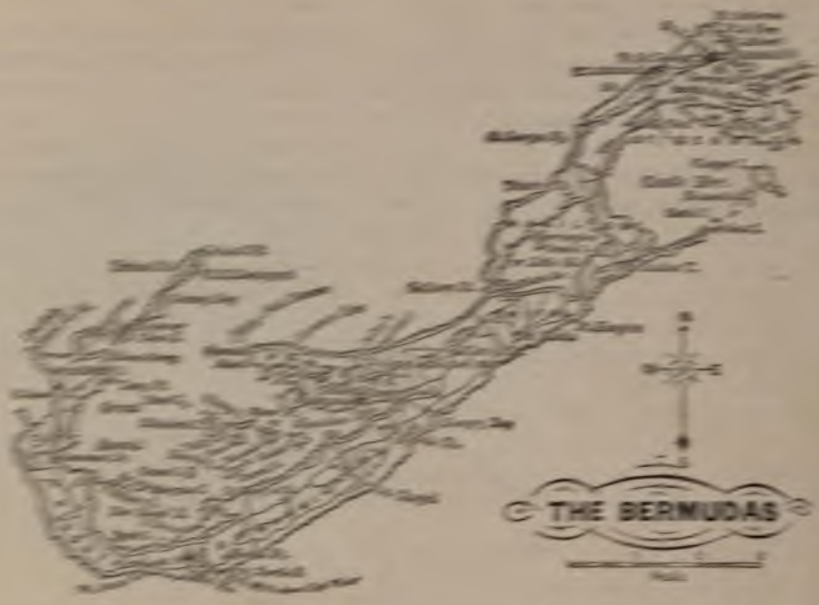
Heart of the acorn! Heart of me!
  Which is the lesser, which more blind?
The germ that longs to be a tree
  Or I who yearn toward humankind?

Whether we will it so or not,
  Time teaches both that it is best
To long, aspire—to grasp our lot—
  To strive and suffer—and to rest.

O kindly rule, that, of the seed,
  Imprisoned in its brown cup shell,
Ne'er asks that it be oak or reed,
  But just to grow, and all is well!

O sweet content in lowly ways,
  That bids the soul to strike no note
To jar with unexacted lays
  That well up in the robin's throat!

So will our dream of dreams come true.
  From seeds we cannot see to-day,
Out of the old shall come the new,
  Out of the dark the morning ray.



By J. D. Matthews, M.D.

"There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night:
A land of beauty."

SEVEN HUNDRED miles from New York lies a land quite unfamiliar to most Americans, yet having within its borders much to charm, and, above all, possessing in large degree that which nature has provided to restore those giving way before our overactive life; an island cluster of which 'tis said:

"The wandering mariner whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air,
In the gay borders of Bermuda's isles,
Where spring, with everlasting verdure, smiles."

Wishing to experience a personal share in such pleasure, a midwinter afternoon found us on board the stanch ship *Trinidad*, which, parting her moorings and pointing prow southward, steamed away for a summer land, where

"The winds blow east and the winds blow west,
From woodlands low to the eagle's nest.
The winds blow north and the winds blow south,
To steal the sweets from the lily's mouth."

Sixty-five hours later, on a sunny Sunday morning, we dropped anchor in Grassy Bay—which might well have been called glassy, so smooth it was—to wait for the afternoon tide, on which we could go direct to Hamilton, the capital of Bermuda.

Threading our way along the narrow channel,

PAL PALMS.

FRONT STREET, HAMILTON.

sometimes so close to land, we could almost touch it, we soon rounded off Front Street, the leading thoroughfare, and prepared to go down a very primitive gang plank, the construction of which amused newcomers. The water at the wharf not being deep enough to allow of anchoring alongside, and the city fathers refusing to build a proper pier, two huge poles were hauled on board; along these crawled several agile darkies with cross-bars and ropes, and having lashed them firmly, planks were laid and we landed. But a pier has been built lately.

Before doing the city and country, it may be of interest to note some facts touching the origin, nature and extent of this little midocean community, this mere speck in the wide waste of waters. These islands, once called the Isles of Devils, were found in 1515 by Juan Bermudez, and though many in number—365, 'tis said, some of which are so small as to be covered by the shade of a

CONSTRUCTING THE LANDING BRIDGE.

single tree—only the five largest are tenanted. Their collective shape is that of a shepherd's crook; their area, nineteen square miles. They form a ring of coral reefs round a lagoon, the coral structure resting on a submarine mountain of volcanic origin, a lonely cone rising three miles from the ocean bed. Until the laying, in July, 1890, of the cable to Halifax, they formed the most isolated place of civilized habitation on the globe, excepting, possibly, St. Helena. The population is 16,000, Hamilton, the leading town, containing 2,000 inhabitants. The soil is rich and largely productive. The climate being semi-tropical, vegetables and southern fruits abound. The former comprise nearly all known in northern gardens, the onion, of course, leading the list. This typifies the top point of Bermudian excellence, according to Mark Twain, who declares that the fond father, sending his noble scion of a noble sire out to battle the world, breathes a parental blessing, and, as tending toward the highest attainable, this parting injunction: "My son, be an onion."

Of fruits, bananas, oranges, lemons and papaws are most abundant. The bananas are of the yellow variety, sweet, but too small to compete in northern markets with those from more southern climes. The oranges and lemons are too inferior for use. The papaw is a local delicacy, mainly used by the natives. There are no apples nor peaches. At the time of our first visit, in January, strawberries were abundant. Since then their culture has largely fallen off, but it is thought that, with selected plants, extra care and added market facilities—quicker transit and cooling rooms on steamers—they might be made an export of no little value. So, too, might the valleys and sheltered places produce figs, pineapples and other fruit; but the Bermudian planter seems to let his ambition tend mainly to potatoes and onions.

Turning from Front Street into Queen, one of the first things to attract attention is the famous rubber tree, spreading itself sixty to seventy feet, quite across the street. Mark Twain thought his visit out of season, as he failed to see any gum shoes hanging from its branches.

Driving along Church Street, we pass the leading hotel of Bermuda, charmingly located on a commanding site, overlooking on every side, the whole year round, a summer landscape, the white-roofed town and the blue waters of the shining bay. A winding drive, with flights of steps, leads to the street below. To the right, far off to the southwest, the lighthouse towers aloft, and by night sends forth the flash of its revolving light once a minute.

The cedar is the tree of Bermuda, giving it a perennial green. Cedar Avenue, in Hamilton, lined, as its name implies, with overarching cedars, is a beautiful street. The palm, the palmetto and the bamboo, rearing their stately heads, vary forest and field. On the eastern edge of Hamilton is a quintet of palm trees, known as the Royal Palms, with clean, columnlike trunks, eighty feet high, that are vivid reminders of a far-away eastern land.

The houses in Bermuda are almost without exception built of coral composing the island structure, which is white, and so soft that it can be cut and trimmed with saw and chisel, but promptly hardens on exposure. The roofs are thin slates of the same material. These are annually whitewashed, and, rising from their emerald surroundings—the islands are always green—give a charm to the landscape that must be seen to be appreciated. Each dwelling is required by law to be provided with a tank for rain water taken from the roof, which, with the yearly whitening, insures its purity. At various places, on hillside and elsewhere, are shallow basins leading to reservoirs, cut in the coral, to catch and retain the rain. There are wells, but the water is too brackish to drink. Lately the supply has been

CEDAR AVENUE, HAMILTON.

ST. GEORGE.

increased by several artesians, the water of which is good.

Bermuda has a governor and a parliament. The governor is appointed by Queen Victoria. His colonial salary is seven hundred pounds. Tenure of office varies: the last incumbent, General Newdegate, was appointed October 29th, 1888, and served till last July. The present Government House, as his residence is called, at Mount Langton, one mile north of Hamilton, is a cool, comfortable, old-time-style domicile, with no pretension to beauty; but the new one, now nearing completion, is a superb structure, Spanish in style, of which the Bermudians may well be proud, and from the towers of which can be had charmingly varied views that compass almost the whole country.

The Bermudian Parliament, or Assembly, as it is called, consists of thirty-six members—four from each of the nine districts, or parishes, as they are styled, into which the colony is divided. No one is eligible to the Assembly unless he owns $1,200 worth of real estate—four times as much as everyone must have who enjoys the right of franchise. Colored folk have the same rights as white; but though they form three-fifths of the population, the white voters outnumber them three to one. Parliament meets at 12:30 o'clock on Monday and Friday, and Wednesday if business requires. The opening is quite an affair. The governor, in full regalia, makes a speech; the various officials, in uniform, attend, and soldiers enliven the scene. The Assembly Chamber is a spacious room, handsomely decorated and adorned with two large portraits of George and his royal spouse. The Speaker gets a salary of one thousand dollars. All measures passed must be approved by the governor—who has a veto power—and then submitted to the Queen for final approval.

One mile west of Mount Langton is Clarence Hill, the residence, when off duty, of the admiral commanding the English North American Squadron. The grounds are extensively and handsomely laid out, kept quite "up to the Queen's taste," and, like those of the governor, freely open to visitors. Both the governor and the admiral are "at home" quite often during the season, and their receptions are very popular.

The population of Bermuda is 16,000. Three-fifths are black. Many of the colored people are notably neat in appearance, and their politeness to strangers is proverbial. There is little poverty. We never saw a beggar. The drives in Bermuda are delightful. Smooth coral roads, with ever-varying vistas of land and ocean, make them specially attractive. The service is good and cheap—one dollar the first hour, and fifty cents each after hour. The fine roads give a special charm to cycling, and many lovers of this sport find the wheel an added pleasure to the winter outing.

Among the amusements of visitors in Bermuda is the donkey drive. These patient little creatu

NORTH SHORE DRIVE.

with the two-wheeled carts make a favorite way of getting about the town and its environs. It costs little, and the average Bermudian donkey is so much like Artemus Ward's kangaroo, "an amoosin' little kuss," that lots of fun can be had. He's a slow, plodding fellow, and various devices are used to get a better gait than his usual jogging along. The biggest success seems to be obtained by tying an empty tin can to a string or whip and banging it at the donkey's heels, a trick that seldom fails to start his jackship off in great shape.

St. George, twelve miles from Hamilton, the most northerly point in Bermuda, is the second largest town, and was once the capital. During the early sixties it was a busy place, being the rendezvous for blockade runners to the Georgia and Carolina coasts, 600 miles away; but its streets are now grass-grown and Rip-Van-Winkle-like in general. As a garrison town it received last year the mutinous section of the famous Grenadier Guards from London. It is strongly fortified. The most attractive point, other than quaint old streets and buildings, is the Public Garden, filled with semi-tropical trees and plants, and among them a monkey-puzzle tree, so called because covered with short, sharp thorns over which it would puzzle even a monkey to climb.

Midway between Hamilton and St. George is Walsingham, known in Bermuda as the home of the poet Moore, who seventy-five years ago held a lucrative post in this colonial field. Tom soon tired, however, of his island home, and not many months after settling sailed away. Under a famous calabash tree on the grounds some of his sweetest songs were written, and the spot, with its attractive cavern and its water-side beauties, is one of the show places of Bermuda.

Ireland Island, the southern extremity of Bermuda, is the site of the naval equipment and the famous floating dock "Bermuda," the largest in the world, being 381 feet long, 125 feet wide, 75 feet deep, and holding 37,000 tons of water. It was built at Woolwich, England, in 1858, and its successful transit from there via Madeira in thirty-five days was regarded a great marine engineering feat. The English fleet anchors here during the annual spring stay of several weeks at this station. The dockyard, with its various vessels and other marine attractions, is a point of much interest to visitors, who are freely admitted on presenting an order, easily obtainable by making written request to the naval officer in charge. Steamers go from Hamilton several times daily, and the fifteen-mile drive there is charming.

Halfway from Hamilton to Ireland Island is Gibb's Hill Lighthouse, the most picturesque sight in Bermuda, and one which visitors should always put first on their list to see. Leaving Hamilton via the Royal Palms, we pass, on our way to Gibb's Hill, the entrance to Inglewood, the home of the Hon. J. H. Trimmingham, one of Bermuda's leading citizens, who placed it at the

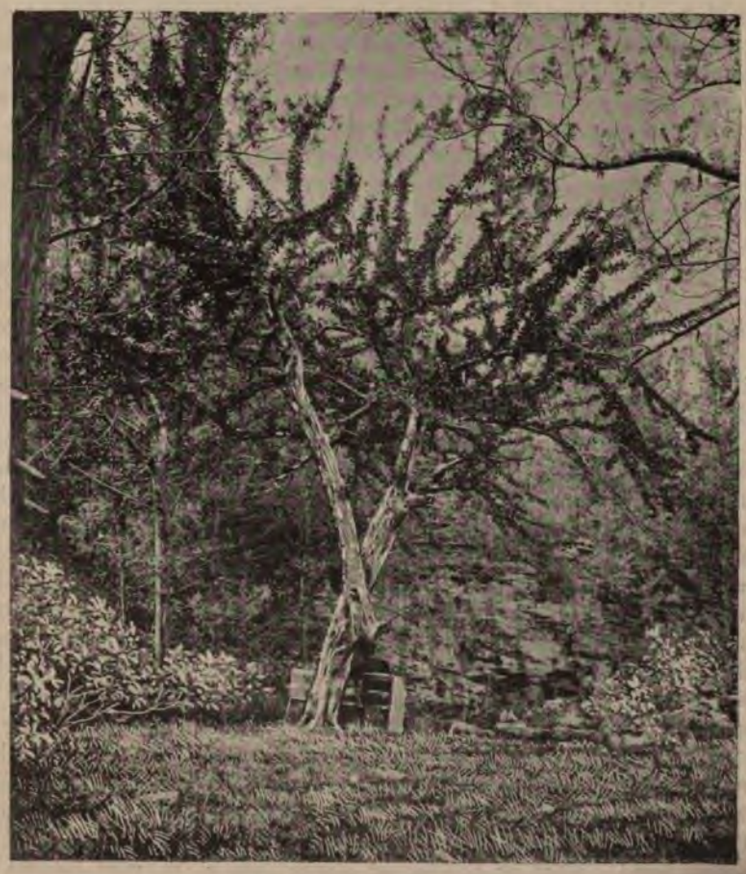
GIBB'S HILL LIGHTHOUSE.

A BERMUDA COTTAGE.

disposal of Queen Victoria's daughter Louise, when she spent several weeks here nine years ago, greatly to the delight of the loyal Bermudians.

The lighthouse is one of the largest in the world, 135 feet high, and the light, 362 feet above the sea level, can be seen nearly forty miles. A drive thither, over oleander-hedged highways, through coral cuts and along flower-lined lanes, affords such a kaleidoscopic panorama of loveliness that the visitor is fairly bankrupt of appreciative adjectives. Reaching the lighthouse, mounting the 135 feet to its summit and stepping out on the surrounding balcony, we have at our feet —stretching from St. George, the most northerly, to Ireland Island, the southern extreme—Bermuda. In a single sweep all is there, the many-shaped islands of the coral cluster, the cedar-covered hills and dales, the newly plowed patches of rich brown loam, the white-roofed, white-walled houses, in their setting of green; off to the north the cannon-crowned forts of St. George; and, environing all, the sun-glinted ocean, whose coral-bottomed and crystallike, changeful colored water near shore evokes such wondering comment when first seen. Add to this a deep-blue, cloud-flecked sky, ending a faultless day, and we have a typical Bermuda picture such as no artist could hope to rival. Returning along the south shore for awhile, then quite across the mainland to the harbor road—which, with its cedar-capped hills on the right, and the islet-gemmed waters over which gleam the lights of Hamilton on our left, is the most delightful drive in the islands—we round out an excursion both attractive and unique.

We have toured in many places, and looked on scenes famed in song and story—the rock-ribbed heights of Scotland's Athens, the castle-crowned hills of Stirling, and on Abbey Craig; the wondrous beauty of English lakeland, Swiss scenery sublime, the ocean downs of the Isle of Wight,



TOM MOORE'S CALABASH TREE.

and the peerless pictures on the vine-clad Rhine —but the views going to, at and coming from Gibb's Hill Lighthouse stand, of their kind, alone.

Like its larger Emerald sister, Bermuda has no snakes. There are said to be huge spiders—though we never saw them—of which Mark Twain tells some marvelous tales. Mark went there with a clerical friend—"one of the best of men, although a clergyman," he says—and asserts that one night, after retiring, the reverend gentleman entered his room, carrying something, and asked: "Is this your boot?"

"Mark said "Yes."

"Well," said the dominie, "I met a spider going off with it."

Next morning, he says, the parson said that just at dawn the same spider raised his window and was coming in to get his shirt, but saw him and fled.

"Did he get the shirt?" asked Mark.

"No."

"How did you know it was a shirt he was after?"

"I could see it in his eye."

Mark also asserts he saw more than a million cats. We cannot confirm this statement. Under some conditions Twain uses the truth very sparingly, and we think this feline tale must have been gotten up under such conditions.

As might be expected, boating in Bermuda is a popular pastime. The craft most largely in use for pleasure is called a dingey—a little boat with big canvas, that goes at high speed. Some of the natives are expert boatmen. There is a royal yacht club, with annual races that make gala days.

Bermuda has, too, her Derby, and a great day it is. Trade comes to a standstill; the town is deserted. "Everybody and his relations" go to the races. Governor, civilians, soldiers, white and black, are there. The track is at Shelly Bay, about five miles from Hamilton. All sorts of vehicles are brought into service to get there, and hundreds—women as well as men—wend their way on foot. It is a general day off. The races are run largely under the patronage of the garrison officers, and their horses mainly contest. The first race awaits the governor's coming. Betting is lively. The regimental band adds to the pleasure. A red-letter day is Derby Day in Bermuda.

The garrison force in Bermuda consists of two regiments—one at St. George; the other at Camp Prospect, a mile from Hamilton. The view from Camp Prospect is beautiful. Each regiment has a fine band. That at the latter camp gives a weekly concert, during the season, at Victoria Park, in Hamilton. Dress parade, Saturday morning, is a magnet. The camp Sunday service is largely attended, and at its close an open-air sacred concert by the band attracts many visitors.

The religion of Bermuda is mainly that of the Church of England. Each parish has its established church. The leading one is Holy Trinity, in Hamilton. The diocese is that of Newfoundland. There are churches of five other denominations. The services are well attended, though in the season Sunday loses some of its sacred-day stillness, for that is "steamer day," when the mail boat arrives from New York. Notice of its coming is given by signal at the flag station on Mount Langton, and not long after a goodly crowd of natives and visitors wend their way to the wharf to note new arrivals. Bustle prevails till tourists and baggage are landed, and the town returns to its wonted quiet.

The judiciary of Bermuda consists of a chief justice and two associates. The former gets seven hundred pounds as salary, and fees. The attorney general, appointed by the Queen, prosecutes all crimes against the crown. His son is the next leading barrister. Sometimes sire is pitted against son, and in a notable murder case, two years ago, the sire came out second best. The chief justice wears wig and gown; his colleagues are clothed like common mortals. Dispatch in trial cases seems unknown. There is no stenographer. The presiding justice makes written record of evidence, often repeats questions and answers, and as a result court drags wearily along.

Two journals, a weekly and semi-weekly, keep Bermudians abreast the times. The former, the *Royal Gazette*—the island "Thunderer"—is the official paper; price, twelve cents per copy. The other, the *Colonist*, is the more "newsy"; cost, one pound per year. The latter has a New York correspondent. Tidings from the outer world are less ancient and meagre since the coming of the cable. The latter was an event of much importance to Bermuda. It is a success. Time to New York, ten minutes; toll, eighty-one cents per word.

The health of these islands is almost always good. A healthy October presages a healthy winter. There has been no epidemic since 1853, when yellow fever made havoc, sparing neither sex, age nor condition. The greatest mortality is under five, and, among the blacks, is largely due to neglect. The leading death cause is consumption. Births and deaths are fully recorded. The former lead. Long lives, eighty-five to ninety-five, are not uncommon. There are nine registered medical men, besides ten army and five naval surgeons. There are two health officers—a post surgeon at

St. George and a local one at Hamilton. A general Board of Health is composed of the governor and council—the latter, nine leading non-professional men. Quarantine regulations are careful and complete.

Bermudians claim their climate to be the most equable in the world, and temperature tables tend to support the claim. The average for the season of 1888–89 was 63° ; for 1889–90, 63° ; for 1890–91, 64°. As a rule, November, April and May are most agreeable. During December, January and February, however, the weather much of the time is pleasant. Sometimes it is possible at Christmas time to enjoy an unseasonable but refreshing ocean bath.

March is the worst month, when east winds, low barometer and thermometer and frequent showers prevail. The porous soil admits of outings soon after a heavy rain. As in England, mornings often betoken a stormy day, but the clouds roll by to a beautiful afternoon. July and August, for the "outside barbarian," are not to his liking, and September, with its sultry, breezeless days, is most oppressive of all. May and June, as regards climatic conditions and the floral beauty of forest and field, offer special attractions ; but fashion at present decrees that during March the full tide of travel shall crowd steamers, hotels and boarding houses to discomfort. The highest pleasure in these sunny isles will never be found till this senseless fad has had its day.

The floral adornings form one of Bermuda's greatest charms. The oleander, one of the most bountiful shrubs, rising ten to fifteen feet, with its red and white flowers, makes an admirable highway hedge. It and the geranium are fullest in May and June. Lilies are best in April, and fill whole fields, making a picture beautiful and unique. This lovely flower is mainly grown for the bulb, large numbers of which are sent north, but the florists now pack the flowers in such a way that they reach New York, and even England, in good form. Of roses it must only be said that they abound in great variety, and bloom the year round out of doors.

For insomnia Bermuda is singularly beneficial. It is *not* the place for consumptives, nor for invalids far advanced in wasting disease. It is a happy land for the neuralgic and for convalescents generally. For the weary and worn, for the tired worker in any line, be it brain or brawn, it is indeed a Mecca to which he may turn with confidence for rest and relief.

Bermuda is good, too, for those who are not ill. Let the busy American take a fortnight off, and a ten days' sojourn in those sunlit isles, and if conditions be favorable he will lay in a stock of happy memories for a long time to come.

THREE INDIAN WEDDINGS.

By Elaine Goodale Eastman.

I had not been living among the Indians many months when I was invited to a wedding at a Christian settlement twenty miles away from the wild and mainly "heathen" village where I was teaching school. Neither bride nor groom had ever enjoyed the advantages of an Eastern school, or, indeed, ever attended a school of any kind for more than a few months in their lives, and their adoption of "civilized" customs was principally due to the missionary (himself a full-blooded Sioux), who kindly offered to drive us to the scene of the marriage festivities. So my friend Mrs. T—— and myself, with Mr. W—— and his fair-haired wife, set off behind Mr. W——'s shabby but speedy little Indian ponies, well covered with striped Navajo blankets of pure wool and gayly painted buffalo robes, for our long, cold drive.

It was a sunny day in midwinter, and a heavy snow had fallen the day before. There is not much sleighing in South Dakota, and consequently not everybody owns a stylish cutter. Our conveyance was more of the "old farm sleigh" order, but comfortable enough. Our road lay for more than half the way along the frozen surface of the Missouri River, which, in spite of its windings, was shorter and easier than the road over the "gumbo hills." It is not particularly reassuring, however, to be told of the perilous "air holes" which sometimes lurk underneath the deceitful snowy surface. So swift is the current, that, if the horses *should* happen to step into an air hole, team, sleigh and passengers must almost inevitably be swept away under the ice.

It seems only a little while when we reach the scattering settlement of log houses, larger and better than the average Indian's cabin, with the plain frame chapel, ornamented only by its modest bell tower, in a central position. A number of teams have already gathered near the home of

the bride, and an animated discussion is in progress. An unforeseen difficulty has arisen. The ceremony is to be performed in the little chapel, but no one has thought of breaking the road, drifted full of snow since last Sunday. Nobody likes to lead the way, till the impetuous Mr. W—— whips up his plucky little ponies and drives ahead, floundering crazily through the deep drifts, and followed closely by the groom, who drives the bride in his own sleigh, and by all the rest of neighborhood.

St. Andrew's Chapel is bare enough within to our eyes, with its hard benches and plain pine walls, relieved only by the rusty cedar of the Christmas decorations and a deep-red altar cloth. The men sit on one side of the room, the women on the other, all neatly dressed in warm clothing, the women with brilliant shawls draping head and shoulders. The bride has on a red cashmere dress trimmed with black velvet. It is quite nicely fitted, and she makes a great concession by leaving her shawl behind her on the seat when she stands up to be married, allowing her glossy black head to remain uncovered.

ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN.

The service is the beautiful one in the Prayer Book, but all in the Dakota tongue, including a hymn sung by the congregation, and a brief address. The bride's responses are clear, while the groom's are almost inaudible. When they turn and walk down the one narrow aisle as man and wife—not, however, arm in arm—everybody rises to meet them. All the men shake hands solemnly with the new-made husband, and the women kiss the bride; but it seems curious that nobody smiles or offers any verbal congratulation.

The next thing is the wedding supper, and the whole party immediately adjourns to the large living room of the native catechist, which, with two little bedrooms, forms a wing of the chapel.

I say "the whole party," but it would be more accurate to say as many of us as can squeeze in, for most of the room is already taken up by a long table covered with a coarse white cloth and white dishes, upon which the women are placing steaming basins of food and huge tin pots of coffee. At least half the men and boys are compelled to stay outside, under a rude porch thatched with boughs, and although the day is cold, the hot fire and the crowd within make it more comfortable to have the door partly open. Now the people unbend a little, and several jokes are heard, led by the jovial missionary and followed with much laughter. The wedded pair are with difficulty compelled to take seats together at the head of the table. Mr. W—— occupies the foot, with the "white ladies" on either hand, and the most honorable guests having been seated in the remaining spaces, and a very long blessing asked in Dakota, the meal begins.

Now, every bit of food has been cooked by Indian women—and not graduates of any school, either—so that the delicious white bread, the savory meats, the well-flavored apple pies, are a surprise to me. A variety of vegetables, rice cooked with raisins, cakes, tea and coffee, and even confectionery, are served also! When one tableful has eaten the dishes are washed and the table reset, and *six times* the loaded board is swept before all have partaken. Even then there is an abundance of good things left, which are given away to retiring guests with a lavish hand.

Surely these people are not lacking in hospitality, nor yet in willingness to adopt the manners and customs of civilization.

It is in May, when the sun is warm and the prairie spangled with exquisite flowers, that a maiden who is something of a belle in our own village comes bashfully to me for advice. She ad-

THE CHAPEL.

mits—hanging down her pretty head—that Tom and Charley both like her very much; and which one do I think she had better marry?

"Which do you like best?" I ask.

She vows that she doesn't know.

Really, they are both young men of pretty good reputation, and there is little to choose between them, so far as I can see. Perhaps Tom could give her the better home, as he has some well-to-do relatives who are very kind to him. Mary is urged more closely to declare her preference, and receives a little lecture on the seriousness and importance of the decision. She seems to feel that a choice must be made at once, and finally says that she really likes Tom best.

"Then by all means marry Tom," is my advice.

Apparently she will follow it sooner even than I expected, for the very next day Tom's relatives inform me that the young people are to be married on the next Sunday, and that they are going to give them some substantial presents, and also a wedding supper, to which the whole village is bidden. The preparations begin at once. For my part, I send Mary a pretty dress, hoping she will make it in time to be married in.

What is my astonishment and dismay, on Sunday morning, to be told that the fickle maid has eloped over night with *Charley!*

The pair were hastily wedded at the missionary's house, quite early in the morning, without the wedding dress, the wedding presents, or the marriage feast! Tom's relatives bemoan the useless expense of preparation; and as for that injured youth himself, he knocks Charley down the first time he sees him—an insult which the bridegroom does not feel called upon to resent in any way.

At the third wedding I bore a more important part than at either of the others. In fact, I seemed to be bridesmaid, best man, father of the bride, and all in one. The blushing bride on this occasion was a widow of some forty summers, who came to me calling me her "younger sister," and bashfully entreated my help in her dilemma. She was a woman of purely Indian antecedents, whose former husband had been a thoroughly unrecon-

THE SCHOOLROOM.

A YEAR AFTER THE WEDDING.

THE RIVAL SUITORS.

AN ALLEGORY.

By Ethel Hatton Leitner.

When Time was born—a baby young and fair,
With laughing eyes and tangled golden hair—

Then on his Mother Nature's fragrant breast
He counted hours when kissing and caressed,

And gathered rose leaves with his little hands,
To fill his glass and stop the rolling sands.

Well, Time grew up to manhood, one fair day—
And fell in love with Pleasure, so they say.

But Death's heart, too, was lain on Pleasure's shrine—
He followed in his wooing after Time.

And catching in his arms that form so bright,
He kissed her shrinking lips all cold and white.

On, on flew frightened Time, and on Death flew—
And all Time smiled on, Death would smile on too;

Just stopping now and then a song to hush,
Or the gold wings of some sweet hope to crush.

Time turns to ope a rosebud; as he goes
He sees his cruel shadow crush the rose.

White-haired he grew—poor broken-hearted Time—
Yet in his great eyes dawned a light sublime.

He totters on. Behind, Death sings his dirge.
At last Time—pausing on the utmost verge

Of dim Eternity—stands calm, secure.
For where he goes Death never finds the shore.

A HUMAN FIRE OPAL.

By Maude Annulet Andrews.

The strangest story I ever heard was an absolutely true one.

It was told me in a queer, rickety little lodging downtown in New York. This lodging house was in the artists' part of the city.

Mine was a sky parlor—an airy apartment, very roomy, in fact, as its furniture was light and scanty. It was rather a cheery little place, though, for I made the walls bright with studies brought home every day from the League. But it is not of myself I would tell you. My story concerns the woman who, at the time I recall, occupied the room next my own.

She was a great artist, and had made a name for herself. Her room was furnished in the oddest kind of way. I had never seen anything like it before, and it reminded me of the descriptions of rooms in harems.

The room was an artistic oasis in a desert of broken-leg tables and broken-back chairs and rough, bare floors.

Why, Zelda—I will not call her the name she was known by in the city—chose to live there was a mystery.

She was beautiful beyond all power of description or analysis.

She was a dark woman, with waving, dusky hair which fell below her knees. She was tall and lissom, yet exquisitely curved and rounded. Her arms and limbs were long, slender and tapering, and her feet and hands were small and dimpled as a child's.

She was always lying down when not kneeling at her easel, and as she lay full length upon a divan she impressed me most strangely. Though every limb was apparently motionless her whole body seemed to be vibrating as if strung upon electric threads. I have watched her for hours with fascinated eyes as she lay thus at full length with her rose-leaf eyelids closed upon her pansy eyes, and her soft little hands clasped above her graceful head.

The closed lips constantly quivered, and the muscles about the exquisite mouth drew themselves into passionate lines of pain. I could feel that every drop of blood in her whole body was surging through her veins in response to some maddening memory, and I fancied, if I touched her, that her soul would be revealed to mine like the physical conveying of electricity.

One night, as she lay this way, she lifted her lids, and her eyes shone softly upon me.

"Come here, child," she said.

I went, and sat on the floor beside her. She took my face between her velvety, magnetic hands, and kissed me tenderly upon the eyelids.

"What makes you so sorry for me?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know—I don't know!" I exclaimed, impetuously. "You suffer so, I want to help you; and yet you can't be helped. I feel it that you can't be helped, some way."

She turned her head silently away, and her body quivered as though I had struck her a terrible blow.

"I ought not to be sorry for you," I went on. "The idea of a poor little struggling artist being sorry for a beautiful woman who has fame and name is absurd."

The words seemed to sting her. She arose and began to pace the floor swiftly.

"Fame and name!" she cried, casting the words from her scornful lips and flinging them away with a passionate gesture. "Is fame and name what happiness means to you? Ah, you have not lived long!"

"I am not much younger than yourself."

"Suffering, and not years, tells the length of one's days."

Her dark eyes were looking far away into something unknown to me, and she seemed to have forgotten my presence. She arose as if in a trance, and commenced pacing the floor with that quick, noiseless tread—a tread that you felt instead of heard. Her eyes looked straight before her, steadfast, brilliant, like tropical stars.

I watched her, strangely enchanted. I wondered that the very pictures did not vibrate to her electrical movements. I wondered who and what she was, and where she came from, this strange, beautiful, tortured creature.

I did not know that night, for in a few moments she turned upon me and bade me depart, and I could not gainsay her command.

A month passed, and the beautiful creature seemed to grow more restless every day. I felt that some pain was burning her life to ashes, and that the end soon would come. I watched her with tender anxiety, but dared not question or sympathize. She had forbidden.

One night—I shall not forget it to my dying day—the snow had shrouded the world as I lay in my bed listening to the strange tread of the woman in the next room. The moonlight, creeping through my little windows, made ghostlike figures in the darkness. I saw weird faces in the corners, and, look where I would, I fancied a white hand pointing toward the room whence came the quick, pulsating treads.

I felt moved to leave my bed. I was cold and tremulous with terror as I opened my door and closed it noiselessly behind me.

I crept to Zelda's door and knocked softly. No answer came. I knocked again, loudly this time.

"Who's that?" she cried.

Once more I knocked without replying. I felt, some way, that if I answered she would command me to go and leave her. I could not return in the darkness to that pointing hand. I must see this woman. I felt that some strange power within me would make me burst open the door if she would not unlock it.

"Go away!" she called. "I don't want to see anyone. I'll not open the door. Go away, I tell you!"

I knocked loudly again and again, until I heard her swift tread coming toward the door, and then the bolts were softly drawn. I lifted the latch and entered. My bewildered eyes saw a glittering, brilliant vision raise two long, jewel-encircled arms, and give a low, terrified cry as it shrank into a corner.

"Go away—go away!" she shrieked, hiding her

blanched face in her hands. "I murdered you—I murdered you with your baby at your breast! Ah! you were so white, so white, with your snow skin and your gold hair and your gentian eyes! Heaven eyes they were, and I sent them to heaven—ha, ha! I sent them to heaven!"

She arose like a vengeful goddess, her face alight with terrible hate and passion. She held a jeweled dagger in her supple brown hand, and she looked as if she would thrust its glittering blade through my heart the next instant. I thought she had gone suddenly mad, and remembering that gentleness with maniacs was more effective than anger, I laid my hand upon her shoulder and called her name softly.

At the sound of my voice her face and attitude changed completely. She dropped her hands listlessly, and a slow, pained, comprehensive look overspread her countenance.

"Oh, it is you!" she said, in a strange, exhausted whisper. "What — what made you come here in your white nightgown, with your yellow hair all down, and your great blue eyes so wide and solemn? You looked like—like——"

"Some bad dream you had been dreaming," I suggested.

She shook her head, and regarded me with burning, fateful eyes.

As she stood looking into my face I observed the gown she wore. She looked as if robed to represent Byron's "Haidee" at a fancy ball. Her tiny naked feet were incased in gold Turkish slippers, set with rubies and opals. Her silken skirt, as fine as summer mist, was white, embroidered in golden roses. Her gold-embroidered velvet jacket opened over a chemise of finest lace, which was confined at the waist by a heavy golden girdle, inlaid with precious stones; and diamonds and rubies flashed upon her arms and perfect bosom. Upon the soft night of her tresses lay a wreath of pearl roses, which confined the veil of silken tissue that fell from thence to her feet. She was radiant, wonderful—the personification of tropical richness and glory.

"I was married in this robe," she said. "I feel that I must tell you my story."

She thrust the dagger through her girdle, and drawing me to a cushion beside her divan, she stretched her beautiful figure out full length. All excitement had left her face. She was now as calm and impassive as most women when ready to relate a friend's tragedy.

She turned and fastened my eyes upon hers with a compelling gaze as she began her story:

"I was a Persian maiden, not nobly born, but wealthy. I had seven beautiful sisters, but I was the fairest of them all. From my childhood I was clothed in the finest raiment and fed on the daintiest food, and I soon understood that I was to be sold to adorn a nobleman's harem. I naturally wondered over my destiny, but Persian

"SHE HELD A JEWELED DAGGER IN HER SUPPLE BROWN HAND."

women are like canaries. The wings of their souls seldom beat against the bars of custom. I pictured the beautiful palace that should one day be my home. I dreamed of the crystal fountains, the flowers, the jewel-studded walls, the music, soft as the odor of jasmine; the dancing and merriment among my companions. My husband was never pictured in my visions. The husband of many wives meant little to me. He would be a master—an old man, probably, with a long, white beard and a cold, commanding face. Such a man was my father, and I knew no other. When I was sixteen my mother came to me one morning, and said, 'Go to thy apartments, Zelda, and thy maidens will prepare thee for a visitor.'

"I obeyed, and my maidens bathed me, and scattered attar of roses in the water until it was like unto a moonstone.

"Then they anointed my hands with scented balm and stained my polished nails with henna.

"And they put this robe and these jewels upon me, and they looked upon me as though I were an angel, and said I was beautiful. That was ten years ago, and it was true. I was the fairest maiden in all Persia as I went to my husband with this white veil falling over my face.

"I opened the door of my father's apartment and entered softly, not lifting my eyes. I felt my veil drawn gently aside, and lifting up my lids, I saw the only heaven my eyes will ever rest upon.

"The man whose beautiful eyes looked down to drink the life's libation of my own was tall and of a noble presence. He was fair, and his eyes were blue and gray, as though the sea and sky had married within them.

"Oh, Allah!" she cried, starting up and pressing her hands upon her heaving breast, "how I loved him—how I loved him!"

Her beautiful face was rapturous, despairing. Calming herself, she continued:

"He took my face between his dear hands and kissed me full upon the lips. I was frightened and tremulous. What did I know of love? I felt as the dark world must have at the sun's first ray. He saw my lips a-trembling and the tears in my eyes, and he put his arms about me and drew me unto him. Turning, he said to my father: 'She is more beautiful than an angel could dream of. I will buy her at any cost.'

"'Buy!' The words cut me like a knife, and I turned to my father, pleadingly, and said:

"'Nay, I pray thee, let me give myself to this man. I will buy myself from thee with my dowry.'

"But my father laughed, and called me a silly child; and my lover held me so closely in his arms that my thought was dead to everything save his presence and his heart beating passionately against my own.

"He was the son of a wealthy pasha, the man who took me to his palace that evening. It was such a mansion as I had pictured, save that the master had changed, and his name was Love.

"The beautiful gates sprung apart at his knock, and he said to the eunuchs awaiting his bidding:

"'Tell the handmaidens of your mistress who await her in her chamber to depart. I myself will attend her.' Then he leaned over me and whispered, in passionate tones, as he kissed my cheek: 'I will be the one true slave of my darling forever.'

"With his arm about me he led me through the lofty marble halls. It was nighttime, and jeweled lamps gleamed like glowworms against the silken hangings. It was warm and odorous, and my heart was warm and laden with love, as the night air was laden with fragrance. I walked on a cloud of soft sounds in a beautiful dream. In the gardens the nightingales mingled their sopranos with the crooning alto of falling waters. From the balconies floated the music of mandolin and lute, blended with laughter and the tripping of dancing feet.

"I was silent and freighted with happiness, as a flower freighted with honey, and the whispered words of my love were sweeter than heavenly music.

"Drawing aside the rich curtains of my sleeping apartment and entering therein, my beloved reclined upon a low divan, and drawing me down upon his knees, he put his arms about me.

"My heart quivered like a leaf in a summer wind, and lying thus upon his bosom, a great fear and misery entered my soul.

"Were there any other women here—women who were his legitimate wives or slaves?

"The thought of this made me hate women so, that, rather than share his love with one of them, I'd have seen the whole sex dead before me.

"I was afraid to ask the terrible question. It seemed like standing at the door of death and asking whether I must go to heaven or hell. I drew myself out of his embrace, and placing my hands on his shoulders, I looked into the heaven of his eyes and asked:

"'Is there any other woman here who is your wife, or is there any slave you treat as wife?'

"And he answered, drawing me up closely again to his dear breast:

"'No, my beloved one; thou art the first and the last.'

"And it was true. It was true for a year, and we dwelt among the stars with the angels, because we were far happier than creatures of earth could

ever be. The days fell as softly upon our lives as the rose leaves fell upon the crystal lakes. Ah, Allah, how I loved him! how I loved him! And could he not have been content to render me such love as I gave him—to love me alone? Was I not fair enough for any mortal man?

"One night, as I lay in the arms of my love in the garden, he leaned over me and his eyes sought my own, and I saw in their depths the dark waters of trouble, and such a shade as I had ne'er seen before o'ercast his countenance. His white lips parted as if to break the news of death, and he said:

"'My beloved, I have something to tell thee that I would have acquainted thee with long ago.'

"And I said: 'Speak on.'

"'Long before I looked upon thy face my father had betrothed me to a daughter of a wealthy pasha, and the time has now come for me to wed her, and I am bound by my honor to do so, and also for the keeping of my father's word,' he said.

"I tore myself from his arms like a dog from the leash of its master. Standing up to my full height, I looked down upon him with eyes that must have scorched his face, for he shielded it with one of his long, white hands that had been clasped above his head.

"I cried out in my misery and despair, and my voice was full of the great love and the pain in my heart.

"'You do not mean,' I said, 'that you will live with this woman as you have lived with me? She must be your wife in name alone. It cannot be otherwise. If it is, I shall die.'

"'You talk like a silly child,' he said, curling his haughty lips. 'Do you not understand that this woman is to be my first wife—the mother of my heirs? Have you not been reared in the customs of our country and our faith? Why are you so unreasonable?'

"And I replied: 'Yes, I am unreasonable, if unreasonable is to expect in return the love I give—if it means to be all in all to the one who is all in all to me, yes, I am unreasonable.'

"Then, because of the love I bore him, and because of the mastery of his great eyes, I knelt down beside him and put my arms about him tenderly, and kissed him upon the forehead again and again. It seems but yesterday that I did this, and I can hear my voice as then, pleading to him and saying, 'Do not do this cruelty to me, my own one, my beloved, my life. Ah, I will make myself wise and great because of my love for you. I will turn from thy toy to thy companion, and study all the learned books that thou readest, if thou wilt but be my teacher. Do not let us live in this country!' I implored. 'Let us go to a land where a man weds but one woman, and she is his friend and his companion.'

"'Thou art either a madwoman or a fool,' he said, contemptuously. 'I want no such woman; and if thy life here does not please thee, go and find some other thou likest better.'

"As his cruel words stabbed my heart I pitied the whole world of women out of my own anguish; for it came to me how so many of us yearn over men who give no heed to the faith and love in our hearts.

"I turned in silence away, like one smitten blind by lightning. From that day the steps of my soul wandered in the dark halls of hatred and sin. I locked the doors against my cruel master, and I loved and hated him as only a woman can the lover who has stolen with honey the heart from her bosom but to fill it with gall.

"A week passed after our interview, and then came my husband's bridal feast with his new bride.

"I cannot describe the agony of all that terrible time. My days were despairing, and my nights knew no rest. The woman's golden hair was tangled up in my dreams, and I seemed to hang by its silken threads. It was a sweet, smiling, trusting face. I know it was when I think sanely upon it. But cursed be her soul, how I hated her!"

The speaker's beautiful lips were distorted by bitter feeling. Her eyes burned like torches in her ashen face, and her words hissed through her teeth like hot iron through water. She leaped up, and commenced pacing the floor again with that strange, restless tread.

"Yes," she continued, "I hated her—hated her with as much passion as I loved him. Hate follows its object as devotedly as love, and she was seldom out of my sight. I bribed the slaves and obtained the keys to her apartment. I stole into the jasmine-scented night, and heard her soft, warm kisses upon the lips of my beloved. I knelt and prayed that the sweet night air might be turned to poison and kill me and the cause of my misery. I wished the world consumed by fire. I wished that the sun would rise no more—that I might wander on in the darkness, crying my heart out until oblivion came."

She paused a moment, and from her white face flickered a strange, ghastly smile; and then, like the crash of winds after lightning, came a mad, triumphant shriek.

"I killed her! I killed her!" she cried. "I stabbed her the night her newborn babe lay sleeping on her white breast. See, her heart stains are still on my dagger. Ah, they are

sweet — sweet !" and she showered passionate kisses upon the shining blade.

I felt myself grow cold and white with horror. I trembled to look on her face, yet I could not move. She enchained me like some wild, devouring fire before which one stands spellbound.

Seeming to come back to my presence from her mad fury, she looked upon my blanched face and smiled.

"I see you are frightened," she said; "but you needn't be. I shall never kill another woman; I shall never want to."

She sank wearily down at my feet as she took one of my hands in her own, and I felt as if an electric shock had passed through my body.

"There's little left to tell," she continued, in a weary voice. "I bribed my attendants, drugged her nurses, and killed her without a sound. Then through the gates of the palace I fled into the night, carrying with me a fortune in precious stones. I reached England safely, and set sail for America. I learned the language and opened this studio. I was a born artist and a beautiful woman. People of high degree patronized me. I gained love and fame, and the world called the fair Bohemian an enviable creature."

Her last words were pronounced with a sarcasm and anguish indescribable.

My heart went out in pity to her. I stooped and kissed her hot cheek.

"I don't think happiness can ever come to you in this life," I said; "but you may find peace in eternity by repentance."

"I have nothing to repent," she said, turning her great eyes proudly upon me. "I have committed no crime. Suppose a man loved and married you, and you found him unfaithful. What court would convict you if you murdered his mistress? I tell you the man I loved was mine—mine alone. It was the devil in his heart that made him desert me. The woman was as guilty as he. I killed the woman. I loved the man."

"But," said I, "the customs of your country——"

"Customs cannot prescribe human feelings and justice. I killed the woman, and I'd kill her again. If she had a thousand lives I'd kill her each time she arose from her bier."

"I suppose your husband married other women after this," I said. "Would you wish to return and murder them, too?"

"No; but if I should find myself again within his walls, and see that he had a hundred wives, I would sever the throat of each one, as she slept, with this same blade."

Her vindictive, relentless passion was so frightful that my hand quivered and grew icy within her own. A soft change crept slowly across her face, like sunlight across a snow field.

"It is not her blood that makes my heart ache so. It is his face," she said, with her own uplifted like a saint's, and her voice vibrating into infinitely sweet and tender tones.

"Yes, it is his face always, always! I see it everywhere. It never leaves me. Upon canvas I have immortalized his beauty, and when I hear people declare that I have painted the beautiful countenance of a heathen god and given to it the glory of an archangel I believe their words. The truth thereof is written in letters of blood on my heart.

"Oh, it is terrible, terrible to love this way. You cannot love in this land as in the East."

"If you all love this way," I said, "how can you live in harems without constantly committing murder?"

"Most women," she said, "do not love their husbands. They have lovers clandestinely, and these seldom prove unfaithful. I was unfortunate—I loved my husband."

She arose again, and walked up and down with silent lips and tread. She had grown cold and white as marble.

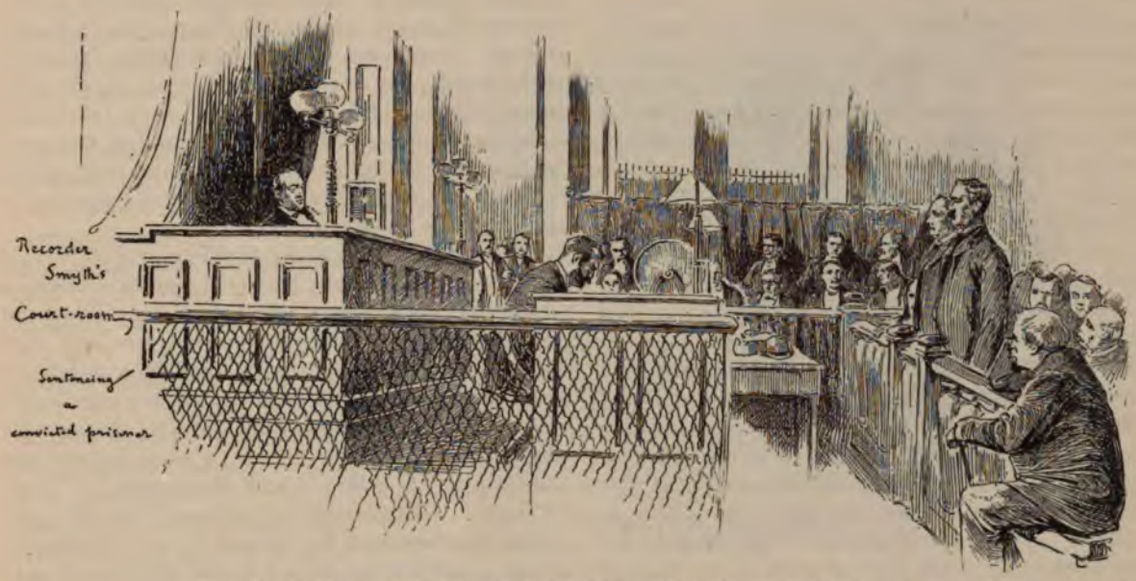
Pausing before me presently, she laid her soft little hand upon my head, and said, gently, but in a voice of command:

"Go to your room now, dear; it is nearly daydawn. Go to sleep now. I have frightened you. Go to sleep, and you will think this a dream in the morning. It will all be well in the morning, you know, for the daybreak always brings me rest."

I did not wish to leave her. I felt a strange sense of awe and uneasiness. But she had spoken, and I silently obeyed.

The remainder of that night will ever abide with me. It was horrible, unholy. I heard a weird voice calling me during the dark hours, as I tossed restlessly upon my pillow; and, look where I would, I saw that white, pointing hand.

Day dawned, and the sunlight crept charily through the chinks; but it gave me no assurance. Its beams seemed white messengers, come with a sad secret. I listened for the footsteps in the next room, and thought I heard them pulsating on the floor. Surely she was not walking still? I arose and crept from my door to hers. I opened it, and saw before me, on the silken divan, the lifeless figure of the woman, the ruby blood staining the gold of her bodice, the dark hair falling about the ivory shoulders like a mourning veil, and in the delicate right hand the gleaming dagger like the stamen in a lily. And so the dawn had brought her rest.



A GENERATION OF THE NEW YORK BAR.

By Alvan S. Southworth.

At the close of the Civil War in the year 1865 the New York bar was undergoing a revolutionary period. Previous to that time, to its great luminaries, few of whom survive—legal giants like Charles O'Conor, David Dudley Field, William Curtis Noyes, William M. Evarts, Edwards Pierrepont, E. W. Stoughton, A. Oakey Hall, John McKeon, John K. Porter and John Graham—professional standing was the result of long years of office study and court practice, preceded by a rigorous academic course, and ultimate distinction only came in most cases long after middle life. The offices, the office paraphernalia, the methods of drawing papers, the details of practice, all were of provincial simplicity itself. In those days the professional habitations of great leaders like Samuel J. Tilden, David Dudley Field and Charles O'Conor were characterized by a certain dinginess, Quaker plainness and cold austerity that would make a swell lawyer of this year of our Lord 1894, in casting a horoscope, see nothing but Arctic desolation and perennial gloom in the distant future. Wooden or cane-bottom chairs, oilcloth-covered tables, pine book-cases, old-fashioned foolscap on which to draw pleadings, an ill-kempt office boy recently vomited forth from an emigrant ship landed at Castle Garden, a barren floor, old-time prints of Chief Justice Marshall, Alexander Hamilton and Daniel Webster—these constituted the equipment of the Solons of the *ante-bellum* period. Elevators were unknown; the telephone was not even a dream; the well-skirted typewriter had not dawned in that part of Manhattan Island, and the inventor of her instrument was still in his teens. The solitary clerk, just fresh from his law course in Columbia, or perhaps Yale or Harvard, kept the books of his chief on a munificent salary of five dollars per week; coffee and cakes were his noonday portion, and, from whatever motive, he carefully avoided stages and street cars in traveling from one end of the island to the other. The court buildings were shabby and inconsequential enough. When night sittings were from necessity held, through any great criminal trials or civil actions, the sperm candle was the predecessor of the

Edison lamp. The salaries of judges compelled them to live in a kind of modest obscurity, in comparison with the dwellings of the wealthy merchants of South Street and the Swamp. In fact, as a social factor in New York the bar and bench were completely overshadowed and dazzled by the society of commerce and merchandise, of corporations and speculators; although by no means were the professions—the law, medicine, the pulpit and the press—denied admission to the drawing rooms of the money magnates of the city. Retainers, fees, allowances, were in paltry ratio to those of the present day. The age of the opulent receiver had not dawned on the litigations of the Western World. Receivers, referees, commissioners of alignment to determine public highways, to assess rentals and damages, to carry out the force of acts passed in the interests of special legislation, were not sought for as now by men eminent at the bar. While it is true that great will cases were brought to trial in the Surrogate's Court, and that families of eminent historical and social fame were involved in these long-drawn-out controversies, sometimes before the judges proper, and even before the juries, the day had not come when the heirs of one-hundred millionaires carried on protracted fights that interested the whole world. The criminal courts in those days, going as far back as the Colt-Adams murder, the Mary Rogers case (Edgar Poe's "Mystery of Marie Roget")—with which the name of John Anderson has been so often connected—the celebrated Burdell case, and others which will be called to mind, it is true were made the subjects of national sensations, and to-day furnish interest-reading for the curious and the morbid.

But to turn to the present day, the unit of the profession is, of course, the office, or the suite of offices. As pointed out, when, at the beginning of this period, they were mean and squalid—the very cheaplings of business habitations—the series of apartments now occupied by the leading firms are sumptuous in furniture, in fixtures, carpeting, casings, upholstery and the conveniences of a hotel of the first rank.

Let us take a typical set of offices in Wall Street, say in one of the new trust companies' buildings going skyward fifteen stories on that historical thoroughfare. I have in mind a suite, the rent of which is $10,000 a year. The floor is broken into offices by ground-glass partitions wainscoted in hard wood, each one appropriately designated, by lettering on the door, with such inscriptions as "Cashier," "Bonds and Mortgages," "Typewriters," "Engrosser," "Library," to the individual members of the firm and the junior aspirants. Telephones, with a specially trained boy to operate the instrument, to receive and send messages; a telegraph instrument; two or three boys sitting at the entrance railing to take cards, keep a register of visitors and identify each caller's individual business, are some of the features of such a legal establishment. The work is divided between the head of the firm and the several partners and their assistants. For instance, there is a special partner for the lady clients; he must be suave, urbane, a man of infinite patience and everlasting calm. He must have a cast-steel countenance, capable at times of projecting forth a tear and assuming at will the deep gloom of horror or a balmy ecstasy denoting happiness, as the vocal estuary of his fair client pours into one ear and flows out unimpeded through the other. In other words, this man must have learned the truth that fair women make tough clients. However tempted, it would not do for this rash bachelor to carry on the lapel of his coat the traditional coffin lid emblazoned with the inscription, "This man was talked to death."

It is singular to notice in such offices the look of commiseration which is transmitted from one to the other of the entire staff when a lady-of-the-period client comes tripping in. The guffaws, however inaudible, are expressive and continuous. But the lady is not the only bore who pursues the lawyer of this era. Here is a promoter laden with prospectuses; he seeks the head of the firm with a Colonel Mulberry Sellers attitude of "There's millions in it." But he, too, is turned over to a specialist and, like others of his ilk, drummed out of camp by the ingenious method of being left to cool his heels in an anteroom. This is the New York lawyer's favorite mode of disposing of profit-

less and troublesome humbugs, however well meaning they may be. Then there is a special partner who attends to the foreign business and correspondence. He must be a linguist, and, as a fact, is generally a foreigner; he must speak and write Spanish, French, German, Italian and the Slavonic languages. These accomplishments are an essential part of his equipment in a large firm. Then there is the court partner. He must be punctuality itself, attend motions in chambers, get adjournments, look after the daily calendar, and watch closely the firm's litigations that are pending in court. Then again there are the corporation specialist, the real-estate partner, the carpet knight who marshals and records the skirt patronage, the man who looks after the newspaper reporters lest they should boom or not boom the firm too much; also the odds-and-ends man, the general-utility sharp, although he generally is away up on the salary list.

Such is an outline of an office of the first rank at the present day. Forty or fifty people, yea, even one hundred, are on the roster in some of the offices under one firm's name. These lawyers pursue special functions in some cases and general practice in others, transacting tens of millions of dollars' worth of business every year. It assumes every form, from the settlement at the desk to the final argument in the Supreme Court of the United States.

To reach such a state of affairs each legal establishment is a perfect cosmos, stretching its tentacles over the world. It is well to know some of the influences that have brought about this change in the practice of the law in this city. There is the rise of the law institutions which began at the close of the war. Before mentioning this, however, the name of Theodore W. Dwight of Columbia College, who is literally the founder of the present race of practitioners between maturity and forty-five years of age, will occur to all. It was he as a teacher, as an eminent jurisconsult, as an untiring professor of the law at Columbia College, submitting to no academical supervision, who turned out year after year the bright young men who have since become the professional lights of to-day. But as the old *régime* of the last generation was passing away the race of corporate rings in the city permeating the courts led the way to the formation of several organizations, which at once gave a high respectability, a new tone and the much-desired stability to the bar of the city, chief of which was the Bar Association. It was the outgrowth of the ruin of Tweed and his pals, and it soon became the clearing house of the bar. Its necessity was patent and its demand by the people in the profession peremptory. Before the completion of this body a diploma to practice could be had after a farcical attendance at lectures at Professor Dwight's school during a period of three months. Indeed, such a course was hardly necessary at all. Tweed himself, his ward sluggers, his pothouse politicians, gamblers, blacklegs generally, were admitted to the bar without qualms of conscience or question from the bench. Those were shameful times. The organization of the Bar Association was the forerunner of their doom. Later came the formation of the Federal Library in the Post Office Building; the Lawyers' Club, with its well-equipped library, in the Equitable Building; and other subsidiary bodies, which, while they exist under names not strictly appertaining to the legal profession, still are supported mainly by lawyers and leavened by the learning of the law. In fact, it may be said that there is hardly an important social body—that is, a club, for instance—where the lawyer element does not prevail both in the membership and management, extending to the *salon*, the seaside and the mountains. This profession here, and indeed throughout the Union, is still dominant as a social factor even in a higher degree than was pointed out by Sir Archibald Alison, less than fifty-five years ago, in his "History of Europe," linking to that work his estimate of the condition and future of the United States, which was not at all flattering to the cultured growth of this Western World.

Touching what has been said of the legal structure in New York, embracing over eight thousand men in active practice, there is only a very small

A chronic "Court-sitter"

JUDGE ROGER A. PRYOR.

HON. FREDERIC R. COUDERT.

percentage who earn a livelihood beyond that of an ordinary clerk. This should be noted by those living beyond the borders of New York city, however near or remote, before attempting to come to the metropolis with the idea that, once launched in the profession here, paving stones of gold can be picked up in every thoroughfare. The fact is, the bar is overcrowded, not only with mediocrity and stupidity, but with bright young fellows from the college and the law school, and often from the country bar as well. No one, however bright, between the ages of twenty and thirty, without being specially favored with wealthy and high social connections, unusual political or corporation influence, can hope to start for himself in this city, either alone or in partnership, with any flattering prospect, as the law is now pursued. This must be patent to anyone who has read my introductory words. It follows, then, that those who come to the city from the east, west, north and south, to go into organized offices, into one of these great concerns already described, as salaried employés with conditional interests in litigations turned into the firm, must remain for years simply a part of the daily moving machine. To the industrious, the clear-headed and the able the day of emancipation will come, to some early, to some late.

COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Referring to this aspect of law practice in this city, it may be said that seven-eighths of

the successful practitioners were born in other parts of the Union; and it does not follow that because a man is eminent at home, considered "smart," he can come to New York and occupy a relative position of importance. Eminent men soon find their level in the courts of this city. Glance at some of their names. Benjamin H. Bristow, once the foremost figure in the nation, candidate for the nomination for the Presidency, an able Kentuckian, a profound scholar, a distinguished advocate, and while yet enjoying a lucrative practice, is no longer in the public eye. Ex-Governor Hoadly of Ohio is another, the wheel horse of a great concern. Choate and Evarts are both New Englanders. Roger A. Pryor and John S. Wise are typical fiery Virginians who, a generation ago, held aloft, not Coke and Blackstone, but the battle ax and tomahawk. Colonel "Bob" Ingersoll, by a figure of speech the lineal descendant of the devil and Voltaire, drew his first briefs on the plains of Illinois with the coyote whispering legal precepts in his ear.

Germany, France, Italy and the people of Israel have all sent distinguished lawyers whose names adorn the legal roster of our courts. Yet, with all the notable examples before us, this drifting to New York of able and trained men, especially early in life, is not to be encouraged at this day, if a pecuniary reward be considered. For, as to income, while it may be said that though one hundred thousand dollars a year is a moderate recompense for men of the rank of Coudert, Choate, Fullerton, Lauterbach, Cromwell and Davies, the lawyer who has completed his first quarter of a century is lucky indeed if he closes the year with fifteen hundred dollars net as the earnings of the preceding twelve months. Hence a young lawyer has no independent entity at the bar of New York city. He is more like the journeyman of olden times in his relation to his master and employer. This fact may "dish" many aspirations, still it is the truth.

The general practice of the last thirty years at this bar has been marked by many pronounced incidents, some of them historical, all of them interesting, others highly dramatic, and others again bordering on the tragical.

At the close of the war came a very mixed kind of practice, both in the criminal and civil courts. Crime was everywhere rampant throughout the country. Murder, arson and other heinous crimes were of frequent occurrence; and the District Attorney, the Grand Jury, the Recorder, the City Judge and the benches of Oyer and Terminer were laden with sensational calendars. Without dealing with the vulgar class of crimes, it is well to recall the case of McFar-

JUDGE NOAH DAVIS.

land, the slayer of the then celebrated journalist, and one of the best known on the *Tribune* staff, Albert B. Richardson. The incentive to this act was the alleged alienation of the affections of McFarland's wife, Abbie Sage McFarland. The assassination took place in the counting room of the *Tribune*. Richardson lingered long enough after the shooting to be borne to the Astor House, where, upon his deathbed, he was united in marriage to Mrs. McFarland, the officiating clergymen being Henry Ward Beecher and O. B. Frothingham. The performance of this ceremony under the tragic circumstances created an immense sensation throughout the country. The particular coterie clustering round the *Tribune* establishment, of course, applauded the act of these well-known ministers of the gospel. But public sentiment hardly sustained them. What went before, the correspondence as brought out on the trial of McFarland for murder and the great excitement then prevailing made it a case scarcely less celebrated than the Beecher-Tilton trial, which a few years afterward was to follow in the courts of Brooklyn.

The jury trial of this case was made notable by an exhibition of brutality that has rarely been seen in the courts of any country. The Hon. Noah Davis, afterward for fourteen years Chief Justice of the Supreme Court for this district, had been retained to assist District Attorney Garvin by the *Tribune* establishment. John Graham and Elbridge T. Gerry acted for the defense. Noah Davis had recently come to practice in this city from the western part of the State, where he had previously, for many years, sat on the bench of the Supreme Court for the Eighth Judicial District. John Graham, then considered the leader, and by many regarded as the bully, of the criminal bar, from the very outset showed bitter personal animosity toward Judge Davis. Recorder Hackett was on the bench, and the principal sensational episode of the trial occurred near its close. A book was missing from the table of the defendant's counsel, and after some excitement, in the efforts to discover its whereabouts, John Graham imputed its taking away to Judge Davis. This was facetiously responded to by the judge, and an argument arose which took all the judicial sternness of the Recorder to quell. When the time for adjournment for lunch arrived, as Judge Davis was about to leave the inclosure of the bar, John Graham, who enjoyed the reputation of having been a pugilist in his early youth (whether this be true or not I am not prepared to say), made a wild lunge at Judge Davis, who, although a man of considerably larger frame, was not practiced in the "manly art." The courtroom was in instant confusion, the court officers, as is usual, being conspicuously inefficient. Judge Davis put up his hands to defend himself, and during the *mêlée* John Graham succeeded in alone mutilating the atmosphere, and went sprawling on the floor of the courtroom. This incident, magnified as it was, went all over the country, and, variously misrepresented by the partisans of either side, only served to concentrate closer attention upon the final result. McFarland was acquitted. But he was soon deserted by his friends, and subsequently died and was buried in a pauper's grave on Blackwell's Island. Judge Davis was elevated to the Supreme Court bench by a great popular majority, and soon entered upon his duties in the trial of the noted cases of Tweed and Stokes.

About this time, following close upon these great trials, were the frequent appearances in court of Charles O'Conor in the civil actions against the ring in the famous six-million-dollar suits, the frequent calling to the witness stand of Samuel J. Tilden and his associates to detail the unraveling of these gigantic conspiracies, which Mr. Tilden, at great personal expense and vast labor, conducted with rare skill and success. He succeeded in fastening the exact percentages on the guilty rogues, but alas! only two or three of whom were brought to condign punishment. Several of them are still living in this city in opulence and ease.

The concentration of professional attention among all factions of the bar upon these great trials was highly educational. It also divided the bar into three camps, the neutral, the anti-ring and those who sympathized with the malversations in office which were then undergoing the investigation of the bench. It was about this time that an effort was made to discipline or disbar David Dudley Field for his connection with the Tweed litigations and as retained counsel in the pay of the arch conspirator.

A committee of the Bar Association, with Mr. Evarts as chairman, was appointed to investigate and report back to the association such testimony and recommendations as they might deem adequate to the case. Mr. Field, becoming aware of the action of that body, immediately announced his intention of going on the warpath. In other words, he caused his friends to inform the hostile members of the Bar Association that, should Mr. Evarts or any of his committee present a report favorable to his disbarment or discipline, he (Mr. Field) would be present on the occasion and would prefer charges against Mr. Evarts for receiving retainers from opposite sides of the same case, viz., in the famous litigation of the Boston,

Hartford and Erie. It was an open secret in the profession at that time that Mr. Field had very explicit documentary evidence that would have made Mr. Evarts very uncomfortable had the Bar Association thrown down the gauntlet.

The meeting to receive the report was held at the rooms of the association, with a very large attendance. Mr. Field was present. Mr. Evarts rose to read the report amid breathless silence, when what was the astonishment of all present to find that it was entirely exculpatory in character, and that Mr. Field had not exceeded the proprieties of professional limitations!

Close around this time were many startling phases of practice never before heard of under any system of jurisprudence. The impeachment of Barnard and Cardoza; the granting of injunctions in gambling hells, documents restraining great corporations from the performance of necessary acts in the administration of their properties; the dissolution of these injunctions by a judge with opposing interests, his judicial ermine trailing in the glare of brothels and barrooms; the hurrying and scurrying over the State to get arbitrary orders from country judges who had no knowledge of the merits of the papers suddenly laid before them; the frequent transfer of the records and books of great corporate interests like the Erie Railroad beyond the jurisdiction of the courts to Jersey City; the flood of actions, motions, stays of proceedings, injunctions and counter injunctions growing out of the misdeeds of Fisk, Gould and their *entourage* — these and other equally startling legal contentions overwhelmed the courts, filled the newspapers, and were the subject of sermons, homilies, essays and editorial disquisitions without number, until they began to pall upon the public mind. This era, too often punctuated by appalling crimes like the great Nathan murder, the killing of Fisk by Stokes, and other mysteries upon which public opinion is still divided, was not at all times characterized by incidents strictly serious.

It has been narrated to me by a leading lawyer of the bar how, upon one occasion, during the struggles and counter struggles of the Erie litigation, he was called upon at a late hour one evening to seek a judge of the Supreme Court in order to obtain an injunction against the sale of some rolling stock, which was to take place on the following morning at nine o'clock at Yonkers. Armed with the affidavits, which had been hastily drawn at ten o'clock in the evening, he sought a member of the family of the judge of whom he was in pursuit at the various clubs in town, and finally succeeded in locating him at about twelve o'clock. My informant, together with a friend, secured a cab, drove away out to the confines of Harlem, where this Supreme Court justice lived, and gained entrance to his house by a night key at two o'clock in the morning.

The relative of the judge went up to the sleeping apartment on the second floor, rapped on the door, which was ajar, it being summer time, when the jurist, who was slumbering in his bed beside his worthy spouse, inquired: "Who is there? What is wanted?" His relative made himself known, and the object of his mission. "Very well," said the judge, "light the hall gas, and let him stand in the hall by the hinges of the door and read his papers." And there, with the court in bed and his life's companion by his side, the judge listened to the reading of papers for nearly an hour; they were then tossed into the room, the judge arose, affixed his signature and granted the motion. The attorney hastened away, caught the first train to Yonkers in the morning, served the injunction on the sheriff, and a famous chapter in Erie was concluded. What would the bewigged chief justices of England think of such proceedings as this? Or even our staid country judges, men like those who sat at the recent trial of Lizzie Borden at Bedford, Mass.?

Admittedly the great question of the future, not indeed alone of the bar of New York, but of every considerable city in the country, will be the qualification and practice by women of the profession of the law. While it is true that only a beginning has been made, this movement hardly being in swaddling clothes, still a deep significance attaches to the fact that women are bound to become practitioners in all the courts of record, and with such limitations in the criminal courts and in office specialties that cannot now be defined.

In speaking with an eminent member of the New York bar, now past the seventies, illustrious alike as advocate, counsel and on the bench, he said: "Yes, in the near future I look for an inundation of the other sex into our profession. As to how far they will be able to compete with men, we have no adequate data on which to base a conclusion. However, taking the optimistic side, I may say this for women. In the first place, if they are not profound, they are active; if they are not brilliant, they are at least reliable; if they have not logical minds, they are at least clear-headed. I look upon their entry into the profession, as a life's work, active among us men, through the arduous struggles for pecuniary reward and professional success, as largely a problem of physique. We can only judge by the way women have, as a rule, acquitted themselves in other branches of endeavor.

"Take for instance," said this learned ju

"the telegraphers. I am told by experts in the Western Union and other large corporations that they are quite equal to, and in some respects the superior of, men. Above all, let me emphasize one thing. As I have said, they are reliable. The tendency of the young men of New York and other large cities, particularly at certain formative periods of their lives, is toward irregularity. By that I mean cards, tippling, horse racing, outdoor sports if you please, begetting often a lack of interest in professional duties, and wasting time at a stage in life when an ambitious youth should be firmly laying the foundations of a sound and successful future.

"In the first place, there is no doubt but that the law offices of the city have become morally purified by the presence of these young women typewriters, who, as a mass, are well conducted and highly educated young ladies of good families, coming from private or public schools, the normal colleges, or the high educational convents of the Catholic Church, where the personal graces, music, the languages and many social accomplishments are taught to perfection. Let me select one of these young ladies I have in mind.

BROBDINGNAG AND LILLIPUT.

"Now there is one thing you can see for yourself," continued the lawyer. "Take the young girls who have graduated from our public schools, who have taken the normal course. It would be difficult to find ambition personified in a greater degree, indeed, to the heroic *ultima Thule*, than in the case of these young ladies. As to their becoming intelligent office fixtures, having studied a preparatory course, such as has been recently instituted at the University of New York, under the professorship of Mrs. Dr. Kempner, the prospect is brilliant.

"Of course, we have no means of knowing now; but I want to point out," said this clear-headed jurist, "one or two facts which have come under my own observation, and I will speak of them to you without any particular logical sequence.

"This young lady of twenty-two had lost her mother. Living with her father, elder sister and brother, the family resources were sufficient to send her to a convent to be educated. Of good birth and breeding, she was graduated with high honors; but in order to lighten the burden of the household she learned typewriting, entered an active lawyer's office in Broad Street, was punctual, apt, rapid in stenography and typewriting, and within a year became one of the best in her profession or business. In the general practice which her employer had she became master of all his cases, knew the points of the papers which she had transcribed on the machine, and was so well educated that she could at any

HON. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.

HON. WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

time correct her employer's bad grammar; in the whole round of litigation coming under her eye she would often point out lapses in the drawing of papers, consult sections of the Code, and, indeed, was an office in herself. Now, this young lady had never read law, but had she passed through a course and been duly admitted from the university, as many young ladies of high social position have done, there is no doubt that she would, in the course of a few years, have become a first-class office lawyer, able to earn legitimately thousands of dollars a year. This is but one of hundreds of cases from Canal Street to the Battery.

"It will be thus seen that the conditions which have revolutionized practice in this and other cities, the introduction of typewriters, the necessity of a stenographer at all times in an office, the more orderly deportment of those associated with the firm either as clerks or partners, have all tended and will continue to have a growing influence in assimilating women with men as attorneys and counselors at law. The drift is unmistakable; the man is blind who cannot see that in the near

HON. A. OAKEY HALL.

JUDGE GEORGE HOADLY.

future our profession will be divided between the sexes precisely as medicine has been, and in a more striking manner perhaps literature and journalism.

"You can," continued the jurist, "yourself remember, perhaps twenty or twenty-five years ago, when there was scarcely a salaried woman reporter, editorial writer or correspondent on the New York press. Look now where the fair sex comes in on the daily and weekly press, in the magazines and as editors; even their serious works on science and religion, to say nothing of novels and wild skits, come like volcanic eruptions from week to week. Look at their clubs, like the Sorosis and its offshoots, and organizations permeating all conditions of society. Do you, or does anyone else, imagine that the bar is exempt from a like onslaught and invasion, while these signs portend and foreshadow a large influx of women at the bar, taking their retainers, trying or pleading, appearing in chambers, arguing cases before the bench, going into the forensic arena before juries, carrying cases on appeal to the General Term and thence to the Court of Appeals and on to the highest tribunal in the land, at Washington?

"At the same time, I have very little faith that women (there may be exceptions) will ever be successful as jury advocates. I think her limit will be reached in motions in chambers, in appearing before the bench, in submitting a brief —in fine, in general office work. It is hardly to be expected that any woman we could find would be willing to appear in any action of divorce, separation, slander, assault and battery, cases involving the existence of dives, gambling houses, brothels; cases arising out of street brawls and pothouse carnage. But in the directions previously mentioned there is no reason why they should not be as much trusted, as fully equipped and as thoroughly fitted as any man.

"For instance," concluded the lawyer, "there are the cases in the Surrogate's office, where women, by intuition and inclination, I should say, are better adapted to represent a testator or a legatee. In the laborious searching of titles, in the conveyancing, in the drawing of wills (subject, of course, to revision) and other common statutory instruments, I would as soon put faith in their work as in that of members of our own sex. Finally, the quality which women have for the general handling of office work is something which is almost absolute in every well-qualified lawyer, that is, the orderly function of the mind, the knowing where to put a paper and the knowing where it can be found, its contents, its pertinence at any time in the course of litigation, and its ultimate care and preservation for consultation in a similar case."

Aside from the consideration of individual careers, it would be interesting to treat of the bar as scintillating with brilliant wit and humorous passages which relieve its sombre everyday history. Space, however, forbids. But here is an incident of the visit of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge of England, as illustrating the funny aspects of our hospitalities to that distinguished jurist. It occurred on a journey to Niagara Falls, when he was the guest of the State Bar Association. Mr. Sherman S. Rogers introduced him as follows: "Although it has been understood that we should have no speechmaking to-day, yet there has been expressed a general desire to hear a few words from our eminent guest. In view of this I am induced to break my original resolution, and while I recall the quotation of a distinguished Senator, that 'the shallows murmur while the deeps are dumb,' I would not be understood as implying that only the shallows will be heard from. But I am sure it will give great pleasure to you all to hear a few words from one who is the guest, not only of the New York State Bar Association and of the bar of Buffalo, but of the entire citizenship of the United States. Allow me to say just one other word. There is one key that unlocks the heart of every Northern American citizen. The man who was our friend when we needed friends sorely can go anywhere and find a welcome. Whether that man's name be John Bright or John Duke Coleridge, America will dip the Stars and Stripes and fly the Union Jack above, and such a one shall have our most cordial welcome and the best that we can give."

To which Lord Coleridge replied as follows: "My life in this country has been a series of surprises. Your chairman has given me, if not the greatest, the latest, surprise. I am somewhat astonished to find that Sir Walter Raleigh, who, I was under the impression, was executed at Tower Hill, in the reign of James I., was also a Senator of the United States. It gives me a lively impression of the appropriating qualities of the United States to learn to-day that such was the case."

While the old lights, like David Dudley Field, William M. Evarts and others are going out, there still remain some of the giants of the past age. Recall the name of John E. Parsons, conducting a vast business with ramifications extending into every channel of the law; James C. Carter, a leading counsel in the recent Behring Sea controversy before the Court of International Arbitration; Joseph H. Choate, with still many years of usefulness, with his caustic wit and remorseless

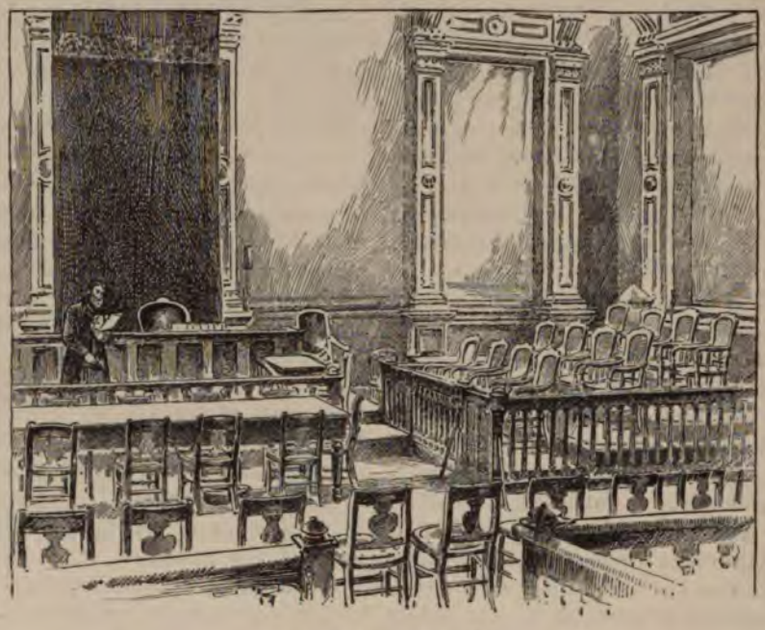
epigram; the brilliant A. Oakey Hall, now gradually fading out of sight; the mighty "Bob" Ingersoll, with briefs and causes to try in nearly every State in the Union; and, with varying qualities, such great lawyers as Benjamin H. Bristow, Frederick R. Coudert, Joseph H. Choate, Julien T. Davies, F. F. Marbury, ex-Judge Charles P. Daly, ex-Judge George M. Van Hoesen and Delos McCurdy.

Here it may be said, for the benefit of those seeking residence in New York from other parts of the country to undertake the practice of law in this city, that both examples and statistics show that the profession of the law, once embarked at this bar, is rarely deserted for other pursuits. While the discouragements are many and the progress slow, and while the ambition of the aspirant for pecuniary reward or professional distinction is often subjected to great disappointment, no young man of good character and morals need suffer bodily privations or the means of self-culture on Manhattan Island. If a youth come to this city with a certified parchment of admission to the bar, and be serious, sincere and industrious, he can immediately enter upon a respectable livelihood, and now under more favorable conditions than ever before. That is to say, he will and must, until a strong individuality is developed, remain a subordinate at a fixed salary, although sometimes this is supplemented with a contingent interest in such business as he may bring to his firm.

The practice of the law now, too, is healthier than before. The offices are now almost all on the top floors of the highest buildings. They are airy, well ventilated, fitted with the latest improvements in plumbing and sanitary arrangements, and in every way suitable for a healthy sojourn during the busy hours, away above and beyond that which was in vogue thirty years ago. The great change that has taken place in the conduct of business, too, is merciful to the young lawyer compared with what it was immediately succeeding the war. He is no longer nailed to his desk from nine o'clock in the morning until six o'clock in the evening. He is oftener standing and walking than sitting. In fact, the sedentary feature is almost entirely removed from the round of his office duties, and to be simply a desk lawyer is a thing of the past. This is why, as we pass through Broad Street, lower Broadway or City Hall Square, we observe that the healthiest, most active, blooming part of the male shifting pedestrian population intent on the swift transaction of business are men of the legal profession. To the keen eye the New York lawyer can always be picked out from the crowd, either in transit on the elevated railroad, in the horse cars, or on the ferries, in moving about, bag in hand, the lower part of the island. To this must be added, however, that while the offices are healthful, commodious and attractive, the court-rooms are malodorous, reeking with fever-breeding germs and nondescript microbes. This is true at the present time, but in the near future the opening of the Criminal Courts Building, the new Municipal Building to supplant the present City Hall, and other improvements projected by the authorities, will give to the bench and the bar a better housing for the transaction of the business of our courts than can be found in any other great city in the world not excepting Paris, London or Vienna.

From what has gone before it is clear that the specialist reigns among the leaders of the bar. With the highest class of partnerships the firm is so bound together by specific organization that a great legal establishment is very composite in its character. Crossing its portals, you will find the head of the house a celebrity. He is there for fame. He is by a convenient fiction simply "counsel," and for that honor he may draw from the partnership's exchequer a very liberal salary, reaching as it has in several instances $50,000 a year. Such a figurehead, frequently in the public eye, although he seldom or never appears in court, is little overwhelmed by labor, but is only intended as a horseshoe magnet to attract the more opulent litigants of the Union, who are fascinated by the sound of a conspicuous name. This "counsel" may have been a President of the United States, an ex-Cabinet Minister, a Plenipotentiary abroad, a United States Senator, or a former Governor of a great State in retirement. However rusty he may be in the details of practice, however densely ignorant of the mandates of the Civil or Criminal Code, it all goes, that is, fame goes, and he is cock of the walk by a large majority. The wheel horse of the establishment is generally the tactician, the member of the firm who lays out the plan and scope, as they say, of the campaign of a comprehensive and intricate litigation. He never lies awake o' nights constructing knockdown pleadings, or in his restless dreams handing up conclusive briefs to the bench. He is the generalissimo of the office, and he always has a long head. Then there is the banker, so to speak; he is a king pin in the organization of corporations; and, better yet, for pecuniary profit in their reorganization. He has a very keen scent for bankrupt railways, for brokers and for money changers who have come to grief, and he is always on hand when the word "receiver" or

"assignee" is pervading the zephyrs of the financial world. Either for his own proper person or for a substitute he is always ready to give bond for any amount that may be ordered from the bench. He is a director here, a director there. He is a peripatetic cyclopedia of the trusts, and never at the end of the year comes out with his special function a debtor to the firm. The member of the house who attends to the foreign business is generally a foreigner himself—English, French, Spanish, Scotch or Italian, with influential connections abroad to support his branch of the firm's transactions. Again, there is the patent expert, who must in this day be far advanced in electric law, lore and technology, versed in the mechanical arts, and in close touch with all of the evolutions of the Patent Office at Washington, and with the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, where such legal contentions ultimately cast anchor and become the law of the land. The real-estate specialist; that sleek bachelor who must be thoroughly provided with *suaviter in modo* to repair domestic damage without going to the divorce court; the literary member who writes for the law journals and looks out for inquisitive reporters of the daily press—these are some of the staid and mighty personages who will put you on the rack if you venture into the ideal legal establishment intent on embarking on the stormy ocean of litigation, where few, save mascots and fools, ride out the tempest and come safely into port.



SUPREME COURT CHAMBER

IVAN THE FOOL.

By Count Lyof N. Tolstoi.

I.

In a certain state of a certain realm there once lived a rich countryman. And this rich countryman had three sons, Sem'yon the Warrior, Táras the Pot-bellied, and Ivan the Fool, besides a deaf-and-dumb daughter, Melan'ya the Old Maid.

Sem'yon the Warrior went to war to serve the Czar; Táras the Pot-bellied was apprenticed to a merchant in the city; but Ivan the Fool remained at home with the girl, and worked on the farm, and grew round-shouldered.

Sem'yon gained high promotion, and married a nobleman's daughter. His pay was large, and his estate was large, and yet he could not contrive to make both ends meet. As much as he gathered together the lady, his wife, kept squandering by handfuls. They were always short of money.

And Sem'yon went off to his estate to collect his revenues. And the steward told him:

"It's no use: there's no way of getting the money. We have neither cattle, nor implements, nor cows, nor plows, nor harrows. We must get all these to begin with, and then there will be some chance of an income."

Then Sem'yon went to his father.

"My father," said he, "thou art rich; and yet thou hast given me nothing. Give me my portion, my third, and let me employ it on my estate."

And the old man said:

"Thou hast brought nothing to my house that I should bestow on thee a third part. It would be a great wrong to Ivan and his sister."

But Sem'yon answered:

"Oh, but he is a fool, and she is a deaf-and-dumb old maid. They want nothing."

Then his father said:

"We must ask Ivan first, all the same. He shall decide."

So they asked Ivan, and Ivan said:

"Oh, by all means! Let him have it."

Sem'yon left his home, taking his portion, which he spent on his estate. Then he went off to fight and serve the Czar.

Táras the Pot-bellied also made money. He married a merchant's widow, but still he had not enough. So he too came to his father, and said:

"Give me my portion."

The father was unwilling to hand over the portion to Tárus, too. Said he:

"Thou hast brought nothing to us. What is in the house has been saved by Ivan's care; and so we ought not to wrong him and the girl."

"But," answered Táras, "what good does it do him? He is but a fool. And the girl—she's deaf and dumb and doesn't want it either. Here, Ivan," said he, "let me have half the grain—I won't take the tools—and of the live stock I'll take only the gray stallion. He's of no use to thee in the plowing."

Ivan laughed, and said:

"Right you are. I'll start afresh."

So Táras the Pot-bellied was given his portion. He carried off the grain to the city; he drove off the gray stallion; and Ivan the Fool was left with one broken-down mare, to go on toiling like a common laborer to support his father and mother.

II.

Now, the devil—the old devil, the father of devils—was angry because the brothers had not quarreled over the sharing of the property, but

had gone their ways, as good friends as ever. So he summoned three devilkins before him.

"Now, just you look here," said he. "There are three brothers, Sem'yon the Warrior, Táras the Pot-bellied and Ivan the Fool. They ought to be at loggerheads, but they live peaceably—confound 'em! They exchange hospitality, and that fool of a youngest brother is responsible for it. Now be off, you three; look after these three, and stir 'em up till they're ready to scratch each other's eyes out. Can you manage this?"

"To be sure we can," they answered.

"How will you go to work?"

"Well, we'll do it this way. First we'll ruin them, so that they'll have nothing to eat; and then we'll throw them together, and then you may make up your mind there'll be fighting."

"Now, that's an excellent notion!" said the old devil. "I see you know your business. Look alive! and don't come back till you've stirred them up well, or I'll skin the three of you."

Off went the devilkins, plump into a bog; and there they began to plan how to carry out their job. They wrangled and squabbled, each one wanting to take the lightest share of the work. At last they decided to cast lots, and agree that, if anyone should accomplish his part of the task before the others, he should come to their aid. They cast lots, and fixed on a time to meet again in the bog, to learn who had been successful and who needed help.

The time came which they had appointed, and the devilkins met in the bog as they had agreed. They began to recount how their work had prospered. The first devilkin began to tell about Sem'yon the Warrior.

"My business," said he, "is getting along famously. To-morrow," said he, "my Sem'yon is going to his father."

"Hey?"

"Yes, to ask help."

"But how," asked his mates, "did you bring it about?"

"Well, in the first place I made Sem'yon so brave that he promised his Czar to conquer the whole world. So the Czar made Sem'yon his generalissimo, and sent him to conquer the Czar of India. They met to give each other battle. That very night I went and damped all the powder in Sem'yon's army. Then I went to the Czar of India. I made an innumerable host of soldiers out of bundles of straw. Sem'yon's soldiers saw that the straw soldiers were coming down upon them from all sides. They were greatly frightened. Then Sem'yon commanded them to fire. But their cannons and guns would not go off. Sem'yon's soldiers were stricken with panic, and fled like sheep; and so the Czar of India beat them. Sem'yon was disgraced. They confiscated his estate, and to-morrow they intend to put him to death; but I have business with him for a day. I took him out of jail, and let him run home. To-morrow I shall finish with him; so tell me which of you two wants help."

"I want no help," said the second devilkin—the one who attended to Táras the Pot-bellied. "My affair, too, has gone very smoothly, and Táras will not last more than a week. To begin with, I immediately set to work, and caused the fellow's belly to grow, filling it with envy; and now so huge is his envy of other men's goods that he wants to buy everything he sees. He has spent all his money on a host of stuff, and still he goes on buying. Already he has begun to buy upon credit—by this time has hung a great burden of debt round his neck, and so tied himself up that he can't get out of the tangle. At the end of the week his bills will fall due, and I shall make rubbish of all his assets. He won't be able to pay, and so he'll go to his father."

They now turned to ask the third devilkin about Ivan: "Well, how about your affair?"

"To tell you the truth," said he, "my affair doesn't get along at all. To begin with, I spat into his pitcher of *kvas*, so as to give him the stomach ache; and then I went to his field, and stamped down the ground till it was hard as a flint, so that he mightn't till it. I thought he'd never be able to plow it; but the dunderhead came with his team and plow and fell to work. The stomach ache made him groan, but he went on plowing. I broke one plow for him. He went home, fetched another, bound the plow tail firmly with new withes, and took up his work again. I sneaked under the clods and began to hold back his plowshares. No good at all—you couldn't stop him. He drives with all his might, and the plowshares were sharp. I cut my hands to ribbons. He plowed pretty nearly the whole field; there is only one narrow strip left. My brothers, you must come and help me; for, unless we prevail against him, all our trouble will be thrown away. If this fool is left, and is going to work the farm, he won't let the others want. He'll support both the brothers."

Sem'yon's devilkin promised to come and help him next day; and so they parted.

III.

IVAN had plowed the whole fallow. There was only one narrow strip left. He went out to finish it. He had a dismal pain in his stomach, but the plowing had to be done; so he cracked his whip, started a fresh furrow, and drove the plow along.

He had been down the length of the field once, and was coming back, when the plow seemed to catch in a root, and dragged the team back. Now this was a devilkin, who had suddenly tied his legs round the double plowshare, and was pulling on it.

"Dear me! this is odd," thought Ivan to himself. "There never used to be any roots here, but here's a root."

He put down his hand into the furrow, and felt something soft. He caught hold of it, and tugged it out. It was black, like a root; but on the root something was moving—a live devilkin!

"Oh, my goodness!" said Ivan; "what a nasty thing!"

He lifted up his hand, and was going to knock him on the head and kill him, when the devilkin began to whine.

"Don't kill me—please don't! and I'll do whatever you like."

"What'll ye do for me?"

"Tell me what you want."

Ivan scratched his head.

"Well," said he, "I've got a bad pain in my stomach. Can you cure it?"

"I can."

"That's right; do it."

The devilkin stooped down to the furrow; scratched about with his sharp nails, caught hold of a little root—three roots in one—and handed it to Ivan.

"Take this," he said; "whoever eats this one little root will find all his pain gone."

Ivan took it, broke off the little root, ate it. All at once his stomach ache went away.

The devilkin now said:

"Let me go. I'll dive into the earth, and never come back any more."

"Right you are. God be wi' ye!"

The moment Ivan spoke of God the devilkin took a header into the ground—went through it like a stone in water. Only the hole was left.

Ivan stuck the two other little roots into his shapka, and went on with his plowing. He finished the strip of fallow, turned over the plow, and went home. There, having unharnessed his team, he went into the farmhouse, and found his brother Sem'yon and Sem'yon's wife sitting at supper. Sem'yon's estate had been confiscated; he had broken his prison, and had made the best of his way home to live with his father.

Sem'yon saw Ivan in the doorway.

"I've come back, you see, to live with you. Feed me and my wife until we get a new start in life."

"Right you are," said the fool. "Live here." But no sooner had Ivan taken his seat on the bench than the smell of him annoyed Sem'yon's high-bred wife.

"I can't bear," she said, "to sit and eat with a stinking countryman."

And Sem'yon said:

"Brother, my wife complains that the smell of thee is unpleasant. Suppose you go out and eat in the porch."

"Right you are," said Ivan the Fool; "it's getting on for my bedtime—must feed the mare, too."

So Ivan took up his slice of bread and his jacket, and went out for the night.

IV.

THAT night Sem'yon's devilkin let him alone, and went off, as he had agreed, to find Ivan's devilkin and help him to beat the fool.

He came to the fallow; searched, hunted all about for his mate. There wasn't a trace of him—only a hole.

"Dear me!" he said to himself; "something has certainly gone wrong with this mate of mine. I must take his place. The fallow is all plowed, though. I shall have to beat this fool in the hayfield."

Off went the devilkin to the meadow, and let in a flood of water over Ivan's grass. All the hayfield was matted up with mud.

At daybreak Ivan turned out from sleep, whetted his scythe, and went off to mow the meadow. He began to mow. Swing—swing, went his scythe: two strokes only, and then it was blunted; would not cut a bit—must be sharpened. Ivan struggled like two men to make it cut.

"No good!" said he, after awhile. "I'll go home and fetch a whetstone and a slice of bread. I'll mow this meadow if I take a week about it."

The devilkin overheard him. He said to himself:

"This fool is a hard one to beat. Sha'n't catch him this way; must find out some other dodge."

Back went Ivan, sharpened his scythe, and began to mow again. The devilkin sneaked into the grass, and managed to take the scythe by the heel and catch its point in the ground. It was a hard job for Ivan, but he mowed away. At last there was only one piece left—a swampy patch. The devilkin crept into this, and said to himself:

"If I cut my claws to bits I won't let him mow!"

Ivan came to this swamp. The grass was not thick to look at, but the scythe could hardly get through it. Ivan's temper began to rise; he put his back into it, and mowed like fury. The d[illegible]kin had to give it up; but there was no time him to get away. He saw he was in a corner,

"A LIVE DEVILKIN."

dodged into a bush. Ivan swung his scythe, grazed the bush, clipped away half of the devilkin's tail. Then he finished mowing the field, bade his sister rake it up, and went off to mow the rye.

He fetched his sickle, and went down to the ryefield; but the devilkin was there before him, and had knotted up the rye, so that the sickle would scarcely work. Ivan put his strength into it, and reaped it all.

"Phew!" said he. "Now I must see about the oats."

The devilkin (minus his tail) was listening.

"Well, I missed him in the rye," he thought, "so I must have him over the oats. You just wait till morning, my sonny."

Early next morning the devilkin hurried out to the oatfield; but the oats were already cut. Ivan had reaped them during the night, so that less of the grain might shake out. The devilkin grew mad.

"The cursed fool!' cried he. "He has cut them and played the mischief with me! I never saw such abominable luck—no, not even in war! The fellow never sleeps; you can't get ahead of him. Very well! I'll be off to his rye heaps. I'll rot them through and through for him."

So the devilkin went off to the heaps of rye. He crept in among the sheaves, and began to spread rot among them. He heated them, and grew very warm over the job, then drowsy.

Ivan harnessed the old mare, and went with his sister to cart in the rye. They came to a heap, and began to pitch the sheaves. He pitched two bundles; then thrust in his fork, and spitted the devilkin straight through the back. Lo! on the prongs a live devilkin. Yea, verily, a real live devilkin, with his tail cut short, kicking his legs, squirming, making ugly faces, and trying to wriggle off.

"Hullo!" said Ivan. "Ugh! dear me, what a nasty thing! Is that you again?"

"No, I'm another," said the devilkin. "The other one was a brother of mine. I belong to your brother Sem'yon."

"Well, I don't care who you are. It's all up with ye, anyway," said Ivan, and was going to impale him, when the devilkin fell to crying.

"Let me go, dear good man, and I'll do anything for you."

"H'm! what can you do?"

"Well, I can make soldiers out of anything you please."

"Can you really, now? And what are the soldiers good for?"

"Why, set 'em to do whatever you want, and they'll do it. They can do anything."

"Can they play songs?"

"They can."

"Very well; make me a few."

The devilkin said:

"Here, take this bundle of rye, scatter it over the ground. "You've only to say, '"Tis my servant's command that you shall be a sheaf no more; but for every straw that is in thee let there be a soldier.'"

Ivan took the sheaf, scattered it over the ground, and repeated the sentence the devilkin had taught him. At once the sheaf flew apart, and the straws turned into soldiers, with a drummer and a trumpeter playing at their head. Ivan burst out laughing.

"Oh, dear! Well, I never did! How clever! That's very pretty. It'll amuse my sister finely. Well, now, upon my word, who'd ha' thought it?"

"Come," said the devilkin, "let me go now."

"Go? No, you mustn't go yet. I must learn how to make these out of chaff; I can't afford to waste good seed. Show me how to change the soldiers back into a sheaf again, because I want to thresh it."

"Very well," said the devilkin. "Repeat, 'For every soldier let there be a straw. 'Tis my servant's command.'"

Ivan did so, and again it turned into a sheaf. Then the devilkin began to whine again and implore him. "Please let me go now," he said.

"Right you are." Ivan took him by the legs and pulled him off the prongs.

"God be with you!" said Ivan; and the words were hardly out of his mouth when the devilkin took a header into the earth, as a stone plumps into water. Only the hole was left.

"'BE THOU MY SON IN LAW!'".

Ivan went home, and there found his second brother, Táras the Pot-bellied, with Táras's wife. The pair were seated at supper. Táras had not paid his debts, and had been forced to run from his creditors. He looked up, and saw Ivan.

"Hullo, brother!" said he. "Now that I'm gone bankrupt, feed me and my wife."

"Right you are," said Ivan. "Stay with us."

He took off his cap, and sat down at table.

"Faugh!" said the merchant's wife; "this is all very well; but I can't be expected to sit and eat with a fool. He smells of sweat."

Táras spoke up too.

"To tell you the truth, Ivan, the smell of you is not pleasant. Suppose you go out and eat in the porch."

"Right you are," said Ivan. And, taking up a slice a bread, he went out. "It's getting on for my bedtime—anyway, must go and feed the mare."

V.

TARAS'S devilkin let Táras alone that night, and came, as he had agreed, to help his mates to get the better of Ivan the Fool. He arrived at the fallow, searched, hunted all about for his mates. There wasn't a trace of them: only a hole. He went to the meadow. In the swamp he found a piece of a tail, and in the rye stubble another hole.

"Dear me!" he said; "something has certainly gone wrong with these mates of mine. I must take their places in order to catch this fool."

So the devilkin went out in search of Ivan. Now, Ivan had left the field, and gone to the forest to cut wood.

Sem'yon and Táras, indeed, had found that their families did not get on well together, so they had bidden the fool go and cut timber to build them a house apiece.

The devilkin hurried into the forest, stole into the knots, and began to hinder Ivan from felling the trees. Ivan undercut the tree, so that it might tumble into a clear space. Then he began to fell it. The deuce was in the tree: it fell just the opposite way, and became entangled in the boughs of others.

Ivan set to work to free the tree, and at last brought it to the ground. Then he tried to fell another. No use: the same thing happened. He worked like fury, and so managed to get it clear. Then he tried a third: it was just the same. Ivan, when he ought to have hewed down fifty trunks, had not hewn down ten. Night was upon him, and he was tired to death. Steam arose from him, and hung like a fog in the glade around him. Still he stuck to it. He undercut another tree, though his back felt fit to break. Then his strength gave out: he drove his ax into the tree and sat down to rest.

The devilkin perceived that he was quiet, and began to rejoice.

"Come, now!" he reflected: "the poor fool's quite beat. He has stopped work; so I, too, may as well take a rest."

He got astride a limb, chuckling to himself. But in a moment or two Ivan got up again, tugged at his ax, and swept it through the air. As the stroke fell the tree began to crack—crack! Then it toppled over heavily. The devilkin was not on the lookout, and had no time to get his leg out of the way. The branch broke, and nipped the devilkin by the claw. Ivan began to lop the twigs away. Lo! a live devilkin caught there!

Ivan was fairly amazed.

"Hullo!" he cried; "what a nasty thing! Is that you again?"

"I'm another one," said the devilkin. "I come from your brother Táras the Pot-bellied."

"Well, I don't care who you are, it'll be all the same with you. You're in for it."

The devilkin began to cry *peccavi!*

"Don't hit me—please don't—and I'll do whatever you want!"

"Ah, indeed! And what can you do?"

"I can make you as much money as you can desire."

"Right you are: make some."

So the devilkin began to teach him how to make money.

"Take some oak leaves from the ground," he said, "and rub them in your hands. Gold will fall to the ground."

Ivan took the leaves, and rubbed them together. Sure enough, gold tumbled through his fingers.

"That's capital," he said. "I'll be able to amuse the children with this when I have time."

"Let me go," the devilkin implored.

"Right you are." Ivan set the devilkin free. "God be with you!" said he: and the words were scarce out of his mouth when the devilkin took a header into the ground like a stone into water. Only the hole was left.

VI.

THE brothers built houses for themselves, and set up housekeeping apart; but Ivan got in his crops, brewed beer, and invited his brothers to a feast. They would not come.

"Oh, dear, no!" they said. "We're not going to attend a peasant's feast."

Ivan played the host to the peasants and their wives; and he himself took a little too much to

drink. He began to get tipsy, and went up the village street to fetch the singers down. He went up to the singers, and bade the peasant women sing praises of him.

"I'll give you," said he "what you never saw before in all your lives."

The peasant girls laughed, and began to sing praises of him. When they had finished their song and dance in his honor they said:

"Now, then, how about what you promised to give us?"

"I will bring it to you this very moment," he said.

He took up his corn bag, and hastened out toward the forest. The peasant girls made fun of him. "What a fool he is, to be sure!" And with that they forgot all about him.

But behold! presently Ivan comes running back, his corn bag full of something.

"Shall I toss it among you—eh?"

"Toss away!"

He caught up a handful of gold, and tossed it among the girls.

"Father, dear!" they cried; and oh! you should have seen them scrambling and scuffling for it. The countrymen sprang after it. They tried to snatch it out of each other's grasp. They caught up every coin. In the struggle one old woman was pretty near crushed to death. Ivan burst out laughing.

"Get along, you idiots!" he cried. "Why on earth have you squeezed the old gammer so? Don't be in such a hurry, and I'll give you plenty more."

He began to scatter more. The people thronged round him. He emptied the whole bag. Then they began to beg for more, but Ivan said:

"That's all for the present. Another time I'll give you some more. Now let us dance! Sing us a song, somebody!"

The girls began to sing their songs. "I don't think much of that," said Ivan. "Your songs are not good."

"You don't know any better ones," they said.

"You think not? Very well, you shall judge in a moment, if you'll wait."

He went out to the barn, pulled out a sheaf, threshed it, and scattered all the stalks around the floor of the barn.

"Now, then," said he, "'Command, my servant, that this shall be no more a sheaf, but every stalk a soldier!'"

The sheaf flew apart; the soldiers stepped out; the drums and trumpets began to play. Ivan ordered his soldiers to sing some songs. He walked up the street at their head. The people were filled with wonder. The soldiers sang their songs; and then Ivan led them back to the barn—giving orders that nobody should follow him—changed the soldiers back into the sheaf, and tossed the sheaf on the pile.

Then he went home, and lay down in the kennel to sleep.

VII.

NEXT morning the elder brother, Sem'yon, heard of these doings, and came to Ivan.

"Show me," he said, "where you found those soldiers, and what you have done with them."

"Why," said Ivan, "what good would they do you?"

"How can you ask such a question? With soldiers everything can be done. Why, one can win a kingdom for oneself."

Ivan was astonished. "Really!" said he. "Why didn't you say so before? I will make as many as ever you like. It's a blessing the sister and I put aside a great many."

So Ivan led his brother to the barn, and said:

"See here, now, I don't mind making them for you, but when they are made you must lead 'em away. Otherwise, if we have to feed 'em, they'll eat up the whole village in a day."

Sem'yon promised to lead the soldiers away, and Ivan fell to work to make them. He dumps down a sheaf on the barn floor—a squad! He dumps down another—another squad. He made so many that they filled a whole field.

"Come, is that enough?"

Sem'yon was delighted. "That will be plenty," he says: "Thanks, my dear Ivan."

"Right you are. If you want any more, come back, and I'll make 'em. We have a good deal of straw this year, as it happens."

Sem'yon at once gave orders to his army, marshaled them in proper order, and marched them off to make war.

He was hardly out of sight when Táras called on Ivan. He, too, had heard of yesterday's doings, and began to beg his brother:

"Show me where you get this gold money. If I had such a lot of money I would use it to get more money from all parts of the world."

Ivan was astonished. "Really! Why didn't you tell me before? I'll rub out as much as ever you like."

Táras was beside himself with joy. "Give me only a cartful."

"Right you are," said Ivan. "We'll go off to the forest at once. But we must harness the horse, for it'll be too much for you to carry."

They went off to the forest. Ivan fell to and began to rub the oak leaves together. He made a huge heap of gold.

"Will that do—eh?"

"That's plenty for the present," said Táras, enchanted. "Thanks, dear brother Ivan."

"Right you are. If you want any more, come, and I'll rub out some more for you. There's still a plenty of oak leaves about."

Táras gathered up and packed a whole cartful, and went off to trade.

Both brothers went off—Sem'yon to make war, and Táras to trade; and Sem'yon won an empire for himself, and Táras made a huge pile of money in trade.

After awhile they happened to meet, and fell into conversation. In the course of this it happened to come out how Sem'yon had acquired his soldiers and Táras his money.

Said Sem'yon, "I have conquered an empire for myself; and I might live very confortably, only I haven't enough money to support my soldiers."

Said Táras, "And I have accumulated a vast amount of money, but the plague is that I've nobody to guard it."

Then said Sem'yon, "Let us go to our brother. I'll tell him to make some more soldiers, and then I'll give you enough to guard your money; but you must bid him rub enough money for me to keep my soldiers fed."

"SHE TOOK LESSONS IN WORK."

So they set off to find Ivan.

And when they came to Ivan, Sem'yon began, "My soldiers are not enough. Make me a few more—it's only a couple of rickfuls that I want."

Ivan shook his head.

"No, no," he said; "I'm not going to make any more soldiers."

"How is that? Why, you promised me!"

"Yes, I promised you; but, all the same, I won't make any more."

"But, why, fool, won't you make any more?"

"Well, because your soldiers have put a man to death. The other day, while plowing in a field beside the road, I saw a woman going along the road with a coffin on her back, and as she carried it she was wailing. 'Hullo!' said I, 'who's dead?' She said, 'Sem'yon's soldiers have killed my husband in battle.' I thought that soldiers were used for singing songs; but it seems they have put a man to death. I'll make no more for you." And he persisted in this refusal. "No, no, I won't make any more soldiers."

Táras now began to beg Ivan to make some more golden money for him. Ivan shook his head, however. "It's no use your bothering, I won't rub out any more."

"Well, but how is this? You promised me!"

"Yes, I promised you; but it is all the same. I won't make any more."

"But why, fool, won't you make any more?"

"Well, because your gold pieces have robbed Mikhaïlovna of her cow."

"How have they robbed her?"

"In this way they have robbed her: Mikhaïlovna had a cow, and the milk went to feed her children; but the other day the children came to me to beg milk, so I asked them, 'Eh, my dears, what has become of your cow?' They said, 'The bailiff of Táras the Pot-bellied came along, gave our mother three gold coins, and she let him have the cow. Now we have no milk.' I thought you only wanted to play with the gold pieces; but it seems you have robbed the children of their cow. I will not give you any more."

And the fool was obstinate. Not another gold piece would he make. So the brothers had to depart. They went off, and put their heads together to plan a way out of their difficulties.

"Look here," said Sem'yon, "this is how we'll manage it. Give me money to support my soldiers, and I'll make over one-half my empire to you, with soldiers to guard your money."

Táras agreed. The brothers went shares; and so both became Czars, and both were rich.

VIII.

MEANWHILE Ivan lived at home, supported his father and mother, and worked in the field with his deaf-and-dumb sister.

Now, it happened, after a time, that Ivan's old watchdog fell sick. He grew mangy, and seemed about to die. Ivan was sorry for him; got some bread from his sister, laid it in his shapka, took it and threw it to the dog. But the cap was torn, and there tumbled out with the bread one little root.

The old dog snapped it up with the bread, and as soon as he had swallowed the root he jumped on his legs, began to caper around, and, in a word, to get well.

Ivan's father and mother witnessed this. They were fairly amazed.

"How," they asked, "have you managed to cure the dog?"

Ivan answered:

"I had two small roots, which would cure any disease; and the dog swallowed one of them. I have the other."

It happened about this time that a Czar's daughter fell ill; and the Czar, her father, caused it to be proclaimed through all the cities and towns that a reward should be given to anyone who could cure her; and that, if he were unmarried, he should, in addition, receive the princess in marriage. The proclamation was made in Ivan's village as well as elsewhere.

Ivan's father and mother called him in.

"Have you heard the Czar's proclamation? You said you had a little root that would cure all disease. Make haste, then, and cure the Czar's daughter. By doing so you will gain renown forever."

"Right you are," said Ivan.

So he got ready for the journey, and the old people spruced him up a bit.

Ivan got as far as the doorstep, and there he saw an old beggar woman standing, with a crippled hand.

"They tell me," said the beggar woman, "that you can cure folks. Cure my hand for me, for, as it is, you see, I cannot even pull my own boots on."

"Right you are," said Ivan, and he took out the little root and gave it to the beggar woman, telling her to swallow it. She obeyed, and at once was cured, and began to use her hand.

Ivan's father and mother had come out by this time, for they meant to go with him on his journey. But when they heard that Ivan had given away his last little root, and had nothing left wherewith to cure the Czar's daughter, they began to chide him.

"You had pity on the beggar woman, fool, but no pity on the Czar's daughter."

Ivan began to be sorry for the Czar's daughter too. He harnessed the mare, spread some straw in the wagon, and started off.

"THE DAPPER GENTLEMAN STOOD ON THE TOP OF THE TOWER."

"Why, where are you going, fool?"

"To cure the Czar's daughter, to be sure."

"Now, look here; you've nothing to cure her with."

"That's all right," said he, and started up the horse.

He came to the porch of the Czar's palace, and as soon as ever he mounted the steps the Czar's daughter got well.

The Czar was beside himself with joy. He commanded that Ivan should be brought before him. He put a robe and ornaments upon him; and says he:

"Be thou my son-in-law!"

"Right you are," answered Ivan.

So Ivan married the Czar's daughter; and soon after the Czar died, and Ivan reigned in his stead.

IX.

THE three brothers lived, and were Czars.

Sem'yon, the eldest brother, lived very well. He employed his straw soldiers to collect recruits, and so collected real soldiers. He issued orders throughout his empire that every ten households should furnish a soldier, and that this soldier should be well grown, white of body and clean of face. He made a large collection of such soldiers, and trained them all; and when anybody said him nay he sent these soldiers at once and taught him better. So he had his own way in everything, and everybody hated him.

Life was charming to him. Whatever he took a fancy to, or cast his eyes on, was his. He sent his soldiers, and they took and brought him all that he wanted.

Táras, also, was doing very well. He had not wasted the money which he got from Ivan, but increased it enormously. He made excellent arrangements throughout his empire. He kept his money in coffers, and exacted taxes from his people. He taxed the poor for their coming and going, for their shoes, for their leggings and for their earnings. Everything that he fancied he had. For money they brought him everything; and they worked, because everyone must have money.

And Ivan the Fool did pretty well, too. As soon as he had buried his father-in-law he took off all his royal robes, and gave them to his wife to lock up in the chest. He put on his old hempen shirt, his wooden shoes and his peasant's drawers, and went off to work.

"Idleness bores me," he said. "My belly was beginning to grow big, and I had no appetite, and couldn't sleep a wink."

He fetched his father and mother and his deaf-and-dumb sister, and began to work with a will. People said to him:

"Come, I say, you're forgetting you're a Czar!"

The Minister came to him, and said:

"We have no money to pay the officials' salaries."

"Right you are," said Ivan. "If you haven't got any money, then don't pay."

"But," objected the Minister, "they won't wait upon you."

"Right you are. Then, let them cease to wait upon me. They'll be freer if they work. Let them cart manure."

Some came to Ivan asking him to sit in judgment. One man said:

"That fellow there has stolen my money."

"Right you are," said Ivan. "Of course he needed it."

Everybody saw that Ivan was a fool; and his wife said to him:

"People are telling each other what a fool you are."

"Right you are."

Ivan's wife thought about it—thought it well out; but she, too, was a bit of a fool.

"What is the use," she thought, "for me to go against my husband? Where the needle is, there should the thread be."

She doffed her royal robes, locked them up in the chest, went to Ivan's deaf-and-dumb sister, and took lessons in work. As soon as she had learned how to work she began to help her husband.

And all the wise folk left Ivan's empire; nothing but fools were left. Nobody had any money. They lived, they worked, they maintained themselves, and maintained good men.

X.

MEANWHILE let us see how the old devil was getting on.

The old devil waited and waited for tidings of his three devilkins, to hear how they fared in setting the three brothers at loggerheads; but no tidings came—none at all. At length he started out to have a look on his own account. He searched and hunted all over the place, but found no trace of them; only the three holes.

"H'm," he said; "it's pretty clear my boys did not get the better of them. I must look into this business myself."

He went off on his quest, but the brothers were not in their old places. He found them all reigning over their different empires. All three were thriving, reigning as Czars. The old devil considered this intolerable.

"Upon my word," he said, "it's time I looked after this job myself."

He went first to the Czar Sem'yon. He did not go in his own shape, but in that of a general.

"It has reached me," he said, when he came into Sem'yon's presence, "that thou art a great warrior. That is a business which I thoroughly understand. I wish to enter thy service."

Sem'yon began to ask him questions, saw he was a man of sense, and took him into his service. The new general at once began to show Sem'yon how to get together a powerful army.

"First of all," he said, "it is necessary to enlist more soldiers. Now, I perceive many people loitering up and down in thy dominions. We ought [illegible] sm, without any [illegible] five times

as large as thy present one. Secondly, you must get new rifles and cannon. I will procure for thee rifles that shall shoot a hundred bullets at each discharge and scatter them like peas. And I will get you cannon that shall consume like a devouring flame. Man, or horse, or walled town —these cannon shall eat them all up."

The Czar Sem'yon gave ear to his new general. He ordered that all the young children, without distinction, should be enrolled for soldiers; and he built new arsenals. He made new rifles, cannon, and then made war on a neighboring Czar.

As soon as the enemy came forth to encounter them Sem'yon commanded his soldiers to fire their guns and let off their cannon. At one blow they did for half the enemy's army. The neighboring Czar was smitten with panic, fell on his knees and surrendered his dominions. Sem'yon was enchanted.

"Now," said he, "I'll go and attack the Czar of India."

But the Czar of India had been kept informed of all Sem'yon's movements, and had copied all his inventions. Moreover, he had invented a few on his own account. The Czar of India was not content with enrolling young children as soldiers, but even enlisted all the unmarried girls. So his army was even larger than Sem'yon's, and he copied from Sem'yon all his rifles and cannon, and, besides, invented a method of flying through the air and dropping bombshells from the sky.

Sem'yon went to war against the Czar of India. He thought to win this battle as easily as the last; but the scythe did not cut so well the second try. The Czar of India did not give Sem'yon's army time to shoot, but sent up his young women in balloons to drop bombshells upon it. The young women began to drop bombshells like a rain of beetles. All Sem'yon's army took to their heels, and Sem'yon was left alone. The Czar of India took Sem'yon's dominions, and Sem'yon ran after his own nose as fast as he could.

This was enough for one brother; so now the old devil went to Táras. He changed his appearance to that of a merchant, and settled in Táras's dominions. Pretty soon he was setting up branch establishments all over the place, and scattering his money about like a lord. He began to pay dear for goods of all sorts, and all the people flocked to this new merchant to make money. They made so much money that they wiped off all their debts, and paid their taxes to the day.

Czar Táras was enraptured.

"Thanks to this new merchant," he said, "I shall get still more money—yes, I shall do still better."

And Táras tried to devise fresh plans. He began to build himself a new palace. He invited his people to bring timber and stone, and set to work. He offered high prices for everything. Táras thought, judging from past experience, that the people would come to him in shoals to work for his money; but, behold! they preferred to take their timber and stone to the merchant, and all the workmen flocked to him. Táras raised his offer, but the merchant went higher again. Táras had lots of money, but the merchant had more, and the merchant's pay was always higher than the Czar's. The palace was at a standstill—not a soul would build for the wages Táras offered.

Táras, too, had laid out a garden for himself. Autumn came, and he wanted people to work in his garden. Nobody came. They were all digging a lake for the merchant.

Winter came. Táras wanted to purchase sable furs for a new robe. He sent out to buy them. His messenger returned, saying:

"There are no sable furs. The merchant has bought them all up; he offered a higher price, and has used them all to make himself a carpet."

Táras wanted to buy some horses. He sent out his agents, who brought back word that the merchant had bought up all the horses that were fit for anything. They were drawing water for him to fill his lake. All the Czar's affairs were at a standstill. Nobody would do anything for him—everybody was serving the merchant. They only brought him the merchant's money, paying it for their taxes.

And so Táras collected so much money that he had nowhere to put it, and he could not get rid of it, for the merchant outbid him in everything. His life became miserable. He gave up making plans. His only concern was to live at all, and this rapidly became impossible. Everywhere it was the same story. His cooks and coachmen left him to take service with the merchant. It came to such a pass that he had nothing to eat. If he sent out to the market for anything, there was nothing to be had. The merchant had bought up everything, and the people brought him nothing but money—money for taxes.

Czar Táras was very angry, and banished the merchant beyond the frontier.

This did him no good at all. The merchant settled down just over the frontier, and everything went on as before. For the sake of the merchant's money the people carried everything away from the Czar to him. It became very nasty indeed for the Czar. For days at a time he had nothing to eat. A rumor even began to get abo that the merchant boasted he was ready to

the Czar himself. Táras lost heart, and really didn't know what would come of it.

It was at this juncture that Sem'yon came to him, and said:

"Help me, for the Czar of India has given me a beating."

But Táras's own affairs were in a tangle.

"I myself," he answered, "have had nothing to eat for two days."

XI.

THE old devil had now had fun enough with the two brothers. He came to Ivan. He changed himself back into a general again, came to Ivan, and tried to persuade him to form an army.

"It is not becoming," he said, "for a Czar to be without any army. Just give me orders, and I'll collect soldiers from among your people and form an army."

Ivan listened with great patience.

"Right you are," he said. "Form it—only mind you teach them to sing songs. I like that."

The old devil set to work to get recruits throughout Ivan's dominions. He was good enough to explain that each recruit would enjoy the honor of having his head shaved, and would be treated besides to a measure of corn brandy and a red cap.

The fools burst out laughing.

"We have plenty of brandy," they said; "we make it ourselves. As for the caps, our women will make us as many as you please—variegated ones, too—yes, sir, and with tassels on 'em."

So the old devil got no recruits, and went back to Ivan.

"They won't come as volunteers," he said. "We shall have to conscribe them by force."

"Right you are. Have a conscription, by all means."

So the old devil gave orders that all the fools should be enrolled as soldiers, and added that if any should refuse to come Ivan would put them to death.

The fools came before the general and said:

"You tell us that if we go not as soldiers the Czar will put us to death. But you don't say what will happen to us in the army. They say that even soldiers are liable to death."

"Yes, but there is reason in the way they die."

The fools heard this, digested it, and remained obstinate.

"We won't go," said they. "It is better to wait for death at home. Even so, it cannot be escaped."

"Fools, fools!" cried the old devil. "Soldiers may or may not get killed, but if you refuse to come Ivan the Czar will assuredly put you all to death."

The fools thought this over a little. They went to Ivan the Fool to ask him.

"A general has come to us and orders us all to go a-soldiering. He says that if we go we may be killed, or we may not; but that if we don't you are going to put us all to death. Is that true?"

Ivan burst out laughing.

"Now, how in the world," he asked, "can I put you all to death? If I was not a fool, I might explain how it could be done; but as it is, I don't understand it myself."

"Why, then, we won't go," said they.

"Right you are," said Ivan. "Don't."

The fools went off to the general, and refused to go a-soldiering.

The old devil began to see that his work was not going ahead, somehow. He went off in disguise to the Cockroach Czar.

"Come along," he said to the Cockroach Czar; "here's a chance! Let us make war on the Czar Ivan. He hasn't much money, it's true; but he has grain and cattle, and good things of all sorts."

The Cockroach Czar declared war on Ivan. He got together a great army, furnished it with rifles, cannon, ammunition, crossed the frontier, and began to march into Ivan's dominions.

The people came to Ivan and said:

"Look here, the Cockroach Czar is coming to make war upon us."

"Right you are," said Ivan. "Let him come."

The Cockroach Czar passed the frontier with his army and sent out scouts to reconnoitre Ivan's army. The scouts searched and searched—no army to be seen. They waited—waited—waited for a good spell; but there was no sign of an army, nor of anybody to fight with. The Cockroach Czar sent troops to seize the villages. The soldiers came to one village. The fools, men and women, ran out and stared at the soldiers: they seemed amazed. The soldiers began to plunder the fools of their grain and cattle. The fools gave them up quietly. There was no resistance.

The soldiers came to a second village. The same thing happened. They took a day's march, a second day's march. It was the same everywhere. Everything was given up quietly; nobody offered to resist; on the contrary, they invited the soldiers to live with them.

"Dear friends," said the fools, "if life is so miserable on your side of the frontier come over and dwell with us."

The soldiers marched, and marched, and kept on marching. Still there was no sign of an army.

The people lived by feeding themselves and others. They made no resistance, and invited the soldiers to live with them.

It began to bore the soldiers. They went back to their Cockroach Czar.

"We cannot fight here, so lead us somewhere else. It would have been great fun to fight, but this is like cutting kissel jelly. We can't go on making war here."

The Cockroach Czar lost his temper. He ordered his soldiers to overrun the whole of Ivan's dominions; to pick quarrels; to fire villages, farms and granaries; to kill the cattle.

"Unless you do what I tell you," said he, "I'll put you all to death."

The soldiers were frightened. They began to carry out his orders—to burn houses and grain, to kill the cattle. Still the fools offered no resistance. They only wept. The old men wept, the old women wept, the children wept.

"Why are you injuring us?" they said. "Why are you rewarding us evil for good? If you want anything, take it for yourselves, and welcome."

The soldiers felt that they were acting abominably. They went no farther. The whole army took to its heels.

XII.

AND so the old devil went off, too. He could not catch Ivan by means of the soldiers.

He changed his shape to that of a dapper gentleman, and came back, and took up his abode in Ivan's dominions. He made up his mind to catch Ivan by means of money, as he had already caught Táras.

"I am desirous," he announced, "of doing you a good turn. I will teach you how to be wise. I will build you a house, and form some establishments here."

"Right you are," said Ivan. "Live with us."

The dapper gentleman got up very early next

LISETTE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY GISMANN-ZEMENOWSKY.

morning, and went into the public square with a great bag of gold and sheets of paper. Said he:

"You live, all of you, like pigs. I am going to teach you how you ought to live. Build me," he said, "a house on this plan. You do the work, and I will direct you. Moreover, I will pay you in gold coin."

He showed them the gold. The fools marveled. They had no money to work their manufactories, and they bartered among themselves one thing for another, and paid in wood. So they wondered at the gold.

"These are pretty little bits of stuff!" they said.

And they began to exchange their goods and their labor for the gentleman's gold pieces. He began to make very free with his money, as he had in Táras's case; and the people began to give all sorts of things for his gold, and do all sorts of work.

The old devil chuckled.

"Now," he thought to himself, "my plans are going ahead finely. Now, I'm going to get the fool angry, as I made Táras angry; and I shall buy him up, body and soul."

When the fools got the gold coins they gave them to their children for necklets; all the marriageable maidens twined them in their hair; even the children in the streets began to use them as toys to play with. All had a-plenty of the coins, and they kept on getting more—they thought the things so pretty. But still the dapper gentleman's house was not half built, and as yet he had not bought enough corn and cattle to last him the year. At last he publicly invited the folk to work for him, to cast him grain and bring him cattle. He promised to give much gold for all kinds of goods and all kinds of work. But nobody came to work. Only now and then a small boy or girl happened along to barter a few eggs for a gold piece.

The dapper gentleman began to get hungry. He went into a village to buy himself a dinner. He forced his way in at a doorway, and offered gold for a hen. The mistress of the house refused him.

"I have a lot of these things already," she said.

He made his way to the hovel of a poor peasant woman to buy a herring. He offered gold.

"But, kind sir, I don't use it," she said. "I have no children to play with such things, and I've already got three pieces as curiosities."

He made his way into a laborer's house and asked to buy bread. The peasant, too, declined the money.

"Thanks be to God!" he said, "I don't need it. But that's nothing; just wait, and I'll tell my wife to cut you a slice."

The devil spat. He hurried away from the peasant. He could not stomach that "Thanks be to God!" Even to hear the words were as bad as a poke with a knife.

And so he got no bread.

All had enough. Wherever the old devil went no one would give him aught for money, but everyone said, "Bring us something else," or, "Come and do some work," or, "Take it in the name of Christ." Yet the devil had nothing but money, and didn't want to work at all, and that "In the name of Christ" he could not stomach. He began to lose temper.

"Why, what else do you want, if I offer you gold? You can buy everything for gold, and hire every sort of workmen."

But the fools paid no heed to him.

"No, we don't want it," they said. "Nobody pays taxes or wages here. What should we want of money?"

The old devil ate his supper, and flounced off to bed. Word of all this was taken to Ivan the Fool. Folks came to ask him:

"What are we to do? Here's a dapper gentleman among us. He likes to eat and drink good things, he likes to dress neatly, but he doesn't care to work, and he won't beg for alms. He only keeps on offering gold pieces here, there and everywhere. Until we had enough of them we gave him food and clothes for them, but now we don't want any more. What shall we do for him? For, at this rate, the poor man will starve to death."

Ivan heard what they had to say.

"Right you are," said he. "We shall have to maintain him. Let him go from house to house as the shepherd goes."

There was no help for it. The old devil began to go from house to house. He came to Ivan's house in its turn. He came in to dinner: and, at Ivan's, the deaf-and-dumb sister was preparing dinner.

The lazy ones had deceived her often before this. Work done, the men came in to dinner earlier than usual. They ate up all the gruel. And the deaf-and-dumb woman was sharp enough to recognize the loafer by his hand. Anyone who had a horny hand she gave a seat to, but the soft-handed got the scraps.

The old devil made his way up to the table; but the deaf-and-dumb sister took hold of his hands and looked at them closely—no hard places, but the skin white and tender, and the nails long. The deaf mute grunted like a cow, and tugged the devil back from the table.

But Ivan's wife said, "Don't use the dapper gentleman badly. My sister-in-law does not allow those who have smooth, white hands to come to table. But have a little patience: the men have almost done their meal, and then thou canst eat what is left over."

The old devil was affronted because at the Czar's table they wanted to feed him with the pigs. So he made bold to say to Ivan:

"You have a foolish law in your realm—that all people work with their hands. That's a very stupid way of looking at it. Why should folks work with their hands alone? Have you any idea how men of intellect work?"

Said Ivan, "Whenever we fools get the chance we always work to the utmost with our hands."

"That's because you are fools. Now I will teach you how to work with your brains; and then you'll find out that headwork is more profitable than handwork."

Ivan was greatly astonished.

"Well," he said, "we are not called fools without reason, if that is so."

"But," said the old devil, "it is not easy to work with the brain. Here you refuse me permission to eat with you, because my hands are not horny, but you don't understand that it is a hundred times harder to work with the brain. Why, sometimes the head splits almost."

Ivan grew deeply thoughtful.

"Why, my dear sir," he asked, "should you worry yourself, then? Is it easy when the head splits? You would be much better off doing easy work—even if it hardened the hands."

"Pah!" said the old devil. "Why should I bother myself to take compassion on you fools? If I didn't have some pity on you, you would remain fools all your days; but now I am going to show you how to work with your brains."

Ivan wondered.

"Pray teach us," he said. "The next time their hands get tired out you shall change the work to headwork."

So the old devil promised to teach them.

And Ivan caused it to be proclaimed throughout his dominions that the dapper gentleman would instruct all people in the art of working with their brains, and how they could work with their brains better than with their hands; and he bade all to come and be instructed.

There was a high watchtower built in Ivan's dominions, and a steep staircase leading to the top, and on the top a platform; and Ivan led the gentleman up there, so that he might be in sight of all.

The dapper gentleman stood on top of the tower, and began to make his harangue from it, and all the fools assembled to behold and listen. They thought the gentleman was going to give illustrations how to work with the brain apart from the hands; but the old devil did nothing but pile words upon words to teach them how it was possible to live without work.

The fools couldn't understand it at all. They stared up at him, and continued to stare, and then left off staring, and went off in different directions to their work.

The old devil stood a whole day on top of the tower; stood another day; talked all the time. He began to feel hungry. But the fools thought it unnecessary to carry food to the tower. They thought that, if he could work better with his brains than with his hands, then it would be mere child's play for his brains to provide him with bread; and the old devil stood for still another day on the platform, and began to grow faint. He staggered once and bumped his head against the post. One of the fools observed this, and told Ivan's wife; and Ivan's wife came to her husband in the fallow field.

"Let us go and look," she said. "They say the gentleman is giving lessons in brainwork."

Ivan was surprised.

"Still at it?" he said. He turned his horse's head, and went off to the tower. The old devil by this time was quite light-headed. He began to totter, and whacked his head against the post.

As Ivan came up the devil lurched forward and fell with a terrible clatter down the stairs, head over heels. You could count all the steps by the thumps.

"H'm!" said Ivan; "the dapper gentleman told the truth when he said that sometimes the head splits over this kind of work. That's the kind of callosity it gives rise to. Why, from such work the head gets covered with lumps."

The old devil came bump, bumping down the stairs, and thumped against the ground. Ivan was about to go and see if he had accomplished much work, when suddenly the earth opened, and the old devil went plump out of sight. Only the hole was left.

Ivan scratched his head.

"Aha!" said he. "What a nasty thing! There he was again—must have been the father this time. What a healthy one!"

Ivan still lives, and all the people are crowding to his dominions. His brothers have come to him, and he maintains them. When anyone comes and says, "Give me food," "Right you are," says he. "You're welcome. We've enough and to spare." There is only one law in his Czardom: "Whoever has horny hands sits at table; whoever has not, gets scraps."

THE SILVER SHAFTS.

By FRANCES SWANN WILLIAMS.

Author of "Mr. Gadsbury's Brother," "The Jocelyn Sin," "Old Forty's Master," "The Muscoe Plate," "Mistress Marion," etc.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued).

"To-morrow!" shouted Chandos, angrily. "Do you take me for a fool, Lawrence? Do you suppose I will allow the world to say that I married off my adopted daughter on the very eve of losing my money? No, not for one moment will I hear to such a proposition. Wait until the crisis is over. If I gain time—only six months—Flora will be rich. If I fail in gaining time, Flora, like myself, will be a beggar. You can consider your proposition then."

"The world may think what it will. I ask you to consent to our marriage to-morrow."

"And I say that I will not hear to it!" was the loud, irritated answer. "I say that Flora shall not marry any man until it is known whether I am rich or poor. You shall not bring disgrace upon me."

"You are making a mistake——" began Lawrence, striving to keep his temper.

"I did that twelve months ago, sir," sharply broke in Flora's father. "The world is just finding it out. I won't make another. No, I won't hear of it. Good night. Talk of this a week hence if you still wish it." He moved off a step or two. "Lawrence, you are an honorable man; you love my little girl. I don't mean to break off the marriage engagement or separate you."

"If I supposed that you had any such intention I would pitch you into this river without a scruple of conscience!" retorted Lawrence, a fiery gleam of anger in his eyes.

Chandos laughed bitterly, and returned close to the younger man.

"Lawrence," he said, in a low, wistful whisper, "it would end my perplexities. The river is a maddening temptation. Could you not do it, at any rate? It is my only chance of friendly sympathy. I am wrecked. For God's sake, put your threat in execution!"

"I made no threat, Colonel Chandos." Lawrence spoke in a mild, persuasive compassion. He pitied the miserable man striving to shun ruin and humiliation. "Will you go to my quarters? I can give you a bed, and rest may tranquilize your mind."

"Rest!" echoed the other, scornfully. "No; I am going back to Chandos Manor. It is mine to-night at least. Good night. So late!" he added, glancing at his watch. "Just one. Good night."

He drew his hat over his eyes, buttoned his light overcoat across his breast and walked rapidly away.

Lawrence stood a moment watching the receding figure. He knew that Flora's father was agitated and agonized. He comprehended only part of the causes. To pay the legacy when it fell due, Lawrence understood, meant to sacrifice immense property. He wondered that Chandos had acknowledged the day it fell due, when none of them had even suspected the existence of a legacy. He might have given himself time, unless—— Who could be the heir? That piece of information, so sedulously withheld, might solve the enigma. At any rate, a day or two would give him the secret. So Lawrence examined the breakwater carefully. He hummed a rowing chorus, sung by a lively voice of some one coming along the breakwater.

"Ah, Raoul, is that you?" he said, as La Pres appeared. "I don't like this dangerous-looking place. A stout man could easily dislodge this rock and let the water break in upon us."

"Ma foi, Lawrence! If it holds together through the night it will serve our purpose—we can put a gang of men at work upon it to-morrow. But it is strong enough to bar the ocean." The gay Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, and stroked his silken mustache tenderly. "One cannot suppose there is anything human who could be fiend enough to dislodge the rock. Ah, the first night shift of hands is coming out of Shaft No. 2. I am going down before the relief goes in—will you?"

Lawrence glanced back at the spur of rock. His eyes traveled from that to the half-score of men stepping out of the basket at the mouth of the shaft. Their torches glimmered cheerfully. They hurried away, while the basket descended for another half-score. The mouth of the shaft lay only a few yards below them.

"Raoul, if this rock should loosen its hold," Lawrence said, slowly, "Shaft No. 2 would be flooded first. Inevitable death would be the fate of anyone in the tunnel below. There is a chance of escape in every shaft except No. 2."

"Mon Dieu! You are gloomy to-night, Lawrence. I shall tell it to Mlle. Flora. No one is aware of the ease with which the spur can be moved. No one will think of it now—the hours are short until daybreak. Eh, Ravenel, are you going down the shaft now?" he inquired of one of three men who approached from the mouth of the pit. "Lawrence is examining the breakwater."

La Pres waved his hand to the group, and again took up the rowing chorus, its loud, musical notes resounding in the night air. Lawrence lighted a cigar and followed La Pres to the shaft. Sonorous chords of the rowing chorus still echoed in the calm, pleasant midnight. The gay refrain gradually receded — its tones grew distant and muffled. The basket was descending Shaft No. 2,

"FLORA LIFTED HER HEAD AND GAZED AT HIM WITH HORROR-STRICKEN EYES.

"It seems perfectly secure; I inspected it two hours ago," commented Ravenel, turning his light upon the rock. "The men are most of them above ground."

"Come, Lawrence," said La Pres, "we will descend Shaft No. 2, while it is empty. Ah, mon Dieu! this blessed moonlight, how poetic one feels in its beams! Adieu, bons amis—adieu."

and Ravenel and his comrades had returned to their cabins. The river rippled against the breakwater with a ceaseless, restless wash; but the river was tranquil, and the breakwater secure. The song was still shouted far underground, when a man crept stealthily from behind a jutting bowlder, and peered around in guilty apprehension. A vindictive purpose was legible upon his

sallow countenance. An evil intent indicated itself in the crouching, creeping motions, shunning detection with criminal terror and duplicity.

"A presumptuous hound!" he muttered, in a brooding voice. "He shall find a sleuthhound tracking and dragging him to the death. He will punish with the lash—yes—yes—the lash for the hound! We will see if the lash is not in my hand now, and," he added, in a vicious whisper, "we will see if I will be quit of my enemy. The rock can be dislodged. Shaft No. 2 will be flooded first, and Lawrence is in Shaft No. 2."

The man was short and muscular and enraged. The passion of revenge and its opportunity had plainly fallen together. He pushed the spur of rock with all his strength. A tiny rivulet of water trickled softly at his feet. A moment later the man had clambered over the bowlders and disappeared up the Crevasse. A moment later the treacherous rivulet had widened to a torrent. The song in the tunnel broke off suddenly. The breakwater had been riven in twain, and the river was roaring in Shaft No. 2.

CHAPTER IV.

"STRANDED—ADIEU! ADIEU!"

WHEN Dorothy Melvern fell with that sound of death Chandos stood in numb horror. The low wail in the passage struck the first pang to his heart, yet he never moved; his shocked gaze never left the ashen face on the floor. He had lifted his hand against his sister, and now she lay stretched before him, with the will in her pocket, and the secret of the legacy in her possession. Another heart-broken wail moved him as nothing else could. He laid his fingers on the fallen woman's wrist. The pulse seemed to flicker feebly. Pale as he was, every vestige of nervous excitement had vanished, every trace of the desperate moods of the evening disappeared. His clear-cut patrician face settled into a strong rigidity, hard, icy and pallid. Gathering up his belongings deliberately, overcoat, hat and gloves, he transferred a sum of money from the safe, rifled of its valuable papers, to his own pocket. All the while the still figure lay prone on the floor, the sightless eyes closed, the turbaned head thrown backward, as she had fallen. Not once did Chandos glance toward her. He walked out of the room into the passage. However callous he might be to the fate of his sister, a fierce passion of suffering seemed to break over him as he lifted in his arms the slender little figure of Flora. She, too, lay prone on the floor, but he carried her quickly and easily to her own room, and turned the key after them.

"Oh, papa!" she gasped, as she clung to him in a frantic burst of terror and grief.

He placed her on the sofa silently, and would have taken his arm away, but she wildly clasped it.

"Oh, papa! papa!" she moaned. "Where will we go? Oh, papa, what can we do?"

Chandos's arm tightened its embrace. The hard look softened.

"My darling," he began, in a strained, suppressed voice—"my darling child, you have seen it all. I may have murdered her—God knows I never intended it!"

"Oh, no, papa; you did not—you did not mean to—— Oh, papa!" And with agonized sobs the girl threw her arms around him, as if his crime could never shake off her tenderness.

"You believe that I was maddened by passion, that I had no thought of murder in my heart—do you believe what I tell you, my daughter?" he asked, in intense anxiety.

"Yes—oh, yes, papa!" she began, brokenly. "Oh, papa, what will we do?"

"Listen to me, my child: the time is short, darling—listen closely. Whether I have killed her or not——"

Chandos stopped abruptly. It seemed impossible to go on. He could feel a terrible throe of pain quiver through the little form clinging to him in such faithful love. He made another effort even while a sickening sense of helplessness weakened him.

"My child, you saw it all—all. You may condemn me if you will—I am guilty to you; I cannot deny it—condemn me if you will!"

"Oh, papa!" she gasped, with still those choking sobs. "I love you—I do not condemn you. Papa, what are we to do? where will we go?"

"Flora, whether Dorothy recovers or not, I must fly. She will persecute and hound me forever. My darling, you heard me speak of a legacy left to my child, if found within ten years. If not found, the legacy goes to another person. The person is Dorothy. The legacy is due tomorrow. She refused me time when I asked it. She will show me no mercy now, if—if she still lives." Again that shiver of pain and horror seemed to stab him like a two-edged sword. "My child, I have spent every penny of my large fortune on the Silver Shafts. The share that I reserved for you will all go to pay the legacy—it is not sufficient. My God!" he cried, suddenly, clasping his hands over his eyes. "You must hate me—I am a bankrupt and a murderer!"

"Not that. Oh, papa," she whispered, "you said she was not dead! Where can we go? Oh, papa—papa! what does it matter about anyone except you? Do not talk of the money," she

added, feverishly pressing her wet, tear-stained face to his cheek, and clinging to him with a more frantic entreaty, as if she dreaded being torn from him. "Not the money. It does not matter. Tell me if we can escape—tell me that—that, papa! Oh, my heart is breaking!"

He held her in silence an instant. For the first time tears gathered in his eyes. For the first time in ten years a great scalding tear rolled down his cold cheek and glistened on her golden hair. The delicate form swayed and throbbed with suffocating sobs. The shapely arms held to him with desperate strength.

"My heart is breaking—breaking—breaking! Papa, we are losing time—where will we go?"

Flora lifted her head and gazed at him with horror-stricken eyes. She reiterated the question in breathless terror—the question he seemed never to answer.

"Flora, are you willing to obey me? Obedience is necessary to my safety. Obedience may save my life. It may be that my life is in your hands."

Again he stopped short, utterly unable to proceed. She seemed to hang on every syllable. Her eyes distended—her whitened lips parted. Her breath came in short gasps.

"Tell me. Your life, papa—is your life in danger?" she asked so faintly that he would fain, if he dared, have left others to break the barbarous truth.

"Possibly, Flora. Life for a life," he repeated, bitterly. "I am not sure. It is best to prepare you. She is old; life is easily extinguished in persons of her age. It is wisest——"

Chandos hesitated. Evidently the terrible effort to speak with calmness tried him almost beyond his powers, but for her sake—for the sake of the mighty love between father and child—he strove to talk as if days, not minutes, were at his disposal.

"It is wisest for you to preserve an utter silence upon the events of to-night. Answer no questions concerning me. Maintain a complete reserve. You will know nothing of my whereabouts."

"Will you leave me?" she cried out, such affright and horror in her wide-open eyes and high, unstrung voice that Chandos turned his glance away to the drear, chill chamber.

He could not look at her—could not break her heart.

"I leave it to you, oh, my lovely, devoted child! I know you are willing to share the dangers and terrors of the flying criminal. God pity me, I have brought you to this! Yes—yes, Flora, you can go, you can fall with me, it will not be long."

Flora shivered and trembled in agonized doubt and fear. Again and again she struggled to speak, but sobs choked her. The dry, ashen lips seemed almost helpless to syllable the words she meant to utter.

"Papa—I—I—oh, papa, help me; help your poor little Flora!" burst from her in broken, tortured efforts. "You cannot escape with me—oh, papa—you cannot—I must stay—papa—papa!"

The girl threw her arms up wildly, and then flung them around him again just as frantically. The appalling truth had dawned upon her. Her father was a flying criminal, and she would only endanger his safety. She must stay and he must go!

"My daughter, it is the only chance of safety, I must conceal myself. No one saw me return from the Crevasse except Dorothy. No one else will know that I did return except you, my love. No matter what Dorothy says, you must not confirm it. You must never betray this interview upon any conditions whatever. Do you understand this, dear child?"

"Yes, papa; never will I forget—I promise it, papa." She raised her hand and repeated the words with strange solemnity. Upon those four words his future seemed to hinge. Flora realized their import. "I promise it, papa."

"My blessed child!" he went on. "Dorothy, if she lives, may hunt me vindictively for that part of the legacy my property will not pay. If she dies others will search as mercilessly for her murderer. It is death to leave you, Flora, but it is worse than death to remain. My darling, you see it all now, do you not?"

"God pity us, papa!" she murmured, in hopeless tones. "God help you and pity us both, oh, my darling papa!"

In the still, noiseless night a clear, musical tone rang through the house. Flora shivered, Chandos started as the hall clock chimed the half-hour. It was thirty minutes past two. Daylight must dawn on the fugitive from justice miles away from Chandos Manor.

"Flora, I leave you to Lawrence," he began, hurriedly. "It is my only solace. He loves you, he will protect and shield you; but for that I should go mad. I have spent your portion. I have squandered every penny that might have paid the legacy. Chandos Manor and all that should have been yours will be swept away in the awful tide of misfortune. I have made a mistake. God! what have I done to bring Satan down upon me now, when I am no longer young? Flora, you will marry Lawrence at once—at once, my precious darling! While I hide and fly it will save me from madness to remember that you have

Lawrence. He will never fail you, my child. Farewell!"

His voice shook, his tones grew husky; the inevitable moment had come when he must go and she must stay. Chandos rose slowly from the sofa, still holding his child in a tenacious, viselike embrace.

"I will leave you here, darling. If—if we ever meet again——"

She raised her head from his breast, and turned her bloodless face toward him in a stupefied, dazed way.

"Papa," she whispered, "how long will it be before I can come?"

"My love, your husband will not consent to part with you. No matter how events result, my life must be one of terrible secrecy and privation. I am not stone," he broke out, passionately, "to face obloquy and misery and humiliation. And yet it is for your good—I think that—and I will never endanger your peace. It may be years, my darling, before you hear of me again; but if I live, Flora, so surely will I come back to you, my only loved one in all the world. You must be happy as you can. So long as you hear nothing I am safe. When they overtake and drag me back to retribution you will hear it all too soon."

"Papa, it is killing me—killing me!"

Her voice was far off and strangely hollow. Life seemed to have gone out of her face, it was so deadly white and so deadly cold. Neither tears nor sobs nor bursts of pain broke the horrible calm falling over her. Chandos was less pale, but his countenance evinced the desperate scorching grief and shame of an overtaken criminal. They were parting, father and child, and in all the future they might never stand face to face again. There was no delay for him; he perforce must leave his only idol and love in all the great universe. Flora felt that the brand of Cain was upon him, and Flora's father knew that every man's hand would be against him. To-day he remained the Pacific millionaire; to-morrow, as surely as the sun rose, he must be a hunted, hounded criminal.

"Farewell, my devoted darling! God help us both! We had best part here. Remember that I am safe while you hear nothing—oblivion is my security. I will go now."

He folded her again to his heart, unresisting, half dead and broken-hearted.

"I must follow you to the door—oh, papa, that far!" she moaned.

"Have you courage? We must not have a light."

Flora raised her hand and stopped the objection.

"I am not afraid of anything for myself, papa."

"Then follow me down through the hall—not that way—God, not there!" he added, hastily, as she half turned toward the study passage. She clasped her hands tightly around his arm, and the two figures stole noiselessly down the grand staircase. The blackness of night enveloped them like prison walls. In the hush of the weird hours before dawn the master of Chandos Manor was creeping out of his splendid establishment. Down the grand staircase, through the great hall, with its chandeliers and statuary, to the hall door, with its fateful finality; there they paused. Chandos unlocked it, in breathless quiet and trepidation, and the two stepped out together on the piazza into the shadowy starlight. A cold breeze from the river blew in their faces and sent a shiver of icy dread to their hearts. The moon had gone behind the horizon. Dead leaves came floating stealthily earthward like approaching footfalls. Chandos started at every sound; nevertheless he stopped and fixed a long, wistful gaze upon the deathlike face of his daughter.

"Flora, can you return?" he asked, in a whisper.

"I fear nothing for myself. Oh, papa, papa!"

He had drawn her to his breast once more, for the last time.

"Can you be silent, Flora, and never betray this meeting and parting?"

"I can die for you, papa. I promise. God pity us! I promise. Oh, papa!"

He released her abruptly, and, turning his face away, brushed his hand over his eyes, then rushed at a wild speed along the graveled walk into the gloomy darkness. The girl crossed the piazza, locked the hall door, and ascended the stairs with a feeble step. The dreadful darkness did not appal her. Fear and feeling seemed to have vanished together. Slumber held the household under its spell. Ruin would come with the dawn, and Chandos was flying for his life.

CHAPTER V.

"DOWN—DOWN."

THE morning had not half slipped away when a bland voice, with a smoothness instantly arousing the antagonism of the sharp-witted groom, said:

"Eh, Barney, where is your master?"

"Mornin', Mr. Harvey. How is you' helf, sir?"

The groom was not to be hurried out of his own idea of politeness. The Chandos servants regarded the Harveys with unlimited contempt and distrust. No one exacted more deference than Os-

car Harvey, and no one apparently found it so difficult to return the civility demanded. To his superiors Oscar was servile; to his inferiors, rude and insulting. The habits of generations of stewards retained their hold, manifesting the single break in a bitter envy of Lawrence, the son of their last employer. They had served a long time; and with all his money Oscar could not buy the

GIRL SKETCHING.—FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

graceful courtesy to which Lawrence seemed born. There may have been other reasons for enmity, but his fortune was so large that the world accepted him conditionally.

"Where is your master?" repeated the visitor, rather severely.

"He hab not come home yet, Mr. Harvey. Dere hab been a awful time up to de Cribbasse, sir, afo' day dis mornin'; en dere's been three or four men sent heah fo' Marse George, but he ain't nebber been heard on sence he went out'n dis stable to dem ongodly holes."

Oscar Harvey apparently heard the intelligence without surprise. Intense curiosity came into his face—a curiosity he endeavored to conceal.

"I suppose your master did not foot it to the Silver Shafts! Where is his horse?—did that vanish, too?" was the scornful inquiry.

"It did not, sir," responded Barney. "Dat horse was standing outside de stable do' at daylight dis mornin'. En my ole mudder seed him fust en fo'most; en sez she, 'Dere's sompun done happen Marse George,' en dat ole woman is mostly right. Sompun has done happen Marse George wurser nor dat Cribbasse."

Under ordinary circumstances Oscar would have checked the man's loquacity with insulting roughness. At present Oscar smiled condescendingly, and encouraged it by feeling in his pocket for a dime, which, however, he failed to find.

"You astonish me, Barney. What has happened, my good fellow? Tell me all about it. I have sent my men up to the Silver Shafts, to help them there. I heard there had been a frightful accident—how did it happen?"

A keen, wary anxiety glittered in the gaze of the questioner.

"Somebody done burst de breakwater, dat's how it happen, en kill mo' men den enough; dat's de long and short ob it, sir," bluntly answered the groom.

"I don't believe it—accidents will happen. It was only yesterday they told me that in a few days they would tunnel in another direction. Ignorant people like yourself get things wrong. They can't understand. Have you heard who was killed in the shafts?"

Oscar Harvey's glance shifted uneasily from the man's face, in a vain effort to shun the scrutiny he fancied the groom bestowed upon him.

"'Pears like de bes' went down, sir. Dere's talk ob Marse Lawrence en Mr. La Pres—it's allers de bes', you know, sir, what loses—en dere's no end ob de low-down folks drownded, 'sides de 'struction ob property is tremenjus—tremenjus, sir, lettin' lone sommert done happenin' Marse George—he ain't nebber been heerd on. God-amighty knows what's comin' nex'. Mrs. Melvern am desput low—it's awful, sir—en all along ob dat Cribbasse."

Oscar dropped the reins on the neck of his horse, with an unusual disposition to prolong his gossip. Every inquiry was evidently well weighed before it was put into words. He lay in ambush for bits of information, and just as plainly preferred not to ask them.

"Why don't you jes' ride out to de Cribbasse, sir, while you're aback ob de critter?" inquired Barney, with a furtive glance from the corner of his eyes. "De whole country am gone. Dere ain't men enough on de place to feed dem critters in de stables, sir. I'd a-run myself, but I'm 'bout de onliest trusty head lef' to see to de hosses."

"I—well, to tell the truth, such dreadful accidents are too much for me. It must have been carelessness. The matter shall be investigated."

"'Twa'n't no keerlessness, sir; 'twas devilment," maintained the groom, obstinately.

"You're a fool, Barney. What the deuce do I care about a parcel of drowned beggars? The more the better—it's a good riddance—paupers have no business in the world. I'll go and see Miss Hauton. I suppose the house servants haven't raced out to the Crevasse, too?"

"No, sir; some of 'em ain't.—Dis po' white trash hasn't de patchin' ob a gemman!" he muttered, when Oscar was safely out of hearing. "He jes' gib his head ef he could git shet of Marse Lawrence, en p'r'aps he's got it now, 'long ob dis Cribbasse."

Oscar walked into the library with more freedom than usual, and ringing for a servent, sent a message to Marion.

"Stay," he supplemented, as if the idea had that moment occurred to him. "Where is Miss Flora?"

"She is ill with the headache this morning. She has not left her room yet, or seen anyone."

"Does she know of this remarkable disappearance of her father?"

"She does not, sir, unless Hester—that's her maid—told her," politely answered the servant.

"He was last seen at the Silver Shafts in company with Mr. Lawrence," vouchsafed Oscar, pointedly. "It is very odd that he has never been heard of since; but if Lawrence was killed in the flooded mines there is no one to inquire of."

"They say Marse Lawrence had gone down the shaft just before the water broke loose. Nobody has come back yet with any news, and Miss Flora don't know a breath of it. Nobody will tell her till they're certain. She is to marry Marse Lawrence, you know, sir."

"It is not your business to tell me news!" angrily retorted Oscar. "You don't know who she's to marry. If the fellow is hundreds of feet under water she can't marry him. Tell Marion I'm here, and don't stand gaping at me like an idiot! Such infernal fools!" he fumed, venomously. "I will teach some of them a little grain of sense before I am done. I hate these servants. They seem to say 'The steward's son!' with their insolent eyes—curse them all!"

Oscar Harvey sat down with a vindictive fling. A silken "Skye" belonging to Colonel Chandos snarled at him from her pillow on one of the sofas. He took up his riding whip and lashed at the dainty pet in brutal rage. The little creature ran affrightedly out of reach, and Oscar tossed the whip on the table. He was a man of singularly plebeian physique, but of great muscular development. His body was long and broad; his legs, short and thick. His face had an expression of studied amiability, which degenerated into hypocrisy. His clothes were expensive; but no matter what tailor held the shears, they inevitably appeared cut for some other man.

"I don't know why you kept me waiting half a day," he said when Marion opened the door and came in.

Her handsome face wore an expectant look. A brilliant color reddened her cheeks. Altogether Marion Hauton manifested a cautious exultation of manner, utterly devoid of sympathetic feeling. His mood was unmistakably surly; hers, undeniably triumphant.

"I am so sorry! Have you heard it, Oscar? It is awful. The messenger has just come to Flora. I took the note from him. Flora is not well. She is naturally nervous. We must be careful not to give her a shock, so of course I shall see to the news before it reaches her. I shall read her note. Aunt is reviving, too. I think—yes, Oscar, I think she will tide over to-morrow."

"I wish you would tell me about it, Marion," testily interrupted Oscar, putting both hands in his pockets and stretching his brief legs to their full length. "The mines are flooded and half a dozen laborers drowned, and La Pres and"—he paused and looked at her sharply—"Lawrence!"

"Lawrence?" she cried. "I will not believe a word of it!"

"Just what I said; but it must be true."

"It is not true—I tell you it is not true!" she reiterated, vehemently.

"Just tell me how it concerns you if it is true?" he demanded. "He is just as poor as you are. He can't think of you, and he won't, because he idolizes Flora Chandos."

The exultation faded out of Marion's countenance. If ever a woman detested a man, Marion detested the one before her and resented his rude tyranny; but she hid the feeling away in her breast just then. Oscar was very rich, and Marion believed in the potency of wealth. The honorless nature of her father, half-knave and half-vagabond, abode with her.

"Lawrence is drowned," persisted Oscar, disagreeably. "He must be drowned, because he is positively known to have gone into Shaft No. 2 before the water broke through. He himself said the rock would move easily and Shaft No. 2 be flooded first. He was in it, and there was no escape."

"Oscar, I don't understand you. I have been occupied with aunt. She had a fit of some kind—apoplectic, perhaps—and is very ill. She won't talk. The servants found her this morning, very early, on the floor in Colonel Chandos's study, quite unconscious."

Oscar laughed contemptuously.

"She had rummaged his papers, I suppose!"

"You know that to-morrow aunt comes into possession of a legacy of one hundred thousand dollars, left in trust to her brother for ten years."

Oscar Harvey started to his feet in astounding excitement.

"That's what he meant—she is the legatee, and it will take every dollar of the property!" he ejaculated.

"I don't know how you could have heard about it," resumed Marion, growing exultant again; "but it is strange good fortune. She has willed everything to me; and, Oscar, I don't mind telling you that I am convinced something has happened to Colonel Chandos. In event of that, should the property more than cover the legacy, the surplus goes to aunt. She secured the will last night; and, Oscar, ill as she was, aunt put that will in the fire, and saw it burned up. We are all safe now."

"The legacy will take every dollar," deliberately repeated Oscar, as if he told off items in some scheme before his mental vision. "Flora will be penniless and dependent. Flora's father has disappeared. Flora's lover is dead."

"Yes; the little upstart never dreamed of such an emergency," returned Marion, in a voice cool, clear and cruel. "She has certainly had more of the money to which we were entitled than anyone else. She can go back to the fish people at Pass Christian."

Oscar scowled at her a moment, then brightened perceptibly. The idea was hard and unfeeling, but it pleased him equally with Marion.

"Have you any notion whose child she is? Has Mrs. Melvern?"

His chance question startled Marion. She looked at him fixedly.

"How should either of us know what Colonel Chandos himself failed to discover? She is the child of a low fishwoman."

"She cannot be," slowly responded Oscar. "If there is such a thing as a born aristocrat, Flora Chandos is one. Have you told her of—of the accident, and about Lawrence?"

"No. I told her of Aunt Melvern, and instead of being shocked she seemed pleased, and persisted in saying, 'She is not dead—she is not dead.' Certainly the girl is a heartless creature."

"Did you tell her of Lawrence?" he questioned, impatiently. "Things seem to have fallen out just as you and your aunt wished. I don't suppose you mean to take care of her, do you?"

The importance of new wealth bristled in Marion's manner; she became condescending and disdainful.

"I don't know. She may be useful in some way. Perhaps aunt will take her into her service, or send her to the almshouse."

The man listening to her recoiled in shocked surprise, then laughed uproariously.

"It's a strange world," he philosophized between his bursts of uncanny merriment. "The aristocracy don't have any use for people that have lost their money and have got into trouble. That's the reason so many aristocrats blow their brains out when they lose their money. The grander a man's friends, the more they will turn against him when he's down in the world."

"She—this girl calling herself Flora Chandos—is the lowest of the low," reminded Marion, loftily.

"Yes, yes, fling mud at her: she has no money now; she's in trouble now; she has sorrow enough to kill her; fling it at her—ha! ha!" reiterated Marion's visitor, in jocular roughness.

She closed her mouth firmly. Her lips, even in the freshness of youth, verged on unpleasantly suggestive thinness. Her beauty at all times mingled an underlying acerbity.

"The truth is the truth, and the girl despised us all," asserted Marion.

"She's down now—poor people have no business to despise. Have you told her of Lawrence? Seems to me I can't get an answer from you." Oscar Harvey kicked the rug in ill-concealed impatience. "Have you told her?"

"No; I did not believe it. I am sure he was not in the shaft."

The dauntless black eyes grew wistful and almost mournful. The severe mouth relaxed its inflexibility. She had forgotten her interests and weakly betrayed a tenderness. Oscar sneered in every accent when he replied:

"Women are all hypocrites. You say one thing and feel another. You want to marry me because I have money. You would like to marry Lawrence because he is better-looking. You are false to both. Men have no need of conscience where women are concerned. They may be as devilish as possible, and never match the trickery and treachery of women. I say, Marion, I am going to tell Flora Chandos about Lawrence. Will you ask her to see me? Tell her I must see her upon matters of great importance—news from the missing."

Marion hesitated. Oscar's countenance darkened and flushed hotly, his feverish eagerness increased. Never was there a more uncommunicative face than the one fronting him. No glint of satisfaction, no shadow of resentment, ruffled its strong calm. Marion was heartlessly indifferent.

"Marion, you can do this: gain an interview for me—let me tell her this; we will be square then—I will have the advantage," urged Oscar.

"Yes, it is just as well to teach the girl her place. She will come."

"Yes, have it as you will; but let me tell her."

Oscar paced restlessly up and down the floor. He examined the costly articles of virtu in a familiar way, and appraised their value from force of habit. Something akin to awe had always oppressed him on the very few occasions when he had visited the manor house. The quiet, high-bred courtesy of Chandos held him at a distance, but the invisible restraint at the manor house vanished with its master. One conviction just now gained the ascendency. Circumstances would bring Flora down the social ladder, and with the envy of his class Oscar rejoiced in the misfortunes of his superiors. He seemed to applaud, through all his narrow little soul, when her dainty feet descended round after round of that mystic ladder. She was not now so far removed, and Oscar meant to profit by her humiliation. The clock ticked minute after minute at lagging pace, until the door unclosed and Flora stood on the threshold.

"Is it of papa?" she asked, without circumlocution. "Have you seen him, Mr. Harvey? Tell him that Mrs. Melvern is much better—much better. I am so happy—so thankful that she is recovering from her—her illness!"

The fervent gratitude in every lineament was genuine. Oscar's warped perceptions could easily discern the passionate reality of an assertion at once perplexing and surprising him. It formed no part of his calculation that she should care for Mrs. Melvern. Her wonderful beauty glowed with the soft radiance of this remarkable gladness. She looked more than ever lovely and charming,

standing before him, gazing into his face expectantly.

"Marion said you had news of the missing," she began, in her low, musical tones, a faint wonder in the soft splendor of her eyes. "Papa is away—no one knows where. I cannot send a message; I don't know where he is. Do you?"

HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.—FROM THE PAINTING BY G. KEUSER.

Oscar did not remove his eyes from her fair face. Few opportunities had fallen in his way to study its changeful expressions and refined sweetness. Never before had he chanced upon the good fortune of a *tête-à-tête*. Flora had always ignored him, politely but completely.

"Do you?" she repeated. "If he hears that

Mrs. Melvern has been ill and is recovering he will—he may hasten back. Tell me your news."

"My news is not good news, Miss Chandos," he began. "You have one misfortune after another to bear now——"

"Has anything happened?" quickly interrupted Flora. "Has anything else happened? She is better."

"I don't follow you. Nobody has spoken of old Mrs. Melvern. I came here," he hesitated as he added, "to speak of yourself. Things have changed."

"I beg your pardon," she said, in the cool civility with which she had invariably held him at a distance. "If you have no news I cannot see that it is necessary to trouble yourself with my concerns. Papa and Lawrence will care for them."

"Stop a moment, Miss Chandos!" he exclaimed, intercepting Flora on her way to the door. It was her evident intention to quit the room. "I tell you I am the only friend you have."

She made a little disdainful gesture, and gathering up the mauve folds of her dress, moved on toward the door.

Oscar walked to it, and deliberately putting his back against the oaken panel, faced her obstinately.

"You will believe it all this time to-morrow. You won't have a friend but Oscar Harvey—not one. Your father is ruined——"

"Pray what are my father's misfortunes to you?" she demanded.

The tone was brave, but Oscar distinguished a quiver of alarm through it.

"You will see that you had better not be too contemptuous when I have told everything. Colonel Chandos is ruined. He hasn't enough to pay the legacy. You will never see him again. He is either out of the country or dead. Neither message nor messenger will ever reach him."

Oscar paused to note the effect of this dire intelligence. Flora was arrested and evidently agitated, but still not, as he expected, shocked. "She has heard it before," he meditated, resentfully. "If Colonel Chandos is living he cannot return. It is quite certain that he is in default to Mrs. Melvern for a large portion of her legacy. He placed the money in the bank in his own name when it was not his, and he has drawn the money from the bank to use it in speculation. He never paid it to the legatee. His security is no security, for his property is gone—the money is gone, and the penalty of fraud hangs over Colonel Chandos."

The merciless stroke fell hard this time. The glow of gladness died slowly but surely. She remembered the significant words uttered by Chandos himself: "Whether Dorothy lives or dies, I must fly." She recollected his bitter self-crimination; the dull, hopeless pain of that worst of all disasters, "I have made a mistake—a terrible mistake."

A heavy, blinding mist obscured her vision. A frightful pang pierced the very depths of her being. She seemed to hear him repeat the assurance that he did it for her, to shield her want of a birthright by an immense fortune.

Oscar watched her silently, and perhaps there was more of a feeling of pity in the breast of the steward's son than any other for the beautiful, hapless girl striving to hear him bravely. A conviction gathered upon Flora that by some false confidence in his speculation her father had been forced into the position this man ascribed to him. Her high-bred, refined father possibly might have made a perilous mistake.

"I am sorry to tell you this. One thing has brought about another." Seeing she made no reply, Oscar went on to the great objective point in his mind. "Your father cannot appear for years, if ever"— he perceived the start of shocked surprise as this was said —"and there has been an accident at the mines."

Unaccustomed to tenderness as he was, Oscar Harvey stopped short. Flora's eyes were riveted upon him with a terrified, fascinated gaze, as if she could not remove them until he had spoken the calamity yet in store. Some prescience seemed to lift the impalpable veil from his mind and show her what he meant to unfold.

"Have pity—have some pity!" the poor girl implored.

"I wish it hadn't happened—by Heaven, I do! But you have a friend—I'll gladly do anything for you, now that he is dead."

"He? Who? Say it before I die; I cannot bear this suspense."

Not a tear glistened in the distended eyes. She was staring at him in sheer despair, and silenced him with a passionate appeal for pity. The fair girl who had scorned him in the past entreated him for the commonest humanity in the present.

"Great Heavens! how can I tell you? He went down into Shaft No. 2, and it flooded first. They hadn't a chance in the world."

"Was it Lawrence—my Lawrence—my Lawrence?" she whispered, an ashen gray overspreading the horrible dread in every lineament.

"Yes, it was Lawrence. But I am just as good a friend. He was poor."

She neither answered nor cried out. Slowly with a breathless hush, she seemed to go down, down. Oscar stretched a succoring arm to save

her from falling. As he did so the door opened and Mrs. Melvern appeared, followed by Marion. The elder woman was still somewhat pale. The yellowish gray of her complexion became more pallid; an evil, vindictive hatred leaped into her countenance as she glowered upon her brother's darling.

"She is quite unconscious—she is hard hit," stammered Oscar, reluctantly resigning Flora to the maid who came bustling in.

"Do you think I will have this sort of thing going on here, you naughty wretch?" exclaimed the shrew of seventy-eight, a vicious meaning in her accent. "Take the girl upstairs, Hester, and throw some water in her face. She must get over these airs, and earn her bread. I won't have her spoiled, Oscar; people of that kind have no reputation to look after. George made a fool of her, but I won't."

The sharp eyes snapped, the thick fingers tugged angrily at the threadbare stuff cloak enveloping her broad shoulders. The brother's name and the brother's darling alike enraged her. A quilted hood of dingy dark blue, lined with red, covered her dyed head; a yarn stocking pinned about her throat, and a checkered handkerchief around her wrinkled face, had been added to Mrs. Melvern's toilet. The slovenly wraps concealed the dark bruises on the woman's throat, and no one suspected them.

"I'll put that girl with the housekeeper. This house is mine, the lawyer has come, the property will be turned over to me to-morrow!" the old woman exclaimed in savage glee, breaking into a harsh laugh echoed by Marion, who wondered at the anger commingling the exultation.

"Yes," reiterated her aunt, "the lawyer is here. Every dime and dollar of the Chandos property is mine—to-morrow!"

CHAPTER VI.

"THE LIGHT STROKE OF BITTER SHAME."

THE gray mists of early dawn tinged the orient. Daylight glimmered laggingly at the Crevasse; but daylight had come at last. Over the grim waste of waters the September sun cast its light. All too late. Succor had been proffered in eager compassion, but succor and sunshine could avail them nothing. The rocks had jutted in multitudes of bowlders at sundown. The rocks were barely visible at sunrise. Hundreds of men toiled at the pumps, and struggled to repair the fatal break. A forlorn group of women added their cries and lamentations to the confusion. They were wives of the few miners caught in the terrible death trap underground. Willing hands worked in relays, although there was no great haste needful. No miracle could have saved the hapless miners. Five minutes after the water thundered into Shaft No. 2 every human being in it met his dreadful doom.

"I looked at that rock, and it was secure. I say it was safe as it ever had been—safe enough for many a long day yet." Ravenel had asserted this again and again, and each time the excited crowds shaped the words into an ominous hint of foul play. "I tell you La Pres and Lawrence carefully examined the rock, and then I examined it; and there was no sign of a break—no wash of the water. Lawrence and La Pres went off to the shaft first, then a minute after we all hurried away to the cabin. La Pres, poor boy, went down in the basket, but Lawrence crossed the Crevasse. We walked around by the breakwater, and met at the headquarters cabin door. We were going in when the relief night shift of men shouted, and we heard that roar of hell when the river flooded down the first shaft. God! it seemed as if Satan had turned the ocean on us. I can't understand. There's something behind it all. But Lawrence is safe. He changed his mind at the last minute, and didn't go down."

"Yes, yes!" cried a score of voices.

"Have you news?" asked a strong voice, as Lawrence himself, besmeared with mud and thoroughly wet, but resolute and herculean in appearance, walked rapidly through the throng.

"There is naught good to hear, sir," gloomily responded one of the men. "There's naught can bring 'em to, down in the tunnel, saving the last blow of Gabriel's trump; and there's naught can get the river off of them saving many a day's work at the pumps, and we've limbered up to that long ago."

"Yes, yes, Sandy, you are right. I have just come from the pumps. The relief took our places. I think the water is down a few inches. But there is nothing to hear unless," and a swift sternness came into the determined face, "you can tell us how it happened. If I suspected that any fiend in human shape moved that rock I would——"

"Ay, sir, what would you do?" asked Sandy.

"Swing him from that beam across the shaft," was the barbaric answer.

"Ay, and so would we—so would we!" reiterated a revengeful chorus of voices.

"Ravenel," asked Lawrence, hastening on toward the cabin, while the men gathered in knots helplessly idle, "where is Chandos?"

"Missing," was the terse answer.

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Colonel Chandos has disappeared. They say that he is ruined, and found it out some time ago. The steward from the manor house is here with all manner of gossip. He declares that Mrs. Melvern has come into everything, that it was hers, and Chandos had defrauded her of it. I think myself that Colonel Chandos could not face ruin and shame, and has taken his own life."

Lawrence looked confounded. The misery and distress of Flora's father recurred to his mind. He made no comment. How much or how little of the rumors rife were entitled to credit Lawrence forbore to weigh in the balance. His heart ached for Flora, poor little Flora, as he wrote a brief line of comfort and dispatched it to her. In all the calamity and ruin, Lawrence remembered that no one could forbid or delay their marriage now. He bore in mind that she must come to him on more equal terms, no longer the heiress of millions. But where was Chandos? Nobody could answer the question—nobody might ever answer the question. The men asked it at the Silver Shafts. The inquiry penetrated far and wide. Where was Chandos? Missing, absolutely missing.

So the day waned, and another dawned and waned, while the pumps spouted broad sheets of water back into the river. The men waited in painful idleness, ready to take their turn at the slow task. Grim, ugly threats and maledictions were uttered when at last the water lowered sufficiently to bring to view the spur of rock. That some one had moved it was evident. That it was done by an enemy must be equally plain. It happened in the brief space when the shafts were supposed to be empty. La Pres and Lawrence, or Ravenel, usually went down at that hour.

"Now, the question is, had La Pres an enemy, or had I an enemy? for Ravenel came out of the shaft before we started to go down. The presence of the other poor fellows was accidental. They delayed a few minutes—the delay cost their lives. Now, I repeat, had La Pres an enemy, or had I?"

Lawrence reiterated the question in his strong, authoritative voice. His glance ran swiftly over the throng as the words dropped from his lips. It was intercepted suddenly by a man in top boots and riding coat. He made a sharp turn of the crags, and abruptly came in view of Lawrence. The question fell on his ear, and the great, athletic figure met his eye simultaneously. He staggered back in a terrible amazement. A sickly paleness traversed his features and remained in pallid spots. The man gazed at Lawrence in [illegible] and doubt. The man was Oscar Harvey; but that swift glance of Lawrence had perceived his astonishment.

"Is the enemy mine?"

A pitiless menace seemed to creep into the ringing voice; but his piercing glance still hovered about Oscar, who advanced no nearer.

"If he is mine let him come forward and say so. If he is mine," he added, an inexorable, relentless look on his face, "God help him, for if I live and discover it I will show him no quarter. His life shall atone for this devil's work."

Again his glance pierced sharply into Oscar's disturbed countenance, and Oscar knew what any of the brawny men present could have told him, that the speaker had no scruple in making good his words. Lawrence's head towered above his fellows. It was uncovered, and the September breeze, bracing and fresh, tossed the brown hair until it glistened like gold in the sunset rays. He was grandly handsome, but at the moment barbaric and savage as a ruthless viking. Oscar could not meet the ferocious meaning of that glance. He turned away, viciously lashing his muddy boots. The steward's son seemed to feel those fiery eyes on his back as he hurried in an opposite direction to the cabins. The queer white spots came and went around his mouth. No especial purpose apparently drew him thither, for he hesitated at the door of the headquarters cabin, and finally entered.

"Ravenel," he asked of the assistant, busily writing dispatches, "can you tell me anything of Colonel Chandos? There's a deuce of a row at the manor house about his mysterious disappearance."

"I was just thinking that Miss Chandos would take that feature of the matter harder than any. I say, Mr. Harvey, it is the most inexplicable thing in the world. Colonel Chandos is missing, and somebody tampered with the breakwater."

Oscar muttered an oath under his breath.

"The breakwater affair must have been an accident," he answered; "but everybody knows that Chandos didn't disappear by accident. Now, who has made away with him? They will move heaven and earth to get at the truth up yonder at the manor house."

"I don't blame her, poor little Miss Chandos!"

"I said nothing about Flora Chandos," rudely interrupted Oscar. "She is no Chandos. It's his sister, old Mrs. Melvern, and she can't be beat at making a fuss. She likes it, and she never gives up the excitement as long as she can hold to it. This time she is right when she declares there is some bottom to this mystery. Do you know anything about it?"

Oscar watched the assistant covertly. Ravenel,

blunt, sympathetic and unsuspicious, leaned his head on his hand and reflected.

"He was here about midnight, and met Lawrence at Shaft No. 3. They walked off up the breakwater, and on my honor we have never seen trace of him since."

"Who did you say was in the company of Colonel Chandos?" inquired Oscar.

EASTER HYMN.—FROM THE PAINTING BY THEODORE GRUST.

"Lawrence was with him," was the answer.

"Ah, yes, Lawrence; and he has never been seen since. Pray what explanation does Lawrence give of this inexplicable disappearance?"

Oscar conveyed a sinister significance in the tones, quite lost upon honest Ravenel.

"He don't explain it at all. He can't any more than the rest of us, or any more than we can explain who let the water in on those poor fellows last night; but Lawrence declares he will unearth that fiendish piece of work, and Lawrence always keeps his word."

The prints of white-heat rage came and went faster. Oscar grew more sullen in aspect. Strangely enough, his eyes shifted uneasily under Ravenel's careless, unseeing glance. That one man's threat against the perpetrator of the iniquitous outrage at the Silver Shafts thrilled him with a mighty fear.

Oscar knew that, as Ravenel said, Lawrence always kept his word, and a faint consciousness of being already a "suspect" roused a wild apprehension. Oscar dared not risk meeting Lawrence again.

"It's a strange affair, and stranger still that Lawrence can't explain it."

He walked out of the cabin as he dropped the suggestive observation. This was no place for him among those wailing women and angry men, ready to spring upon and tear him to pieces at so much as a hint from Lawrence.

He rode away to the manor house in a sullen, wrathful mood.

"Dear, dear, is it you, Oscar?" exclaimed Mrs. Melvern, when he unceremoniously threw open the library door. "Take care of my carpet! Don't scratch my chair with your whip!"

Still enveloped in her hideous wraps, the old dame sat at the table under the chandelier. A legal paper lay before her. The legal man sat opposite her.

"Have you heard of my poor brother George, my dear Oscar? Have you roused the country?" she exclaimed, in a gush of feigned feeling, while her eyes returned to the document in her hand. "This is the will devising me the legacy. How fortunate that the child wasn't found! George did very well without a child, and the girl upstairs is nobody's child—he! he!—how good and wise Providence is! This is Mr. Bland, poor George's lawyer."

"I suppose the legacy takes it all?" remarked Oscar.

"It more than covers the estate," sententiously answered the lawyer. "My unfortunate friend foresaw the crash. I am most happy to know that his lovely daughter is to marry Mr. Lawrence. Colonel Chandos would be unable to take care of her, for he absolutely has not a penny left."

"We have sent for the girl," began Mrs. Melvern, disagreeably. "It's no affair of hers, but Mr. Bland insists upon paying her the respect, he says, of explaining how matters stand. It's all foolishness, but I don't care. Here she comes now. It's all stuff; it's no concern of hers."

The concluding words, aimed at Flora, were answered by Marion: "Well, if Mr. Bland wants her she can come, aunt. Here she is."

The faintest color tinged Flora's cheek. She glided in with that poetic grace of motion peculiar to her. Some instinct seemed to warn her that here were enemies, triumphant over her fallen fortunes. The one stranger cast a more kindly glance toward the fair, golden-haired girl.

"I know you better than you do me, my dear young lady."

The lawyer held out his hand, touched by her friendless loveliness. Drawn by the compassionate deference of his manner, Flora sat down beside him. Three pairs of eyes fronted her. Two pairs of eyes gloated over her ill-concealed misery. One pair of eyes watched her in selfish admiration. All had a purpose to serve, and meant to achieve it, despite the suffering it brought her.

"I have heard your papa talk of you so often," went on Mr. Bland.

"He was not her papa. She is a come-by-chance," broke in Mrs. Melvern, in acrid rudeness.

"Colonel Chandos never pretended that she was his child," added Marion, in fierce vivacity. "I am sure it's a pity he spoiled her."

"By Jove, I don't think she's spoiled; I think she's just the loveliest person I ever saw!" interpolated Oscar, devouring the exquisite face with his eager gaze.

A flash of fiery temper shot into Marion's eyes. She despised Oscar, but she never meant Oscar to despise her nor admire Flora.

"I don't know what you mean, Oscar, when you know that in her palmy days she never deigned to look at you; besides, she's not lovely, she hasn't color enough, and she's too small. For my part, I don't consider looks; they are just nothing. I want to be good. Looks don't count."

"Guess you'd better hang to looks, then, for you come out confoundedly short in the goodness," retorted Oscar, in rough jocularity.

"You naughty wretch, you think I don't see your game!" Mrs. Melvern tapped his arm with her veined, freckled hand in an offensively patronizing way. "What do you think, Mr. Bland, of my catching him with that young person in his arms? Eh, you naughty wretch!"

Oscar forbore to answer. A vivid perception of the advantage she threw into his hands held him meanly silent. Flora's haughty little head, with its hair of burnished gold, grew perceptibly more haughty in its poise at a charge from which she declined to defend herself.

"I have known Colonel Chandos for years. I knew his wife, and your resemblance to her is startling. It is wonderful."

Mr. Bland's even, businesslike tone hushed the taunts of these women.

"Eh! what did you say, Mr. Bland? I'm so deaf in this left ear. I have been out in the wind. I can't hear. What did you say?"

"I remarked upon the resemblance to the wife of your brother," calmly repeated the lawyer. "It is very surprising."

"Papa always said so," softly replied Flora, lifting her long lashes and turning her wonderful eyes upon him.

"It's a ridiculous idea. My brother was always full of whims," eagerly responded Mrs. Melvern, a viperish look on her repellent visage. "Pray proceed with your business, Mr. Bland. It must be disagreeable to her to hear talk of her family.

It don't bear mention. My poor dear brother is missing, and he will never be found again—never in this world !"

The effort at distress was meant to be dramatic. It might have been so if the eyes, shrunken back in their sockets, had not something in them approaching a cunning leer. It might possibly still have been so if the face had been kindly soft or young, instead of the hard, withered lineaments of an aged woman.

"He is not here to hand over the property to his favorite sister—poor George ! You must excuse me, Mr. Bland, but he always looked up to me, and now I will never see him again—never see my poor brother. Do you think there are any other pieces of property, sir, out of which I could make the balance of my money ? or do you think that he might have absconded with my money in his pockets ?"

The glitter of avarice and greed seemed to glower in her eyes. The miserly, unscrupulous soul was legible to the most indifferent beholder.

"No, madam ; your brother was amply able to make good this money when he used it. Your brother never willingly occasioned loss to you. With a little time he might have arranged his affairs to far more than pay the legacy," decisively answered the lawyer.

The flush reddened in Flora's cheek ; a suspicious moisture blinded her eyes.

The subtle, cunning expression became more unpleasant on the countenance enveloped in a checkered calico handkerchief and dingy flannel hood.

"If I had only known he wanted time, if he had hinted at it, he might have taken a lifetime," was the hypocritical response, with a furtive glance at Flora.

"How can a dead man care for time or carry away money ?" demanded Oscar. "I tell you there's been foul play with the colonel. He was last seen at the Silver Shafts. He was traced there, and never traced back."

"My dear Miss Chandos, do you take this view of it ?" inquired the lawyer.

"What does she know of it ? Pray, do you think she made away with him ?" scornfully broke in Marion.

"Flora, don't put your hand on that tassel ; you will soil my cushions," reminded Mrs. Melvern, in her sharpest tone.

The lawyer waited for a reply.

"Could papa do more than sacrifice everything he owned ?" she asked, in those liquid, plaintive tones of hers.

"No, my child."

"Then I do not think papa has met with any accident. He only desired the boon of time ; failing to get that, I think he has gone away. Papa could not face such utter ruin."

"If you think that, you must know where he is !" screamed Mrs. Melvern, wildly excited, as she flung the papers on the floor and shook her fist belligerently at Flora. "I say it's a conspiracy to defraud me—yes, it is ! I won't be swindled by him. I'll set the detectives after him and get my money. I am defrauded of thousands, and I won't be robbed—no, I won't ! If George ran away he went with his pockets full, and I'll empty them—it's every penny mine. He thinks I am an old fool to be swindled out of all that money, but I am not—no, I am not !" Mrs. Melvern stamped her foot in fury. She was as boisterous in her anger as in every other phase of feeling. Tears of baffled avarice rolled down her cheeks. "That girl knows where he is hiding. She knows he has my money, that he has robbed me of thousands—thousands. She sha'n't leave this house until I catch him. She, that creature there, is helping him to rob me—yes, she is—yes, she is !" violently reiterated the infuriated woman, rushing frantically across the room and ringing the bell.

Flora started from her chair with a cry of passionate distress.

"Papa is not hiding. He has no money. Oh, will you disgrace him ? Will you kill him—kill him ?" Flora grasped her arm in a vain effort to stay the pealing bell. She was very white. Her tone seemed to ring out above the rasping, shrill voice in a vehement entreaty. "You will not send anyone to hunt and hound him ? Oh, for the dear God's sake, have some mercy on my poor ruined father !"

The old woman easily shook her off, and rang a startling peal.

"I'll show you how I'll stand being robbed ! Think of all that money I am to lose—think of it—thousands, thousands ! Oh, me ! I won't lose it ; I'll hunt that thief to the end of the world, and I'll not let you get out of my sight. It's a conspiracy to rob me !—Ride into town this instant and bring an officer here—I'm robbed !" she shrieked, as the servant hurried into the room. "Go to the nearest magistrate ; bring him here. Go, you gaping idiot !—he'll get off ! But I'll catch him. Run !"

"Madam," interrupted the lawyer, "this is unwise ; you have no grounds for your complaint."

"She said he was not dead ; she said he had hidden himself — that viper ! that accomplice ! She knows he has the money—yes, yes ; and the Lord knows what she staid behind for—just to gather up more plunder. Yes, you did — don't

answer me back!" hissed the enraged woman through her clinched teeth.

Flora strove to gain a hearing for the mingled prayers and entreaties breaking from her involuntarily. All in vain: the possibility of more gain maddened Chandos's sister.

The sordid avarice born within her was fired by the thought of regaining some of the deficit of her legacy.

"I've missed Sister Metella's linen sheets. I'd know them anywhere; they had five darns, four holes and six patches, and a piece torn off of one side; and I've missed my two handkerchiefs, the only two I had. She is gathering up plunder; she's left me nothing but this;" and Mrs. Melvern drew out a red bandanna handkerchief and flourished it venomously in the face of the gentleman. "I won't buy another handkerchief while there are thieves under this roof. I'm robbed, and George Chandos shall answer for it. She said he came back from the Crevasse."

"I did not."

The high, fine accents became almost sharp. Flora covered her face with her hands. Hot tears glistened between the slender fingers.

"Come up to the study, Mr. Bland. You shall see for yourself that not a penny is left."

Mrs. Melvern drew her stuff cloak closer, and clutched the papers on the table with suspicious eagerness.

"Have these lights turned out, Marion — I won't be ruined—but come along with me."

(To be continued.)

DAMASK ROSES.

By Minna Irving.

Take away the ruby necklace, for it burns my breast to-night!
Leave me, in this chamber flooded by the young moon's mellow light
Dreaming of the mossy garden where the skies were ever blue,
And the spiders spread their laces, and the damask roses grew.

Never yet the lip of seashell stranded on a silver shore,
Or a filmy cloud at morning, such a tender color bore!
By the russet thorns depended, in a veil of pearly dew,
Blushing at their own sweet beauty—so the damask roses grew!

There the bee, an ardent lover, to their petals kissing clung,
Or a-drowse with amber honey in their satin cradles swung,
And the spotted lark enraptured, when the summer day was new,
Poured his heart in merry music where the damask roses grew.

I was but a simple maiden when the earl came riding down
With a clash of golden harness from his mansion in the town,
And the rarest of my treasures was a knot of ribbon blue,
Or the fragrant buds I gathered where the damask roses grew.

I was dazzled by the diamond that he slipped upon my hand,
And the dresses, and the dances, and the wedding that he planned.
Now I'd give the marble splendor of my palace, fair to view,
For the green and sunny corner where the damask roses grew.

In the ballroom's glare and glitter still they haunt my burning brain;
Cool, and pink, and spangled over with the drops of crystal rain.
Heaven itself—or so I fancy—is the garden that I knew,
With its deep and tangled grasses where the damask roses grew.

''I SAT BOLT UPRIGHT, TO BEHOLD THE FORM OF MY WIFE BENDING OVER THAT ANCIENT CHEST.'

THE PORTRAIT.

By Nora Kinsley Marble.

His companions and fellow artists called him Rossetti, though that was not the name by which his pictures were known upon the walls of the National Academy, nor the weird, mystical poems which appeared at frequent intervals in the magazines of the day.

Notwithstanding his success in art and letters, the man grew daily more melancholy and morose, his dark Italian face reminding his associates more and more forcibly of that unhappy, strangely imaginative poet-writer Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose name and mantle they conceived he so fittingly wore.

'Twas because of this gloom in his soul, perhaps, that he surrounded himself with all the beauty and comforts which his purse could afford. No atelier in the region of Washington Square showed more taste and elegance in its arrangements, I venture to say, than his. Warm crimsons and maroons prevailed in its general furnishings. Quaintly carved brackets in every nook and corner held gems of art and beauty; Clytie in marble, Pallas Athene in bronze; wood carvings from Oberammergau, ivory ones from Japan; slender vases of crystal and silver exhaling delicate perfumes; a buhl desk inlaid with gilt, a Vernis Martin cabinet, rare pictures, unfinished sketches, bits of armor, ancient weapons, casts—in short, all the numerous trifles and works of art dear to the artist's soul.

Upon the easel, one night in December, an unfinished picture stood, over which the flickering light of the blazing logs threw fantastic shadows here and there. A limitless plain, a sky black in its depth of color, innumerable stars gazing down upon an image, colossal, dim, mysterious. In the foreground a man, kneeling, with outstretched appealing arms, face white and haggard, hair in wild masses, black as traditional sin.

One of the three artists lounging before the fire arose and critically examined it.

"Why, old fellow," he exclaimed, turning to his host, "the face is yours, by all that is good! and you seem to be—indeed, you are——"

"Questioning the Sphinx," finished Dante, gloomily; "not an original idea, you know, Brown, by any means."

"The flickering light of the fire," said one of the others, thoughtfully, "lends to those stony eyes a strange meaning. Viewed upon the wa

of the Academy, in such a light as this, old fellow, your fame would be everlastingly assured."

A look of unalterable sadness flitted across the haggard features of his host as he replied:

"It was not meant for the walls of the Academy, Abbey, nor any other walls but mine. The Sphinx to me has ever been a symbol of religious mystery, and since—since *she* died I have sought—I have longed to know——" He stopped abruptly, and from a phial which stood near poured out a quantity of dark liquid, which he hastily swallowed.

"Don't," said Brown, in a concerned voice—"don't take so much, Dante. Some day you will——"

"Take too much!" wearily, "and thus have what I wish to know revealed. Well, if so——"

He said no more, but sat abstractedly gazing into the fire.

No one cared to break the thoughtful silence which fell upon them all, till presently, arousing himself, Dante said, abruptly:

"You have often wondered, and probably laughed at, my firm belief in the supernatural. To-night," with a quick glance into an alcove of the room, "I am in the mood to tell you why—why I *know* that the spirits of the dead return."

One of the group stirred uneasily, and looked at the speaker long and fixedly.

Dante sat with his face partly in shadow, his eyes dreamily following the leaping tongues of the fire.

"It was in the year '79, when you, Moore," turning to the one who had been looking so fixedly upon him, "were traveling in Central America, that I rented, for the season, a picturesque cottage upon the Hudson. The previous autumn, as you know, I had married a woman whose physical perfections, at least, were beyond question. Of her history I knew but little. Of foreign birth—'a descendant of Cortez,' was all she ever vouchsafed to say—vivacious, moody, passionate by turns; a child to-day, a woman to-morrow. God! how I loved her!"

It was more a prayer than an exclamation, and his listeners, all but one, turned their eyes away in stricken awe. That one sat immovable, an inscrutable expression in his blue-gray eye.

"Well," resumed Dante, recovering himself, "Vera, my wife, had a morbid love for all speculations upon a future life. The supernatural in the Christian religion; the mystic in the Oriental; the peculiar doctrine of Theosophy; the manifestations of modern Spiritualism! Brahma, Buddha, Schopenhauer, Swedenborg, Von Hartman, each in turn engaged her daily thought and conversation.

"One day, as she sat posing for me as Helen of Troy—Vera had been my model before marriage, as doubtless some of you are aware," with a quick glance in the direction of Moore—"rousing herself from a reverie, she said:

"'That there is an astral twilight in which our souls must wander after death, Dante, I am unalterably assured.'

"'Yes,' I echoed, intent only upon the curves of her perfect arm, 'an astral twilight in which our souls must——'

"'Struggle till we obtain spiritual release from the attractions or sinful habits of our existence here. Over what were our earthly treasures, Dante, we will hover, until we learn to loathe—'

"'Don't,' I interrupted, in simulated horror—'don't, my Vera, wherever you may go after death, learn to loathe your husband. If he is the attraction over which you will hover, as undoubtedly he will be, why——'

"The change in her expression both startled and fascinated me. Then she smiled, and that smile I shall not forget till my dying day."

Moore made an impatient movement, and fixed his eyes upon the floor.

"Hurt and perplexed," continued Dante, "I was about to resume my brush, when, with a petulant movement, Vera cast off her draperies, and saying she was tired, hastily left the room.

"'Singular creature!' I mused, her vagaries being one of her charms; 'how I do adore thee!' and ere many minutes I followed her to her room.

"The sound of my footsteps had evidently startled her, for with a quick movement I saw her hastily close the lid of a quaint old chest which ever accompanied us on our travels, lock it and withdraw the key.

"'Come,' I said, kissing her flushed face, 'tell me what treasures you carry, Vera, in that shabby old chest. No attractions, I trust,' laughingly, 'over which your spirit will hover when this beautiful body turns to clay.'

"She narrowed her eyes, gave me a searching look, then burst into merry laughter.

"'That chest, sir,' with playful humor, 'contains my—wedding finery—and—other trumpery dear to my silly heart. There, are you satisfied? Now go, and prepare for dinner;' and with a bewitching look and a fond embrace she dismissed me, and all suspicion as well from my mind.

"A few days after this occurrence Vera received a letter from a party of tourists—from Mexico or Central America, I fail to remember which—requesting her to meet them upon their arrival in New York city.

"'I must go,' she said, in her decisive way;

and go she did, her natural independence of character rendering all proffers of my escort useless.

"'No, Dante,' she replied; 'stay at home, as I know you would rather do, and finish that painting.' And as her desire coincided with my inclination, I, unfortunately, did so.

"It was the night of the third day, and the last but one of my loneliness, that I sat, the night being chilly, before an open fire, idly skimming a volume of miscellaneous verse. The clock struck twelve as I musingly repeated a line or two of that cynical, fascinating poem by Owen Meredith, 'The Dead Woman Upstairs':

"'So I lit my lamp by the dying fire,
And crept up the stairs, which creaked with fright.'

"That sound! I held my breath for a moment, listening. Nothing but the deep, solemn peals of the wind among the lofty treetops, the boughs, like ghostly fingers, tapping against the window panes.

"Smiling at my nervousness, I yet hesitated to light my taper and ascend the stairs. Into the chamber above the 'moonlight strayed,' but no form 'all in white' lay there, I knew, 'with seven lighted tapers about her head and seven about her feet.' No; the woman I loved, the wife of my bosom, was far away, and no vigil of the dead was mine. Upon her clay-cold breast no portrait lay 'set all round with rubies red, with pearls that a Peri might have wept!' No! for upon Vera's heart, with the needle of love, *my* face was etched; no need of a painted portrait there.

"The clock struck one, and then, like that other man born of the poet's fancy, I lit my lamp by the dying fire, and crept up the stairs to my chamber above. Coldly the moon shone in upon its human emptiness, touching, revivifying everything by its ghostly light.

"Open-eyed I lay, for to my spiritual sense an invisible body, a shadowy soul, occupied with me the room. Before my marriage to Vera such an idea could never have entered my mind—abhorring as I then did anything approaching the supernatural, or, as it is now termed, 'spirit phenomena'; but since that conversation alluded to, the subject, as you may readily believe, together with her singular look and manner, had been much in my thoughts.

"'That there is an astral twilight in which our souls must wander after death, Dante, I am unalterably assured.'

"Wherever my gaze fell the white finger of the moon seemed to trace those words. Here, there, everywhere, till, to shut out the vision and relieve my heart of its forebodings, I buried my face within the bedclothes.

"How long I remained thus 'tis impossible to say—certainly not more than a minute or two—when I was startled by hearing a key turned stealthily in a lock, the slow uplifting of a lid, and I sat bolt upright to behold the form of my wife bending over that ancient chest.

"'Vera,' I exclaimed, joyfully, yet wondering how she had entered the room, 'you have come home!' But even as I spoke she quickly closed the lid, locked it, withdrew the key and vanished."

His listeners looked at one another significantly as Dante paused with his hand outstretched toward that phial again.

"No," he said, catching the look; "I had no use for drugs in those days. It is since then, since that night, that I have dreamed dreams, consulted mediums, and," his mind reverting to the dead Rossetti, who had done the same, "sought Lethe in chloral.

"Well," resuming, after some moments given to gloomy thought, "not until the sun had vanquished even the mists of morning did I rise, fully determined at once to make myself acquainted with the contents of that mysterious chest.

"'Whether in the body or the spirit,' I reflected, 'Vera's thoughts linger with the objects it contains;' and with something of reverence, as though entering a shrine, I broke the lock and turned back the lid."

Beads of perspiration stood upon the forehead of Moore as Dante arose, and drawing back the curtains of the alcove, disclosed the chest to view.

"You were at my wedding," he said, with forced calmness, turning to Moore, as he withdrew from it several articles of female apparel. "Did my bride wear such as these?" casting, as he spoke, upon the ground a short satin skirt flounced with deep lace; a white *rebozo*, delicate and filmy as the spray of the sea; high-heeled slippers whose jeweled buckles glittered and shone, and a few other articles of a Spanish maiden's attire.

"See!" he next said, placing a portrait in the hand of the greatly relieved Moore; "'tis set all round with rubies red, with pearls that a Peri might have wept!' nevertheless," with forced calmness, "the portrait is neither mine, nor yours, but——"

He turned away, and with gloomy brow looked questioningly into the eyes of the Sphinx.

A look of recognition stole into the eyes of Moore as he gazed upon the portrait, but without comment he laid it down and resumed once more his inscrutable expression.

AMONG THE IMAGE MAKERS

By Martha McCulloch Williams.

Do NOT choose to go in the summer time. Then, like other artists, the plaster-cast maker stirs abroad, to loaf and incite his soul. Incidentally he takes a basket of his special summer wares—warriors in armor, busts of celebrities, green parrots, pink shepherdesses and gorgeously gilt goddesses in mighty scant attire. For all such he has the loftiest scorn. Even the jingling of the nimble quarter or nickel does not help the hurt that his artistic conscience feels.

THE VENDER.

"But," he says, spreading wide the fingers of one hand in the palm of the other, "only dat sort sella dis time year. Peoples hera dey no like peoples een Eetalee—non, non," shaking the head; "only dose ladee an' zhentlemen what go way een de summer—dey lika verra mucha alla de good theeng cana maka. Dose udder—dose what buya de 'parlore setta' all blue-red—like—what you calla heem?—Star-r en Streepa—dey wanta roob-esh, roob-esh! Ia sella dat whata dey veel buya."

Small blame to him that he does—his artistic instincts to the contrary notwithstanding. For though he has free raw material, and a possible profit of something like four hundred per cent., he must turn every honest penny if he would realize his air castle of a home, a cottage, under vine and fig tree, back in the sunny land that gave him birth.

For ninety-nine in the hundred of image makers, image venders, are Italians. Many of the elders among them speak no word of English. Their shops—*ateliers* is perhaps the better word—are strewn promiscuously, hither and yon, about the lower eastern quarter of New York city. Water Street, famed once as the home of New York's wickedest man, abounds with them. S

too, does Madison Street. There are heaps and heaps of them in the maze of alleyways round about, or, rather, beyond, Chatham Square, in the very heart of the most crowded tenement quarters. William Street and Rose Street, in the neighborhood of East River Bridge, have more than a sprinkle of the queer foreign places. It is there that you find most of the artisans who distinguish themselves as architectural cast makers. Perhaps you do not know it, but there is sharp segregation of the work. One maker turns out only beautiful angels for altar decoration. Another gives his whole mind to the gorgons, griffins, caryatids used by architectural draughtsmen in sketching their designs. Still another makes a feature of anatomical casts. There you can buy heads, arms, legs, torsi, whole figures, in any pose to suit, or dissected to the muscle, and showing accurately the play of it. This, too, not merely of the human figure. For a sufficient consideration you may have a whole menagerie, in every state between the clothed habit in which they lived and the skeleton that bore about their bulk. Indeed, the variety is only a little less marvelous than the accuracy of them. In such a place you can study zoology and muscular anatomy without once stirring from your tracks.

Few spots indeed are more ghastly than such a shop, especially upon a blustery March day, when still there is the tang of winter in the air, when snow spits spitefully from the gray scud overhead, and long vibrant blasts howl eerily amid the chimney pots. Then daylight in these regions takes on a blue, unearthly pallor; all the rickety doors and windows groan, and flickering shadows bring a semblance of life to the stark white starveling atomies that are at once so ghostly and so human. Each head becomes a death's-head, mopping and mowing at you in the pulsing gleam. A sudden flare of sunlight through the rifted clouds brings out sharp against a background of blackness a death mask glowering through its eyeless sockets, or maybe a tall white shape before unseen in the friendly murk.

ARMING A STATUETTE.

Here you find always workmen of superior skill. It is hence that the big sculptors choose their helpers when they have a great undertaking in hand. Here, too, come the folk who for any reason or none wish to secure casts of a human figure or any part thereof. A mighty unpleasant process that, in case of a living subject. If you doubt it try it on to the extent of a hand or foot.

Shivers begin to possess you as you look at the bed of cold, wet plaster upon which you know that the member must rest. Other shivers and stronger ones come with the anointing with brown, sticky, evil-smelling oil. Over and over it is smeared, rubbed into each crevice, each wrinkle, till you feel that all the waters of Araby will be needed to sweeten the hand again. Then you lay it gingerly in the allotted space, and set your teeth hard when more of the cold, white dampness that feels like a plaster corpse is pressed down and over and around it. One minute goes by —you are a mass of shudders; two—you are certain they are ten at least; three—goose flesh rises clean up to the armpit; you make as if to snatch away the tormented member, but succumb to the artificer's pleading for a further inch of time.

In the briefest space, which is yet to you a pretty segment of eternity, he pulls deftly through the soft plaster the oiled thread that was laid so carefully around the outline of the hand. It cuts the mold in two. Now you lift your hand, and see stars of several colors while freeing it from its clammy envelope. For in spite of oil and rubbing in, the creeping, insidious plaster has searched out nooks and crannies to take hold upon your skin. The tiniest hair, or wrinkle, or crevice makes itself felt in most emphatic fashion, for just now your nerves are in the state that magnifies sensation of all sorts to the pitch of acuteness.

Yet you have your reward, all the more if your hand or foot be one in whose shape and elegance you feel a pardonable vanity; for now it is the easiest thing in the world to see at least a part of yourself as others see it, and to multiply the sight indefinitely at a very small expense. Once the mold is safe and sound you may delight your friends and depress your enemies by gifts of the shapely member in pure white plaster. A little while back it was a fad of fashionable women to have the hand and wrist thus modeled, with the fingers lightly spread. Then a cast was mounted upright in a dark velvet cushion for my lady's toilet table, where the plaster fingers held her rings whenever they were not ornamenting the originals thereof.

MEDALLIONS.

Indeed, the modelers tell you heaps of queer tales—that is, supposing you so win your way that they feel it safe and pleasant to make you free of the guild. To the casual stranger they are dumb—an oyster is loquacious by comparison. Even those who have a right tolerable smattering of English look stolid, and stand shaking the head until you convince them that your interest is genuine, and has no connection with police affairs or the sanitary inspection.

Such demonstration is easy, if only you go about it the right way. Oddly enough, that is not immediate profuse buying. Indeed, indiscriminate purchasing in quantity nearly always awakes suspicion. The better plan is to feel or feign artistic longing for some especially rare and wonderful cast; say that you are searching for it high and low; be a little disdainful of bronzed warriors, and more than a little admiring of basso-relievo after the antique, and the chances are that you will open to yourself a mine of information. Indeed, at the second or third visit nothing will be hidden. All the secrets of the prison house, the tricks of trade, will be laid open to you, the relator every little while showing his white teeth in the soft, slow chuckle that is as strongly characteristic of his race as is the darky's snickering grin. You will see feet that might be beautiful but for the pinching they have undergone in the effort to make them tiny; hands wherein Love himself might delight to nestle in each soft curve and dimple; other hands painfully meagre, yet fine of line, with beautiful long nails; once in a way a dainty leg, modeled well above the knee; busts, of course, and arms, and the curve of neck and throat. And once only—ah, the pity of it!—a woman's right breast, round, youthful, perfect, with a bare suggestion of the heaving chest beneath. Of course it has a history, grewsome enough for an Ibsen play. The owner of it was a rich woman, healthily beautiful, and loving her own beauty next to her life. But over her hung the dread of hereditary doom. Her mother died at twenty-five of cancer of the bre

was the left breast, and there the daughter felt would be the point of attack upon herself. So while still in perfect health she had this cast made, resolved thus to keep so long as she lived a visible memory of its white, swelling beauty. The doctor laughed at her fears, but even doctors do not know everything. She, too, died of cancer at five and twenty. She had made a friend of the image maker, true though humble. He went with his wife to see her carried in state to the big church, later to the family vault; and though that was ten years back, he has not forgotten her story, nor does he tell it save to the rare sympathetic ear.

Here are little baby feet, plump enough, dimpled enough for Cupid himself. One especial tiny one has the toes drawn back, as though in the effort to evade the cold, creeping plaster. Poor little morsel! It is pitiful to think of what you endure for the sake of vanity or greed in your pastors and masters. For these baby feet and hands and arms are among the most salable in stock. Artists buy them for use, just as they likewise buy the ghastly dissected figures that are as much a part of studio furnishing as the ever-serviceable manikin. And heaps of other folk come hither and take away the pretty trifles, a few, it may be, from love of their white beauty, but many, very many more who speak the jargon of Art with the big A, and are votaries of the decorative cult.

One shop that in newspaper parlance might be called very tony deals pretty near exclusively in casts from the antique. The head of it stands high in the good books of all the leading artists. Whenever one of them brings in from abroad an especially choice bit, he at once turns it over to the man of molds with full permission to copy it for sale. There is no risk of vulgarizing his treasure by such liberality, for the shop-master is in his way both aristocrat and autocrat. He will have no dealings with the bulk of his own craftsmen. "Dey steala," he says, scowling. "Dey steala, eef dey can, alla dese mucha good theeng. Eef I letta dem here a-coom to-morrow, nex' veek I a-see meen mucha good theeng ona Fo'teen 'Treeta; den zhentleman he verra mucha mada—no more letta me hab dat whata he breeng."

MOLDING FROM NATURE.

So the itinerant vender gets scant courtesy here. The casual customer fares hardly better. For how does Giuseppe, the irate, know that you are not an emissary of those evil ones who covet his unique models, envy his advantages and lie in wait to pirate that which is so dear to his heart? Once possessed of a cast of any foreign art work, the reproduction of it is a mere matter of mechanics. For here there is no troublesome copyright to stay

THE IMAGE MAKERS AT WORK.

nimble Italian fingers. More than once a casual lounger in the select shop has carried away in his eye enough of the proportions of some especially choice and well-guarded bit to be able to reproduce it, not faithfully, but in a mangled caricature, that the unthinking or unskilled buyer accepts and gloats over because of its cheapness. Such a one says sometimes, chattering in her joy: "See what comes of knowing where to look for things. Here's something I got for a quarter on the street, and it's just the same thing that my neighbor paid ten times as much for in that shop on upper Broadway where the fellow glares at you so and is as short as pie crust if you happen to say that you want a flower girl, or that you don't like those fearful slabs with headless women or three legs of a horse upon them, which some folks rave over because they are copies of the antique."

What wonder Giuseppe is gruff and grim to such an artistic heretic! The antique is to him as the very breath of life. Under other conditions he himself might perhaps turn out a sculptor; but he came away from Italy a very long time ago, and this bustling, bracing American air has not nourished the instinct for line and form that is in his blood. Maybe, too, environment has helped to its repression. All his twenty years here have been spent in the city, that has notoriously little upon its outer walls to educate eye and soul. Besides, there is the impulse to get on. The fever of financial aspiration is as contagious as any other. In Giuseppe's case it has dwarfed without suppressing his natural bent. By and by, when a few more gentlemen have brought him their art treasures exclusively, and his mind has been harrowed to the breaking pitch by the conscienceless theft of them, he will one of these days look into his strong box—no savings bank for him—reckon up the yellow pieces therein, speculate for a month maybe upon the field, the vineyard, the tiny house, the hens and oxen they will buy, and then the shop will be shut—all its artistic litter scattered to the four winds. The gentlemen and gentlewomen, too, will say regretful farewells. A little later they will smile over queer sprawling scrawls on pink paper, with a dove over the date line and the address staggering so tipsily over the back that there is hardly room for the postmark. It is the name of some queer small village, high under the Apennines, or low on the Calabrian coast. Giuseppe has a fine feeling for both the mountains and the sea. But wherever he elects to pitch his tent, be sure he will be a man of consequence, looked at by his neighbors with admiring awe, as one who has gone over the big water and come back with what is for his estate in life a comfortable fortune.

The "Fo'teen 'Treeta" merchant that wakens Giuseppe's wrath pervades pretty well every part of the city. You see him upon street corners, in front of unfinished houses, in the big towering office buildings—where he and his sort go only by sufferance. He haunts the side streets, too. Wherever there is a residence quarter, there he makes market and money the year through. He has a quick and pretty talent of adaptation, and almost a detective eye. From the look of entryway and area he gauges to a nicety the sort of art objects that will go with the indwellers. A good type of him is Montanelli, who has grown up to the trade and into my friendliness through these last half-dozen years. He was the prettiest small Italian lad, with velvet-dark eyes and cameo profile. Then his basket seemed an outrage, so big and lopsided a burden for such slender shoulders. But he carried it jauntily up the long, long flights that led to flat or studio, and at the top lacked neither breath nor patience. He was the modestest vender, too; you had almost to entreat him for a sight of all that lurked in the depths of that big creel. Watching his eye, the uninitiate could judge the art value of each piece as it came forth. Too shrewd to disparage anything he carried, he was yet too honest of eye to mask his delight in what was really good. That never became commonplace to him. Doubtless he had sold by hundreds Aurora, the Flying Victory, Diana with her bow. Certainly he had seen and handled and lugged them hither and yon till it would seem reasonable that they had become a burden. They were no such thing. Over and over his eye took delight in them; his praise of them had the honest ring that never abides in prefunctory speech. A wonderfully ready fellow, too, overbrimming with suggestions as to the nook or corner where this or that would look best. To those whom he served regularly he became a sort of artistic conscience. More than once he refused to sell a bit that had pleased the fancy, saying, with a shake of the head: "Ah, no, la signora—bettah wait; I gota somtheeng at de shopa verra mucha bettah suita for dat whata you want."

Such virtue is not its own sole reward. Montanelli has grown big and prosperous, and bids fair to make one of these days a mighty fine American citizen. The civic gain will doubtless make up for the loss of beauty and picturesqueness. In return Montanelli has certainly done something for the culture along art lines of the land of his adoption. But he did not make the mistake of carrying the Flying Victory or the Winged Hermes to folk who wanted pinky lambs and cream-colored damsels ready to the last frill for the prom-

enade. Neither did he disdain such wares. Trade in them is too considerable—so considerable, in fact, that whole shops make nothing else.

Very many of them are for export. New York, you see, makes pretty well all the images, casts and so on sold in these United States. And the good folk of small towns and rural regions simply dote upon the old, old things—the praying Samuels, the green parrots, the gorgeous green and red bouquets of flower and fruit. They have a nice taste, too, in imitation bronze figures, and appreciative eyes for the washed groups, which are to their minds fully as excellent as the very best John Rogers can turn out. Indeed, but for copyright the Rogers statuettes would be plentier than blackberries. Given the model, any reasonably skillful plasterworker can turn out more copies of it than there are days in the year.

Would you see how it is done? Then come with me, say to Water Street; there we will find the best examples of the all-around shop. It is a big bare place, windowed to the north, with steps running up to it outside the wall. Inside, the room is irregular, full of all manner of queer offsets, where partitions have been knocked away. There is need of all the corners. Look at the clutter of things in each one, the delicious disorder that rules the whole array. Here are pots and pans, and buckets and brushes; open cans of earth paints such as ochre, umber, terra cotta. By the way, the last name is Italian for "red earth." The use here of this red earth is to be mixed with the plaster and give the admired pinky tinge to the finished product. Umber in like fashion makes cream yellow, and with just the suspicion of umber produces the burnt-ivory tint.

Well to the back is the drying closet, kept at steady, moderate heat with a charcoal stove. It has no window, and barely one low door; shelves run all about its deal walls, and there is a movable wooden platform directly over the stove. The temperature is carefully regulated. If it gets too high the figures will warp and crack, while if it be too low not only does work halt, but the finished product comes short of perfection. Uneven drying, or handling while still damp, destroys proportion and blurs the sharp outline upon which so much of beauty depends.

The ground plaster comes in big, commonplace barrels, for all the world like those that thrifty farmers buy to sow upon the land. Several stand apart with heads out, in various degrees of emptiness. Two or three big deal tables, bare and wide as a carpenter's bench, run here or there about the room. On top of them you see half a dozen splashed mixing bowls, each with its wooden paddle. There are buckets, too, of tin, wood and agate ware, a tin vessel half full of yellow-brown viscid boiled oil, with big brushes and small thrust in it half their depth. Above, shelves run double and treble along the wall space. They are heaped and crowded with yellowy lumps of varying size, whose shapes exhaust the possibilities of eccentric curve. Each is wrapped about with twine—it is a mold, you see—and in two or three, or it may be half a dozen, parts. Originally they were white plaster, like the statuettes themselves. Use, time and linseed oil are the roots of their rich dull color.

Making a mold is not quite the easiest thing in the world. First the model is secured. Then it is reproduced with exceeding accuracy either in clay or modeling wax. Then the figure is covered with plaster wetted to the consistency of soft dough. Before it is fairly set the artificer, with a well-oiled knife or greasy thread, divides it into such sections as shall come easily away. When it is hard, if the model be wax, it is melted out, leaving a perfect and unmarred shell. A clay figure is, if possible, removed intact. If it sticks, though, it is lightly sprayed with water and picked out bit by bit. Here it is perhaps in place to say that modeling for casts is a pretty pastime for young women of the day. One, who had never seen "the divine Paderewski," got an advertising photograph of him, and having talented finger tips, modeled in wax a portrait bust in low relief. The likeness was striking, the execution spirited, so an enterprising Italian was glad to go halves with her in the speculation of making and selling medallion portrait busts. He got up a great stock by the time of the farewell concert, and turned a pretty penny for both partners by selling them at the curbstone to the musician-mad throng.

Returning to our muttons: the process of casting is simplicity itself. First a dozen molds are set arow upside down upon one of the long tables. Before the putting in place each is carefully looked over, each segment accurately fitted to its fellow and tied tight with strong twine. Next the plaster is mixed with clear warmish water in one of the wooden bowls until it is a little thicker than good cream. Of course no lumps are left in it—the tiniest one would mean a flaw. After the mixing it is stirred hard for several minutes, then passed carefully through the hole in the upturned bottom of each mold. The next thing is to lift the mold, turn it hither and yon, incline it now this side, now that, so as to make sure the insidious plaster reaches the faintest fine curve and covers the whole interior with an evenly thick coating. The blue-bloused artisan

makes haste slowly. You think he dawdles dreadfully, yet almost before you know it he has filled all the dozen molds. Small bits are completed at the first filling. For large ones, the passing and shaking about are repeated a second, a third, sometimes even a fourth time. The next thing is to lift each one, and drain out of it the surplusage of plaster. The aim is to make the cast of even thickness throughout. Accumulations in what is now low, but will later be high, would make the figures top-heavy and cumbrous, besides giving no end of trouble in drying. There is the further advantage of saving the raw material. You do not think much of that, as plaster costs less than a dollar the hundred pounds. These good folk, though, have an eye for even such small economies, for the artisan is scraping off carefully with a thin, broad-bladed knife the plaster which stuck to the bowl, the paddle, even the big splotch of it that fell outside a mold upon the table. All is put aside for the next mixing. Meantime you stand wildly impatient of the slow untying of strings that is to reveal the end which crowns all this work.

When at last they are out of the way you see a merry harlequinade, a mute mask of Comus, all in dead ghostly white. For it must not be supposed that the figures come out perfect, like Minerva from the brain of Jove. Here is St. Anthony, wanting a leg, which comes at last out of a smaller separate mold. Flora is woeful for her basket of posies. Phyllis the Shepherdess lacks hat and crook. So does Corydon, her dear love, and besides the lute to which supposably he sings his love. Here is Cupid, minus wings and quiver; the Dancing Sailor Boy, with never a leg to stand on; and the Grand Dame with panniers who condescends to upbear a match safe on her arm has no trace of the rustic urn against which she props her weight.

The missing members show up in good time. When they are all spread over the big table it is no stretch of fancy to imagine that anarchy has run amuck amid the statuettes, and spread them helter-skelter to pick themselves up as they can. The head workman even smiles behind his ambush of black beard that the plaster has dusted to silver gray. Though he cannot speak your tongue he looks up with a merry gleam in the eye, then falls to work, dexterously luting in place with a little freshly wet plaster whatever each cast may lack of completeness. After all, it is easy work—the leg, arm, hat, what not, has been cast with an extra thimble-shaped piece that fits snugly into a corresponding socket. The luting, rubbed in with the thumb, hides the join perfectly—in fact, makes the object not merely whole, but homogeneous. Breakage is rare, but unless very serious is repaired in the same fashion.

Next, the big workman sets the cast a little back, turns it slowly round, eying it carefully to see if its proportion is perfect. If he finds it amiss in any part, with a thin, broad knife he scrapes it down. In like fashion he removes the seams that show joins in the mold—that is, unless he has a run of high-art customers, to whom the seams are an added beauty; who would, in fact, as soon think of taking a gilt cast as one that lacked these, to them, authentic beauty marks.

Plaques and medallions in low relief are of course cast all together. Those with semi-detached figures are cast in two or more pieces and joined outside the mold. An especially interesting bit, showing horses in motion, after the frieze of the Parthenon, has the animals cast in parts—head, legs, forearm, quarter—and after put in place. It is a work of the nicest precision, requiring memory and judgment even when the worker has the completed group before his eyes.

Now all the dozen are set nicely balanced upon a wide, light board, and carried into the drying closet. There they stay ten hours, and come out finished, unless they are to be bronzed or colored in imitation of the clay groups. In that case they are taken out when half dry, washed over and returned to the heat. After two or three hours they are coated again, and again dried. What artists know as *guache*—pronounced "gwash"—color is used. The tint of course depends upon the pigment, which is usually a mixture of ochre, umber and sienna, either raw or burnt, and sometimes heightened with a trace of madder lake. It is mixed in a soil of size—hence the name guache, which is said to mean no more than a transparent medium for color.

Why any human creature chooses that it should be used is among those things that no fellow can find out. The red and green and blue parrots, the twelve manner of parti-colored gay fruits, are far and away more tolerable than this sad and sober tinting. Indeed, the chief beauty of a plaster cast is its whiteness and clear sharpness of outline. The gray shadows which come of themselves are wonderful in effect and variety. But if something softer than dead white is needed, why, there are boiled linseed oil and clear shellac varnish, which, properly made use of, give the softness of ivory.

Finally, there are two or three big American shops where everything goes by rule and machinery, where there are "buyers" abroad, and judges and critics and what not to the fore. They make a business of it, so much so that no breath or art

of Bohemia creeps in. And with them you may see pretty well everything that it hath entered into the mind of man to conceive, the hand of man to make; you will be waited on and looked after so carefully that the whole thing becomes a weariness of flesh and spirit; but you will wholly miss the savor and flavor and comprehension of art, as a sweetener of lowly life, that comes of contact with the image merchant who is also an image maker.

FINISHING TOUCHES

QUOTATIONS AND PROVERBS.

By A. Oakey Hall.

A Boston book of small proportions, devoted to a classification of quotations and proverbs and to the tracing of them to their source, was published some forty years ago, and now appears in libraries in a heavy volume with pages approximating to a thousand. For as literature and oratory thrive, and newspapers and magazines increase in number and importance, the wit, wisdom and epigram current in the world find greater scope in quotation and in the aggregation of proverbs and maxims. Things well said or piquantly written pass freely from tongue to tongue, ear to ear and pen to eye. Hence in the progression of time the once thin volume, under different editors, has necessarily grown, and become, as it were, an encyclopedia, and indeed a miniature library.

It is in the nature of man and in the development of mind to remember and repeat smart sayings or pungent expressions of thought or comment; wherefore quotations become rife, circulate as mental coin, and become the medium of illustration in talk and composition. The Hibernian wag who said he "did not like the play of 'Hamlet,'" a first performance of which he saw in his middle age, after long experience in the world, "because it was not wholly original, and was largely composed of what other people had said," ingenuously expressed an appreciation of the wealth of quotations that circulate in social, literary and business circles. The value of the volume referred to, thin or bulky, is greatest, however, in its tracery of phrases familiar to us back to their source. Akin to hearing a good thing is the pleasure of knowing who originated it. Although we may credit the iconoclastic story that Alexander Hamilton penned the farewell address of Washington, its intrinsic grandeur of rhetoric derives its estimation from our belief that its author and its utterer was he who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." For example, the quotation I have just used comes all the pleasanter to the ear, familiar as it is, when we recall that it was first uttered by Colonel Henry Lee, of Revolutionary fame (father of the Confederate General Robert E. Lee), in his eulogy of Washington—the sentence immediately adopted in the mortuary resolutions passed by the Congress of the period. Take another example. I once heard a devout layman say, "Since I was told that the line 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb' was not Scriptural, as I had long believed, but that it belonged to the author of the 'Sentimental Journey,' the expression has lost to me much of its beauty." Of course I had not then the heart to tell him that Laurence Sterne himself took it from old George Herbert.

There are hundreds of quotations rife among men and women that are commonly accredited to the wrong person, either introactively or by direct assertion. One form of domestic and social amusement is to cap familiar quotations, in a circle of friends or guests, with a request for its authorship. Not until all have made answer is the correct solution allowed by the accurate catechiser. It is curious how many various answers, or rather guesses, will then be given. In such a circle I once found a majority who declared that the line "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn" came from Pope, and one answered Cowper; but it is from Burns's pathetic poem entitled, "Man was Made to Mourn."

Probably the quotations that are the most current can be traced to the Scriptures; next, to Shakespeare; then, to Milton or to Pope; while these authors would be closely pressed for popularity by Montaigne and Cervantes. Doubtless among the ancient classical authors the order would run thus: Plutarch, the two Plinys, Diogenes, Laertius and Marcus Aurelius. Naturally the older the author the more numerous will be quotations from him that time has collected.

Dr. Samuel Johnson is much quoted from. Who has not heard of the celebrated repartee made to Carlyle, who, on hearing some one quote the author of "Rasselas" as having said so and so, cried, "Dr. Johnson never uttered that!" "Well, if he didn't say it," was the rejoinder, "he was capable of saying it!"

There is a literature of quotations and proverbs occupying a large distinctive niche of its own, and most interesting to study. This is evidenced by the abundance of explanatory notes which accompany the last edition of "Familiar Quotations," first alluded to—prepared by, it is understood, that enthusiastic delver in the mines of English literature, John Bartlett, and by his coadjutor, the late Rezin A Wright. Many of these notes show how easily a charge of plagiarism can be engrafted on coincidence of thought and its expression. The familiar line "From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot" comes usually from the play of "Much Ado about Nothing" as preceding the allegation, "He (Benedick) is all mirth"; yet it is a literal translation of a phrase in Pliny's Natural History that doubtless Shakespeare never saw. When the Bard of Avon wrote, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Upon familiarity will grow contempt," does anyone suppose he knew that the 640th Maxim of Publius Syrus had already asserted what we know in translation as "Familiarity breeds contempt"? From whom (Maxim 524) also comes the common saying, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," and which several centuries later appeared in the "Proverbes of John Heywood," the earliest collection of English colloquial sayings.

Those proverbs, first printed in 1546, were reprinted in London, edited by Julian Sharman, in 1874, and will be found to contain a large number of sayings used nowadays in ordinary converse or comment. For example, take these quaintly expressed scraps of wisdom in advice: "The fat is in the fyre," "Look ere ye leape," "Haste makes waste," "When the sun shineth make hay," "When the iron is hot strike," "Nought venter nought have," "All is fish that cometh to net," "New brome swepth cleene," "Burnt child fire dredth," "One swallow maketh not summer," "Would ye both eat your eake and have your cake?" Surely it is interesting when hearing

sayings such as these—and they are but winnowings from the granary of the volume—to know that the phrases have lived in the mouths of many generations.

"The remedy is worse than the disease" comes from Bacon's essay on sedition. From him, who was as great in prose as Shakespeare was in verse, also proceeded these "saws": "Knowledge is power," and "Critics are like brushers of noblemen's clothes."

Queen Elizabeth is said to have once saved herself from persecution as a heretic by a quotation. When pressed by an ecclesiastic for her views upon transubstantiation she took refuge in these four lines, then fresh from the pen of Dr. John Donne:

> "He was the Word that spake it:
> He took the bread and brake it:
> And what the Word did make it,
> I do believe, and take it."

"Rare Ben Jonson"—as the epitaph on the pavement of Westminster Abbey is phrased over the remains of that dramatic poet—is responsible for "Mighty while ago"—a phrase that not long ago a British writer scored Yankees for inventing and using; also for "Care killed a cat," and "Shakespeare was not of an age, but for all time."

"Going the way of all flesh," often ascribed to the Bible, comes from the old dramatist John Webster, who died in 1638. "Turn over a new leaf," an injunction musically heard and obeyed in the recent New Year chimes, belongs to another dramatist of the same era, Thomas Dekker. "Let us do or die" is traceable back from Burns in his poem of "Bannockburn," and in Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming," to a third old dramatist of the same age, John Fletcher; and so is the familiar adage, "Deeds, not words." Their contemporary, Robert Burton, whose "Anatomy of Melancholy" has often robbed readers of sadness, constructed "Rob Peter to pay Paul," "Penny wise, pound foolish," "Build castles in the air," "All our geese are swans," "The pen worse than the sword" (that Bulwer altered from "worse" to "greater" in his play of "Richelieu"), "What can't be cured must be endured," "Birds of a feather will gather together" (now a pivot for Lord Dundreary's humor), "Crocodile tears," "A virtue of necessity," and "When they are at Rome they do there as they see done."

In the same year Chancellor Oxenstiern and John Selden respectively wrote, "Thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the world," or "Behold, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed." Beaumont and Fletcher, whose dramas theatre goers love to read at home when practical footlights burn dimly, gave to later generations of gossips: "Beggars must not be choosers," "One foot in the grave," "Go to grass," and "One man's poison is another man's meat or drink." Who now, unless an antiquarian, thinks of George Wither, a writer of the seventeenth century? And yet age has not withered nor custom staled the infinite variety of one of his adages embodied in the couplet, "And I oft have heard defended — little said is soonest mended."

Robert Herrick, the poet of the Stuart era, who was then to England what Alfred Austin is today, and James Whitcomb Riley to America, originated, surrounded by dainty rhyme, the cynical saying "No rose without the thorn." Do anglers, when they hear, "That which is everybody's business is nobody's business," always recall that it belongs to the epigrams of their patron saint of rod and line, Izaak Walton? "Beauty is but skin deep" is a common apothegm, but it is a bald condensation of a line of another forgotten and mystical scribe of the seventeenth century that runneth, "All the beauty of the world, 'tis but skin deep'"; and this scribe—Ralph Venning—also lamented that "they who spare the rod do spoyle the child." That "liars ought to have good memories" was a saying which Algernon Sidney paraphrased a century later than Montaigne—beloved of Emerson—who had written, "He who has not a good memory should never take upon him the trade of lying." Fashionables making their pilgrim progress through Vanity Fair should remember that unfashionable John Bunyan—whose mossy headstone stares a tourist in the face at London within that Abbey of the Dissenters best known as Bunhill Fields Burying Ground—gave to the world the phrase that has been made doubly immortal by the great novel of Thackeray.

A large number of common quotations are sometimes credited to the Bible that belong only to commentators; and Matthew Henry, of Queen Ann's time, heads this list. From his Biblical notes proceed: "Better day the worse deed," "He rolls it under his tongue as a sweet morsel," "None so blind as those who will not see," and "Not lost but gone before"—a hopeful sentence this last, which showed that the commentator had perused Seneca's Epistles as well as St. Matthew's Gospel; while it also showed that Dean Swift, who used the same phrase, had conned the Roman essayist, the gospeler and the commentator.

The Tom Brown who also flourished as a Grub Street author in the time of Addison and Steele—and not the Tom Brown of later schooldays—

originated the rhymes about Dr. Fell that are so often used to illustrate any unaccountable prejudice against a person. Dean Swift is to be credited with, "How we apples swim," or "A penny for your thoughts," or "She's no chicken," or "A carpenter is known by his chips," or "Rain cats and dogs," or "You and he were hand and glove," and "Pay him in his own coin." For as Sidney Smith once observed in a review article, "Dean Swift was not slow at epigram." Both the novelists Fielding and *Spectator* Addison are responsible for the currency of "Much may be said on both sides," so often used by the diplomatic conversationalist when appealed to as umpire toward discussion.

Another mortuary neighbor of Bunyan in the before-mentioned London graveyard that fronts the original Wesley chapel fills the mouths of quoters in Isaac Watts, as church lovers well appreciate in a long range of rhymes, from "How doth the little busy bee" of childhood's repertory to the Doxologies that old age pathetically sings. That agnostic Bolingbroke, who soon followed Dr. Watts into the other world, gave to this world the proverb, "History is philosophy teaching by example," not thinking, apparently, that his saying was an abettor of explanation why Christian philosophy engrafted on gospel history contradicted his own atheistic theories. Young's "Night Thoughts" may be said to be fertile in furnishing daylight language through quotations, and his "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!" keeps soothing company with what Sancho Panza and Shakespeare's King contributed to praise of that banisher of care and sorrow.

Tea is erroneously claimed in ordinary parlance to be the drink or cup that cheers but not inebriates; but the phrase was first used as applied to water by Bishop Berkeley, who died while westward the course of empire (to use his own poetic words) was taking its way in colonial America toward independence. And from him Cowper took the line for his "Task," "Cups that cheer but not inebriate."

Of all the poets, next to Shakespeare, their Pope—surnamed Alexander — undoubtedly contributes the largest number of popular quotations. This is due to the fact that he was so prolific of didactic couplets and epigrammatic sentences. Lawyers know that the phrase "Glorious uncertainty of the law" originated with Charles Macklin, the great actor of Shylock, and occurs in his comedy of "Love à la Mode"; and that the phrase is allied to another running, "Law is a sort of hocus-pocus science that smiles in your face while it picks your pocket."

Goldsmith contributed many popular sayings, recognizable in "Silence gives consent," "Measures, not men," "Handsome is who handsome does," "Pink of perfection," and "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs."

"United we stand, divided we fall," was written by John Dickinson, who, born with Washington, lived into the administration of Jefferson—the line occurring in a liberty song that he composed in 1768, and that became very popular.

In these days of political discussion one often hears the idea about public office being a public trust ascribed to various statesmen of this day; but it originated sixty years ago in a speech delivered by Henry Clay at his Ashland home, when and where he said: "Government is a trust, and the officers of the government are trustees; both trust and trustees being created for the benefit of the people." But this species of error when crediting the authorship of current quotations is by no means of rare occurrence. For instance, during many years of my observation I have known the political saying "To the victors belong the spoils" variously accredited to Martin Van Buren, General Jackson and Thurlow Weed; but in fact the idea was first broached, and then only as a semi-quotation itself, by New York's great statesman of over half a century ago, William L. Marcy. During a speech in 1832, when he was a United States Senator, his phrase was: "They see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy."

But not only do wrong ascriptions of authorship surround quotations, but a more common mistake consists in altering their verbiage while preserving the idea; for some minds are more readily impressed by the idea expressed in a saying than by its exact wording. While some orators and writers sin in this respect, others are oversensitive about accuracy. The late Richard Grant White and the late Henry T. Tuckerman, who were eminent critics, the former a Shakespearean scholar, were often, as I heard one of them express himself, "tortured by inaccuracy of quotation." Said Mr. Tuckerman one evening at a literary *conversazione* in the library of the brothers Duyckinck: "'Tis a desecration of an author to displace words that he was careful to pick."

"THE GIRL GATHERED UP HER SHAWL, AND LAID HER HAND ON THE LATCH."

CORBIN'S HOLLOW.

By Dorothy Deane.

She taught school that winter four miles out from Hyattsville. She was round and chubby, with a childish face and great, frightened brown eyes that could melt easily into a smile.

It was twenty miles from home, and her father brought her up to the squire's in the old-fashioned one-horse buggy that he had ridden in for thirty years. In that time it had once had new wheels; it had been relined; it had been given a coat of paint; a new cover had been put on. A young horse splintered the dashboard one day; that had been replaced—the old man mended it himself. The harness, too, was patched, and the old bay horse had an air of needing to be oiled and repaired.

Her father kissed her when he left her at Squire Benton's—she was his only one. She watched him drive slowly down the dusty road and around the corner before she went back into the house. She had never been away from home before. She was nineteen, but she looked like a child.

All the woods were ablaze with scarlet and gold. On every hand were fields covered with corn in shock; it looked as if armies were encamped. In the squire's front yard a few dusty dahlias displayed their last frosted blossoms; a hardy chrysanthemum flaunted its ragged yellow flowers from the edge of the porch.

The squire's wife came in from the kitchen, wiping her hands on her apron.

"Now, jest make yourself right to home," she said. "We don't put on any style here."

She was a thin woman, with narrow blue eyes, and a hard voice that seemed to creep out narrowly between her teeth.

"You're young to be teachin'," she said. "You ain't never been away before, have you?"

"No," Molly answered.

The woman looked at her, inquisitively, a minute longer.

"Well, I hope you'll git along," she said, doubtfully; "but it's a hard school. Jinny here, she

won't make you no trouble. She's a great scholar—ain't you, Jinny?"

Jenny showed two rows of little shining teeth, and stared hard at the new teacher; and Mrs. Benton went back to her work, leaving the two to make friends.

The schoolhouse was a dreary little place, set in a low, flat yard, that winter turned into a sea of mud. The doorstep was so high that the little ones could hardly compass it with their short legs till a block of wood had been dragged around from the wood pile. A big box stove stood in the middle of the room; a piece of scantling served as poker. There was a hole in the pipe; on windy days it smoked.

Nevertheless, all through the beautiful Indian summer days Molly was very happy in her small kingdom. Her little subjects loved her, and peace and harmony prevailed.

With the first snowfall the seats began to fill up, and the big boys and girls came trooping in. There was no work now to keep them at home. Some of them, it was whispered about, came because the teacher was pretty, and some came for fun. Great strapping fellows they were, with muscles like iron, and as ignorant as ten-year-olds.

And Dick came up from Corbin's Hollow. "He had never had no chance," he said; and he was twenty-one, but he'd like to come; he wouldn't make no trouble. And he never did—he was her loyal subject to the last.

For some weeks they were quiet, held under the spell of the pretty, childish face, the gentle voice, the appealing brown eyes. But at last they grew restless. At first there was no open rebellion, only covert mischief which she could not locate. She tried to be very wise and firm; how hard she tried only the pitying angels knew. Perhaps it was they who saved her from despair. She was going to fail. Day by day she felt them slipping from under her control.

They were sorry for her—oh, yes, they hated to have her look at them with those big, appealing eyes; it made their cheeks tingle. One or two were loyal—Dick never failed her—but the tide of fun and mischief beat too high; it carried everything before it.

It was on a January night that she locked the door for the last time and started back to the squire's. Half a dozen of the girls lingered behind the rest. They were sorry, and one or two of them cried. They wished she might have gone on. They never loved any other teacher like they did her, they said, and they expressed their opinion of the directors who had closed the school. It was not flattering.

She tried to smile at them as they turned the corner and waved good-by, then she went on alone with Jenny. Dick had lingered, too, down in the edge of the woods; he watched her till she was out of sight.

"Poor little girl!" he muttered, brushing his hand across his eyes. Then he strode away through the woods and down the Hollow.

When she reached the house she went in with Jenny. The squire's wife was in the sitting room, stirring the fire. It had gone down, and the room was smoky. She stood up and looked at Molly as she came in. Her eyes gleamed through their narrow lids; her voice was hard and dry.

"I thought this would be about the way of it," she said. Molly winced as if she had been struck. "It ain't never happened before in this deestrict, either," she continued, brushing up a few ashes that she had scattered on the floor. "Here's time and money wasted, an' those young ones have learned more mischief than they'll forget in ten years."

The girl threw out her hand appealingly.

"I've done the best I could," she said, in a choked voice.

She had not seen the squire, but he came in presently, while his wife was busy in the milk house.

"I'm sorry it had to be done," he said, uneasily, without looking at her—the squire was a kind man.

"It's no matter—about me," Molly answered, with a grateful look. "I'm sorry about the scholars, if you think the time has been wasted. But I've tried—oh, I've tried!"

The squire nodded.

"Yes, I know you have, Molly," he said, kindly. "You've had a hard time of it, poor girl. An' don't you mind what she says," he added, cautiously. Then he slipped through the side door before his wife came in.

In the morning she would go home. Home? She sat and looked out at the dreary landscape as the winter night closed down upon it. How could she bear to go home? They were so proud of her, and had hoped so much for her, and she had meant to do so much for them! Now it was all ended, and she had failed. She could never look people in the face again. She felt a wild desire to creep out among the darkening fields and woods and hide herself forever.

She ate no supper. She could not bear to go out to the long supper table and sit there with the big boys and the hired men, and all the rest, and hear them joke and chaff at one another.

It was quite dark outside now, but she still sat there with her head on her hand, looking out into

the night. Jenny came in softly with a little cake. It was her own—her mother had baked it on purpose for her, and it was full of raisins. She slipped it into Molly's hand.

"I'm sorry you're going away," she whispered, nestling up to her side. "I wish you'd stay always."

Molly drew the child close and held her for a minute, then she put her down gently, and went upstairs to her little cold room and began to gather up her things. Her brain was in a strange whirl. She pressed her hands to her burning forehead and tried to think. Where should she go? What should she do?

A little later the squire's wife came to the stair door.

"You'd better come down," she said. "Somebody wants you. It's that Dick Corbin," she continued, coming halfway up the stairs. "I'd like to know what *he* wants. You needn't think I'm goin' to have him hangin' round here."

Molly went down through the sitting room without answering.

"He's out on the porch," growled one of the big boys; "he wouldn't come in."

She picked up her shawl as she passed, and opened the door. Dick drew her out on to the porch.

"Shut the door," he said. "It's me, Molly. I've come to ye. Has she—she been sayin' anything to ye? I knowed she would, I jest knowed it, an' that's why I come to-night. I knowed yer heart would be broke. I love ye, Molly; I'll do anything for ye. I ain't nothin' but a poor stick, but I'll work for ye if ye'll only give me the right."

The girl's face showed white in the darkness. Dick put his arm about her.

"Won't ye, Molly?"

"Let me go!" she cried, under her breath; "she'll hear in there! I can't."

But Dick got both her cold hands and held them fast.

"No, I won't let ye go," he said; "I need ye. Ye need somebody to take care of ye; an' I love ye!"

All at once she broke down into silent weeping, as if she would weep her heart out.

"I've failed," she said—"I've failed. I can never go home!"

"No!" he answered, eagerly. "Come with me. Forget all that. We'll go up to the parson's. Give me the right to work for ye."

The girl gathered up her shawl, and laid her hand on the latch.

"I must go in," she said, gently. "They'll be wondering."

Dick took both her soft hands in his iron grasp.

"You shall not go in," he said, setting his lips together in masterful fashion. "I tell ye I love ye. Oh, Molly"—his voice was suddenly gentle——"won't ye come to me?"

The girl did not speak. Then she turned toward him with a little sob, and he took her in his great arms and held her for a minute. Then he kissed her gently and let her go in.

"Pretty doin's, I should say!" muttered the squire's wife; but Molly did not heed—she went on up the stairs.

The next day they went down into Corbin's Hollow, man and wife.

On the old home the news fell like a thunderbolt. The old father refused to believe it till he had made the journey himself and heard it from his child's own lips. To all his entreaties to come home she shook her head and turned a deaf ear.

"I can't go," she said, with a look in her eyes that it broke his heart to see.

At last he went home again, alone. He seemed already older and grayer. And they mourned for her as for one dead.

Spring came with fairy footstep across the hills. She set the forest a-flutter and the fields a-blow. She loosed the brook and set wild flowers a-dance down the ravine and through the hollow. The skies blossomed, blue as a flower; birds mated in field and forest. And the river sang on, sang on, past the old house in Corbin's Hollow. But through its song there crept a minor undertone, in slowly rising crescendo—regret, sadness, grief, despair.

And the years brought winter, and frost, and night.

An old-fashioned buggy drove through Hyattsville one afternoon. The dashboard had been clumsily repaired; the old bay horse was stiff; his mane was growing gray. The old man in the buggy looked neither to right nor left; he strained his eyes ahead. He looked forward hopefully. Maybe when she knew that mother had been sick——

He drove on past the squire's and down the pike. He passed the old schoolhouse just as a group of shrieking children burst out at the door for their recess and stopped to stare at the traveler. The old man's face clouded; he chirruped to the horse.

At last he looked down across Corbin's Hollow. A woman came to the door of the old house; she looked up and saw him on the hill's crest, and came running across the field. Climbing out of the buggy, he met her at the head of the ravine.

"Molly!" he said, and put his arms around her, the tears running down his cheeks. "I've come to take you home."

She did not answer; she only laid her head on his breast like a weary child.

"Mother'll be so glad to see you! She's been sick. She won't live many years longer. She wants you to come."

The woman looked up at him with great sombre eyes.

"I can't go," she said, with mournful decision.

"Why can't you, Molly?"

She turned and looked across the Hollow. A man was coming down the river road, walking unsteadily, swaying from side to side. The wail of a lonesome child came up to them. Then she looked at him again, mutely, with a dull despair in her face.

"You've grown thin and old, Molly," he said, taking her face between his trembling hands. "You used to be so round, and rosy, and smiling. I don't believe you ever smile now. And you are pale; there are hollows under your eyes. Why should you stay with that brute?" he cried out, in sudden wrath.

They heard the child in the old house still crying in fretful fashion.

"It's his," she said, gently, "and mine."

The old man drew her head down on his breast and stroked her hair.

"Come home with me, dear," he said. "We're both growing old, your mother and I. We won't keep you long."

She lifted her face to his suddenly.

"Do you want to break my heart?" she asked, her eyes brimmed with tears.

The staggering figure had reached the gate. They watched it go up the path. Her father looked at her questioningly.

"No," she said; "he never hurts the children."

"Oh, my own little girl!" he cried, pleadingly. "It can't be right; and you're all we've got."

She shook her head with sad insistence.

"I must go back—down there; it will make him angry to find me gone." She drew herself away gently. "Good-by, father," she said, her lips trembling.

Suddenly she turned and threw her arms about his neck with a broken cry.

"Oh, father! father!"

Then she turned and went swiftly back down the ravine.

"Molly—oh, Molly!" the old man cried, his voice breaking. But she did not look back.

THREE ACTRESSES:

A SYMPOSIUM.

By Champion Bissell.

That there should have been six of us, and that the six should have been exactly such and such people and no others, need not surprise any one who believes in the theory of the fortuitous concourse of atoms or in that of elective affinities. That your right foot on a given day at a given hour, minute and second impinged upon a given spot on the pavement either of Broadway or any thoroughfare whatever, of all places on the planet, was one chance among infinite millions; unity to a line of numerals extending from New York to Chicago would not adequately represent the startling ratio; yet it happened. Such is the case with most of the isolated events of life, called isolated, and yet bound up with all other events in strict logical interdependence; a nexus which to the eye of Infinite Wisdom is as clearly defined and efficacious as the halyard of a sailing vessel to the able seaman.

So it was that, whether by fortuitous concourse or elective affinities, or pursuant to logical forces, we six had on one bright May afternoon dined together at the hospitable mahogany of one of the sextet. Her house, a home in the highest sense of the word, overlooks the Hudson, built on a slope of that lovely east bank whose glories and possibilities are only just beginning to be appreciated even by those who enjoy them most by daily contact. Constructed of Baltimore brick and ashlar, it is a miniature palace, more than a cottage, less than a mansion—a bounteous, beautiful, sufficient home. I would like to dwell on its commodious offices for servants and grooms; the latter the more important of the underlings, since the chatelaine and her husband appear to be lineal descendants of horse-taming heroes, and give royal shelter and food the year through to fifteen or twenty horses of famous strains. It requires no great effort of the imagination to locate the remote ancestors of these splendid horses on the plain around whose border eddied the streams of Xanthus, on which, "eating white barley and oats;

standing by the victorious Trojan chariots, they waited for the dawning of the beautiful throned Aurora." But time and space do not permit this.

Sometimes even in latitude 41° on the North American Continent there comes a day in May of outdoor weather, a subtropical balm, bearing breezes like those of the Blue Mountains of Jamaica or the Cibao range of San Domingo, touching which Columbus wrote and discoursed so rapturously to Queen Isabella. The American spring, like the early English summer, merits all the sarcasm with which pessimistic wits load it. "Our summer," writes Walpole, "has set in with its accustomed severity." "Did you ever see a nastier day?" an acquaintance of Charles Lamb asked that amiable writer, one May day on Piccadilly, when the rain was coming down by the bucket, and you could lean your back up against the wind. "Hum — yes," said the essayist; "there *was* one such another day last February." But among the agreeable chances of this day was, that it was a solid block cut out of Utopia's ideal as a sample, and if you had bought a whole week of the same, per sample, the goods never would have been delivered. The perfect May day must come as a contrast and a sequence to the usual moist and chilly deliverances of the elements; and you must enjoy it as the Girondists enjoyed their last day in prison, believing that they should never see the closing hours of another one. Such had been this delicious day, at the sunset of which we strolled out from our hostess's dining room and established ourselves in blissful ease on the western piazza, to sip coffee and burn incense to Nicotina, while watching the red glow slowly fade from the cloudless sky.

MRS. HENRIOT.

Convention forbade us to recite the praises of the delightful dinner which Mrs. Henriot, better known to the people of America by her stage name of Laura Clarice, had caused to be dispensed to us, whom, she confessed in a moment of gayety, she delighted to honor. This accomplished lady once said to me, when *tête-à-tête:* "When I began to open my eyes to the real social facts of life I was impressed by the truth of this, that our

sex, standing midway between the infant of either sex and the full-grown male, stronger than child and weaker than man, shares in the child's lack of gustatory taste. You will notice that the very young infant imbibes milk and castor oil with equal unconcern; it really tastes neither of them; it has, in fact, no taste. Taste is largely a matter of comparisons. Our girls grow up fond of sweet things, confections, running through the catalogue of factitious comfits from gum drops up to nougat, and are not even good judges of such things when they graduate as brides. Meantime their brothers have had their run among the fleshpots of Egypt, know the difference between Pommard and Clos de Vougeot, and express preferences as to terrapin à la Philadelphia or à la Baltimore. Now, I said to myself, our brothers are in a loftier and larger career than ours in all ways, and if in all ways, then in taste. You see, I'm nothing if not logical. So I set to work to study out the art and mystery of that crowning effort of civilization, the ideal dinner, with all that the name implies, including of necessity the wines.

"This course of study was not accomplished without severe struggles with all sorts of chicanery and deception. A few tradesmen are honest; but what a vast army of frauds must the learner contend with! The lawyers tell us it is the buyer's business to look out. This may be good law, on the supposition that there is no hereafter for the butchers, greengrocers and wine merchants. On the whole, my experience with the entire college of these people in my researches in the domain of practical gastronomics has caused me to entertain charitable feelings toward plumbers, and even to admit the possibility of a reasonably comfortable future for shoemakers.

"And now, not being any longer a chicken—in fact, arrived at that time of life when no women, and very few men, remember or celebrate their birthdays—I not only know how to furnish a good dinner, but also how to enjoy one. I am awake to the differences in wines, which are wider and more radical than any unlearned person can conceive of. I have learned to respect the conventional, orderly sequence of wines at a dinner; gaps can be made in the succession, but no reversal is practicable. A Burgundy with the soup and Amontillado with the game would be a frightful solecism. Without arrogating superior knowledge, how many of our American citizens are in this respect in the outer darkness of ignorance as to such essentials!"

This fact of large and practical culture was in our memory, although debarred as a topic of conversation. The two women besides our hostess and the three men were instructed, and therefore appreciative, and each one was cherishing at that peaceful hour the agreeable recollections of the feast. After the Little Neck clams with a choice Barsac, we had been regaled with a tortue-claire soup. With this, a delicate dry Amontillado, of pale-straw color, cooled to forty-five degrees. To this succeeded Kennebec salmon, with a salad of tomato and cucumber. As a libation to this noble fish, a choice of La Rose Gruaud or a skillfully cooled Ayala champagne of the famou vintage of 1878. Four of us ventured on the innovation of the Ayala—an English fad as to the fish course. Wrinkle, the critic, a devotee of precedent, adhered to claret; and our hostess, sympathizing with his loneliness, suffered the butler to fill her glass with the same. The *entrée* was Eastern Shore terrapin in Philadelphia style, fresh butter and cream and Madeira wine, the latter adjunct of the stew being of such rich nature that the heat of the brasier had not destroyed its flavor. We were then reminded of the season by a true spring poem in the form of a separate course of asparagus with Hollandaise sauce. This was followed by an aspic de foie gras. During these courses I noticed that even Wrinkle slyly came around to the cool Ayala, and our hostess did not hesitate in being helped to the same.

The *rôti* consisted of snipe nestled in water cresses. With this course only Burgundy is allowable, and the Romanée-Conti which our entertainer furnished forth was so absolutely perfect both as to flavor and temperature that Denslow and I exchanged glances of wondering approval across the table. Denslow, a capitalist, educated, traveled, a logician, an *incroyable*, yet of most abounding charity, appreciates the best to the fullest extent when he meets it. His glance across the table over the glass of the rich red liquid in his hand expressed volumes.

This anecdote illustrates Denslow: A certain merchant had induced the banker to buy a quantity of commercial paper on representations wholly false, but, being unwritten, not criminally actionable. The signers of the paper absconded and the merchant failed. Denslow sent for him. "No apologies," he said; "no excuses for your lies in connection with this affair; it is for my interest to build you up again, not to crush you. I have my opinion of you, but circumstances compel me to be your friend. Make me a true balance sheet of your condition." The delinquent obeyed, and furnished a sworn statement of assets and liabilities. The banker induced creditors to show forbearance, put the cripple on his feet again, and eventually secured the payment of his own claim in full. Then he cut the man's acquaintance on the street, and refused him further

audiences at his office. "Why," asked an acquaintance of the merchant whom he had deputized to interview Denslow—"why this treatment of X—— *after* he has paid you?" "There are times," was the answer, "when it is politic to be forbearing, even friendly, with a skunk; and there are times when the noisome animal may better be let alone."

Crisp, smooth-shaven, of elegant figure, a perfect dresser, a philosopher as to all his habits, rich without ostentation, critical and thoroughly well informed, Denslow is the hope, and also the despair, of fifty most discerning and appreciative mammas of New York. Barely turned of forty, his unrelinquished bachelorhood entitles him to be styled "still young," and at the Patriarchs' Balls even the maidens of eighteen are glad to accept his attentions, each one that is not in love already believing that she may perhaps land this long-pursued rover.

Coffee was served to us on two little tables placed near each other, so that our grouping permitted a free conversation of the six. Two of the guests I have not yet described, yet you know them well. One English born, yet thoroughly Americanized, is the best exponent of the modern cheerful drama, not burlesque, but healthy, vigorous comedy—such comedy as gives us Lady Teazle and Lydia Languish and Lady Gay Spanker; the other affects, and in her nature is not foreign to, the prevalent lurid drama of French extraction, in which Zola and Dumas explore the turpitudes of the unhappier classes of Paris, and startle society with the revelation of the horrible events that constantly succeed each other in the fermentative growths of the moral sewer. These two accomplished women, therefore, represent two totally different schools and systems; and our hostess was more in sympathy with the priestess of the lurid, having herself achieved her greatest triumphs in the emotional drama in which sin is a chief factor, and having published a magazine article in direct praise of that style of dramatic literature. As Miss Nolan and Mrs. White Keramic, they are sufficiently indicated.

"My husband," said Mrs. Henriot, "writes me from London that the gay season of the capital is just opening. How strange it seems! Ours is closing—that is, as to drawing rooms and the theatre."

"And full time, too," said Miss Nolan. "From September till May or June to travel back and forth across the country, running into hitherto undiscovered cyclones by night and into strange cities by day, makes our summer's rest particularly grateful. Now, suppose the public wanted us *all* the time!"

"They do," said Wrinkle, "only in the summer they don't know where to put you. If they locate you in the Forest of Arden, a thunderstorm immediately comes on, and scatters the audience. Shakespeare neglected to provide Rosalind with an umbrella and overshoes."

"We have yet," interposed Denslow, "to imitate those wise ancients who laid out summer theatres. The famous Greek plays were all acted outdoors. All over Italy the rustic Romans had theatres constructed in the grass, and the audience sat on turf seats."

"Why, that was a continual series of lawn parties," said Mrs. Keramic. "But what became of the voices of the poor artists who were thus obliged to shout into the infinite spaces of the air?"

"Oh," I said, "the voices and the text counted for very little. These ancient and much overpraised plays were little more than pantomime. Behind their absurd masks the performers ranted and roared, and then went about their business of sticking each other with lath daggers. This was tragedy. Comedy consisted mainly of abductions."

"Mr. Gerry and the Penal Code not having yet been invented," said Wrinkle, "the snatching away of the Sabine girls turned out so well for the Romans that the practice was never so severely reprehended in later times as it should have been."

"Artifice takes the place of force now," said our hostess. "You men don't think it necessary to use the strong arm; you talk us into following the vicissitudes of your fortunes up hill and down dale till death do us part."

"I have heard the lawyers say something about *molliter manus*," interposed Miss Nolan, "which means, I believe, that in any case no more force was used than absolutely necessary. In the social interchanges of our time it is hard to say which sex abducts the other. Not on the stage, I mean, but in real life. The stage preserves the old-fashioned, conventional type of lovemaking. The man wooes; the girl is wooed. He urges and pleads; she coyly resists, defends herself half heartily, feebly, without any real purpose of resistance—then surrenders. This is wholesome lovemaking. The breath of the morning breeze, fresh from the woods and the meadows, permeates it. But in real life a man, perhaps some simpleton with a title, appears on the scene, and straightway the mammas of fifty girls set out to lasso him and drag him into the corral of matrimony. That is why I maintain that the stage is to-day the conservator of society, in that it sets up a system of models, classical examples of what

should be derived from the best types of a past day, even if that past day were so recent as yesterday."

"What do you say to that?" asked Denslow, turning to our hostess.

"Oh," said she, laughing, "this is not a polemic arena; "and any differences of opinion between Miss Nolan and myself must be of necessity merely Pickwickian and professional. We are on opposite sides, you know; she represents classic comedy, which has no other object than to amuse; I aim to represent the emotional drama, which deals in earthquakes, shatters long-standing ideals, runs like swollen mountain torrents through Alpine villages, destroying, rending, swallowing up, obliterating. As the heroine, I wade through scenes of mortal misery during two hours and a half, and my aim is to bring my audiences as near to the gulf of dolorous sighs and anguish as possible without plunging them into its gloomy depths forever. It is my highest triumph when, emerging from the playhouse, they come into the sunlight if it is a case of matinée, or into the glitter of a city street at night, and breathe a long sigh of relief and say, 'Thank God, the world of humanity moves on hopefully!' You see, in one sense I am the priestess of despair. The authors whose creations I portray seem to rule with broken sceptres unruly kingdoms of desire. Virtue is continually being cast down, and yet vice, while technically triumphant, is not happy nor sure of its position. Happy homes, cheerful matrons ripening in the rays of their children's affections, well-to-do citizens prosperous in affairs, and with their circulating fluids enriched by good roast and boiled, and sound claret; dutiful daughters growing up to useful professions and happy marriages—these are not in my professional line. All the same, Miss Nolan and I can equally admire them. A doctor once said to me, 'Some artists confine their studies to health; *you* cultivate only morbid pathology.'"

MISS NOLAN.

"You have shown us," said I, "that the truth of this remark does not displease you. I fancy that Mrs. Keramic is somewhat disposed to agree with you. How is that?" I continued, leaning toward that lady, whose gaze was fixed on the last glow of the sun on a distant peak of the Rockland Highlands.

The lady turned.

"You know, or perhaps you don't know, that I have never written essays on the details of the dramatic art. In that respect I am behind the remainder of the party with the exception of Mr. Denslow, and even he writes upon finance, and for all I know may have one or more manuscript plays in his desk at home."

"I assure you, no, madam," said the banker; "my lapses from reason have never gone to that extent."

"I must believe you," she replied, "and yet so many clever men confide in me and say, 'Now, my dear Mrs. Keramic, I have a play at home that I think you could do full justice to. I have never even shown it to a manager or an actor. Would you kindly read it and give me your unbiased opinion of it?' Sometimes I can't help taking the manuscript in, because it is sent to me; in this case I keep it for a fortnight and then return it, saying that my engagements are for several years ahead on other less meritorious works. 'Ananias and Sapphira,' you say. Well, Ananias only said 'For so much,' and Sapphira only said, 'I agree with the gentleman who has just spoken.' We must be polite, you know, even when we dash the hopes of amateur writers, who have no business to exist. Do we want to buy our morning rolls from amateur breadmakers, or our clothes from amateur dressmakers? I trow not.

"Now, as to this feature of emotionalism, you know I like to portray sinners who come to a bad

MRS. WHITE KERAMIC.

end. That is the chief object of a sinner's existence. What else is he or she here for? And then sin is often interesting; and at the same time the bad ending of the sinner is natural—in fact, quite necessary, whether it is to conform to fact or to point a moral. Sin is the opposite of rectitude, and rectitude is from *rectus*, a straight line which is the shortest distance between any two points. You set out from A to go to B, and there is only one straight line between them; that is rectitude, and it is perfectly uninteresting. There are fifty million crooked lines that can start from A and end in B, and many of them are loaded down with interesting material. 'Primrose paths of dalliance,' Shakespeare calls them. Many of them fail to connect with B at all. They start from A, and end nowhere, or in profound depths of misery.

"Such crooked lines make up the drama which the public likes, because it appeals to their sensibilities. There isn't much in it to laugh at; we laugh at blunders and predicaments, but not so much at the results of sinful acts. There is no comedy in the prison or the electric chair, nor in the downfalls, the *débâcles*, of men and women, either alone, in couples or in families. Sometimes there are startling and sudden surprises, as in the play by Dumas in which I portrayed the young wife who made up a false story of her own guilt in order to teach her husband a lesson and check his lawless rovings.

"You, my dear Miss Nolan," she continued, turning to the exponent of refined comedy, "are engaged in a most admirable task—that of representing society in an amusing aspect; but for all that, the lurid drama, that portrays human frailties, is the drama of the present, and also of the future. It takes up every day the form and fashion of the time, and puts it in evidence on the stage. And there will never be any lack of material. See how naughty the world is; and how much naughtier it must be as to circumstances which we don't know anything about. If we see so much, how much must there be which we don't see! You think the lurid dramatist invents some things. Not at all. He merely takes such things for granted. Neither Dumas nor Zola nor Balzac ever got half the truth—not the millionth part, even.

"To cut it short, your comedy, which some people call the 'genteel comedy,' is mainly ideal; while our lurid drama, full of sin and wickedness, is the truly real, and the more interesting. Your comedy always ends too happily. Sometimes the heroes and heroines marry and 'live happily forever after.' Who does that in real life? When married people don't throw plates at each other they become eventually a couple of coolly minded friends, living on mutual sufferance in the same house; if wealth has greatly increased, echoing the remark of Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, of New York, who told a friend from the country, when gazing with envy on Mrs. Roberts's retinue of domestic servants, 'My dear, I'm engaged in keeping an Irish boarding house!' If you were to keep tab of the legal separations and divorces that take place in our higher circles you would be fairly paralyzed with astonishment at the end of a year or two. But they slip out of your memory. Now, our dear Mrs. Henriot and her charming husband happen to be an exception—one of these delightful exceptions that prove the rule. Their felicity is a proverb. No French dramatist could construct a scheme of lurid interest out of *their* union."

"After all," said Wrinkle, "don't we come back at last with Shakespeare to this, that the stage has for its object, first, last and all the time, to hold the mirror up to nature? In so doing we reflect all sorts of social landscapes, the displeasing as well as the pleasing; but whether they are one or the other doesn't matter so long as the image on the mirror is true, and free from distortion."

"Let it be the summation of the whole matter," said the banker, as we rose to bid good night to our hostess, "that whatever is is right, and that the actors in the mimic world make no mistake when they copy the actors of the great world, in whatever they see them doing. This is the be-all and the end-all of the drama."

And with this we parted.

A DENUDED MODEL.

By Virginia R. Coxe.

When a woman quarrels with her husband she invariably thinks of the men whom she could have married but did not, and poor John grows insignificant by comparison, while George, Tom and Arthur stand out in her memory surrounded by a halo of all the virtues it is possible for a man to possess. She does not realize that George, Tom and Arthur were seen at their best, in the sunniest of moods, and that they, too, might have grown bearish as the honeymooned atmosphere became rarefied and faded away; she never remembers that Tom drank, that Arthur was forever bankrupt over poker, and that there were some stories about George which the family had to hush up the best they could. She argues that all men have fun when they are young, and the idea that one would develop into a drunkard, another into a spendthrift and a third into an incurable *roué* never enters her mind.

Mrs. Elliott Langdon has had a quarrel with her husband—a marital embroilment which began in a frothy bubble and ended in a belligerent explosion that smacked of future disunion and unending ruptures and feuds. He had said things that made her declare she would get a divorce at once, while her verbal fusillade sent him from the house in a rage that even the slamming of doors, turning over of a valuable *jardinière* and an almost fatal kick to her pet spaniel could not mollify. He grinds his teeth over the end of a cigar, and swears he will not go home that night; she throws herself on a lounge, bursts into tears and feels she is the most injured woman on earth. She has been tyrannized over until she can stand it no longer—Elliott is a brute, and she will sue for a divorce. Then she wonders upon what ground she can seek one. Her knowledge of law is too limited to enlighten her upon matrimonial emancipation; but he has an ungovernable temper, and she has heard some talk about incompatibility of temper freeing poor victims like herself, so she feels more comfortable about the future. If she had only married Richard Orne this never would have happened; their lives would have been unalloyed bliss, and a cross word never would have come between them, because he agreed with her upon every point and was not so prudish about his name. It all happened because Mrs. Langdon was president of a woman's club that was always making itself ridiculously conspicuous by its altercations, skirmishes and hostilities, and each discordant rencounter was minutely reported in the local papers and discussed *ad libitum* by the men in their clubs. Of course, the president's name figured in these military evolutions, and even the reports of her noble endeavors to restore peace and establish a truce did not reconcile Mr. Langdon to seeing his wife's name in the papers day after day; so his repeated requests that she withdraw from the club had this morning become a command. She refused absolutely. Had she not worked hard enough giving teas and luncheons to get elected? Besides, life would be robbed of half its glory were the long-coveted honor taken from her now.

"What the deuce do you do at the club?" inquired Mr. Langdon. "Is it for charity, or do you sew for the church fund?"

"Neither," answered his wife, with a consciousness that if she talked all day she could never make him appreciate the good they did.

"Do you have music, or read good literature?"

"No, not exactly," she goes on, wishing she had some of the dear members there to champion their own cause; "we talk, and pass resolutions, and——"

"Yes, and gossip, and scandalize all the women who do not belong to it, and get each other into scrapes. See here, Constance; I am tired of hearing my name associated with a club that is a target for jests, so you have got to give it up. I disapprove of the women who belong to it, and I am not going to have my wife at the head of such a set."

That was the way it began; and as Mrs. Langdon ascends the stairs to her chamber she ponders on all the heartless, unkind things he has said about her indifference to his requests, and she thinks him the embodiment of selfishness to want her to sever all connection with her dearest friends. He is a perfect brute, and she has quite made up her mind to leave him as soon as she can formulate her plans. Irene Melton will be able to tell her something about divorce laws, so she will wait until she sees Irene again. Mr. Langdon's dressing gown is lying on a chair; she flings it across the room with all the vigor of an enraged woman. His slippers are not in the way, but they are kicked far under the bed, and it consoles her somewhat to know that he will have to crawl under and bump his head several times before he can take his comfort in them again. Then she opens her escritoire, takes from an inner drawer a tiny daguerreotype and a bunch of time-stained, faded letters, throws herself into a chair near the window, and surrenders her turbulent

mind to the dead days of her youth, and memories that are fostered in her heart to be laid bare on occasions like this. "My darling," began the first missive, "it is hard that I cannot see you this eve, for the hours are dead to me that are spent away from your side. I close my eyes and try to feel the pressure of your hand, hear your dear voice and inhale the fragrance of your breath; but the vision only tantalizes and tortures my mind. I hope your father will soon realize that his prejudice against me is unjust. With your life intrusted to my care, I——"

She cannot read farther, for the scalding tears blind her eyes and fall on the faded letters before her. A boyish face is dragged from her heart and caressed, the enshrined words of endearment he used to whisper in her ear are conned over, and every reminiscent event associated with the blue eyes in the picture before her is wooed from a treasured-up memory to be fondled and kindled into a new life.

She feels bitterly toward her father for prohibiting her marriage with this man, and, in spite of her affection for Elliott Langdon when she married him, always felt that an injury had been done her. From a worldly point of view, a union with Orne would not have been an advantageous one, for she spent the time of her brief and *sub rosa* engagement in defending his name when reports of inebriety found their way to her home; and when some man, jealous of his popularity, started a story of a forged check, her father forbade him to call. Since her marriage and departure from her native city, ten years ago, she had heard nothing of him, for he had gone out into the world; but she never doubted for an instant that he was making a great name for himself in some place. In all domestic disagreements Mr. Langdon had been invariably taunted with the name of her first love, while delineations of the ideal husband he would have made and insinuations of regret were now and then put forth. This morning Richard Orne and his memory had been idealized to such an extent, Langdon had lost his temper and said he wished, by Heaven! that she had married Orne before he had made such an infernal ass of himself by giving her his name.

Mrs. Langdon unfetters melancholy and despair, allows the gloom and darkness in her soul to assert itself, and weeps until her head throbs and she is too miserable to go down to lunch; so Annette is told to bring her some tea in an hour, and she lies down, hoping a short doze will restore her spirits, for she remembers that Irene Melton has a box for the opera this evening, and depends upon her to make up the four who will occupy it. Irene is coming to take a cozy dinner with her, and she must be ready at seven.

"He is getting worse and worse each day," confides Mrs. Langdon as, gorgeous in a gold and eglantine creation, she leads the way into the room where she and Mrs. Melton so often dine *tête-à-tête* and exchange confidences. Mrs. Melton being *petite*, blond, and Mrs. Langdon's opposite, their different styles of beauty never clash, therefore their friendship remains firm and secure. The men who rave over Mrs. Langdon's dark eyes and magnificent form dislike blond women, and those who swear by Mrs. Melton's golden curls and dainty figure have a particular aversion to big women or dark women. "I have quite made up my mind to leave him—I can stand it no longer, Irene."

"Heavens! You would not be *imbecile* enough to give up this house! And your diamonds, Constance—think of those!"

Mrs. Melton smooths the lace upon her azure silk and regards Mrs. Langdon's diamonds, thinking the while that a sane woman should stand anything to possess such jewels.

"What are they, compared to happiness! I tell you, Irene, I would rather live in peace and harmony in a cottage, and subsist on brown bread and beans, than exist in the turmoil that I do; and all about the club."

Mrs. Langdon is at present sipping mock-turtle soup and drinking sherry, so it is scarcely to be supposed that she realizes the heroism of this remark.

"And what about the club, dear?"

"Oh, he abuses it, and wants me to resign, and disapproves of some of the people I know; and we had an awful quarrel, and I told him that I wished I had married dear Dick, and he swore and said he wished I had, and—and——"

Mrs. Langdon is about to burst into tears, but remembers the penciling on her lashes and the rouge on her cheeks, and stifles her feelings, while Mrs. Melton consoles her with an account of "Tom," and what a nasty temper he has, and how he goes off for days at the time when he gets angry; and as one person's misery is often another person's joy, they are both elated and in high spirits when the ices are served.

Mrs. Langdon goes to the opera, chats, laughs and flirts behind her fan with Reginald Fair; goes to supper at Mrs. Melton's house, where they eat salad, drink punch and laugh at racy stories until one o'clock; then is driven home and admitted into the house by a sleepy maid who has been waiting for her.

"Mr. Langdon is not home yet," announces the girl.

"He will not come, then," replies his wife. "You may turn out all the lights and go to your room; I will undress myself."

She ascends the staircase to her room, locks the door and feels perfectly secure for the night. There are three servants in the house, and there is an electric bell from her bathroom to the stable, so the coachman can be called any minute should she feel nervous. She takes off her diamonds—stones of purest cast that shine with a blinding brilliancy—and lays them in their cases on the dressing table; then she quickly disrobes and gets into bed.

She is unusually wide awake to-night; the atmosphere is irritating, and she tosses from one side of the bed to the other in her restlessness. There is such a feeling of isolation when one is alone and awake at two in the morning; and, while she is not actually afraid, she puts her hand on the table beside her, to see if the little pistol, placed there when she first entered the room, is safe; then she again tries to woo slumber. After a long time, just as a hazy mist creeps over her senses, she hears a noise—an indistinct, muffled sound—but she opens her eyes and listens. Yes, there is some one in the room; she hears an almost inaudible, creeping presence at the other end of the apartment, but she dares not attempt to reach the electric bell for fear the burglar will throttle her before assistance comes. An incandescent light is at her side, but before she touches the button that will flood the room with light she reaches for the pistol and prepares to fire, for if she does not kill this man he will kill her. The intruder is thoroughly surprised, springs toward her as he sees the pistol, and cries, "Don't

"'DON'T OPEN THE DOOR! IF THEY SEE ME I SHALL BE ARRESTED!'"

fire, for the love of Heaven!" as a report crashes through the air. The next instant she is out of bed, pulling on her dressing gown and rushing across the room to the bell.

The fallen man notes the movement, and gasps:

"Don't ring, Constance! You know me! I am—Richard Orne! Oh, God! I did not know who lived here when I came to-night. Heaven help me, you have killed me! Don't ring—don't —ring—I ——"

He falls over, apparently in a faint, and she, half dazed, bends over the miserable, black-bearded piece of humanity before her. The command she has over herself is wonderful, else she never could stand this. She retains her grasp on the pistol; but it is needless, for the blood is oozing from his breast over the pearl carpet and lying in red pools around him.

The horror that she has killed a man, the indescribable horror that the man is one whose memory she has worshiped for years, dawns with appalling surety upon her dazed mind. Something brings her to her senses—distant footsteps that tell her the servants have heard the crash and are coming to ascertain the cause. *He* hears them too, pulls himself together with a mighty effort and aspirates:

"Don't open the door! If they see me I shall be arrested. You must protect me. The police are hounding me, and I am helpless and friendless. You will not give me up—will you? For the sake of the past—remember——"

She does remember—oh, God, too well! She knows the blue eyes, although they are bloodshot with drink, and she recognizes the voice, though it is quivering with pain and dissipation, and curses have made the old sweet tones harsh and rasping.

"Hush! Don't fear," she reassures, then goes to the door and calls loudly to the servants who have knocked. "I am all right," she says. "It was only a shot in the street, but I see nothing."

When the steps die away she kneels with towels, trying to stanch the blood, and she gives him brandy from a flask in the medicine chest. She weeps bitterly as she does so, for in this night there dies in her heart the lover of her girlhood days, and as she lays him down in the grave this miserable wreck rises to usurp his place. He tells her in broken sentences of his unsuccessful life and the ill luck that followed him everywhere. He had married, but in spite of a wife's heroic assistance they had sunk lower and lower, until he had stooped to theft to get bread for his family. They had recently come from another city because his career had compelled him to leave, and he was desperate to-night, for a mother and three little ones were suffering for food. When he entered the house, early in the evening, he was ignorant as to its occupant until he came across her portrait in the hall. This knowledge did not deter him, as he knew of her husband's wealth, and believed there must be money and jewels in the house.

The clock strikes three, reminding them of the move that must be accomplished before morning.

"Where do you live?" she asks, hurriedly. "I must get you away before day dawns. Do you think you could rise and walk with my assistance?"

He attempts to raise himself, but falls back helplessly with a groan.

"No; I cannot. I must die here! If you call help I will be arrested. You have a noble heart, and I want you to see my family and help them if you can."

"But something must be done!" she cries, in despair. "I *must* get you out of this house! I cannot explain your presence without injury to you. I must drag you to the street, call a carriage and take you home. Here, drink this brandy! Be brave for a few hours, and command all your strength to help me!"

She is agitated and apprehensive, for intuition tells her that an irremediable hopelessness has possession of this man, and if she expects to conceal this night from the world she must work for herself. Her dressing gown is rapidly exchanged for a street dress, while from an inner closet she brings a dark overcoat of her husband's, which she intends to wrap around the man who is moaning with pain and seemingly unconscious of her presence.

"Richard," she begins, fervently, "listen to me! In less than two hours it will be daylight. For my sake, as well as for your own, you must be moved. Do you think my husband would spare you if he found you here? Come, help me, and I will get you home safely—make you comfortable—care for your family. The blood has almost stopped flowing. I have pinned the band as well as I could. You must raise your arms so I can drag you to the street. Hush! don't moan—the servants will hear and come."

She puts her strong white arms under his shoulder, and drags him, inch by inch, to the door; then she stops to rest. He is a heavy man, and it requires an almost superhuman command of muscle and physical force; but a woman is a Hercules in an hour of trial.

"Don't!" he wails. "You are killing me. I can't be moved. Let me die here!"

She trembles with dismay as she recognizes the obduracy she has to combat.

"Dick, dear Dick, be patient! Just a little while, and I will soon have you home. You shall not die—a doctor will dress your wound and make you well. *Don't* give up yet. The staircase has two landings, and we will rest on each."

How she gets him into the hall, down the interminable steps, out into the street, she never knows. The perspiration trickles from every pore; her heart flutters and rises into her throat with a choking sensation; she starts at every echo through the great house, and the faint groans he cannot suppress seem to reverberate until she expects every minute to see the servants appear on the scene. When her strength becomes exhausted she recollects the talk this incident would build around her name, and labors on, on, on, without any aid from him, for he resigns himself with a forlorn hopelessness to his fate. When, at last, she drags his heavy body into the street and closes the front door it is fully fifteen minutes before a carriage appears.

"This man has been hurt and must be taken home at once," she explains to the coachman. "It is all right," she adds, noticing the man's suspicious glance; "he has been in a fight, and had better be taken home to his wife. Come, be quick—lift him in!" she hastily commands as she puts a generous fee into his big horny palm. "Help me to-night and I will pay you well. Stop for some physician as we go by."

The address poor Orne gives is in a low part of the town, and she shudders as she thinks of the poverty and squalor he has lived in. All through her life the memory of this pathetic, tragical night haunts her like a horrible nightmare—the long, lonely drive; the miserable rooms, weeping wife, wretched children; the doctor's grave face as he tells them Orne cannot live; her tearful, solemn promise to the dying man that she will provide for his family; the endless drive home as the first streaks of dawn gild the horizon, and her hasty efforts to obliterate all traces of this night's work. The blood stains cling to the carpet, but an overturned bottle of ink disposes of this matter.

When Mr. Langdon returns at ten o'clock she sees a new cloud on his face—a dark, angry shadow born since she parted with him yesterday. He has no greeting for her, and does not even respond to the "Good morning" she essays to offer cheerfully. Something is wrong—something serious; and as she notes the suppressed wrath and indignation she grows ill with fear, because she knows a storm is about to break over her head.

"I wish to speak with you in your room," he says, coldly; and she follows him up the steps with a fearful, sickening sensation that emanates from a greater terror than she had known the night before. "Constance," he begins, sternly, "during the years we have spent together I have pardoned many things. Your indifference to my requests, your heedless pursuance of pleasure when you knew I needed your society, the regrets you have expressed over your marriage—all this and more I have stood without a murmur; but when you invade my honor I must act. You were seen, before daydawn, leaving this house with a man who was so intoxicated, you had to drag him down the steps into the street. I demand the name of this man, that I may make him answer to me for last night's visit; and then—then I will deal with you."

The blood seems to freeze in her veins; a benumbing, paralytic wave sweeps over her entire form, and her voice fails to respond to her call. She stares at him in consternation; but a renewed command, delivered with all the acerbity of an angry man, rouses her to action.

"Elliott," she beseeches, "come with me and I will show you the man, and tell you the story of last night. My punishment has tarried, but it has come at last."

And over a wretched body that is cold in death she tells the details of the night's adventure, and receives, amid repentant tears, his forgiveness.

LOGGING IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN.

By W. H. Stead.

Circumstances compelled me a few years ago to look around for immediate employment.

Like a vessel stranded by the tide, so was I in the Northern forests, left high and dry by the receding wave of a fickle fortune.

No place offered itself where my education or ability, such as it was, could serve me, and, driven to my last dollar, I sought and obtained employment in one of the small sawmills along the Wisconsin Central Railroad.

I figured simply as a supernumerary, o mill parlance, "roustabout." Indeed, it was no small difficulty that I was enabled to se that humble position; for, being fairly dressed, with hands which at once revealed th selves as strangers to manual labor, I was lo upon with suspicion as too much of a tende for the heavy labor peculiar to a millyard. I ever, the millman—who, by the way, was a g hearted sort of fellow—decided upon at least ing me a trial; fetching my grip f a neighboring hot proceeded to s my first night i lumberman's bo ing house. Tha was unfortunate this my first ex ence the sequel show.

I entered a doorway, on reac the boarding ho and passed into a r some twenty feet fifteen. A huge s —for it was yet spring—formed central object of traction, arou

LOGGING CAMP.

BANKING LOGS AT A "LANDING."

A "SORTING GAP" ON THE CHIPPEWA RIVER, AT EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

which lounged some half-dozen men, regaling themselves with hunting and other experiences, while at a rickety table, the further side of the room, others were deeply interested in the highly intellectual games of "Dom Pedro" and "seven up."

Altogether some twenty pairs of eyes looked up as I entered, and I must admit that to me so novel was the situation, I felt considerable relief when the said twenty pairs of eyes withdrew their gaze, and their respective owners resumed their interrupted occupations.

To forget the memories of that and the succeeding nights is to me simply impossible.

I will not advert now to the broad epithets and too startling similes which fell upon my unaccustomed ears, neither will I but allude to the sea of amber-colored saliva which made the floor glisten in the fitful lamplight, a filthy and burnished fraud, but will simply say I lighted my pipe and awaited developments.

I had not long to wait. Scarcely had I finished my smoke and knocked the ashes out of my pipe when everyone arose and crowded upstairs to the sleeping apartment. My employer's son took up the lamp, and beckoning me to follow, proceeded up the ladder which served as an apology for a staircase, and pointing out to my astonished gaze some dozen bunks of questionable cleanliness, said: "Take some of these blankets, pardner, and choose any bed you've a mind to that ain't took."

Having disposed of me in this rough-and-ready fashion, with "a sudden and awful disappearance" the young man with his lamp vanished mysteriously down the stairway together, leaving us all in an Egyptian darkness. The rest had, with a rapidity to me then quite incomprehensible, partially undressed and jumped into bed.

Unprepared as I was for this sudden turn of affairs, I struck a match, by the spasmodic light of which I selected an empty bunk near the open stairway, for the room was close and smelt horribly.

Taking off my coat and utilizing it as a pillow, with a heart weary and sick I lay down, imprecating the luck which had driven me to my first experiences of roughing it in the Northwest.

Although the holes in the dilapidated roof were large enough to allow ample space for astronomical observations, and set me thinking what I should do in the event of sudden rain, they nevertheless proved wholly inadequate to carry off a tithe of the foul gases generated in this den.

After several ineffectual attempts to woo the drowsy god I at length fell into a deep slumber. How long I lay in that condition I am unable to say, when I was rudely disturbed by a deafening roar, and opened my eyes to discover the whole room in a blaze of light.

"What's that?" I exclaimed, as I sprang from my bed in terror.

"The 'limited,' you durn fool!" came rumbling forth from beneath a distant blanket, and it dawned on me for the first time that we were only some twenty yards from the railroad track.

I will not intrude upon the reader a lengthened account of how the next day I was deputed to pitch slabs for eleven long hours; how the following and succeeding nights I cried aloud from pain each time I moved in bed, so stiff was I with the unwonted exercise; how I rose to the dignity of teamster to the sawdust cart; how I drove attached thereto two ancient specimens of horseflesh—say, rather, horsebone—with about a fifty-nothing gait; how, after having *dumped my dust*, it was with no small exertion and much expense of voice and gesture and free use of whip that I urged back my fit-for-dime-museum-animated-skeleton show in time to save the sawdust box being dumped on the mill floor, involving extra shoveling up; how—— But here I will stop suddenly like my team, which I was told had "played out." Indeed, so antique were the "critters," that it always remained a mystery to me if, within the memory of men then living, they had ever "played in."

Such were the conditions under which I first became acquainted with the lumber trade in the Northwest.

I will lose no time now in giving the reader a few pointers on logging, as the subject fell under my own observation, and will for the time assume him to be as uninformed on the subject as the writer of this article but a few years since. Operations begin in the fall, when the forests blaze with

> "Silver birches golden-hooded,
> Set with maples crimson-blooded."

Into this "sea of glory" plunge the lumbermen and their crews, which consist of foremen, choppers, swampers, sawyers, teamsters, and the like, not omitting the necessary cooks.

Fine fellows are these sons of the forest; and you who delight in beholding the perfection of physical manhood cannot do better than visit one of these Northwestern lumber camps, and see for yourselves the tall, square-shouldered sons of the forest, straight as their native pines. I have in my mind's eye now one young giant, clad in parti-colored mackinaw, with scarlet or blue overalls, his cap set jauntily on one side, the picture of robust health and manly vigor. Watch him how he strides along, each step swung clean from the hip, making a pace which, though natural enough to

him, would keep an ordinary townsman at the trot to keep up with him.

Such were the men whose endurance, quickness of hand and eye, the prerequisites of a soldier, helped win the battles for Grant and Sherman in the early sixties, and who are ever ready to spring to her defense whenever their country needs their service. Horse and ox teams are hired for the season. The former are driven either as four- or pair-horse teams, the latter being designated a span.

A pair-horse team with driver may be hired for from $50 to $75 per month, whilst a four-horse team will readily command from $100 to $120, though, as may be supposed, wages differ slightly in different localities, and have dropped during the present depression (1893) from 15 to 20 per cent. Board of team and men is included in each case. I observed the ox teamster, or so-called bull puncher, spends most of his spare moments filing his goad to a very sharp point, and uses the same in a persuasive, if unmerciful, manner.

The rank and file of this little army receive from $26 to $45 per month; the cook, from $50 to $60; while the foreman obtains often as high as $100, including board; though again here, as said before, wages are somewhat affected by the present bad times. Having hired their full complement of men and teams, the foremen proceed with them to their different points of destination in the woods, where camping grounds are selected, usually near some river or creek, so as to be handy to water for drinking and cooking purposes.

The ground is now cleared for the prospective camp, and to do this the ring of axes and rasp of saws awaken the echo of the primeval forests. Long, straight poles are selected, cut down and notched at either end. These, fitted securely one on the other, form the framework of a building some 60 x 20 feet. Mud is then thickly plastered into the crevices to protect the occupants from the inclemency of the weather, and the extreme cold later on, when the mercury will fall to 30, and not infrequently, though somewhat rarely of late years, to 40 and 50 degrees below zero, Fahr.

Having roofed the building with shingles hewn from one of the fallen trees, fitted rough doors and windows, and a few rough-and-ready benches, the same process is continued till the mess shanty and stables are completed.

Those who visited the World's Fair may have seen the veritable log hut on exhibition there, and have had an opportunity of examining this very primitive style of architecture.

Two or three tiers of bunks are now erected round the walls of the sleeping room, while a stove at either end insures a comfortable warmth. This room also serves as a recreation apartment for the men when the day's work is over; and many yarns are spun around the stove, when outside nothing can be heard save the driving snow, moaning wind, or occasional howl of the prowling timber wolf.

INTERIOR OF COOKING SHANTY.

The inevitable pipe, cards, songs and tales go to make up the usual recreation of the woodsmen. Quaint indeed are some of their stories, made quainter by the dry humor and backwoods slang of the narrators. "A rough lot," you say. Yes, rough, I admit, yet manly withal, and generous to a fault. When under the influence of alcohol, or the villainous compound known among them as "forty-rod" whisky, I grant you their absence is more desirable than their presence, excepting to the crafty "saloon keeper" or "gambling shark,"

LOGGING RAILROAD.

who reap a rich harvest as long as the woodsman's money lasts. As whisky is strictly forbidden in most camps, the men on receiving their pay hasten to the nearest town, and frequently spend or gamble away in a single night the whole of their winter's earnings. I have known men so completely dead broke after one of these sprees as to be compelled to borrow money to leave town with. It is needless to say that to this rule there are many honorable exceptions, many of our lumber kings to-day being living examples.

The generosity of the lumberman in the matter of feeding his men differs considerably, and where some provide only the proverbial "pork and beans," with some very wishy-washy soup, others consider fresh meat, cakes and pastry delicacies none too good for their crews. However, the old saying, "God provides meat and the devil sends cooks," frequently holds true even here. I may mention that the cook is assisted by one or two boys called "cookees," who do the chores and help generally round the mess shanty.

As an example of the long hours some of these men work, the teamsters and loaders get to their work by 3 or 3:30 A.M., the cook having to provide them with breakfast. Sometimes, if they have long hauls, the teams do not get in before nine or ten o'clock at night. This only gives them five or six hours in the twenty-four for rest and recreation, yet somehow the hardy fellows manage to stand it.

And now the woods seem alive with the blows of axes and buzzing of saws. The giants of the forest, the mighty oak and lofty pine, come crashing down. Their surrounding neighbors hold them for awhile in their embrace, as if unwilling to let them go, until their ponderous weight forces them through their arms, and they lie prone on the ground. Two men, and but two, with ax and saw have transformed yonder giant, which took old Nature centuries perhaps to build, into the first stage of a common saw log. Having trimmed off its branches and crosscut the trunk into marketable lengths of 12, 14 and 16 feet, it is drawn by teams and rolled on to the skidway, there to await with its companions till snow flies and sleighing begins, when it is hauled on sleighs to the mill; or else it is rolled into the nearest creek to be frozen in until the spring thaws release it and the drive commences, when it is floated to the mill below, or further yet along the tributaries to the main stream, where it may eventually help form one those colossal rafts which the Mississippi carries on her turbid waters.

The logging sleigh is, as may be supposed, built upon very substantial principles. The runners average from 3½ to 4 and 4½ inches thick, the bunks being from 8 to 12 feet long. These bunks are calculated to hold as many logs as one or two teams can draw. Upon iced roads, that is, roads which have been first sprinkled with water and then left to freeze, an average four-horse team will walk off easily with 20,000 feet. One of the largest loads I have heard of was over 30,000 feet, and was drawn a distance of three miles.

Some of the big lumber firms lay a track of rails to their woods, over which they run their own cars and locomotives, but generally the logs are driven (floated) if practicable, and the expense of laying a track thereby saved.

The spring rains, and consequent break-up of the ice, are eagerly looked forward to, for the boys get good pay while the drive lasts. The work is not hard, but tedious, and at times dangerous.

With peavies and spiked poles, their boots well spiked to prevent slipping, they will spring from log to log with the agility of catamounts, driving the logs before them, and loosening any which may become jammed against rocks, the curves of the banks, or other obstacles. Frequently these jammed logs, if not quickly freed, become crowded by their companions in the rear, and pile up high in the air, extending for several miles. So compact do these jams at times become that the drivers resort to dynamite, or an equally powerful explosive, to loosen them. Imagine a jam, the

rearmost logs extending for ten or twelve miles upstream, and you will be able to form some idea of the immense pressure on the foremost logs by those in the rear, especially if the current be strong.

To become an expert "driver" requires some practice and great nerve. Sometimes you alight on a small, light log, which will revolve in the water with such rapidity as to necessitate the greatest dexterity of feet movement to keep your balance. Now and again one or other will come to grief, and a bath in the cold water is the consequence. Occasionally in shooting dangerous rapids—though, owing to their extreme dexterity, less often than may be supposed—a life is sacrificed either by drowning or by being crushed in the seething mass of logs. Far more, however, to be dreaded are the diseases the seeds of which are too frequently sown on "the drive."

Subject to exposure at a very treacherous time of the year, wading in snow water frequently waist-deep, sleeping on the banks of rivers with little or no covering, the men are liable to a variety of diseases, notably rheumatism, and may be said to earn every cent of their pay, which is frequently as high as $3 per day.

When the logs reach the main stream they are boomed; i.e., a chain of timbers or other impediment is fastened across the river to stop the logs and hold them in check until the process of sorting is over. Some booms hold as much as 200,000,000 feet. Each lumberman who has been driving down the same stream sorts his own logs out of the general mass, identifying them by his brand, much in the same way as a rancher sorts his cattle. They are then run into what are termed "pockets," and those going to points on the Mississippi are rafted at the mouth of the Chippewa River, and thence propelled from the stern, and steered by a steamer chartered for that purpose.

"Summer logging," or the "dry roll," is of such little interest to the general reader that to mention it is sufficient; while to give an account of what becomes of the logs after passing into the sawmill is hardly within the province of the present paper. One word, therefore, and I will conclude. Outsiders can hardly conceive the magnitude of the operations, and the colossal fortunes which have been built up out of these Northern forests by the great lumber kings. The increased demand for lumber has enhanced the price of stumpage, so that what could readily have been bought twenty years ago at seventy-five cents per thousand can hardly be obtained for eight dollars to-day.

It is computed on well-authenticated statistics that within the ten years ending January the 1st, 1890, the lumber cut of the three States of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan exceeded

"THE DELLS" LOG RESERVOIR, AT EAU CLAIRE.

86,000,000,000 feet. Add to this the loss of timber—notably this year—by forest fires, and the result is startling in the extreme.

Whether or not it is for the benefit of this great country that its forests should be depleted at such an appalling rapidity is a question demanding serious attention. Shall we not have to pay dear for this reckless prodigality? When our property is destroyed by the ravages of floods (as is the case in some parts of Europe to-day from denuding the mountain sides of their timber); when we ineffectually seek that oxygen which the woods "courteously return for our carbonic acid"; when we vainly listen for the exquisite music of those feathered vocalists, and as vainly seek those "things of beauty" which claim the grand old forests as their natural home, it is then, perhaps, we shall awaken to the fact that, like Esau of old, we have bartered our heritage for little more than a mess of pottage.

THE BALANCE OF MILITARY POWER IN EUROPE.

In a carefully prepared statistical article on "Armed Europe," published in *Blackwood's*, Mr. A. Alison gives the following tabulated statement of the total military force of the Triple Alliance (Germany, Austria and Italy), both in peace and war, as compared with that of the Dual Alliance (France and Russia):

PEACE.

Triple Alliance.

	Officers and Men.	Field Guns.	Horses.
Germany	592,869	2,622	119,944
Austria	299,146	996	53,356
Italy	247,228	858	51,894
Total	1,139,243	4,476	225,194

Dual Alliance.

Russia	977,500	2,174	148,261
France	523,755	2,808	121,924
Total	1,501,255	4,982	270,185

WAR.

Triple Alliance.

	Officers and Men.	Field Guns.	Horses.
Germany	2,441,436	4,428	522,126
Austria	1,590,819	2,136	291,870
Italy	1,909,021	1,620	...
Total	5,941,276	8,184	813,996

Dual Alliance.

Russia	2,722,395	5,420	680,000
France	2,715,576	4,500	800,000
Total	5,437,971	9,920	1,480,000

Thus the Dual Alliance has in peace 362,000 men under arms more than the Triple Alliance, but the Triple Alliance has in war the superiority by 503,000. On the whole, however, they are very evenly matched, though the central position of the Triple Alliance, the members of which are all in touch with one another, ought to give it a certain advantage over the Dual Alliance, whose members are separated from each other by the whole breadth of Germany, and are nowhere in touch.

No allusion is here made to the naval results which this great contest will involve, but we may conclude with a word on the subject.

It may be assumed that England will remain neutral so long as her interests are not directly threatened. The presence of a Russian squadron in the Mediterranean, and the placing of the French naval ports at its disposition, as stations and for repairs, clearly point to this as being not merely a new, but a permanent, arrangement. Now—England remaining neutral—the Franco-Russian squadron in that sea could be opposed only by the combined fleets of Italy and Austria; and there can be little doubt that, in this event, the powerful Mediterranean fleet of France, re-enforced by the Russian squadron, would have a decided preponderance over those of Italy and Austria; while in the North Sea and the Baltic the naval power of France and Russia combined would dominate that of Germany. But we have neither space nor detailed information sufficient to enter fully on this very interesting subject, and merely indicate what we think would be the general result.

Such would seem to be a fair estimate of the relative forces and probable mode of action of the great powers forming the two alliances, who, in all human probability, must eventually be matched against one another in the greatest strife the world has ever seen.

It is interesting to turn for a moment from the great warlike powers of Europe—racing with each other in their preparations for the fight to come—to the small, neutral, well-to-do and happy powers of Switzerland, Belgium and Holland, perilously near their warlike neighbors, and above all things anxious to live in peace and quiet.

These small neutral states are very pleasant to look upon. They are all eminently prosperous,

well governed and enjoying perfect freedom under free and stable institutions. Probably nowhere, out of our own country, is there so much political freedom and individual happiness as there is in them; and every well wisher of the human race must hope that they may long continne in undisturbed possession of the blessings which they enjoy.

But can we venture to anticipate this with any certainty?

Will it not prove an almost irresistible temptation to France some day to console herself for losses on her eastern frontier by annexing the French-speaking, rich and industrious Belgians, and securing the great fortresses of Antwerp, Maestrich and Liege?

Will Germany not feel that her possession of the Valley of the Rhine can never be complete, and her hopes of one day becoming a great naval power realized, until she has put her iron hand on the wealthy, commercial and naval state of Holland, which will bring her "ships, colonies and commerce"?

Of the three there remains only Switzerland to consider, and she of the whole has the best chance of maintaining her independence. Her neutrality is, in one way or another, an advantage to all her neighbors. To Italy she is the bulwark which shields her from the great military powers of the north. To Germany and to France—in the case of a war between themselves—it is a great advantage to be able mutually to invade each other along their southern frontiers, with one flank always resting on a neutral and friendly state. It has been remarked by a historian of Europe that during the early wars flowing from the French Revolution both parties in turn sighed over the violated neutrality of Switzerland.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

By Charles Lowater.

Blown back by God's unchanging wrath,
She battles hard the Cape to gain,
Doomed to forever seek a path
That leads into the homeward main;
Though cursed with immortality,
Her hull is rotting on the sea,
But the dull spark of life she hath
The years shall beat against in vain.

The mariners who spy her form
Loom dimly through the misty haze,
Or see the witch lights in the storm
Upon her rotten spar tips blaze,
They know the ocean's Wandering Jew,
And fly as if she would pursue,
For on her still the Curse is warm,
And fierce gales blow across her ways.

Will ever God His vengeance cease,
And death upon her softly steal?
Will yet the breakers sink to peace
Off Agulhas her weary keel?
Will He repent the word He said,
And grant her on the South Sea's bed
From stormy life a sweet release?
The thickening mists her fate conceal.

CHINESE SNUFF BOTTLES.

By Wilf. P. Pond.

It is more than curious to note that, artistic as the Chinese snuff bottle undoubtedly is, universal as was its use among the highest classes of that mighty nation in past days, esteemed as it is by collectors and antiquaries in all countries and climes in the present, valuable as it is not only as a link to the ceramic art of the past, but also in the baser monetary value of to-day—it is more than curious that its history, both early and modern, should be almost lost; that books in English, French, German and Italian barely touch upon the subject; that the collectors themselves own their ignorance on this matter, and that one has to go to the literature of the Chinese, and to the Chinese antiquary and collector, to gather even the few notes which are here crudely thrown together.

The first statement to make on this interesting subject is that these tiny bottles are regarded by collectors and experts of all nations as the most dainty, delicate and artistic of the whole porcelain family, and also of the glass, jade and other substances used in all branches of the curio world. Rich in detail and superb in finish as are vases, boxes, statuettes and general ornaments, the snuff bottle betokens a loving care, an affection of touch, a lingering, dreamy fancy in design and treatment which are lacking in other specimens, and are the inevitable result of one thing only—an artist in love with his work, and lost in the contemplation of it to all outside things.

LANDSCAPE DECORATION, IN BLUE AND WHITE GLAZE.

This being understood, to begin at the beginning, it may be authoritatively stated that to the Chinese discovery of the art of making porcelain all European and Eastern ceramic art is due, not only of the modern type, but also that of the early Middle Ages. The discovery found its way to Japan on one hand, and through Persia to Europe generally on the other, appearing in Europe as far back as the thirteenth century, when Marco Polo (the first European who visited China) brought back the story of its beauty, with many specimens, setting the civilized (?) part of the world crazy to duplicate it, giving rise to innumerable false recipes for manipulation and details of finish which induced numberless experiments, destined long years after to evolve the translucent porcelain, and later still the fine hard Limoges or Sèvres.

And in all these the snuff bottle weaves its magic thread of influence in point of design and finish, for what was possible in the dainty bottle was in a minor way distinctly traceable in the other varieties.

It is a wonderful hobby, this history of porcelain and this-collecting of snuff bottles, and even the layman ceases to wonder that its most ardent devotees are so wrapped up in it, to the exclusion of other things. It dates back even to the prehistoric, traditionary record of Chinese chronology! One can almost say that before time was, was the first crude porcelain! In 2697 B. C. it was known, and Yu-ti-shun, Emperor of the Chinese, in 2255 B. C., is said to have himself worked in ceramics before ascending the throne, being content, like Peter the Great in his shipyard, and Maximilian the Good, who carved in ivory, to descend from the first position in his mighty nation to the bench of the common workman, and standing on one level plane in the equality of art, learn from the workman and artist the details of his art.

How this record dwarfs even the snuff bottle dating back to 825 A. D., left by the Chinese millionaire How-qua, and also the bottle dating back to 1400 A. D., which Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, a well-known collector of New York city, regards as the very apple of his fine private collection. Both of these bottles, in shape, general detail and finish, are fully equal to those produced several hundred years later, the only distinctive difference being that they are without ornamentation,

CRACKLE-WARE BOTTLE, ON TEAK-WOOD STAND.

and have not the lavish detail found upon those of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The question naturally arises to the student and thinker, If this excellence of form and finish dates back so far from our present day, what was the era of the crude rough product? what has become of the specimens? did they ever exist? or was the introduction of the snuff bottle coeval with the date of the introduction of the finished glazed porcelain?

It must be acknowledged that if extremely early specimens existed they must have been of rough earthenware, possibly covered by an imperfect glaze, for no greater antiquity can be claimed for real porcelain, as the term is now understood, than the Han dynasty, which held the throne of China from B. C. 202 to A. D. 220, and for many years the progress in the art of porcelain was slow. It is more than possible that in those days of imperfect porcelain the snuff bottles were composed of the ancient jade used in that period for offensive weapons, and that the snuff bottle graded eventually from the jade to the porcelain. It is curious to note that even as far away as the beginning of the present century the manufacturer of antiques flourished, and turned his attention to the snuff bottle as a lucrative field, for in the collection brought to England by M. Rosellini were some claimed to have been taken from Egyptian details dating back at least 1800 B. C. Expert examinations showed, however, that the inscriptions on these bottles were in the grass or cursive character, a style of writing not introduced until B. C. 48, and also that the quotations were from poems not written until the seventeenth century of the Christian era. They were simply fraudulent Arabian pottery, and the only lesson they taught was that in antiques a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

From A. D. 266 to A. D. 581 constant progress was reported in the number of factories, and the introduction of a blue, or Celadon, not heretofore achieved. Then followed the Sui dynasty, when great progress was made, and the green porcelain, to replace glass (forgotten since its introduction by Indian or Syrian artists in A. D. 424), was rediscovered and revived. A workman, T'ao Yu, also produced porcelain that was so like jade, semi-transparent and vitreous, that it was called "artificial jade," and proved the pioneer of the Ho-yas porcelain of the following dynasty, white and bright as jade itself. In A. D. 585 a decree was passed to enforce the stamping of all porcelain products, and those on the snuff bottle may be taken as circumstantial evidence, identifying

GLAZED PORCELAIN, WITH BIRD AND FLOWER DECORATION.

him famous, has been the one potent factor in producing what are acknowledged to be the most handsome specimens of porcelain, and various carvings in precious substances, in the world today. To bestow the same amount of work and care on a larger specimen would have occupied a lifetime, and this is the reason that on no large specimen has the same wealth of detail been lavished.

The most beautiful and valuable snuff bottles in this country are specimens of blue and white, and single-color glazes, principally of the Yung-cheng and Kienlung dynasty. In porcelain, Messrs. Graves, Ellsworth, Simpson and Warren have the greatest variety, and the famous cabinets of Messrs. Charles A. Dana, Walters, Garland, Palmer, Norcross and Appleton are rich in these treasures. Mr. Altman has many noble specimens in hard stone, and Mr. Nickerson, of Chicago, has a superb variety in agate, rock crystal, porcelain, jadiete and jade—that clear green shining stone with its cool gray-white depths which no words can fitly describe, and which throughout the East is held to bring good luck to its possessor.

In a private Chinese collection are a fine jade bottle on which is carved the figure of Jizo, the God of Children; the work, although exquisite, is comparatively modern, and it is of Japanese origin. Another bottle is of milk-white Pekin glass, with carved ornamentation of fish and flowers in various colors, the detail being perfect. Date, 1736. A fine pair of bottles of imperial jadeite, or Fei-tsui, of emerald green with white streaks, having a branch of plum blossoms, and a bird and bamboo branch cut in low relief, with a fine coral stopper. A gray jade stone with white facings is carved in high relief with two mandarins beneath a pine tree; the drapery stands out with marvelous strength, and the cutting is clear and sharp. A bottle of brown mottled agate has the God of the Wind carved in relief—a pedestrian figure with bags of air over his shoulder. An eccentric bottle is in porcelain, having for a subject two wrestlers in action; the muscles stand out like cords, and the flesh tints are good; the foot of the evident victor forms the stopper. Another has a design of a priest who has captured a devil and sawn off his horns. A curious specimen has a cherry tree in bloom, children playing, a house in the background, three monkeys playing with two crabs on a lotus leaf, the border or outline decoration being composed of minute monkeys chasing each other. The most generously decorated specimen is a bottle four inches high, covered with blossoms blown from a tree by the wind; they are falling in countless myriads, and each leaf is perfect.

Here is a detailed description of the most famous ones which may be seen in this country in various collections: One, of pure white Yung-cheng porcelain, of a flat circular shape, is decorated with cream-yellow chrysanthemums and vermilion coleus, very delicate; another, of pure white Kienlung porcelain, is small, circular, slightly flat, molded in relief in the convexity of the sides, having decorations of pink and white peony, rose, magnolia, plum blossom, all springing from a rockery, and a handle of a lion's head with a ring in its mouth.

Another of the same dynasty has trailing gourds, bearing five-petaled flowers of white, pink and green, with a butterfly hovering above, all on a pale-yellow ground. The finest specimen of this era is a flat oval bottle terminating in a tapering neck, decorated with Hsi Shih, richly clad, playing the guitar, and on the reverse Yang Kuei-fei. A very valuable specimen is in dull, opaque vitreous ware, flat, elongated, decorated with red lotus flowers and green leaves. This is about two inches in height, and more valuable than jade. A very curious one is of enamel on copper, the body being entirely covered by a reproduction of the famous picture, "The Hundred Children," in the tiniest of miniatures. The work on this is simply marvelous, the height being barely two inches.

One of the most intricate designs is on white Taokuang porcelain, showing Han Hsiang-tz'u, one of the eight Immortals, sailing on the sea seated on a tree trunk, a pavilion in the distance. The trunk illustrates the peach tree of the fable where the genii left him, and from whose branches he slipped with weariness and fell into immortality. Another of the same ware has a yellow ground with a pink lotus flower, bearing a Buddhist ornament in gold; round the neck are the eight Buddhistic emblems, a bell, a shell and a state umbrella, a canopy, a lotus flower, a vase with cover, two fishes and a knot of intestines, the latter just below the neck.

In examples of eccentric snuff bottles is one of white porcelain designed after a young girl having a jacket of blue damask and red trousers brocaded with gold. She has contracted feet. The body is hollow for the reception of snuff, and the stopper is formed of one foot. Period unknown. Another represents T'ung Fang-so, who stole the three peaches from the garden of the fairy Wang-mu, where they ripened but once in a thousand years, and conferred that lease of life on the eater; he is dressed in a red robe, open to skin from neck to waist, brocaded with gold. The work is exquisite. A small *potiche* shape, of Kienlung porcelain, has plum trees with blue

and white blossoms, perched on which and the ground are one hundred magpies. This bird is very dear to the present dynasty from the part it played in the divine origin of their first ancestor. It is termed "the bird of happiness." One in white porcelain has the five-clawed imperial dragon, in royal blue, twisting round the bulging, somewhat cylindrical bottle.

One, said to be of the Sung dynasty, 960 to 1278 A. D., is of globular shape and everted brim, covered with thick white glaze, coarsely crackled. Very rare. Another, of rock crystal, flat and circular, has the two faces of a Carolus dollar (1623) carved on the sides. One of brown agate shows yellowish-white monkeys gamboling on trees and on the ground. A specimen of Ming porcelain has portraits, under glaze, of the Three Heroes, i. e., Chang Liang, Ch'en P'ing and Han Hsin, who were born respectively in the years 208, 205 and 196 B. C.

A curious agate bottle is in a lifelike representation of a toad, with wartlike excrescences all over the back. A very fine specimen is in white porcelain, covered with thick black glaze except where the decoration appears, this being in blue under a white glaze. The subject is a father's return; the son runs to meet him, while the wife, seated on a stool, awaits his coming. A loom forms the background to her figure. The cover is broad and flat, of jade, ornamented with the figure of Yin-Yang, the Two Primordial Essences, Yin, the darker, belonging to darkness, earth and femininity; and Yang, the lighter, to heaven, light and masculinity. To the introduction of these two essences is believed to be due all the phenomena of nature.

DRAGON AND PEPPER FORMS.

Specimens of the lacquer ware produced at Sucho in the reign of Yung-cheng are few and far between in snuff bottles; the finest specimen is a heart-shaped piece, having, on a ground of dark green, sprays of plum blossoms and the longevity fungus, in high relief, in vivid red. Height, four inches and a half.

As a suitable finish to the beautiful bottle are two things—the dipper, or spoon, and the stand for the bottle when not being carried in the mystery of mysteries, a Chinaman's pocket. The spoons are very finely carved, and cleanly cut. The spoon proper is made of ivory, ebony, bone, etc., and is inserted into a stopper, which fits very closely the neck of the bottle. These stoppers are also works of art worthy of their use, and an appropriate finish to the bottle, being made of gold, silver, glass, malachite, agate, amethyst, jade, etc., in every form and color of bird, eggs, fruit, flowers, etc.; while others are of coral, amber and pearl, quaintly and delicately inlaid, and filigreed with precious metals. As an instance of how liable a valuable but uncommon piece of art work is to be cast aside, or sold for a nominal price, far below its actual intrinsic value, some time ago in this city a stopper with spoon for one of these bottles was sold for $12, and, apart from the value accruing by reason of the beauty of the work and the great age, it was afterward found that there proved to be over $15 worth of pure gold on the stopper. One of the finest small pieces of carving I remember to have seen was a stopper in the form of a spray of a peony and leaves; while another one was a piece of natural coral, only tampered with by hollowing one end to form the spoon, and grinding another section down to fit the neck of the bottle, to change it from the natural branch to the snuff-bottle stopper-spoon. The upper end of the stopper was fully an inch and a half long, and projected at right angles to the bottle. The stands are generally made of teak wood (and sometimes of ivory). The teak wood is chosen because of its close grain and great hardness, which enable the most beautiful filigree and lacework patterns to be produced, thus forming a stand worthy of the beautiful bottle. It will thus be seen that no detail is neglected in these little masterpieces, the work of the bottle, the stopper, and even the stand, being alike complete, and faithful to the smallest detail.

To-day the snuff bottle that is purchasable (i. e., not in the hands of wealthy people, who will not part with it) is almost obsolete; the natives will not part with them except under ridiculous in-

ducements, and a large percentage of those offered to tourists, if not all, are spurious modern copies of fine antiques, made in the Brummagem of the East, Japan. Snuff taking, as a national habit among the Chinese, is fast dying out, and is only retained among the highest and wealthiest classes, where it flourishes principally as a practice of old-time etiquette, and with its decadence as a general habit the snuff bottle becomes more and more of an heirloom and a curio than an article of utility. The expressed opinion of a wealthy Chinese nobleman is that not ten per cent. of the highest classes are addicted to the use of snuff, and that this ten per cent. is exclusively amongst the oldest families; while that of the cooly class, which comprises 420,000,000 of the 450,000,000 of population, not one in three use it in any form. The children of Confucius appear to have known tobacco as an herb and used it as a medicine for an unlimited time, and strange to say, their name for it as early as 1400 was Ta-bah-ka, and the first written mention of snuff taking in China is toward the middle of the fifteenth century, although it is referred to in numberless earlier oral traditions as "the neutralizer of foul air" and "the remedy for head diseases." The College of Physicians of those days were powerful supporters of snuff, both by recommendation and by personal use, prescribing it to the sick and healthy, and in consequence of this the demand exceeded the supply, and it is recorded that the price rose to the fabulous figure of $300 per ounce!

SOME RARE SNUFF BOTTLES FROM THE DEAKIN COLLECTION.

Those enterprising and astute old traders the Dutch, and especially the Portuguese, soon realized the fortune awaiting enterprise in this matter, and obtained concessions from the Chinese, and also monopolies from their own governments, whereby they alone were permitted to import and sell snuff in that country. Not only did these clever merchants of the old days take these precautions to insure the protection of their trade, but they were smart enough cleverly to foster, by means of what we to-day would call "cappers" (or people who went about pricing a certain product), a taste for peculiarly scented snuffs; and having obtained the demand, kept the formulæ of the products a profound secret; and even to-day there are costly and popular snuffs on the Chinese market, whose composition is a trade secret of nearly four hundred years old, and whose good will (or established trade connection) is still worth a fortune.

To-day the snuff market is one of the curiosities of China. Portugal, Spain, Cuba and the Philippine Islands supply the demand, and the great bulk of it is expensive, only very few varieties being cheap; the average quality, *when fresh*, sells for $5 per pound of our currency, and the words "when fresh" are full of significance. For this reason, in this strange land the value of snuff rapidly increases with age, as do brandy, Madeira or fine old port wine in England and other countries, and in a land where the legal interest is 36 per cent. per annum, it is easy to see, without calculation, the enormous values to which old snuff will attain. For instance, a pound of snuff in 1850 cost $5; in 1855 it is worth $23.26; in 1860, $108.10; in 1865, $502.90; in 1870, $2,349.95; in 1875, $10,872.23; in 1880, $50,576.54; in 1885, $235,279.55; and in 1890 the pound of $5 snuff becomes, at compound legal interest, worth $1,094,620.47. A fine investment if the stock could be realized at par! There are to-day numbers of wealthy families who have snuff which has been in their personal keeping for eighty years past, and which, reckoned at the legal rate of interest, is worth a billion dollars a pound. It is esteemed accordingly, and when the bottle is presented to a friend, or to guests at dinner, the few grains offered are of this priceless heirloom.

After the Portuguese came the "Parsees," who

brought strange Persian, Arabian and Hindustani products, principally made from the tan-colored Tambeki, and other Oriental tobacco; but though they prospered, and even still sell some snuff in this market, their popularity never approached, or was capable of injuring in any way, that of the Lusitanian merchants, whose trade was established on a firm footing in a country where precedent and general usage or habit stand firm as a rock. The past influences the present. In the markets of Canton, Nankin and Pekin there are to-day brands of snuff worth $50 to $100 per pound, and the old Mongolian millionaire Howqua prided himself on a snuff costing $500 per pound, the secret of whose composition is the property of one ancient family in Lisbon, Portugal, and which from father to son, for more than three hundred years, has manufactured this particular quality exclusively for export to China.

At the present time the cheaper snuffs are supplied by France, Germany, Austria and Italy in small quantities, and by Great Britain to a considerable amount. American snuff is practically out of the market; the Anti-Chinese policy in some States has killed this trade, and is doing damage in others. One of the most curious samples or specimens of the cheap grade of snuffs is made into a hard ball, which is to be repulverized as desired for use. This is especially intended for the use of travelers, and for the farmers in remote districts in Manchooria.

For over three hundred years no domestic native snuff was to be procured; the industry had died out, crushed by the superiority of the foreign product, and the illegal business methods by which the demand was sustained and increased. In 1870, however, the manufacture of the domestic product was again started, and being much improved from previous products, was found fairly acceptable, and now totals about 200,000 pounds per year, catering to the tastes of the very poorest classes, and selling as low as ten cents per pound. This is unbolted and unscented. There is a better grade which realizes $2.50 per pound, and it is made in the following novel way: The tobacco leaves, still somewhat elastic and undried, are packed in jars and stored in cellars or damp "godowns"—the covers are not tightly closed—and here it remains until fermentation sets in, which is allowed to continue almost to the point of absolute putrefaction. The jars are then opened, the mass tightly pressed down, and fresh leaves added until the jar is completely full. They are then sealed down, and remain undisturbed for four years. When it is opened the most charitable, and at the same the most truthful, verdict upon it is that it "stinks"; no other phrase or term can possibly express its condition. It is then dried, powdered, perfumed, and becomes a heavy, dark product, not unlike the Portuguese snuff in appearance. The Chinaman has but little patriotism in this connection, and if he uses native snuff he will carefully hide the fact from anyone whom he thinks will not detect it, or whom he can bluff, and will unblushingly offer it as an heirloom brand.

The etiquette of snuff taking is quite elaborate in Chinese high society. The solitary user simply holds the bottle between the fourth and fifth fingers of the left hand, clinching the upper part with the first finger and thumb; with the spoon he ladles out a pinch, and places it on the depression formed at the base of the thumb and first finger; he then replaces the stopper carefully and inhales the snuff, taking especial care that not a grain be lost. When a number of guests are present snuff is served around to introduce people, and make them feel congenial before the feast commences. The host ladles out what he considers sufficient snuff to serve everyone, in reason, on the side of the bottle, tightly stops the bottle, helps himself, and sends the tiny flask around the circle, the last user being expected to consume every grain left over, as it is too priceless to be wasted, and none must be returned to the bottle. The highest in social rank is the first man to take snuff after the host, and from him it goes down to the last man, who is held responsible for the bottle and its return to his entertainer. If a pinch of snuff is offered to any single individual where others are present, it must also be offered to everyone else, so as not to give offense; but a man who does not take snuff, or has any objection to the particular brand offered, may refuse it without giving offense by his declination.

Snuff is seldom provided at social gatherings to-day, it being no longer considered fashionable; but at the private dinners, stag parties and legation ceremonials its use is still observed, although every snuffer carries his own private supply these days; and a sure indication of the influence of European custom is found in the number of gold and silver snuffboxes which are now carried in place of the old snuff bottle.

Probably the most original snuff bottle to be found in the East is the property of a Hong Kong junkmaster, or captain of a native vessel. It is a French cut-glass bottle, with a round glass stopper, in which is fastened a long slender silver spoon. On the side of the bottle are the familiar letters "M. M.," from which it may be inferred that it was once a cayenne-pepper caster on the luxurious table of one of the steamships of the Compagnie Messageries Maritimes.

The agents of the collectors, and the large firms who make a business of catering to private collectors, have scurried the Flowery Kingdom from end to end and side to side in search of snuff bottles, and with the exception of heirlooms and native collections the bulk of the surviving specimens of this beautiful and artistic historic relic, so interwoven with tradition and legend, are now to be found in the United States and England. One collector alone, in New York city, has over three hundred specimens.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE STORY OF A LIFE. By James B. Goode. 158 pp. Paper, 25c. The Kansas City Novel Publishing Company, Kansas City, Mo.

THE TUXEDO RECITER. Compiled and Arranged by Frank McHale. 316 pp. Cloth, 75c. Excelsior Publishing House, New York.

BOOKKEEPING AT A GLANCE. By John T. Brierley, A. C. A. 141 pp. Morocco. Excelsior Publishing House, New York.

LAW AT A GLANCE. By F. M. Payne. 318 pp. Cloth, $1. Excelsior Publishing House, New York.

BROWN'S BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE AND MANUAL OF DICTATION. By William H. Brown. 350 pp. Cloth, $1. Excelsior Publishing House, New York.

THE BUILDING OF THE CITY BEAUTIFUL: A POETIC ROMANCE. By Joaquin Miller. 196 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Stone & Kimball, Cambridge, Mass.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF NATURAL LAW. By Henry Wood. 305 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

LITERARY MEMORANDA.

A BOOK that will command the attention of all lovers of animals, particularly the dog, is "Beautiful Joe," by Marshall Saunders (Charles H. Banes, Philadelphia). It is a charming, entertaining story, written especially for young people, and no kind-hearted boy or girl should fail to read it. The tale was awarded the three-hundred-dollar prize offered by the American Humane Education Society for the best story for children bearing on the laws of kindness to dumb animals, the jury which passed upon it consisting of Hezekiah Butterworth, E. E. Hale and Dr. P. S. Moxom. Mr. Butterworth says of the story: "Such books as this is one of the needs of our progressive system of education. The day school, the Sunday school and all libraries for the young demand the influence that shall teach the reader how to live in sympathy with the animal world; how to understand the language of the creatures that we have long been accustomed to call 'dumb,' and the sign language of the lower orders of these dependent beings." "Beautiful Joe" is published in attractive form, well printed and handsomely illustrated.

AS ANDREW LANG has ventured to do before, Mr. Augustine Birrell, in his new volume of essays, girds at Brander Matthews for rebuking his and our countrywoman, Miss Agnes Repplier. Not having the Flag before her eyes, this young lady quoted fifteen British authors, and did *not* quote Professor Boyesen or Colonel Higginson, or even Hawthorne and Lowell. "Why, in the name of common sense, should she not quote 'British authors' if they serve her turn?" "As if it mattered an atom whether an author whom, while you are discussing literature, you find it convenient to quote was born in Boston, Lincolnshire, or Boston, Massachusetts. One wearies of it indescribably. It is always Professor This or Colonel That." Thus some American writers put a kind of bounty on their home literature, as if it were sugar. "What reader cares a snap of his fingers where the man was cradled who makes him for awhile forget himself?" "Whether at Khorsabad or Babylon," it is all the same. "Who cares about spelling? Milton spelt 'dog' with two g's. The American Milton, when he comes, may spell it with three, while all the world wonders, if he is so minded."

GEOGRAPHICAL NEWS.

BY GEORGE C. HURLBUT, SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE systematic exploration of the Arctic regions, proposed by Mr. Stein, of the United States Geological Survey, seems to be favored by all those who are well acquainted with the Arctic problem. Sir George Nares, who is one of the highest authorities on the subject, says in a recent letter: "I think Stein is on the right track." The plan is to establish a station, always accessible by sea, and to work forward from that station to substations, fixed at a moderate distance from the base and gradually supplemented by other posts as explorations are extended. In this way the party in the field would always be within reach of supplies, and in communication with the civilized world. There is every probability that Mr. Stein will receive the support necessary to enable him to make the start in the early summer of this year.

REPORTS concerning disaster to Nansen in the Kara Sea were without foundation. Mr. E. C. James, who was with the fleet that sailed for the Yenisei River last summer, carrying steel rails for the Transsiberian Road, wrote to the Royal Geographical Society in December that the Kara Sea was open and calm through the summer and up to the end of September, when Mr. James passed on the return voyage to Dundee.

M. DUTREUIL DE RHINS writes to the Paris *Société* on the 30th of June, from Turkestan, that he hoped to enter Thibet across the Kuen-lun Mountains. A Swedish traveler, Mr. Sven Hedin, proposes in his turn to find a way into Lhasa, disguised as a Persian merchant. He may not succeed, but his failure will not deter others from the attempt.

THE mountain climbers have begun to try the Japanese peaks and ranges, or Alps, as they prefer to say. The Rev. Walter Weston, of Kobe, Japan, in a letter to Mr. Douglas Freshfield, describes two ascents made in the summer of 1893, one across the Harinoki Pass, 8,000 feet high, and the other up the Myojin Peak, a mountain 10,000 feet high and like an *aiguille* at Chamouni. Both places are in Central Japan, and, like every other traveler in that country, Mr. Weston is charmed with its beauty. Those who seek for scenery will do well to try Japan.

LORD DUNMORE has just published in book form the account of a journey across the Pamir in the spring of 1893. He left Leh, in Cashmere, passed through the Nubra Valley and emerged on the Dapsang Plateau by a pass 18,330 feet high, to which he gave the name Peyma-laptse (butterfly) because he there saw a very beautiful butterfly. It might have been better to learn the native name of the pass; but Lord Dunmore is known to be something of an Oriental scholar. The Dapsang Plateau, notwithstanding its great

elevation, was a hot desert of sand, without a trace of snow. Crossing the Karakorum Pass, 19,000 feet high, and the Sujet Pass, 18,680 feet, they turned toward Yarkand by way of the Grim Pass, 17,330 feet. Yarkand consists of two towns, the old, which is a large fort, with a population of 2,000, and the new city, which contains 60,000 people. Leaving Yarkand behind them, the party crossed the plateau on which the Yambulâk River flows out of a lake surrounded by cliffs, 2,000 feet above the water. The pass leading from this lake was deep in snow, and there was a difference of 91° between the temperature at this point and that of the plain below. At Tashkurgan was a Chinese fort; but farther on, at Aktash, Lord Dunmore found that the Chinese had been turned out by the Russians. Not far beyond this point is the Chakmaktyn-kul, the lake out of which flows the Ak-su River. This river Lord Dunmore believes to be the source of the Oxus; but others, and among them Major Raverty, hold him to be in error. From the Ak-su River to the termination of his journey at Osh, in Ferghana, Lord Dunmore was in territory under Russian control. The elevation was always great, and the cold was often intense. At Rang-kal the thermometer marked 25° below zero. This expedition, like others in the same regions, goes to establish the fact that the Chinese authority is retreating before the Russian advance.

VIEWING A REMBRANDT.

THE Siberian Railway has reached Lake Baikal, around which it must be turned at a great cost, the high mountains rising from the edge of the lake. It has been decided to build at once the section of the line from Irkutsk to Listvenichnaya, on the lake, and to connect this point with the opposite shore by steamers, which can run during eight months of the year. In the winter a temporary railway will be laid on the thick ice. A trunk line will be built at once to connect the Obi and the Yenisei Rivers, with a terminus on the latter at Krasnoyarsk, whence the line will be pushed to Irkutsk. On the West Siberian portion of the line the work is in full activity, and in the first section eight-tenths of the earthwork is finished, and the rails are laid for 160 miles out of 495, from Chelyabinsk to Omsk.

A GREAT discovery is announced from the Tyrol. Dr. Fr. von Wieser, Professor of Geography in the University of Innsbruck, has discovered, in a volume of miscellaneous papers belonging to the Strozzi Collection in the National Library of Florence, three sketch maps, which he believes to be the work of Columbus. The volume contains a letter of Columbus of July 7th, 1503, from Jamaica, and the sketch maps are drawn with a pen on the margin of the letter. Taken together, the maps represent the equatorial zone. The continent is marked, according to the ideas of Columbus, "Asia, Sinarum situs" (regions of the Chinese), and is connected with India extra Gangem (Farther India). Directly in front of the continent are the islands discovered by Columbus; and the map gives many more details concerning the fourth voyage than any other known chart of the time. Dr. Wieser does not seem to err in ascribing this precious document to the admiral.

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Trajano. Aquidaban. Republica.

BOMBARDMENT OF RIO JANEIRO BY THE REBEL FORCES UNDER ADMIRAL MELLO.

THE REVOLT OF THE FLEET.

A BRAZILIAN RETROSPECT.

BY CECIL CHARLES.

IT was in the harbor of Rio Janeiro. We were leaning against the rail of the steamer, and the warm breeze that stirs at the Tropic of Capricorn was touching our faces. My companion was a thoughtful South American, a journalist and economist of the Argentine Republic, thoroughly republican—in the broad sense of the word, as opposed to monarchy—in his views, and not given to violence of expression. This is what he said: "And I believe I but voice the sentiment of a vast number of Latin-Americans when I say that, while the Monroe Doctrine may be regarded as a grand conception, nevertheless the Republic of the United States will never command from the Latin-American republics the thorough respect and sincere affection that she should until the Republic of the United States shall cease to display toward those weaker republics the domineering selfishness and brutality of attitude that she to-day maintains." He spoke seriously, and I

was not prepared to dispute his assertion. Too vivid in my mind were incidents that witnessed its truth. Against the rare service of a "friendly arbitration" by the President of the United States to end some lingering boundary dispute between adjoining countries there stood out in unholy, unadmirable contrast the too frequent dispatching of men-of-war "to protect American interests," the overbearing demands for reparation, the uncalled-for interference, the inexcusable lack of interest in or knowledge concerning the peoples inhabiting the rest of the same hemisphere, the bullying policy in general which gives rise to and tacit approval of the contemptuous articles printed in magazine and newspaper. My native land loomed up before me a huge figure of cosmopolitan substance, with a preponderance of the Saxon element, rendering it fit subject for arraignment as "domineering, selfish and brutal." In shamed silence I could but gaze at the lovely Brazilian shore, the picturesque houses back on the heights, the charming homes of Nictheroy. There are people who speak of Rio Janeiro as a horrible place; but these are usually foreigners who do not know the soft, sibilant Portuguese language, or possess the friendship of the natives, or have any way of contemplating Brazilian life save as untranslatable pantomime seen from the deck of a steamer in the harbor. To them there is, of course, no poetry in the town, or in the mysterious hills and vales behind it, where sierras stretch off toward the Bolivian frontier, or northward past the San Francisco toward the entrancing region of the giant river of all rivers. A cowardly terror of the "fever" absorbs these people; they are only anxious to get away.

"Moreover," resumed my companion, "it would seem as if the Republic of the United States, in contemplating the struggles and rebellions of these countries, should hardly have forgotten her own rebellion of thirty years ago; a war that lasted, I believe, some four or five years, comprised over four hundred battles, and sacrificed—am I wrong in the number?—some five hundred thousand lives. A war that came at the emancipation of slaves; a war of great generals and admirals—of land and of water as well."

Still silent, I could but bow assent. The average South American, I am constrained to confess, is usually much better informed on the history of North America than is the average North American.

The revolt of the fleet was at hand. It had not yet begun, but the Argentine gentleman saw forty-eight hours ahead. He seemed already to hear the roar of the guns and smell the powder. Perhaps even the death-bearing shells curved their way landward through his fancy and the clear, beautiful atmosphere. My own prescient power was fainter; I had but vague feelings of apprehension. Fortunately I had with me, for his and my own distraction, an article cut from the *Jornal do Commercio*, one of the great blanket sheets of the country—an article possibly written by some foreigner, bitter with complaint.

"For three long years," it ran, translated, "the theme of conversation, and even of the optimist papers, declares us to be mad, and to have lost all notion of duty; and that discipline in all ranks and conditions of men has disappeared. Things continue from bad to worse, and nothing can surprise us now, so accustomed are we to accept the unforeseen and absurd as natural and reasonable, the exotic for the customary and normal. . . . . We are worse than the camels, beasts of burden like ourselves, only they seem to know when they have had enough load and get up. Not so with us. We more or less cheerfully carry all the burdens that they place on our shoulders, and when we can go no further fall down, crushed but voluble still, like the frog under the ox's foot, that gayly declared he went there to take the measure for the ox's shoes!"

The article then went on to specify grievances of the inhabitants of Brazil. Every man, from the President down to the beggar in the gutter, did as he pleased, made and unmade his own code to suit himself. No fixed prices or tariffs, or habits or customs. Postal abuses. Necessity for registering every letter. (This, by the way, is merely one of the Brazilian's luxurious habits, like the North American's paying extra to ride in a parlor car.) Exceeding risk in sending freight or express by rail. Peculiarities of private bonded storehouse owners. Abuses in concession mongering. Robberies in bank management. Dishonesty of private companies, instancing the Leopoldina Railway Company, which for a brief time was under the Company Geral management, the floors of whose stations were built with such wide crevices as to admit of serious leakage, not only of coffee, but of hens, chickens and other desirable commodities as well. Also the Central Railway Company, the most important, perhaps, of all South America, whose robberies were so numerous as to become notable. As, for example, when the brand-new overcoat of the Senhor Coronel Albuquerque, *en route* from Sao Paulo to another station, mysteriously resolved itself, inside its careful wrappings, into a couple of old coffee sacks! And the management of the railway was utterly unable to take any steps in the matter, owing to the package showing no sign of being tampered with.

MAP OF THE BAY OF RIO JANEIRO.

The *Jornal do Commercio* has not the same policy as *O Pais*, that organ of the great republican leader, Quintino Bocayuva; but the *Jornal do Commercio*'s article is full of bitter truth as well as bitter complaint.

Dispassionate minds find the Brazilian story an interesting one. Who that may have witnessed the great naval land parade of last year in New York will ever forget the amusing display of the black men-of-war's men from the Brazilian fleet, and the funny performance of their band, before the City Hall? Poor fellows! the tremendous march on the Fifth Avenue pavement had nearly done for them; their breath and their legs had given out at the same time. A good many of the spectators laughed at them; some were even indignant and cried: "Well, they're a queer set, those Brazilians! The idea of parading a lot of niggers! It's an insult." Had these people stopped to think they might perhaps have remembered that Brazil, unlike Venezuela, Bolivia, Chili, the Argentine and other South American countries, is a republic of whites and blacks, not of whites alone; and that naturally her army and navy are both largely made up of negroes, the officers being white men, or mixed white and Indian. How, indeed, could it be otherwise, slavery not being abolished until five years ago?

But the story only becomes simple when one has traversed the vast region and studied its people. Poor Brazil! Shaken to the nethermost roots by that tremendous change of the year 1888—the change of absolute emancipation. Shaken again eighteen months later with the deposition of the Emperor. And for four years more kept in a state of tremulous apprehension by the dissensions and jealousy between army and navy, and harrowed by the talons of unscrupulous adventurers. From that fateful emancipation year one can trace with rapid finger the joys and sorrows, hopes and defeats of those in authority.

For over half a century the good Emperor Pedro II., son of Pedro I. and grandson of Joao, had reigned with kindly, Christian sway marked by many liberal measures. His father had begun by abolishing hereditary aristocracy; Pedro II. began by granting all the provinces their own legislatures, so that they might run things for the most part to suit themselves. Thirty-seven years later came the proclamation that henceforth all children born of slave mothers would be free. Seventeen years more were required to reach the great decision of the 13th of May, 1888, when the bill that swept slavery from the empire was signed by a woman's hand—the hand of Isabel, Pedro's daughter, and regent in his absence. For a parallel to the state of popular feeling—suppressed though it were—in Brazil at the signing of this

ADMIRAL MELLO.

FLORIANO PEIXOTO, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF BRAZIL.

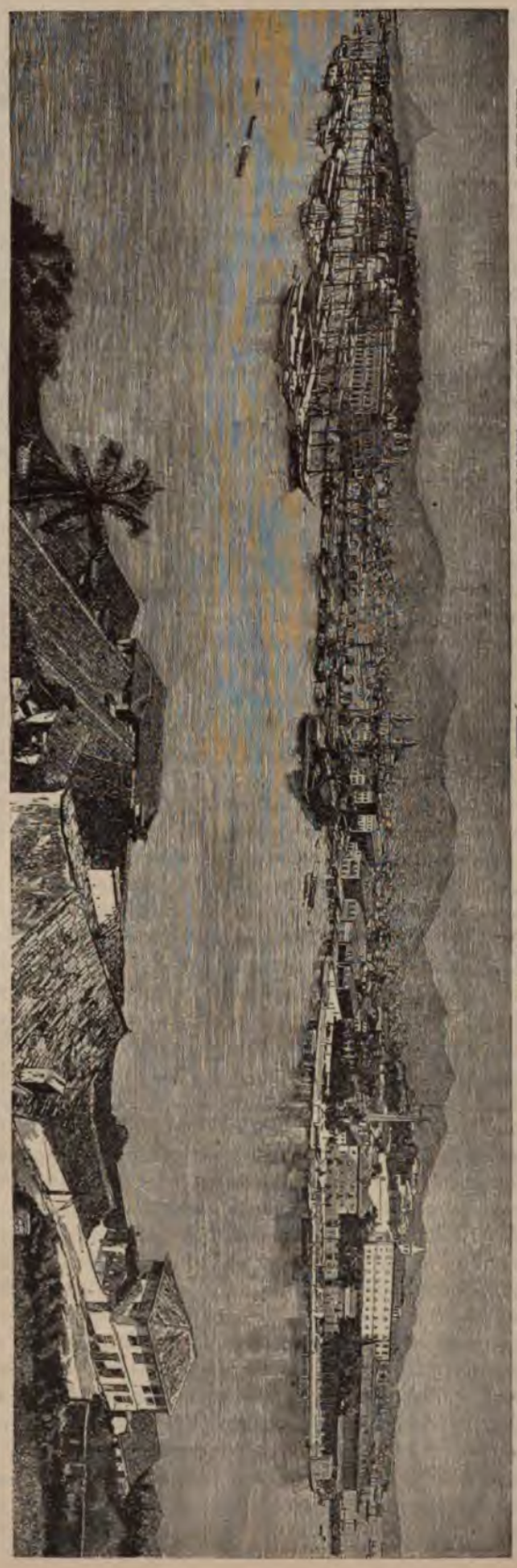
bill we have but to glance back thirty years in our own history. The empire was tottering at that moment. The people—ah, yes, the people—were glad to do away with slavery. They said so emphatically. A Portuguese characteristic is to say the thing required by expediency. Viva liberty! There were those who had already given their slaves their freedom. But it is safe to say that no human being submits with unruffled inner feelings to being deprived by some one else of something that belongs to him. Isabel was not popular. Poor, good princess! She was married to D'Eu, whom they hated—that was one good excuse. She was too religious, too quick to obey her father confessor, too friendly to the Jesuits—that served as another reason. The Jesuits' most glorious use for years has been to serve as pretext for pen war, tongue war, sword war in these countries. Those who talked "Jesuit" oppression, be sure, were thinking rather of the loss of their negroes. Jeers and contempt there were for the meek lady kneeling to perform humble penance for something that weighed on her conscience. She swept the floor of a certain part of the Companha Church, they said. Some said she scrubbed it; but scrubbing is not so common in South as in North American countries, nor indeed so necessary, for several reasons. But empire, church, Jesuits, meddlesome princess—all seemed to go together. It mattered not that had Dom Pedro been at home he would have been the signer of the bill. To some minds it is always a comfort to have a woman to blame, and Isabel was the woman in this case.

ADMIRAL DA GAMA.

Of course no intelligent person but foresaw the consequences of freeing the slaves—the inevitable depression. But hope was placed in the new immigration that was to be fostered in many notable ways. Alas for this immigration! The newcomers were frightened out by the fever, that stupendous bugbear of the foreigner. There was a

change of hands all around on the plantations; and there was a scarcity of labor—for the newly freed negro did not care to work—and the coffee and the sugar were in great danger. Dom Pedro came home; there was a crash of the Ministry. The head of the new Ministry was the proud and ambitious Affonso Celso, the elegant Viscount Ouro Preto. The proud and ambitious Celso was a man who dearly loved to speculate. He thought the country required one giant bank, instead of various smaller ones, and so he took hold of the International and turned it into the National Bank, and set it going with a fifty-million capital. Next came his manipulations of the soldiery, which he attempted to spread out over remote territory along the vast Bolivian frontier and down toward Paraguay and the Parana River. He wanted to get them away from Rio before the gathering clouds of disaffection should burst. But his precaution was too late. It was the month of November. A Chilian cruiser was in the harbor, and there had been festivities, winding up with a magnificent ball given by the Prime Minister, the expenses of the whole mounting up, it is said, to a hundred thousand dollars. While these festivities were going on, however, the republicans, led by the illustrious Bocayuva, editor of *O Pais*, were making their preparations in secret meetings and getting quite ready for the final act. Bocayuva was personally very popular. He had distinguished himself in connection with Admiral Mello some time previous. Mello, who is a lordly, dignified commander in times of peace, had had the grandson of the Emperor, Dom Agostino, on his ship down at Valparaiso, and the Chilians, who are delightful entertainers, had fêted them right well. Then Mello had had to reciprocate at heavy expense. And when he returned to Rio Janeiro the grouty Minister of Marine, Baron Ladario, had refused to approve his expenditure, leaving Mello himself to make it good. Bocayuva came gallantly to his aid, denounced it as a shame, and started a popular subscription to reimburse Mello.

Now, this same Bocayuva was waiting and ready, those delightful early November days. The festivities wound up with the ball. Then ensued a strange quiet—an ominous quiet that can only be imagined by those who have at some time experienced



PANORAMIC VIEW OF RIO JANEIRO AND ENVIRONS.

it. Days passed slowly—four, five, six. Then came the peremptory order: "The Ninth Battalion to Matto Grosso!"

And the Ninth Battalion refused!

The swift alarm, the dazed faces of civilians, the landing of the naval forces, the desperate summoning of police and fire brigade, the sound of horses' hoofs, the arrival of the great field marshal, Deodoro Fonseca, heading his officers; the burst of wild cheers from the troops; the arrest of the Ministry, the refusal of the Baron Ladario, Secretary of the Navy, to surrender; the firing in which he was wounded and carried away for dead—the picture passes as in a flash. The Emperor's hasty return from Petropolis—his piteous last endeavor to call a new Cabinet!

On the 17th the flag of the empire had fallen—the Emperor had gone away forever into exile!

They had had to send him away at three o'clock in the morning; instead of waiting until afternoon; those who were putting him out of the land he had passed all his life in—the land he had so loved and the land whose history had been sullied by no evil act, but rather illumined by good deeds of his—feared a demonstration. He had been as a father to the people; at the last moment their hearts must have failed them—they must have wept.

Peace to thee, Dom Pedro, pathetic figure! Peace and recompense for that great sorrow of thy declining years!

But, to continue, perhaps even a more pathetic figure than Pedro's is that of his immediate successor, Deodoro da Fonseca, the field marshal of gallant bearing, of stern glance, of brilliant martial fame. No wonder he called it the saddest day of his life when he was compelled to choose between his Emperor and his soldiers. Better, perhaps, had his life gone out in one of those terrible battles down on the Paraguayan border where he had fought so bravely those bitterest foes of his country and achieved the reputation for which Dom Pedro made him general. Perhaps some such thought was in his mind three years later, when, sick at heart, and worn out in soul and body with the ungrateful cares that had been his, he sat looking out from Tijuca with wistful eyes at the mountains, and remembering the past.

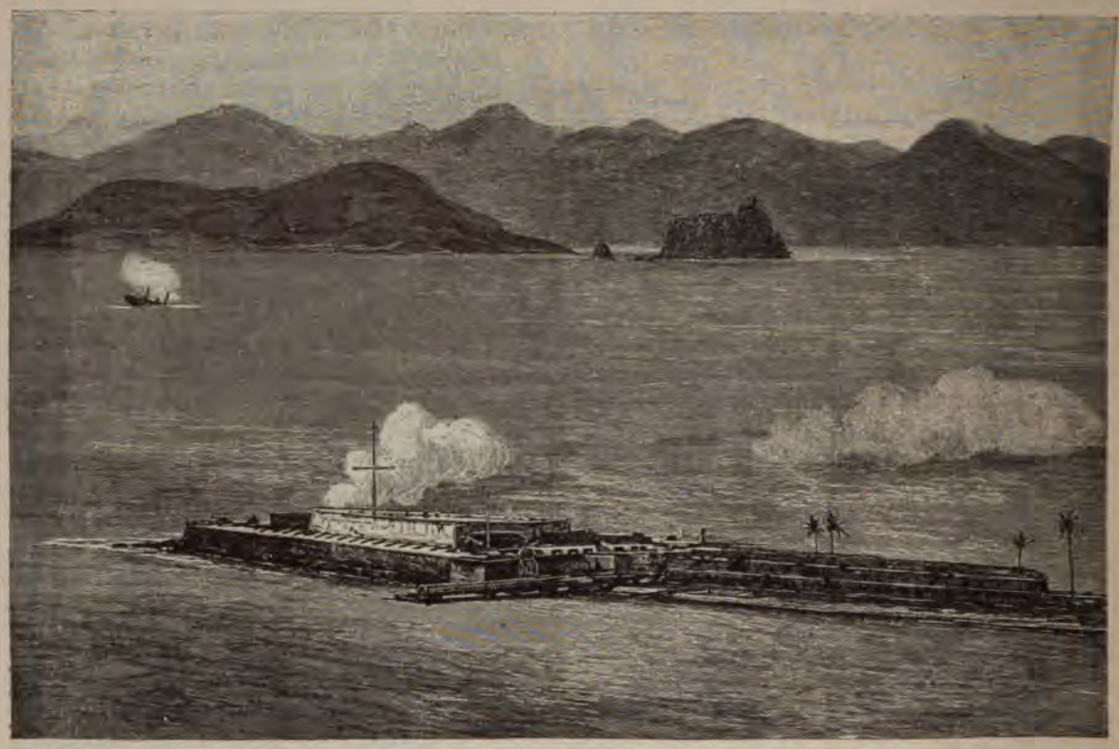
General da Fonseca began his Provisional Presidency confronted by quite enough to try his metal. With the scent of the new republic in their nostrils, human vultures, the adventurers that hover over all South American countries, came settling upon Rio Janeiro. Lottery men, speculators, gamblers, promoters, rascals of every kind. Speculation was epidemic and deadly. The great Company Geral was formed by Meyrink, the lottery man, and others. It bought up half a dozen or more railroads with a great flourish. Everybody was crazy to have some Geral stock. Pinnger Lowndes, afterward the Count Leopoldina, with a railway named after him, came along and joined the Geral people. Lowndes came from Para, and was of fairly good antecedents; his grandfather, a very decent old Englishman, having lived in Rio for some years. But Lowndes went in for luxury—a villa, Boa Vista, near Tijuca, in the mountains back from the city. He drove tandems and four-in-hand teams, and was a jolly good fellow, and played philanthropist when advisable. The people promised him a monument. That is the favorite reward in Latin-American countries.

Was Fonseca blind to what must surely come? Was he deceived? The Geral people knew what they were about. The magnificent syndicate kept on in all its glory. But Fonseca had other things to worry him. There was from the start the jealousy between army and navy—especially the dissatisfaction among naval people when, on assuming the reins of the government, he promptly proceeded to double the number of soldiers and increase the officers' pay. Himself a soldier, he knew too well the weakness or strength of the military. On the other hand, he sought to conciliate the navy by having their beloved Bocayuva in his Cabinet.

But the time came when Fonseca must yield his post to another, and that other his Vice President, Floriano Peixoto. Now, Peixoto knew just what it meant to be President of the new Republic of Brazil. He knew the friction between military and marine. He also knew the Geral people—better, perhaps, than Fonseca had known them. He was not surprised when they announced that "public credit being shaken by the change of administration," they were going to send Mr. Lowndes to England for a loan of two million sterling. Mr. Lowndes departed without any objection from the President, and in due time a cable message reported the success of his trip. A cable message to a South American republic is sometimes responsible for a great deal. The Geral issued no end of £5 certificates, and everybody bought them in a crazy way until—the crash came. The books were missing, and Mr. Lowndes was the Geral's creditor for eight millions. Then Peixoto did what he could—which was not much. He ordered a judicial investigation, and put the members of the syndicate under surveillance. Mr. Lowndes appeared dauntless at this investigation, but a few weeks later he went away mysteriously from the country, while the other chief schemer, Mey-

rinck, went—insane. There are people that insist that all South American officials are corrupt; it is hard to imagine any profit accruing to Peixoto, at least from the Geral wickedness. My own idea is that no South or Central American should be elected President of his country unless he knows the English language very thoroughly. The reason is obvious. Almost every enterprise of importance started in these countries by foreigners, whether honest or fraudulent in design, is conceived and conducted by Englishmen or Americans. For the proper protection of the people whose land, laws and dollars are to shelter and sustain the enterprise, the Executive should be able to cope with its originators in their own tongue, to inspect their books and papers, to read what is said of them in the public press of foreign countries—in short, to look into their movements unaided at any moment, if reason for so doing arise. The presidents of these countries are not stupid boors, but polished gentlemen usually, conversant with French and other Continental languages. They ought to know English. Fifty revolutions would be less terrible than one Geral robbery. In the fierce hours of the panic and the succeeding gloom Peixoto did not lose courage. He is not a man to lose courage—that much can be read in the strong, thin face and the satirical smile. His policy has never been one of conciliation. There is good reason for believing that he knowingly antagonized the navy beyond undoing from the first by letting Bocayuva go out of the Cabinet. But much that is harsh and even wantonly cruel has been laid unjustly at his door. Can anyone believe that he would forbid unconditionally the sending to Rio Grande of the ambulances and Red Cross appliances for the assistance of the wounded? The Rio Grande matter was a long-drawn-out, senseless exasperation. The province as a part of Brazil is a mistake. It might far better be part of Uruguay—far better for all concerned. But it is not—yet. This Rio Grande business served, we remember, as a good reason for the *Aquidaban* to hoist up her anchor at dawn one day last summer and disappear from the North River. "Ordered home to quell the Rio Grande troubles." Nothing of the kind. When Admiral Julio Cæsar de Noronha (we do not hear of him now—is he dead, that agreeable gentleman?)—when Admiral de Noronha and his splendid ship arrived in Hampton Roads one April dusk last year there was that in the commander's dreamy gaze that foretold mischief anticipated. At shore receptions the gallant Julio Cæsar shone as only a Latin-blooded monarch of the sea can shine, but always with that *distrait* expression. He lived ashore, but kept his eye on the *Aquidaban* and her companion ships just the same; he knew every occurrence aboard or alongside—from the curious women visitors to the ship-chandler men who fought for the chance to provision the fleet and had delicious promises made to them.

When Brazil's exhibit was opened at the World's Fair those who marveled at the splendor of the building had little idea of the war storm brewing down in that country. The president of the commission fell ill and died; that delayed the opening, but the magnificence was none the less. The velvet-carpeted floors, the costly draperies, the paintings, the pianos, the sculpture—who can forget them? The courteous attentions of those in charge, the grace and elegance of manner of the distinguished Barao de Marajao—who, however, spent much of his time in the Anthropological Building, where his own especial exhibit was placed; the suave, delightful impression in general made by the Brazilian aristocracy as contrasted with the blunter yet always pleasant ways of the ordinary middle class; the hospitable serving of coffee, free of charge, unspoiled with milk, to all who came. Thrifty little Central American countries, more inclined to United States ways, sold their coffee and provided cream, saying that experience had taught them that people of the North appreciated far more anything that had to be paid for. But Brazil was too great and proud for that kind of thing. To replace the lamented president of the commission President Peixoto selected a prominent naval officer, Cordovil Maurity, which seemed a little odd to people who did not understand Brazilian ways. In due time this gentleman came to Chicago, and of his residence there various hints are given. His nominal home was a fashionable South Side hotel, but the hotel saw little of him. His whereabouts part of the time was a great mystery. He evinced no taste for society. Some said it was a picturesque love affair. Others ridiculed the notion, and spoke of the typical sailor and his wife in every port. The wise ones whispered: "Peixoto has sent him here to get him out of the way. He's a rebel of the first water, and he may be up to mischief—by cable. That's easy." But Maurity was discreet. He had not had an eye put out for nothing. Besides, his knowledge was not limited to naval matters. He comes from the mountains. Among the mountain types are found some curious ones. There is, at this moment, I believe, living in New York a man from Matto Grosso, the country along the Bolivian frontier and one of the provinces that have been rebellious. This man is not pure Indian; there is a little Portuguese in him and a faint suspicion of African blood. His



FORT VILLEGAIGNON, IN POSSESSION OF THE REBEL FORCES—SINKING OF THE MONITOR "JAVARY."

A REVIEW, FORT VILLEGAIGNON.

physique is vast, his talents unlimited. He has marvelous imaginative and narrative powers. In truth he is the most stupendous, vivid, magnificent liar I have ever encountered. He has become civilized in some respects, but few. The Salvation Army people got hold of him, and for a time he was one of their imposing figures. Six feet and a half of portly build and with the muscles of an ox, but always armed with knife and pistol—concealed weapons, of course, if the authorities but knew it. With just sufficient knowledge to be able to read newspaper English and acquire the trade of gambler, sufficient courage to style himself an exile for republican principles, and sufficient cowardice to restrain him from serious misdeeds, he exists in some precarious way, and is said to have numerous *affaires de cœur* with impressionable American schoolgirls.

The Matto Grosso Indians dwell, like those of the Amazon Valley and those of Bolivia, mostly in primitive thatched huts. In Bolivia the tribes have been badly treated quite recently, until the government, finding it out, ordered speedy investigation and severe punishment for the offenders. It seems that the Indians were being captured and made slaves of in the most abominable way. But, not to wander across the frontier, the tribes inhabiting the Matto Grosso region, like the Botocudos, have their own peculiar superstitions. One of these is about resuscitating persons supposed to be drowned, even when the body has remained in the water for some time. The process begins with a preparation of the corpse, which is laid carefully face upward on a bed of leaves of a certain tree, the albahaquilla, I think, or in English sweet basil. The wood of another tree, the bitter cedar, is then burned, and the ashes taken and spread over the face, on the lips, in the nostrils, in the ears. From yet another tree the gum is taken and thinned with oil; with this the eyes are anointed. The entire body is then completely covered with leaves and ashes and left so. The resuscitating party retire for a certain distance and form a ring, chanting a minor-keyed melody and circling as they chant. The musical part of the ceremony, which lasts at least an hour, being over, they seat themselves and partake of a drink somewhat resembling the Mexican pulque. This done, they rise and proceed in solemn expectancy to the corpse. There they remove the ashes and call upon the soul again to assume command of the body. The adjuration thrice repeated, the dead comes slowly to life and rises to his feet. I have never but once witnessed this ceremony, and I am sorry to say it was not in that instance a success. The Indians laid their failure rather ungraciously at the door of myself and companions; we had traveled far to see the miraculous ability they were said to possess, and we were disappointed. They charged us with exerting an evil, adverse influence. The body had been three days in the water.

The Matto Grossans are also great people for feuds and feudal revenges. Family quarrels are not uncommon, where father and son wage deadly war against each other, and end by causing each other to be killed. Father will not murder son, or son father, with his own hands, but either may hire another to be the assassin. Sometimes, though not always, the assassin collects pay in advance from both sides, and then concludes to kill neither. These are some of the people that are said to object to President Peixoto because he attempts to control them too much in their choice of governors. What would an American President do, what policy would he pursue, with such delightful human material?

Peixoto's retirement will alter the situation very little. His successor will find the way thorny for some time to come. It must be so; superhuman power would be required to lift Brazil at once from the troubles that surround and threaten to submerge her. To cavil at the restrictions imposed on all residents, native or foreign, of a country in a state of siege is foolish. Legations that attend strictly to their own business and forbear to aid insurgents have little to fear in any South American republic. The United States, above all, should preserve the calm dignity that forbids the taunting of less fortunate nations in their hour of trouble by shaking "Old Glory" in their faces with a "Come on and hit me, accidentally or purposely, if you dare! Won't you? Oh, please do! I'm dying to thrash you!"

A CONVERSATION WITH CHARCOT.

By A. L. Rawson.

I had known Professor Charcot many years, and consulted with him upon certain psychical problems, orally and by letter; so that when, in 1880, we met in Paris, it was to rehearse old and discuss new problems. Magnan, Krafft-Ebing and Westphal were interested in the same studies, and sometimes compared cases and at others tried similar experiments. The one object of all these, as it is of a host of other observers, was to determine whether there is an ego within the unconscious part of man, and if that ego is in any sense independent of its physical envelope.

I went to him fresh from several interviews with Professor Tyndall, and perhaps influenced more or less by that master of experiment, and was received with a warm welcome. My position had been that of the materialist from habit and inheritance, and a psychologist from education and experiment, but open to new light from any source. One of his strong convictions was that in which he agreed with Professor Tyndall: that our ego is a result of the constitution of the body, with the sentiments and tendencies that flow from it, and memory. I held that the indications are that behind the personality of the waking life and the processes carried on during sleep there must be a conscious ego which cannot be accounted for as merely dual consciousness, nor is it clear that it is a result of organism, and Dr. Charcot said, perhaps not willingly: "The body—the physical personality—is a vast network, a bundle of many kinds of network, intermingled for physiological and psychological purposes and services; but I am not sure that we know the real origin of the motor. Even when the gray substance in reduced to a mere point, and the spinal cord to the size of a goose quill, as it was in one of my cases, there was feeling and motion left."

I urged that the solution of the puzzle offered by psychology, or rather metaphysics, seemed to promise to clear it up, if it did not actually do so as far as it is possible in the nature of things.

"We cannot rest satisfied with a mere promise. It is the nature of things that we strive to know, and when histology, anatomy and physiology are puzzled beyond our powers of following them to any rational source or solution, then a resort to metaphysics seems without foundation."

"Perhaps the case would be clearer if you did not insist on a physical basis for metaphysics."

"I am not a dreamer, nor do I knowingly indulge in illusions."

"Therefore you are the better prepared to admit that metaphysics have a legitimate place in nature. In a wheel the spokes under the hub bear the weight of the load—those above are not useless, for in half a revolution of the wheel they play their part in the organization. In your system metaphysics is the upper half of the spokes in the wheel; and when the lower spokes of physics fail to support your hypothesis, why not turn the wheel?"

"The suggestion seems reasonable. But how are we to shift the weight of our inquiries?"

"Suppose you should vary your line of thought, and instead of saying that consciousness is not an entity, but a sum of states of which each is a phenomenon of a particular kind, bound up with certain activities of the brain, which exists when they exist, is lacking when they are absent, and disappears when they cease——"

"You state the case as I see it."

"I say, suppose, instead of that hypothesis—or theory of the cause of action—you should say there is an ego—or a psyche—behind all this action, which uses sensations, feelings, images, ideas, as its tools. That the psyche manifests itself through them—by means of the body—and is not in any sense a result, but is rather the prime cause of bodily life and action."

"I should go wild—and soon bring up as an inmate here, instead of a physician. The healer would need to be restored."

"Because he could not rebuild the cosmos from one side only."

"I have never respected the occult sciences, because they have not seemed to me to deserve it. I know the claims of Mesmer and his successors. But they could not discover the origin of consciousness by a study of its condition, for nothing can be both cause and effect at the same time."

"Except it may be the One central original, which includes all, and is both cause and effect in a certain sense."

"Then it would be claimed that the psyche is a spark from the great central fire, a drop from the ocean of life, immortal as its source! This is only a revival of the theory of the ancient Greeks."

"And those Greeks left us nothing else!"

"They left us the seeds of all possible knowledge. We have rediscovered a part of their wealth in science——"

"How?"

"By observation and experiment.

"So said Professor Tyndall once, but even he modifies his position now, and admits a third factor——"

"Which is?"

"Reason. By reasoning on the motions of the planets, Copernicus determined that they revolve around the sun, instead of the sun and stars circling daily about the earth, as observation had taught. By reasoning on the aberrations of the planet Uranus, Le Verrier said they must be caused by another planet; and when a telescope was pointed by Galle to the place indicated it was found, and named Neptune."

"Do you then assume that reason would open the way for us to know the real office and function of the psyche?"

"Observation during some thousands of years has failed."

"And must forever be unable to reach the finality."

"Yes—the planets are too far away for our crucibles."

"I see! I see! The spectroscope has brought them to us. We know their constituent elements as similar to those of our earth."

"No such things as microbes exist. How can one see an object of one-millionth of a centimeter in length?"

"The microscope opens a new world. Stop! You are building a fence around me which will leave me no escape, but into the vague and illusory region of psychic dreams and hallucinations."

"Which are products of nature as much or as truly as are the planets, or clouds, or sounds, or light."

"But the psyche is supposed to exist independent of all the senses, which is a physical impossibility. That is, it is so to me. I must know a physical basis for every mental phenomenon. I agree with Stuart Mill that an organic bond exists by definition in the organism. The brain is the highest or most complete organism, and bears in its structure the personality which has resulted from the past generations in our ancestral line——"

"And will be broken up and distributed into our progeny, as the rocks are being reduced to dust and carried into the ocean depths where countless millions of tons of water press it into new forms or varieties of rocks—as rocks have been formed and ground down and re-formed an infinite number of times, and will be forever, without beginning and without end."

"In your scheme evolution has little if anything to do."

"In one sense evolution does all the work on the material side; that is, the work is all done under the law of evolution by the psychic forces. The rocks, when solidified and chemically refined into their various conditions, have in the past been lifted up into continents, and ranges of mountains now cleave the skies where oceans formerly rolled; and that will be repeated. The dreams of a lost Atlantis have a basis in historical fact. Human bodies are built of innumerable fragments of material organisms, and the souls that inhabit them have to contend with the good, bad, or indifferent, or totally unfit structures, machines, or tools, and produce results accordingly. Materialists tell us that the mud now in the beds of the oceans will eventually blossom, through evolution, into future races of man. Psychology says that the future races of man may, by a more complete knowledge of nature and the soul, evolve a superior kind of man—as much above us as we are above the Bushman or Hottentot."

"Then I must believe that the body of man is built up from all the various forms of matter, from protoplasm to nerve and gray matter——"

"The microcosm is, on its limited scale, a copy in small of the macrocosm, in its physical and in its psychical constituents. Where is there any reason to doubt that?"

"Professor Tyndall sent me an abstract of your views on the sources of heat, as presented by you a few days since. I cannot give up the old hypothesis that derives heat from the sun."

"It cost dearly to all who accepted the new theories of Copernicus, Galileo, Bruno and Kepler, but their discoveries are now orthodox, in spite of the Pope and his fire."

"I am not afraid to stand by my convictions—but I do not make haste to form a conviction, or even an opinion, and in this matter of psychology—or metaphysics applied to the unconscious side of our nature—it is well to make haste slowly. I have observed much on the inmates in the Salpétrière, but experimented little. The experiments of others have interested but not convinced me of the value of such studies. There is too much uncertainty and cloudiness in hypnotism for one accustomed to accurate observation and exact experiment. It is next to impossible to verify an observation; all the experiments are mere ventures, apparently into new fields, and it is even difficult to classify them."

"Those who rubbed a piece of amber or glass in olden time were predecessors of Franklin and his kite, but no one was wild enough to dream of the ocean cable, the telephone or the electric motor as a means of flying even swifter than a bird over steel roads."

"The possibilities of human nature are beyond our most sanguine anticipations. Malebranche

supposed there might be brains capable of thinking as much in half an hour as ours do in a thousand years."

"And De Quincey said he lived, by the aid of a pill of opium, ten, twenty, or even sixty, years, although only a few minutes elapsed during his dream."

"I know all about the so-called annihilation of time, space and weight in the hypnotic dream, but such results seem to me to proceed from an abnormal condition, induced by drugs, or other artificial or diseased means."

"Some good fruit results from grafting—as one makes a new fruit by that process. The gardener and the hypnotizer work on nature's products. What is observed at long intervals in the somnambulist may be seen in the hypnotized subject any day, and even many times a day; and so there may be a system established that will lay bare the now hidden side of our nature. Then psychology will become an exact science——"

"*Then* I will gladly enter into the study with all my heart and soul, and all that in me is."

I have not even mentioned the experiments made during the five days we were more or less together at the famous hospital, for in detail their account would fill a pamphlet of goodly size. The result was that the eminent student of man became very deeply interested, and continued so to the end of his strength.

This was my theme: to test the really insane as to the exaltation of their memory. It was proved to his satisfaction (what I knew before) that memory in the insane seems to be independent of any and all diseases of the personality; but beyond the fact that there is a real double personality (or consciousness) in the insane, one of which remains sane, he, Dr. Charcot, would not admit as proved. The supposition of a psyche behind the two personalities he held was not proven.

He therefore concluded that the soul is an existence, such as melody and harmony are results of the organism of a musical instrument, and will perish with the disintegration of the body.

He said he had read with profound interest accounts of religious mystics who imagine they in ecstasy become one with the infinite, but he could not accept the idea as a fact that the soul can reenter into itself and become again a divine embryo. "It is said to be the consciousness of simple being, without thought, action, sensation or feeling. I am not yet capable of such superior states of contemplation."

We hoped to find in the exalted memory of our subjects a remembrance of the former state of spiritual existence from which the ancient philosophers Plato, Plotinus, and others, said the soul descended into matter, but only partially. But the answers to our inquiries in that direction developed no new idea, nor any response that was intelligible to us. Perhaps a new sense, in addition to the five we have, is needed to be developed before we can comprehend the truths and facts of the hidden world, and which seem to be only a little way beyond our grasp, or dimly seen by our unaided eye. Dr. Charcot's last words to me were: "When the sixth sense has been discovered and the fourth dimension determined we will become tutors to the gods."

A REVERIE.

By Ninette M. Lowater.

I have lived—ah, yes, I have lived! Whatever the note I hear
Of human bliss or human woe, in my heart the echo rings clear;
My path has led over roughest hills and through the flowery leas,
And sometimes tempests have swept the way, and sometimes the summer breeze.
I have loved and I have hated, I have sinned and I have prayed,
And oft have sought with bitter tears the path from which I strayed;
I know the woe which makes the world look gray and worn and old,
I know the bliss which lights the skies with amethyst and gold;
And yet, O Life, I cannot read the riddle which thou art,
Or whether given for good or ill—for both are in my heart!

THE ROMANCE OF O' TAMA CHIOVARA.

By Alice Howard Cady.

One of the most celebrated artists in her line to-day is not only a gifted painter in both oils and water colors, as her fame proclaims, but also a very interesting type of womankind. Japanese by birth, she is Italian by adoption, and it is in the land of Elisabetta Serano and Rosalba Carriera that she has won her reputation.

O' TAMA, EN JAPONAISE.

O' Tama Chiovara is a native of Tokio, and her name in Japanese signifies Crystal Ball of Rock. In the Christian tongue she is called by the more familiar title of Eleonora, which was bestowed upon her by her godmother, Princess Scalea, when she discarded the faith of Buddha for that of Jesus Christ, and became the wife of Vincenzo Ragusa, a Sicilian sculptor of renown.

In connection with her art studies, pursued under the guidance of Professor Ragusa, there is a charming account of their first meeting, that later developed into the romance which cemented their lives.

I repeat it as it was told to me, prefacing the story, however, with the brief information of how the sculptor happened to go to Japan.

It seems that some years ago the Government

of Japan asked the principal European nations to send out masters in every branch of art and science to teach its people. Italy sent Vincenzo Ragusa as professor of sculpture. Here the romance begins.

It was at Tokio, on one of those mild evenings toward the end of summer, when not even a gentle breeze moved the bamboo, and the air was redolent with the perfume of fragrant shrubs and flowers.

The sky was like an immense azure cloud, touched here and there with golden, silvery and rosy tints. Not a ripple moved the water of the sea-green lakes, which looked like shining mirrors framed in rows of rose trees.

The young European, Sicilian by birth, a new arrival in this strange country, watched with the loving eyes of an artist the Asiatic sunset; that farewell of the sun to the vast city which, like a fabled oasis, rises among the gardens and groves, the carved and ornamented villas and palaces, the enameled cupolas of its kiosks and temples. He watched the small white boats which, like curious animals with invisible wings, plied up and down the wide canals, while the inhabitants—that intelligent people who have made Tokio a unique centre of art and industry in the Oriental world—suspended the day's labor to consecrate, with patriarchal serenity, a few hours to the enjoyment of domestic life.

The diaphanous light of the approaching night takes the place of twilight in these countries, and the day which is dying throws forth, from time to time, bright reflections like the flare of a candle just before it goes out. At such moments the shores of the canals and lakes take on tints altogether new, while over the green herbage, the water and the houses a faint mist, like a breath of harmony and poetry, spreads itself, softening thus the vivid colors. Little by little the obelisks, cupolas, houses and temples fade into an indistinct mass along the water edge and in the groves murmuring in the breeze under the quiet gleaming of the stars.

The young Italian, after wandering about for some time, absorbed in fantastic musings which the scene aroused, turned toward his home. Suddenly, as he was passing before one of those wooden houses inhabited by the natives, which consist of one story with umbrella-shaped roof and two slight balusters finely carved, he paused, his attention riveted by a living Japanese picture framed in the open door.

The group before him was characteristic: Seated on the floor was an old man, enveloped in a garment of flowered stuff; near him, two young people were chatting in an animated manner, exchanging ever and anon tender, smiling glances with their almond-shaped eyes. The woman, slight and graceful, stood very erect in her high slippers, and was dressed in a silk robe with large sleeves, and wore a broad but short violet sash tied at the back. A fine young fellow, with the sturdy figure of a workman or soldier, was her companion. But, silent, in one corner of the room, a young girl knelt upon the "tatamé" (mat), her weight scarcely resting upon her little feet, as she painted strange birds and flowers upon a long fan, her pretty, dark face illumined the while by the light from a square, colored paper lamp. She was apparently unconscious of the conversation going on about her, so intent did she seem on the delicate, fanciful tracery which her brush was creating.

As the stranger still continued to gaze the traditional Japanese hospitality manifested itself in this family, and he was invited to enter. He expressed his thanks by gestures and smiles, but hesitated; then, divided between timidity and curiosity, went in, that he might look closer at the work of the young girl, and incidentally—we will suppose—at herself.

She knelt there, quite motionless, absorbed in her work. The Sicilian admired not only the rare gift which this child—for such she seemed to him—displayed for drawing, but even more the remarkable eye for color shown in her choice and disposition of the various gradations in the tints before her. He was a fine draughtsman himself, and almost before he was conscious of what he was doing he began to help, advise and correct the little artist.

Thus commenced a series of genuine lessons, which, even more than that, was an exchange of artistic ideas between master and pupil, tending, of course, to blend the two methods, the Eastern and Western, and thus form a unique school of painting, which combined purity and elegance of form with a vivacity of coloring quite remarkable of its kind.

For seven years Professor Ragusa remained at Tokio, working on a fixed salary from the Japanese Government; and during this period O' Tama, of course, continued her studies with him.

One of the great difficulties which Ragusa had to encounter in his young pupil, so we are told, was to make her work from nature; for, like the majority of her country people, who, with exquisite intuition, reproduce the beauties of nature without really making a profound study of it—perhaps because they do not care to confound the real with the ideal—she would not listen to the suggestions that she should study genuine

flowers and live birds. She preferred to follow the instincts of her imagination.

Then the teacher, without further insisting, which perhaps would avail little in the end, bethought him of a gentler method by which to win over the rebellious pupil to his way of thinking. He ordered flowering plants, and thus turned the house into a beautiful conservatory; while the garden, with its small lake, was filled with peacocks, geese, swans, ducks and others of the feathered tribe. Finally the professor had a large crystal basin made, in which were placed different species of fresh-water fish; then, silently, he awaited the effect of his labor.

At first the girl, perceiving what all this meant, rather resented than otherwise the innovation; then, by degrees, she began to enjoy watching the plants, the feathered beings and the fish. At last, without any compulsion, she took up her brush and palette and began to imitate the leaves and flowers, the feathers of the peacock and swan, the scales of the various fish. In short, she tried to convey to her canvas the likeness of every living thing that met her gaze.

Sometimes the difficulty of reproduction in the perfect form in which her mind's eye had pictured it seemed insurmountable—then she would give way to despair, her brown eyes filling with tears and her pretty, dark face veiled in melancholy, while canvas and colors lay neglected. In vain the flowers opened their petals and smiled at her, and the proud peacock strutted before her in all his glory, while the swans floated up and down on the tiny lake, and the fish, in turn, swam about in their miniature crystal pond—for O' Tama heeded them not.

She simply occupied herself with household duties, her position as second daughter, according to the Japanese custom, obliging her to attend to certain domestic matters.

Then, suddenly, the irresistible power of her art would recall her to this work, and once more she would become absorbed in it. Thus, little by little, O' Tama Chiovara grew to be one of the greatest flower painters of her age.

Meantime Ragusa was teaching sculpture to the Japanese, and in turn becoming enamored, not only of his young pupil—which, of course, is a foregone conclusion—but also of certain branches of the Oriental arts, especially the inlaid wood, carved ivory and enameled gold and silver ware, so superior to the work of other nations in the combination of colors alone.

"IT HAS FLOWN!"—PAINTING BY O' TAMA CHIOVARA.

As time went on changes occurred in the little circle to which the Italian artist had attached himself. O' Cio, the elder sister, married Scideski, the young man with whom she had been holding the animated colloquy on that memorable evening of the first meeting; then the old father died, first, however, commending his younger child, little O' Tama, to his friend the sculptor.

At the end of seven years, Ragusa's work for the Japanese Government being finished, he was ready, of course, to turn his face homeward, to return to his beloved Italy; but he did not wish to go alone. He proposed, therefore, that they all accompany him. Almost to his surprise—for the journey is a long and fatiguing one—the party consented; and thus the trio of Orientals found themselves in a strange land.

They took with them the magnificent collection of rare and exquisite Japanese art, *bibelots* and bric-a-brac, which the sculptor had amassed with patient research during his long sojourn in their midst.

FLOWER PIECE.

JAPANESE FORESTERS.

Happy to be on his native heath again, after an absence of so many years, Ragusa lost no time in establishing himself in an old palace, where he gathered his own family about him, and made place also in his household for the Japanese friends. Eleven rooms in this spacious house were turned into a museum for the exhibition of the Oriental collection, and connoisseurs assembled to admire the rich stuffs and embroideries paintings and sculpture—the wonderful porcelains, majolicas and metals. The museum proved such a success that Ragusa was inspired with the idea of opening a school in connection with it for the instruction of these arts. Accordingly, he inaugurated an institute of applied arts and industries, of which all who were interested in the work of the Oriental world might avail themselves.

Here Ragusa, with his Japanese companions

taught in the different branches, each following his or her particular line of work : the professor, of course, pursued his own and native art, sculpture ; Scideski worked in lacquer, producing dainty pieces of furniture, and lovely *bibelots* inlaid with mother-of-pearl, beautiful carved ivory, bas-reliefs, and so on ; O' Cio wrought the most fantastic and exquisite embroideries, while O' Tama taught in her special school of painting, in which, as regards certain qualifications, she is unequaled.

After a few years two of the Japanese grew homesick, and returned to their beloved Tokio, while the third, O' Tama, becoming the wife of her teacher, remained in Italy, where she now enjoys well-earned fame.

The school started by her husband is now carried on by the Italian Government, from which they both receive a salary for their work therein.

Aside from her painting, which extends beyond her specialty in flowers to every branch in the art, including, naturally, *genre* subjects, figures and landscapes, O' Tama Chiovara excels also in embroidery.

United with her rare talents is the quality of persevering industry, which insures the success of everything she undertakes to do.

This gifted daughter of Japan, notwithstanding her duties as teacher—and she has many pupils to claim her time—manages to accomplish a great deal of work with both brush and needle.

O' TAMA CHIOVARA IN EUROPEAN DRESS — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FIORENZA, AT PALERMO.

At the exposition at Rome, not long since, she received a gold medal for her wonderful embroideries ; while the success which attends her painting is as continuous as her subjects are varied. In looking at the latter one is often puzzled to know which to admire most, the originality and always excellent taste of her subject, the correctness of her drawing, or perfect harmony in color.

To-day she dresses like a European, and owing to her having abandoned the tea habit her skin has grown quite fair, and has a pretty color in it, too. Her eyes, of course, are unchanged, retaining ever that soft dark velvety hue and the peculiar charm of expression which the almond-shaped orbs seem to possess. Her black hair is as long and thick as in the days when she was first discovered by the young Sicilian ; but the coiffure is no longer Japanese.

She has changed her name, and in conformity with the usages of the country which is now hers altered her style of dress, and so forth ; but her nature is the same always, and she paints to-day as she did so many years ago.

A friend describes her attitude when, suddenly struck with an idea regarding some work in mind, she takes from the pocket in her frock a tiny box of colors, such as children play with, and standing before a little table, or on her knees beside a chair, she accepts whatever is placed in front of her, be it paper or canvas, silk or a fan, and without further ado proceeds to paint. With a few strokes of the brush, which seems to have the magic power of designing and coloring at once, she executes, with a rapidity as astonishing as it is marvelous, exquisite birds and flowers, maintaining throughout the simplicity of demeanor and the unconsciousness of self which first entranced her husband.

Among her best-known work, we note a series of water colors on silk, representing "A Journey through the Indies"; and then "The Peach and the Page." A lovely landscape bit—of which, however, the accompanying photograph can give but a faint idea, so much does a picture of this kind lose when reduced to black and white—is called "Japanese Foresters," and represents two peasant girls resting on a wall after a long and fatiguing walk, their bundle of fagots lying

at their feet. Another remarkable and an altogether unique work of hers is a mirror painted in oils, and in a frame of lacquer, inlaid with ivory and metal, in imitation of the fifteenth-century style. The painting proper shows a collection of fresh flowers arranged most artistically, as if filling and falling over the sides of a sea-green crystal shell which forms the base of a slender bronze vase standing at the foot of the mirror, while from the top of this luxuriant blossoms spread out in all directions, mingling with sprigs of grain and oats. Above the flowers, which look so real that they seem to sway gently in the breeze, two birds hover, one resting just over a spray of wheat, the other flying downward.

A "Japanese Fancy" (page 604) is a charming study in birds, which should be seen in the original to be truly appreciated. The photograph, however, gives at least an impression of the grouping of the feathered songsters.

Two important pictures of O' Tama Chiovara are certainly known here, and are perhaps destined to remain in this country, as they came over, last year, to grace the art exhibits at the great Fair. They are in oil. The first is entitled, "It Has Flown"; the second, "Villa Giulia," the famous old garden at Palermo.

The first represents an Oriental room, adorned, however, with quaint mediæval vases and other objects of art, as also portraits of the King and Queen of Italy. A little child, just out of bed, is playing about, and it is apparent, from the expression on her face as she stands on tiptoe before the cabinet, that she has let the bird out of the cage. The simplicity of the subject, with its masterly drawing and harmony of color, appeals to the artistic eye, and arouses immediately affection and sympathy for the pretty, mischievous baby.

The second painting is a landscape showing the beautiful garden in its happiest aspect, when the gay world of the Sicilian capital flock there for their merry gatherings in the summer time. To those familiar with Palermo this work will bring back most vividly one of its most attractive resorts, especially those "Saturdays" in August when it becomes the rendezvous for the aristocratic natives.

O' Tama Chiovara—for by this name, rather than as Signora Eleonora Ragusa, she will ever be identified in the art world—is a young woman yet, and with her versatile talents, and remarkable industry which patiently overcomes all obstacles, she has a great future before her—one in which the people of both hemispheres will take the deepest interest always.

HER PRAYER.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

She let down all the wonder of her hair:
  Its dusky clouds fell round her, and her form
  Shone like a Grecian statue through a storm.
One gleaming shoulder, beautiful as bare,
Leaned to the lips that used to sigh "How fair!"
  And the white beauty of one perfect arm,
  As ivory polished and as velvet warm,
Twined round his massive neck.

O heart's despair!
In his cold eyes there lay no least desire,
  And not a thrill shot through him though his head
  Lay pillowed on her breast. In lays scarce fled
One touch of hers would set his blood on fire.
  "Hast thou no hell? Make me, O God!" she said,
  "Twere heaven to earth with love so all passion dead."

ENTRANCE TO THE PARIS ÉCOLE DE MÉDECINE.

MEDICAL EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

By Dr. B. Sherwood Dunn.

The present organization of the hospitals, medical schools and laboratories of France, and more particularly of Paris, is the product of centuries of experience and gradual evolution, and it differs materially from that of other countries. For abundance and diversity of teaching, wealth of material and facilities for study, Paris is one of the most renowned medical centres in the world; and the advantages it offers are, with the most generous and courteous hospitality, freely placed at the disposal of students of all nationalities. The harmonious unity characteristic of the whole system is the result of a centralization and order of government that extends to the minutest details, and simplifies and regulates the work in every branch.

Those who come for clinical observation and work in the hospitals and laboratories with a view to complete studies commenced elsewhere are subjected to no examinations or vexatious requirements; they have no fees or charge of any kind to pay; and they are at liberty to follow their own inclination in choice of work or attendance. Where the student aspires to a certificate or diploma there are certain fixed charges, which, however, are slight. The total fees for the whole curriculum of medical study and for the whole series of examinations, covering a period of five years, which must be passed to obtain the diploma of M.D., is about $175, and this sum includes the cost of anatomical material. Students and practitioners who attend the courses of the Faculty of Paris cannot but remark the facility of expression, the wide knowledge and orderly habit of teaching which are common to almost every one of the officers of the hospitals and schools.

This is not the result of chance, but comes from a most laborious and unique system of preparation and final selection by *concours*, or competitive examinations. The hospital surgeons and physicians, the assistant professors, and the lecturers and professors of the faculty, are all, from the very outset of their career, taught to aim at the acquirement of complete and almost encyclopedic information, and to practice the arts of logical arrangement, lucid exposition and orderly teaching.

The office of resident hospital surgeon or physician is the most coveted of all posts, for it is from this position that the first steps must be made that lead successively to the rank of supervising hospital officer, assistant professor, and, finally, professor of the faculty. To attain this initial position the senior students attend classes amongst themselves, at which the senior house

A HOSPITAL INTERIOR

surgeons and physicians give systematic instruction, and at which the students practice the art of exposition and public speaking. This constitutes a veritable school in which each man learns to logically arrange and lucidly expound the information he possesses in all the branches of medical science, preparatory to the public competitive examinations for hospital positions. This system of public lectures is carried to a much higher degree in the *concours* for the post of supervising hospital officer or that of assistant professor. Notice of these examinations is given,

COURT OF THE HÔTEL-DIEU HOSPITAL.

and a fixed period is allowed for preparation. The candidates are required to deliver a lecture lasting three-quarters of an hour on any subject within the range of scientific or practical medicine or clinical experience.

The public competitive lectures illustrate the fundamental difference between the schools of Paris and those of other countries. Each candidate in turn draws by lot, from a number of papers previously prepared by the judges, the subject for his discourse, and from this chance selection, after fifteen minutes granted for preparation of his notes, he mounts the rostrum in the large amphitheatre of the faculty, dressed in evening costume, and with the notes thus briefly arranged delivers a lecture occupying exactly the time prescribed. Successively each candidate delivers an address upon the subject that chance has assigned him; and it must be said that these orations are remarkable for their fluency and the logical development of each separate element in the history, pathology, anatomy, differential diagnosis, clinical consequences and general treatment of the disease.

Dr. Patraire. Dr. Guyon.

AN OPERATION.

In front of the lecturer sit ten professors of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris and of the provincial

Faculties of Nancy and Montpellier, arrayed in their picturesque scarlet robes and velvet caps. The great amphitheatre is filled with an audience of several hundred medical men and students, and it is not too much to say that each one of the addresses exhibits a mastery of rhetoric and a profundity of knowledge that go far to explain the high position held by this school in the scientific world.

Medical teaching in Paris comprises official, didactic and clinical courses given by the faculty, and hospital teaching, where the members of the faculty are re-enforced by a great number of physicians, surgeons and accoucheurs appointed especially for this purpose. Professors Germain-Sée, Jaccoud, Potain and Peter occupy the four chairs of clinical medicine; Professors Verneuil, Le Fort, Duplay and Le Dentu the chairs of clinical surgery. Besides these, there are the special chairs of clinical teaching represented by Professors Charcot* (nervous diseases), Ball (mental diseases), Fournier (syphilitic and skin diseases), and Grancher (diseases of children). Tarnier is surgeon in chief of the Maternity, with Pinard head of the clinic of accouchement, and Panas of that of ophthalmology, while Guyon treats of genito-urinary diseases and operations. Added to these, there is an extensive system of free teaching by the assistant professors of the faculty, or *agrégés*, who train the students in the elementary and systematic courses of ordinary medical education.

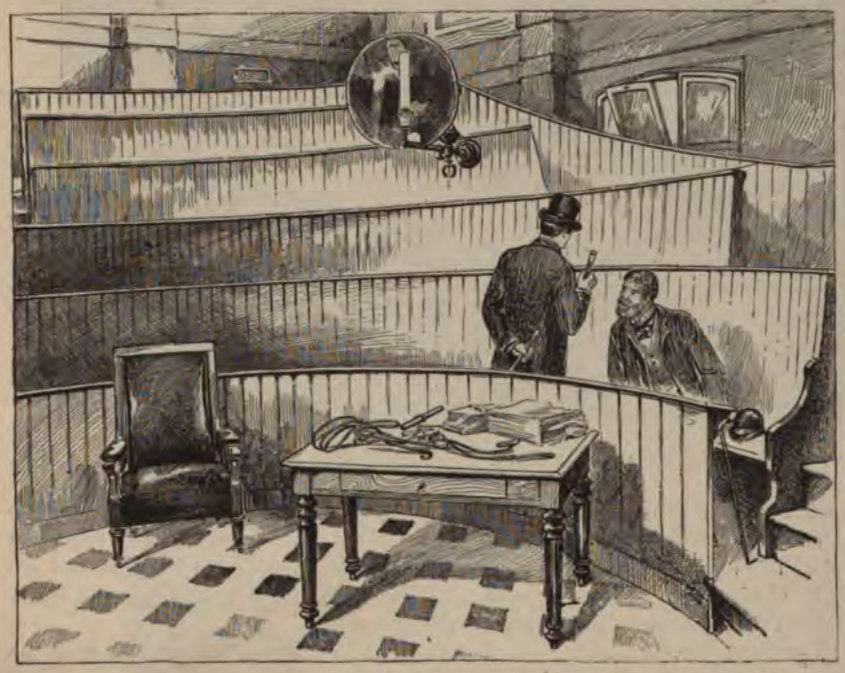
The Faculty of Medicine is composed of thirty-six professors and one hundred assistant professors, or *professeurs agrégés*, whose courses are principally in the hospitals and laboratories, and about 950 *externes*, *internes* and *chefs de clinique*, forming the staff or *personnel* of the different branches of the service.

These positions, even to the highest, are open to men of foreign birth. Professor Brown-Séquard was an American, Professor Ball an Englishman; they became naturalized before they were appointed to professorships. Besides these, there are about 100 celebrated physicians and surgeons who are appointed to give clinical instruction in the hospitals, and some of them also give lectures in the hospital amphitheatres; Professors Péan, Pozzi, Lucas-Championnière and Labbé are amongst the celebrated surgeons; Professors Dujardin-Beaumetz, Jules Simon, Lancereaux, Huchard and Luys among the physicians. The statistics of last year show that the Faculty of Paris had 9,215 students in attendance, as compared with 6,220 at Vienna and 5,527 at Berlin.

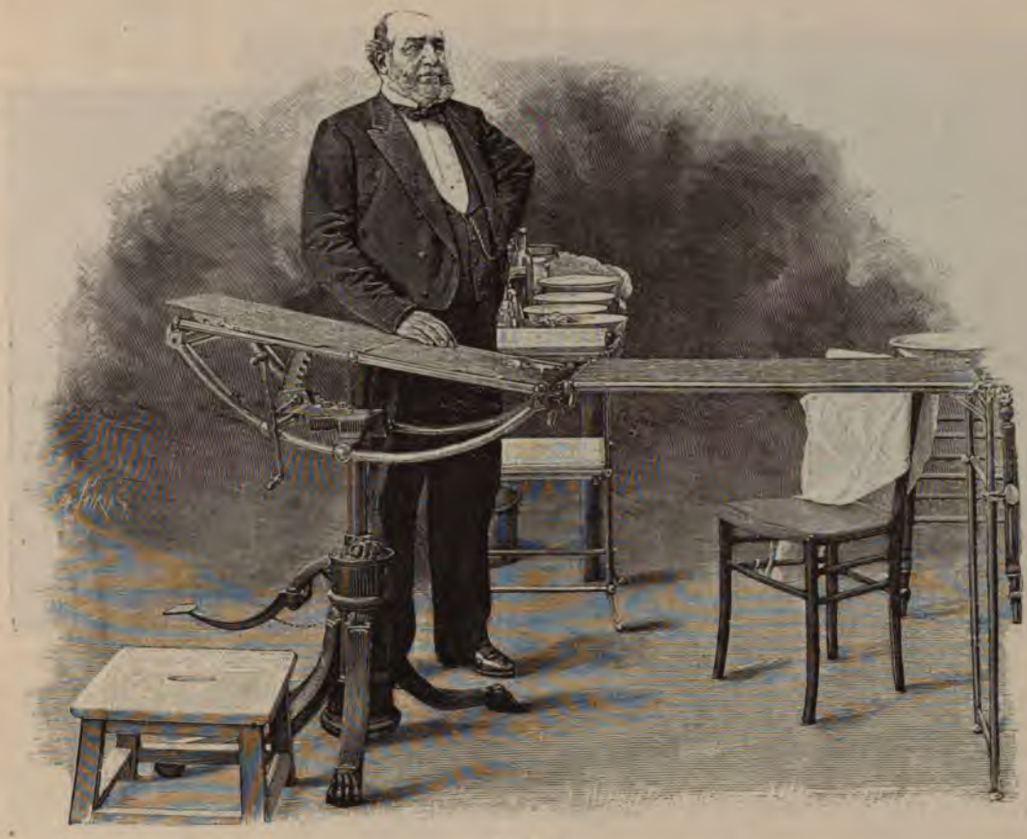
The foreign student or practitioner coming to Paris to supplement or complete his studies generally seeks some specialty, either medical pathology and medicine, or surgical pathology and surgery, accouchement, or some department of laboratory work. The whole resources of the Faculty of Paris, the hospitals and the numerous medical laboratories, and those of the Sorbonne, the Muséum and the College of France, are open to him free of charge.

In order to obtain the degree of Doctor of Medicine of the Faculty of Paris the student must possess the diploma of Bachelor of Arts, or certificates of studies equivalent. If, in addition, he holds the degree of M. D. from any recognized foreign college, he may be exempted from a certain number of the earlier examinations, or at least may be permitted to pay all the

*Deceased.



A HOSPITAL AMPHITHEATRE.



DR PÉAN.

subscriptions at once and proceed with his examinations as rapidly as he deems himself prepared, instead of pursuing the four years' graded course.

He must apply, through his embassy or legagation, to the Minister of Public Instruction for permission to enter as a student at the Faculty—a permission rarely refused. Once inscribed, he must pass, in the order named, the following examinations, which take place in public before three examining professors, except the one at which he delivers his thesis, when four are present:

1. Physics, chemistry, natural history, with practical recognition of plants.
2. Anatomy, with demonstration of dissection: and histology, with microscopic demonstration.
3. Physiology.
4. Surgery, with practical demonstration in the anatomical dissecting room. Accouchement (oral only).
5. Practice of medicine and pathology.
6. Hygiene, legal medicine, therapeutics, materia medica and pharmacology.
7. Clinical surgery at the hospital; clinical obstetrics at the hospital.
8. Clinical medicine at the hospital; practical demonstration in pathology.
9. Thesis, which must be based upon some practical work of the author.

There are only three medical faculties in France, namely, at Paris, Nancy and Montpellier, all under control of one central government, the course and requirements being the same in each.

There are 32 hospitals, having 12,486 beds, attached to the Paris Faculty, in which official teaching and clinics are given.

If he intends to follow a practical course in medicine (*pathologie interne*), the student can choose the clinics of Professors Jaccoud and Robin at the Pitié, Potain and Bouchard at the Charité, Peter and Dieulafoy at the Necker, and Germain-Sée at the Hôtel-Dieu. For the study of surgery and surgical pathology there are the clinics of Professors Le Fort at the Hôtel-Dieu, Tillaux at the Pitié, Duplay at the Charité, Le Dentu at the Necker. To each of these chairs is attached a clinical chief (*chef de clinique*), who has taken his degree, and who has filled, for at least four years, the office of *interne* in the hospitals. He replaces the professor when the latter is absent.

These clinics are given by the professors at the hospitals, generally from nine to eleven in the morning. Besides these official clinics, there are numerous physicians and surgeons appointed to each hospital, whose clinical and didactic courses

PROFESSOR BROUARDEL.

PROFESSOR POZZI.

can be followed in place of the more crowded ones above mentioned. Prominent among these are Reclus at the Pitié, Terrier at the Bichat, Lucas-Championnière at the St. Louis, Labbé at Beaujon, Pozzi at Lourcine-Pascal; and in medicine those of Dujardin-Beaumetz at Cochin, Huchard at Bichat, Lancereaux at the Hôtel-Dieu, Luys at the Charité, and Jules Simon at the Hôpital des Enfants-Malades. Dr. Pozzi is one of the younger men who promise a brilliant future. He has lately published a work on gynecological surgery that is highly spoken of.

Those who wish to study diseases of the skin find at St. Louis Hospital unrivaled material, 625 beds being reserved for this department. The official course of the faculty is delivered by M. Fournier, who has four associates. Every Thursday these five physicians meet in a conference which is extremely interesting to students and visitors, and present their most interesting cases to each other's notice for examination and discussion. In nervous diseases the great majority of students and visitors follow the *polycliniques* of the successor of Professor Charcot, Dr. Brissot, who in La Salpêtrière supervises one of the largest hospitals in the world, having 5,500 beds. In mental disease the official course is given by Professor Ball, aided by Dr. Magnan, at Ste. Anne Asylum. The official clinic for diseases of the eye is given at the Hôtel-Dieu by Professor Panas. Unofficial free clinics are held in this specialty also by Professors Landolt, Galizowski and De Wecker. Professor Cornil expounds pathological anatomy at the Hôtel-Dieu. The teaching of forensic medicine is under the direction of Professor

DR. PINARD (IN THE ROBES OF A PROFESSOR OF THE FACULTY OF MEDICINE).

Brouardel, dean of the faculty, and a certain number of students are admitted to the medico-legal necroscopics at the Morgue by special card, which must be applied for.

SAINTE-CLAIRE DEVILLE AT THE SORBONNE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY LHERMITTE.

M. Gouguenheim gives a special clinic at the Lariboisière for diseases of the throat, etc., and there are clinics for the ear, directed by Professors Ruault and Poyet, and consultations at the Deaf and Dumb Institution directed by Professor Ladreit de la Charrière. The several maternity hospitals and the official clinic of the faculty furnish daily observations of accouchements directed by Professor Tarnier and Dr. Budin; the clinics in this department, under the kindly, courteous and accomplished Professor Pinard, are very popular. One of the most important special clinics is that of Professor Guyon at the Hôpital Necker, where operations for stone, etc., take place frequently.

Nowhere, perhaps, in the world is there so vast a system of free official teaching, with such a wealth and diversity of material and such liberal facilities for study, research and investigation generously open to foreign students and practitioners, who are equally welcome to all the conveniences of the extensive and celebrated laboratories of MM. Pasteur, Ranvier, Brown-Séquard, François-Franck, Marey, Dastre, etc. They can also, for a moderate payment, obtain private courses from the *internes*, or *chefs de clinique*, at their evening visits to the hospital, choosing a certain number of cases and following them. In summer students and visitors can carry on operative surgery under the direction of the prosecutors of anatomy at the Ecole Pratique, and especially at the Amphitheatre of Clamart. Foreigners, by the payment of $10 per month, can have private lessons in operative surgery, the supply of material being always very considerable, and included in the fee.

CLAUDE BERNARD AT THE COLLEGE OF FRANCE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY LHERMITTE.

For the study of the purely scientific and abstruse questions of medicine and the allied sciences, there are the institutions of the Hautes-Etudes, comprising independent chai

attached to the Faculté de Médecine, the Sorbonne, Collège de France and Museum, each chair possessing its laboratory and presided over by a professor and corps of assistants. Minister Duruy instituted these laboratories and created the supervising professorships under the First Empire as an experiment, intending, if they proved successful, to incorporate them into a Faculté des Hautes-Etudes which should have its buildings, *personnel* and budget, or governmental subsidy. They have been eminently successful, but the chairs still remain independent. The professors, appointed for life, devote themselves especially to experimental and scientific research; and their lectures are principally directed to the education and preparation of teachers.

In the Sorbonne the chemical laboratory which was made celebrated by Sainte-Claire Deville is presided over by M. Berthelot; the laboratory of physiology by M. Dastre. In the Collège de France, Professor Brown-Séquard directs the laboratory of experimental medicine, M. Ranvier the histological laboratory, and M. François-Franck that of physiology. Claude Bernard made his wonderful discoveries while a professor at this college. At present, as in the past, there are many men in France who unselfishly devote their lives to the solving of scientific problems; they are earnest workers without remuneration, who die unknown to fame save when their labor proves happily successful.

The Museum laboratories of general physiology, comparative pathology and natural history are presided over by Professors Rouget, Chauveau and Varia, respectively. All of the courses of the Hautes-Etudes are absolutely gratis, as well as the work and material of the laboratories, which are under the personal control of each professor, to whom application for entrance must be made.

The limits of this article will permit mention of only a few of the most celebrated hospitals and the more famous men who direct them. For many years Professor Charcot took a foremost place in the scientific world. His clinic at the Salpêtrière Hospital was one of the most celebrated in Europe, and the hospital one of the largest. The buildings occupy about seventy-seven acres, and including the *personnel* are populated by 5,000 people. The afflux of patients from all countries furnish a vast amount of clinical material in every department of neuropathology, and the numerous and well-mounted laboratories at this hospital, and its original and complete methods of study and teaching organized by Professor Charcot, and the corps of distinguished pupils and assistants surrounding him, went to make up an institution of the utmost interest to the medical world. Dr. Charcot impressed his personality upon all who came in contact with him. He had a grave, kindly face, resembling in profile that of Dante; his manner was calm and deliberate, and his lectures were marked by original conception, clearness of diction and forceful and picturesque illustration. In his teaching he aimed to unite all the researches that could make it original, sound and impressive to his auditors, and at the same time productive of substantial results. The labors of Professor Charcot have indeed tended, perhaps more than those of any other teacher in Europe, to the propagation of medical knowledge and the improved treatment of nervous diseases. Even a brief review of his contributions to medical literature and the changes he wrought in professional practice would require a small-sized volume. His published works are recognized text books in this department of medicine. He possessed a powerful and versatile intellect, and made a name in other departments of science, as well as in his own particular specialty. A few years since he read a paper before the Academy of Sciences, of which he was a member, on the "Fixed Stars," and it was awarded the prize as the ablest paper of the year.

The untimely death of Professor Charcot last summer—for he was still a young man as age goes in France—is a loss felt by the entire medical world. It has been a serious and difficult matter for the Faculty of Medicine to decide upon his successor. Dr. Brissot, one of the most distinguished of his pupils, has been appointed to the position for one year, at the end of which time it will be determined if he shall retain the chair.

La Salpêtrière is so called because, under Louis XIII., its present site was occupied by a manufactory of saltpetre for the arsenal that stood beside it. It became a hospital in 1657. M. Charcot entered the institution as *interne* in 1852, became physician in 1862, and was appointed professor of diseases of the nervous system in 1881, the chair being created by the faculty especially for him.

What the Salpêtrière is to neuropathology and the student of hypnotism and the curious rare forms of hysteria major, the Hôpital St. Louis is to dermatology and the student of syphilography. On the last-named subject Professor Fournier is probably one of the greatest living authorities. The St. Louis Hospital dates from 1607, and stands on a spot at that time outside the walls of Paris. It was originally devoted to the care of patients suffering from the plague, whom up to that time the Hôtel-Dieu had received and cared for. At the beginning of the present century St.

Louis was filled with patients suffering from cancer, scrofula, ulcers, lupus and syphilitic diseases, but it is now almost exclusively given up to skin diseases and syphilis. The institution has its own laundry, an admirably appointed hydrotherapeutical establishment indispensable to the treatment of this class of diseases, and possesses in its celebrated museum a remarkable collection of nearly 2,000 wax models, illustrative of skin diseases, which furnish abundant material for study and comparison. Besides these, there are several hundred specimens belonging to the private collection of Professor Fournier, and some eight or nine hundred belonging to Professor Péan. To the museum is attached a library containing more than 3,000 volumes, as well as files of all the journals of dermatology published. It may be doubted whether there exist elsewhere such extensive clinical resources for study. Physicians and pupils of every nationality have free access to the wards, consultations, lectures, clinical visits, the museum and the library without any formality or payment of any fees whatsoever.

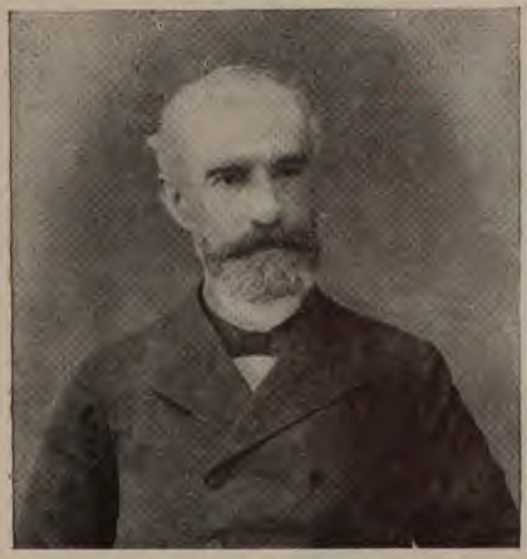
M. PASTEUR.

Another interesting institution is the Hôpital Bicêtre, for the aged and incurables, as also every form of nervous disorder. It is a vast establishment, covering a superficies of 215,765 square yards, and its numerous buildings are models of their kind. Nowhere except at La Salpêtrière can there be found in any of the great cities of Europe so rich a collection of all sorts of nervous disorders. It contains a school for the training of backward, epileptic and idiot children, which is partially supported by the sale of the products of their labor. The conception and organization of this branch is due wholly to the efforts of Dr. Bourneville, and too much cannot be said in praise of his original and intelligent system for the training of these lamentable waifs, the disinherited children of civilization, afflicted by nature and too often disowned and neglected by society. This department of the hospital has been attended with encouraging success. If one of our philanthropists would erect a similar institution in the United States he would leave behind him an enduring monument to his generosity and wisdom.

The Hôpital Trousseau is the scene of the clinical labors of Professor Lannelongue, the specialist in orthopedic surgery, the Lewis A. Sayre of France. There is a museum connected with the hospital containing nearly a thousand specimens of diseases of bones. Here are exhibited all varieties of diseases of the bony tissues, both acute and chronic, coupled with congenital afflictions. It was here that M. Pasteur discovered the first microbe ever observed in osteomyelitis. Professor Lannelongue, believing in the infectious nature of this disease, requested M. Pasteur to examine the pus which issued from a trephined tibia, and there was found and cultivated the figure-of-eight microbe. The disease has since been studied from this point of view in other countries.

The Hôpital des Enfants-Malades, directed by Professor Grancher, and devoted, as its name implies, to children, where Dr. Jules Simon, the celebrated specialist, gives his clinics, and the Hôpital des Enfants-Assistés, for pauper children and waifs (largely supported by donations), furnish all that could be desired for the study of the diseases of children.

Professor Albert Robin, one of the younger men, has attracted much attention in Europe by his published studies on the subject of nutrition. He is looked upon as one of the highest authorities in diseases of the alimentary tract. His researches in typhoid fever and recommendations that the process of oxidation should be favored instead of diminished—a theory diametrically opposed to the antipyretic method of treatment—are still the subject of heated controversy. Professor Robin has a fine laboratory attached to the



PROFESSOR FRANÇOIS-FRANCK.

PROFESSOR FOURNIER.

Hôpital des Petits-Ménages, where he pursues his labors in physiological chemistry and pathological physiology. He is an industrious and original chemist, and his researches during the past fifteen years extend over the whole field of nutrition and the relation of these processes to disease.

But of all the institutions allied to medical science, the Pasteur Institute is probably of the greatest interest, not only as a monument of one of the most remarkable modern scientific achievements, but also because it is presided over by one of the most prominent men in medical history. The name of Pasteur will ever be one of the first in the annals of micro-biology.

M. Pasteur is an innovator; by his creative imagination and logical habits of observation he has discovered and organized a new science. It would require a book to record the results of his remarkable life of unremitting labor, but it is his discovery of the special virus and methods of vaccination against fowl cholera and anthrax, and finally against rabies, that has gained for him enduring fame. The new buildings, erected by voluntary contributions from all parts of the world, are in a large open garden, affording perfect light and air. The laboratories are supplied with all the apparatus which experience and technical knowledge can suggest, and, with its halls, council rooms, library, waiting rooms, inoculating rooms, private retiring rooms for patients who need rest, and its outbuildings, comprising a stable for rabbits and guinea pigs, a warren, a kennel, an aviary and poultry house, and a specially arranged series of small houses for animals undergoing experimental periods, the institution is an ideal of perfection for the uses for which it was built. It is open to the world, whether for study or treatment. No greater tribute to the genius and abilities of M. Pasteur could be imagined than the public testimonial lately offered to him

DR. LUYS'S HYPNOTIC CLINIC AT LA CHARITÉ.

on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, when he was conducted to his place in the great hall of the Sorbonne by the President of the French Republic. Representative delegates from all the great medical societies of the world had gathered to pay their tribute of respect and veneration to the man who has done so much for science and humanity, and the learned bacteriologist returned thanks in a voice which faltered with emotion.

It is much to be regretted that America alone of all the countries was unrepresented on this occasion.

ENTRANCE TO THE SALPETRIERE HOSPITAL.

The only requirement for entrance to the Pasteur laboratories is permission from M. Pasteur, which is not difficult to obtain. If the student is only a beginner he commences in the general laboratory; if he is already familiar with bacteriological work and wishes to follow out any particular line of research he is assigned a small room to himself. All the conveniences of the institution are at his disposal gratis, as well as the counsel and aid of M. Pasteur's assistants, Duclaux, Chamberland, Roux (Bac.), Metschnikoff (Bac.) and Grancher (Rabies).

Some of the latest work at the institute has embraced inquiries into the part played by protozoa in disease, and particularly as related to cancer; protective inoculation against cholera, diagnostic inoculation for tubercle and glanders. In a stable near Paris, where glanders had become endemic, the owners caused 200 apparently healthy horses to be inoculated with mallëine, when 130 showed the typical symptoms and were consequently killed. Post-mortem examination proved that they were all suffering from glanders, though in the majority the disease was not suspected. The work in M. Pasteur's laboratory embraces almost every problem recently raised in bacteriological science.

Besides the Pasteur Institute, there is the fine laboratory of the Faculty of Medicine, presided over by M. Strauss, and that of the College of France, directed by Professor Ranvier, as well as that of the Sorbonne, under Professor Dastre, where similar studies and researches are carried on, affording the most extended and valuable facilities to advanced students of biology and medicine. All of the laboratories, whether of study or research, are open to students of every nationality, either free of charge or at nominal fees for particular kinds of study. There are liberal supplies of material and instruments of the newest and most approved makes, and every facility for serious work under eminent masters, each devoted to his own special subject, free from cares or distractions.

The Collège de France as it exists to-day is an institution not only for the instruction of the

THE LATE DR. CHARCOT (IN THE UNIFORM OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY).

public, but for the advancement of every branch of human knowledge. Unhampered by restrictive rules, the professors are at liberty to change their methods with every step in the development of human thought. Their chairs are strictly personal, and are confided to them in absolute confidence by the state, so that they may elaborate their respective themes by reflection and research until their death. The occupant of a chair must not only be competent and a graduate of the University, but he must also have shown originality of thought by his writings or otherwise, and given proof that he is of all candidates the one who is most likely to contribute to the advancement of the subject matter of his chair. If a subject which at one time was full of life and usefulness become obsolete or merged into another, on the death of its professor the college declares the chair to be suppressed, or replaced by one of another subject. In this way stagnation becomes impossible, and the college is always active and rejuvenescent. What system could be more admirably devised to last as long as learning? Wedded to no irrefragable rules, open to every demonstrable innovation, the Collège de France is prominent in the world of letters for its brilliant career of usefulness.

The liberality of the French Government in educational matters—for the same policy is extended to students in science, letters and the arts—may be due to the cosmopolitan character of Paris, in which regard it leads all cities; but the liberal ideas of its teachers and the toleration and even encouragement they give to innovators, however severe they may be in their later judgments after investigation, are the evident result of their contact with the constantly changing world that surrounds them, and their consequent freedom from routine and prejudice. It is safe to say that more than half the professors and teachers in Paris speak English, and with the great number of English-speaking students found here and the little French soon acquired there is no difficulty in following any special subject that may be chosen. To the American coming for the first time to Paris to pursue any line of study or observation the courtesy, politeness and kindly consideration accorded him in the public institutions, alike by professors and assistants, will awaken a spirit of grateful appreciation in his heart. The government and the faculties desire and welcome visitors and students, and do all in their power to facilitate their work and render their sojourn agreeable as well as profitable. The happy student days spent in Paris come back in after life, with a train of pleasant memories.

GOETHE'S MAXIMS.

By Mrs. Andrew Crosse.

Crabb Robinson would occasionally start a quarry for good talk by quoting one of Goethe's maxims. I remember how once, at his own breakfast table, he arrested attention with the cadence of his sonorous voice remarking: "It was a fine and true saying of Goethe—the wisest man I ever knew—who said, 'Humanity is always advancing, but in spiral lines.'" Then followed some personal recollections of the Weimar Circle, of Herder, Weiland, Schiller, but our host invariably brought us round to the central figure, whose reflections are like winged seed thoughts.

It is rather surprising that the aphoristic wisdom which so greatly abounds in Goethe's writings should not have been gathered together, even in Germany, till the year 1870. Then, Von Loeper compiled a work—Goethe's "Sprüche in Prosa." An excellent translation of a well-selected portion of these maxims has recently appeared in English,* a very acceptable volume to those who lack time and opportunity to become students of the original. These reflections on life and character, on literature, art and science, contain the essence of much of Goethe's mature thought on the problems of humanity. His obligations to the Bible, Shakespeare, Bacon and to many others may be traced; but as he rightly says, "There is nothing worth thinking, but it has been thought before. We must only try to think it again." The process of thinking out makes all the difference between the value of an echo which the barren rocks above us may repeat and the concrete form of a new coinage of thought stamped with the effigy of genius.

Our mental food is so often presented to us in

* "The Maxims and Reflections of Goethe." Translated by Bailey Saunders. Macmillan & Co. 1893.

the form of made dishes, that it forms a wholesome change to read an author himself, at first hand, rather than obscure the meaning with criticisms about and about. Goethe, though many-sided beyond most men, writes with the directness of a mind whose philosophy consists mainly in observing what we see every day. In touching upon the highest problems of thought he arrives very quickly at the delimitation of the attainable. Many of the maxims deal with this boundary line:

"I pity those who make much ado about the transitory nature of things, and are lost in the contemplation of earthly vanity: are we not here to make the transitory permanent? This we can do only if we know how to value both."

"In contemplation, as in action, we must distinguish between what may be attained and what is unattainable. Without this little can be achieved, either in life or in knowledge."

"Every man must think after his own fashion; for on his own path he finds a truth, or a kind of truth, which helps him through life. But he must not give himself the rein; he must control himself; mere naked instinct does not become him."

"Faith is private capital, kept in one's own house. There are public savings banks and loan offices which supply individuals in their day of need; but here the creditor quickly takes his interest for himself."

Goethe's maxims on the conduct of life are remarkable for their judicial balance, their tonic strength, and their fitness for everyday application. He says:

"How can a man come to know himself? Never by thinking, but by doing. Try to do your duty, and you will know at once what you are worth. But what is your duty? The claims of the day."

"A man is really alive only when he delights in the good will of others."

"Everything that frees our spirit without giving us control of ourselves is ruinous."

"Superstition is a part of the very being of humanity; and when we fancy we are banishing it altogether it takes refuge in the strangest nooks and corners, and then suddenly comes forth again, as soon as it believes itself at all safe."

It is the privilege of genius to be on a level with the youth of all time; in some of the following reflections Goethe shows us how the so-called modern thought is but the recurrence of individual experience, broadening out into acceptance by those who are followers, not leaders:

"That is true Symbolism, where the more particular represents the more general, not as a dream or shade, but as a vivid, instantaneous revelation of the Inscrutable."

"In the sphere of Natural Science let us remember that we have always to deal with an insoluble problem."

"Theories are usually the overhasty efforts of an impatient understanding that would gladly be rid of phenomena, and so puts in their place pictures, notions, nay, often mere words."

"First let a man teach himself, and then he will be taught by others."

"With the growth of knowledge our ideas must from time to time be organized afresh. The change takes place usually in accordance with new maxims as they arise, but it always remains provisional."

"*Authority.* Man cannot exist without it, and yet it brings in its train just as much of error as of truth. It perpetuates one by one things which should pass away one by one."

"Everything that we call Invention or Discovery, in the higher sense of the word, is the serious exercise and activity of an original feeling for truth, which, after a long course of silent cultivation, suddenly flashes out into fruitful knowledge. It is a revelation working from within on the outer world, and lets a man feel that he is made in the image of God. It is a synthesis of World and Mind, giving the most blessed assurance of the eternal harmony of things."

M. Caro quotes a saying of Goethe, which is apposite to this: "L'esprit analytique est le sens de l'individual, l'esprit synthétique le sens de l'universel." Everything that Goethe has to say on science is of special value. One of the greatest physicists of our day lately remarked that Goethe's maxims, in their original German, had been a sort of Bible to him for many a long year.

The highest testimony to Goethe's position as a thinker in science is found in Professor von Helmholtz's remark, where the latter says, "To Goethe belongs the great fame of having first conceived the leading ideas to which science in those days was tending, and through which its present form is determined." On the other hand, where mathematical treatment of subjects was required, he was at fault. "Goethe," says Dr. Tyndall, "erred in seeking to ingraft in his *Farbenlehre* (theory of colors) methods altogether foreign to physics, or to the treatment of a purely physical theme." Goethe's attack on Newton's theory had always been considered of questionable value, yet he himself ranked it as the greatest intellectual achievement of his life. In a conversation with Eckermann, he said, "As for what I have done as a poet, I take no pride in it whatever. But that in my century I am the only person who knows the truth in the difficult science of colors —of that I say I am not a little proud." As Lewes points out in his biography of Goethe, that though opposed to the mathematical methods, necessary in physical research, yet his position as a thinker in scientific questions remains unassailed; "his great effort being to establish principles upon which science could be founded."

DR. CHARCOT AT THE SALPETRIERE.— FROM THE PAINTING BY ANDRÉ BROUILLET.

RAPPACCINI'S DAUGHTER.

A YOUNG man, named Giovanni Guasconti, came, very long ago, from the southern region of Italy, to pursue his studies at the University of Padua. Giovanni, who had but a scanty supply of gold ducats in his pocket, took lodgings in a high and gloomy chamber of an old edifice which looked not unworthy to have been the palace of a Paduan noble, and which, in fact, exhibited over its entrance the armorial bearings of a family long since extinct. The young stranger, who was not unstudied in the great poem of his country, recollected that one of the ancestors of this family, and perhaps an occupant of this very mansion, had been pictured by Dante as a partaker of the immortal agonies of his "Inferno." These reminiscences and associations, together with the tendency to heartbreak natural to a young man for the first time out of his native sphere, caused Giovanni to sigh heavily as he looked around the desolate and ill-furnished apartment.

"Holy Virgin, signor!" cried old Dame Lisabetta, who, won by the youth's remarkable beauty of person, was kindly endeavoring to give the chamber a habitable air, "what a sigh was that to come out of a young man's heart! Do you find this old mansion gloomy? For the love of Heaven, then, put your head out of the window, and you will see as bright sunshine as you have left in Naples."

Guasconti mechanically did as the old woman advised, but could not quite agree with her that the Paduan sunshine was as cheerful as that of Southern Italy. Such as it was, however, it fell upon a garden beneath the window and expended its fostering influences on a variety of plants, which seemed to have been carefully cultivated.

"Does this garden belong to the house?" asked Giovanni.

"Heaven forbid, signor, unless it were fruitful of better pot herbs than any that grow there now!" answered old Lisabetta. "No; that garden is cultivated by the own hands of Signor Giacomo Rappaccini, the famous doctor, who, I warrant him, has been heard of as far as Naples. It is said that he distills these plants into medicines that are as potent as a charm. Oftentimes you may see the signor doctor at work, and perhaps the signora, his daughter, too, gathering the strange flowers that grow in the garden."

The old woman had now done what she could for the aspect of the chamber; and commending the young man to the protection of the saints, took her departure.

Giovanni still found no better occupation than to look down into the garden beneath his window. From its appearance he judged it to be one of those botanic gardens which were of earlier date in Padua than elsewhere in Italy or in the world. Or, not improbably, it might once have been the pleasure place of an opulent family; for there was the ruin of a marble fountain in the centre, sculptured with rare art, but so woefully shattered that it was impossible to trace the original design from the chaos of remaining fragments. The water, however, continued to gush and sparkle into the sunbeams as cheerfully as ever. A little gurgling sound ascended to the young man's window, and made him feel as if the fountain were an immortal spirit, that sung its song unceasingly and without heeding the vicissitudes around it, while one century embodied it in marble and another scattered the perishable garniture on the soil. All about the pool into which the water subsided grew various plants, that seemed to require a plentiful supply of moisture for the nourishment of gigantic leaves, and, in some instances, flowers gorgeously magnificent. There was one shrub in particular, set in a marble vase

in the midst of the pool, that bore a profusion of purple blossoms, each of which had the lustre and richness of a gem; and the whole together made a show so resplendent that it seemed enough to illuminate the garden, even had there been no sunshine. Every portion of the soil was peopled with plants and herbs, which, if less beautiful, still bore tokens of assiduous care, as if all had their individual virtues, known to the scientific mind that fostered them. Some were placed in urns rich with old carving, and others in common garden pots; some crept serpentlike along the ground or climbed on high, using whatever means of ascent was offered them. One plant had wreathed itself round a statue of Vertumnus, which was thus quite veiled and shrouded in a drapery of hanging foliage, so happily arranged that it might have served a sculptor for a study.

While Giovanni stood at the window he heard a rustling behind a screen of leaves, and became aware that a person was at work in the garden. His figure soon emerged into view, and showed itself to be that of no common laborer, but a tall, emaciated, sallow and sickly-looking man, dressed in a scholar's garb of black. He was beyond the middle term of life, with gray hair, a thin gray beard, and face singularly marked with intellect and cultivation, but which could never, even in his more youthful days, have expressed much warmth of heart.

Nothing could exceed the intentness with which this scientific gardener examined every shrub which grew in his path; it seemed as if he was looking into their inmost nature, making observations in regard to their creative essence, and discovering why one leaf grew in this shape and another in that, and wherefore such and such flowers differed among themselves in hue and perfume. Nevertheless, in spite of this deep intelligence on his part, there was no approach to intimacy between himself and these vegetable existences. On the contrary, he avoided their actual touch or the direct inhaling of their odors with a caution that impressed Giovanni most disagreeably; for the man's demeanor was that of one walking among malignant influences, such as savage beasts, or deadly snakes, or evil spirits, which, should he allow them one moment of license, would wreak upon him some terrible fatality.

It was strangely frightful to the young man's imagination to see this singular air of insecurity in a person cultivating a garden, that most simple and innocent of human toils, and which had been alike the joy and labor of the unfallen parents of the race. Was this garden, then, the Eden of the present world? And this man, with such a perception of harm in what his own hands caused to grow—was he the Adam?

The distrustful gardener, while plucking away the dead leaves or pruning the too luxuriant growth of the shrubs, defended his hands with a pair of thick gloves. Nor were these his only armor. When, in his walk through the garden, he came to the magnificent plant that hung its purple gems beside the marble fountain, he placed a kind of mask over his mouth and nostrils, as if all this beauty did but conceal a deadlier malice; but, finding his task still too dangerous, he drew back, removed the mask, and called loudly, but in the infirm voice of a person affected with inward disease:

"Beatrice! Beatrice!"

"Here am I, my father. What would you?" cried a rich and youthful voice from the window of the opposite house—a voice as rich as a tropical sunset, and which made Giovanni, though he knew not why, think of deep hues of purple or crimson, and of perfume heavily delectable. "Are you in the garden?"

Soon there emerged from under a sculptured portal the figure of a young girl, arrayed with as much richness of taste as the most splendid of the flowers, beautiful as the day, and with a bloom so deep and vivid that one shade more would have been too much.

She looked redundant with life, health and energy: all of which attributes were bound down and compressed, as it were, and girdled tensely, in their luxuriance, by her virgin zone. Yet Giovanni's fancy must have grown morbid while he looked down into the garden, for the impression which the fair stranger made upon him was as if here were another flower, the human sister of those vegetable ones, as beautiful as they, more beautiful than the richest of them, but still to be touched only with a glove, nor to be approached without a mask. As Beatrice came down the garden path it was observable that she handled and inhaled the odor of several of the plants which her father had most sedulously avoided.

"Here, Beatrice," said the latter, "see how many needful offices require to be done to our chief treasure. Yet, shattered as I am, my life might pay the penalty of approaching it so closely as circumstances demand. Henceforth, I fear, this plant must be consigned to your sole charge."

"And gladly will I undertake it!" cried again the rich tones of the young lady, as she bent toward the magnificent plant and opened her arms, as if to embrace it. "Yes, my sister, my splendor, it shall be Beatrice's task to nurse and serve thee; and thou shalt reward her with thy kisses

and thy perfumed breath, which to her is as the breath of life."

Then, with all the tenderness in her manner that was so strikingly expressed in her words, she busied herself with such attentions as the plant seemed to require; and Giovanni, at his lofty window, rubbed his eyes, and almost doubted whether it were a girl tending her favorite flower or one sister performing the duties of affection to another. The scene soon terminated. Whether Dr. Rappaccini had finished his labors in the garden, or that his watchful eye had caught the stranger's face, he now took his daughter's arm and retired. Night was already closing in; oppressive exhalations seemed to proceed from the plants and steal upward past the open window; and Giovanni, closing the lattice, went to his couch and dreamed of a rich flower and beautiful girl. Flower and maiden were different, and yet the same, and fraught with some strange peril in either shape.

But there is an influence in the light of morning that tends to rectify whatever errors of fancy, or even of judgment, we may have incurred during the sun's decline, or among the shadows of the night, or in the less wholesome glow of moonshine. Giovanni's first movement on starting from sleep was to throw open the window and gaze down into the garden which his dreams had made so fertile of mysteries. He was surprised and a little ashamed to find how real and matter-of-fact an affair it proved to be in the first rays of the sun which gilded the dewdrops that hung upon leaf and blossom, and, while giving a brighter beauty to each rare flower, brought everything within the limits of ordinary experience. The young man rejoiced that, in the heart of the barren city, he had the privilege of overlooking this spot of lovely and luxuriant vegetation. It would serve, he said to himself, as a symbolic language to keep him in communion with nature. Neither the sickly and thought-worn Dr. Giacomo Rappaccini, it is true, nor his brilliant daughter, were now visible, so that Giovanni could not determine how much of the singularity which he attributed to both was due to their own qualities and how much to his wonder-working fancy; but he was inclined to take a most rational view of the whole matter.

In the course of the day he paid his respects to Signor Pietro Baglioni, professor of medicine in the university, a physician of eminent repute, to whom Giovanni had brought a letter of introduction. The professor was an elderly personage, apparently of genial nature and habits that might almost be called jovial. He kept the young man to dinner, and made himself very agreeable by the freedom and liveliness of his conversation, especially when warmed by a flask or two of Tuscan wine. Giovanni, conceiving that men of science, inhabitants of the same city, must needs be on familiar terms with one another, took an opportunity to mention the name of Dr. Rappaccini. But the professor did not respond with so much cordiality as he had anticipated.

"Ill would it become a teacher of the divine art of medicine," said Professor Pietro Baglioni, in answer to a question of Giovanni, "to withhold due and well-considered praise of a physician so eminently skilled as Rappaccini; but, on the other hand, I should answer it but scantily to my conscience were I to permit a worthy youth like yourself, Signor Giovanni, the son of an ancient friend, to imbibe erroneous ideas respecting a man who might hereafter chance to hold your life and death in his hands. The truth is, our worshipful Dr. Rappaccini has as much science as any member of the faculty—with, perhaps, one single exception—in Padua, or all Italy; but there are certain grave objections to his professional character."

"And what are they?" asked the young man.

"Has my friend Giovanni any disease of body or heart, that he is so inquisitive about physicians?" said the professor, with a smile. "But as for Rappaccini, it is said of him—and I, who know the man well, can answer for its truth—that he cares infinitely more for science than for mankind. His patients are interesting to him only as subjects for some new experiment. He would sacrifice human life, his own among the rest, or whatever else was dearest to him, for the sake of adding so much as a grain of mustard seed to the great heap of his accumulated knowledge."

"Methinks he is an awful man indeed," remarked Guasconti, mentally recalling the cold and purely intellectual aspect of Rappaccini. "And yet, worshipful professor, is it not a noble spirit? Are there many men capable of so spiritual a love of science?"

"God forbid," answered the professor, somewhat testily; "at least, unless they take sounder views of the healing art than those adopted by Rappaccini. It is his theory that all medicinal virtues are comprised within those substances which we term vegetable poisons. These he cultivates with his own hands, and is said even to have produced new varieties of poison, more horribly deleterious than nature—without the assistance of this learned person—would ever have plagued the world withal. That the doctor does less mischief than might be expected with such dangerous substances is undeniable. Now and then, it is true, he has effected, or seemed to effect,

a marvelous cure; but, to tell you my private mind, Signor Giovanni, he should receive little credit for such instances of success—they being probably the work of chance—but should be held strictly accountable for his failures, which may justly be considered his own work."

The youth might have taken Baglioni's opinions with many grains of allowance had he known that there was a professional warfare of long continuance between him and Dr. Rappaccini, in which the latter was generally thought to have gained the advantage. If the reader be inclined to judge for himself, we refer him to certain black-letter tracts on both sides, preserved in the medical department of the University of Padua.

"I know not, most learned professor," returned Giovanni, after musing on what had been said of Rappaccini's exclusive zeal for science—"I know not how dearly this physician may love his art; but surely there is one object more dear to him. He has a daughter."

"Aha!" cried the professor, with a laugh. "So now our friend Giovanni's secret is out. You have heard of this daughter, whom all the young men in Padua are wild about, though not half a dozen have ever had the good hap to see her face. I know little of the Signora Beatrice save that Rappaccini is said to have instructed her deeply in his science, and that, young and beautiful as fame reports her, she is already qualified to fill a professor's chair. Perchance her father destines her for mine! Other absurd rumors there be, not worth talking about or listening to. So now, Signor Giovanni, drink off your glass of lachryma."

Guasconti returned to his lodgings somewhat heated with the wine he had quaffed, and which caused his brain to swim with strange fantasies in reference to Dr. Rappaccini and the beautiful Beatrice. On his way, happening to pass by a florist's, he bought a fresh bouquet of flowers.

Ascending to his chamber, he seated himself near the window, but within the shadow thrown by the depth of the wall, so that he could look down into the garden with little risk of being discovered. All beneath his eye was a solitude. The strange plants were basking in the sunshine, and now and then nodding gently to one another, as if in acknowledgment of sympathy and kindred. In the midst, by the shattered fountain, grew a magnificent shrub, with its purple gems clustering all over it; they glowed in the air, and gleamed back again out of the depths of the pool, which thus seemed to overflow with colored radiance from the rich reflection that was steeped in it. At first, as we have said, the garden was a solitude. Soon, however, as Giovanni had half hoped, half feared would be the case, a figure appeared beneath the antique sculptured portal, and came down between the rows of plants, inhaling their various perfumes as if she were one of those beings of old classic fable that lived upon sweet odors. On again beholding Beatrice the young man was even startled to perceive how much her beauty exceeded his recollection of it—so brilliant, so vivid was its character, that she glowed amid the sunlight, and, as Giovanni whispered to himself, positively illuminated the more shadowy intervals of the garden path. Her face being now more revealed than on the former occasion, he was struck by its expression of simplicity and sweetness—qualities that had not entered into his idea of her character, and which made him ask anew what manner of mortal she might be. Nor did he fail again to observe, or imagine, an analogy between the beautiful girl and the gorgeous shrub that hung its gemlike flowers over the fountain—a resemblance which Beatrice seemed to have indulged a fantastic humor in heightening, both by the arrangement of her dress and the selection of its hues.

Approaching the shrub, she threw open her arms, as with a passionate ardor, and drew its branches into an intimate embrace—so intimate that her features were hidden in its leafy bosom and her glistening ringlets all intermingled with the flowers.

"Give me thy breath, my sister," exclaimed Beatrice; "for I am faint with common air! And give me this flower of thine, which I separate with gentlest fingers from the stem and place it close beside my heart."

With these words the beautiful daughter of Rappaccini plucked one of the richest blossoms of the shrub, and was about to fasten it in her bosom. But now, unless Giovanni's draughts of wine had bewildered his senses, a singular incident occurred. A small, orange-colored reptile, of the lizard or chameleon species, chanced to be creeping along the path, just at the feet of Beatrice. It appeared to Giovanni—but at the distance from which he gazed he could scarcely have seen anything so minute—it appeared to him, however, that a drop or two of moisture from the broken stem of the flower descended upon the lizard's head. For an instant the reptile contorted itself violently, and then lay motionless in the sunshine. Beatrice observed this remarkable phenomenon, and crossed herself, sadly, but without surprise; nor did she therefore hesitate to arrange the fatal flower in her bosom. There it blushed, and almost glimmered with the dazzling effect of a precious stone, adding to her dress and aspect the one appropriate charm which nothing

else in the world could have supplied. But Giovanni, out of the shadow of his window, bent forward and shrank back, murmured and trembled.

"Am I awake? Have I my senses?" said he to himself. "What is this being? Beautiful, shall I call her, or inexpressibly terrible?"

Beatrice now strayed carelessly through the garden, approaching closer beneath Giovanni's window, so that he was compelled to thrust his head quite out of its concealment in order to gratify the intense, painful curiosity which she excited. At this moment there came a beautiful

"SHE PUT BAGLIONI'S ANTIDOTE TO HER LIPS."

insect over the garden wall; it had perhaps wandered throughout the city and found no flowers or verdure among those antique haunts of men until the heavy perfumes of Dr. Rappaccini's shrubs had lured it from afar. Without alighting on the flowers, this winged brightness seemed to be attracted by Beatrice, and lingered in the air and fluttered about her head. Now, here it could not be but that Giovanni's eyes deceived him. Be that as it might, he fancied that, while Beatrice was gazing at the insect with childish delight, it grew faint and fell at her feet; its bright wings shivered; it was dead — from no cause that he could discern, unless it were the atmosphere of her breath. Again Beatrice crossed herself, and sighed heavily as she bent over the dead insect.

An impulsive movement of Giovanni drew her eyes to the window. There she beheld the beautiful head of the young man—rather a Grecian than an Italian head, with fair, regular features and a glistening of gold among his ringlets—gazing down upon her like a being that hovered in midair. Scarcely knowing what he did, Giovanni threw down the bouquet which he had hitherto held in his hand.

"Signora," said he, "there are pure and healthful flowers. Wear them for the sake of Giovanni Guasconti."

"Thanks, signor," replied Beatrice, with her rich voice, that came forth as it were like a gush of music, and with a mirthful expression half childish and half womanlike. "I accept your gift, and would fain recompense it with this precious purple flower, but if I toss it into the air it will not reach you. So Signor Guasconti must even content himself with my thanks."

She lifted the bouquet from the ground, and then, as if inwardly ashamed at having stepped aside from her maidenly reserve to respond to a stranger's greeting, passed swiftly homeward through the garden. But, few as the moments were, it seemed to Giovanni, when she was on the point of vanishing beneath the sculptured portal, that his beautiful bouquet was already beginning to wither in her grasp. It was an idle thought; there could be no possibility of distinguishing a faded flower from a fresh one at so great a distance.

For many days after this incident the young man avoided the window that looked into Dr. Rappaccini's garden, as if something ugly and monstrous would have blasted his eyesight had he been betrayed into a glance. He felt conscious of having put himself, to a certain extent, within the influence of an unintelligible power by the communication which he had opened with Beatrice. The wisest course would have been, if his heart were in any real danger, to quit his lodgings and Padua itself at once; the next wiser, to have accustomed himself, as far as possible, to the familiar and daylight view of Beatrice, thus bringing her rigidly and systematically within the limits of ordinary experience. Least of all, while avoiding her sight, ought Giovanni to have remained so near this extraordinary being that the proximity and possibility even of intercourse should give a kind of substance and reality to the wild vagaries which his imagination ran riot continually in producing. Guasconti had not a deep heart — or, at all events, its depths were not sounded now; but he had a quick fancy and an ardent southern temperament, which rose every instant to a higher fever pitch. Whether or not Beatrice possessed those terrible attributes, that fatal breath, the affinity with those so beautiful and deadly flowers which were indicated by what Giovanni had witnessed, she had at least instilled a fierce and subtle poison into his system. It was not love, although her rich beauty was a madness to him; nor horror, even while he fancied her spirit to be imbued with the same baneful essence that seemed to pervade her physical frame; but a wild offspring of both love and horror that had each parent in it, and burned like one and shivered like the other. Giovanni knew not what to dread; still less did he know what to hope; yet hope and dread kept a continual warfare in his breast, alternately vanquishing one another and starting up fresh to renew the contest. Blessed are all simple emotions, be they dark or bright! It is the lurid intermixture of the two that produces the illuminating blaze of the infernal regions.

Sometimes he endeavored to assuage the fever of his spirit by a rapid walk through the streets of Padua or beyond its gates; his footsteps kept time with the throbbings of his brain, so that the walk was apt to accelerate itself to a race. One day he found himself arrested; his arm was seized by a portly personage, who had turned back on recognizing the young man, and expended much breath in overtaking him.

"Signor Giovanni! Stay, my young friend!" cried he. "Have you forgotten me? That might well be the case if I were as much altered as yourself."

It was Baglioni, whom Giovanni had avoided ever since their first meeting, from a doubt that the professor's sagacity would look too deeply into his secrets. Endeavoring to recover himself, the young man started forth wildly from his inner world into the outer one, and spoke like a man in a dream.

"Yes; I am Giovanni Guasconti. You are Professor Pietro Baglioni. Now let me pass!"

"Not yet, not yet, Signor Giovanni Guasconti," said the professor, smiling, but at the same time scrutinizing the youth with an earnest glance. "What! did I grow up side by side with your father? and shall his son pass me like a stranger in these old streets of Padua? Stand still, for we must have a word or two before we part."

"Speedily, then, most worshipful professor, speedily," said Giovanni, with feverish impatience. "Does not your worship see that I am in haste?"

Now, while he was speaking there came a man in black along the street, stooping and moving feebly like a person in inferior health. His face was all overspread with a most sickly and sallow hue, but yet so pervaded with an expression of piercing and active intellect that an observer might easily have overlooked the merely physical attributes, and have seen only this wonderful energy. As he passed, this person exchanged a cold and distant salutation with Baglioni, but fixed his eyes on Giovanni with an intentness that seemed to bring out whatever was within him worthy of notice. Nevertheless, there was a peculiar quietness in the look, as if taking merely a speculative, not a human, interest in the young man.

"It is Dr. Rappaccini!" whispered the professor, when the stranger had passed. "Has he ever seen your face before?"

"Not that I know," answered Giovanni, starting at the name.

"He *has* seen you! he must have seen you!" said Baglioni, hastily. "For some purpose or other, this man of science is making a study of you. I know that look of his! It is the same that coldly illuminates his face as he bends over a bird, a mouse or a butterfly, which, in pursuance of some experiment, he has killed by the perfume of a flower—a look as deep as nature itself, but without nature's warmth of love. Signor Giovanni, I will stake my life upon it, you are the subject of one of Rappaccini's experiments!"

"Will you make a fool of me?" cried Giovanni, passionately. "*That*, Signor Professor, were an untoward experiment."

"Patience! patience!" replied the imperturbable professor. "I tell thee, my poor Giovanni, that Rappaccini has a scientific interest in thee. Thou hast fallen into fearful hands! And the Signora Beatrice—what part does she act in this mystery?"

But Guasconti, finding Baglioni's pertinacity intolerable, here broke away, and was gone before the professor could again seize his arm. He looked after the young man intently, and shook his head.

"This must not be," said Baglioni to himself. "The youth is the son of my old friend, and shall not come to any harm from which the arcana of medical science can preserve him. Besides, it is too insufferable an impertinence in Rappaccini thus to snatch the lad out of my own hands, as I may say, and make use of him for his infernal experiments. This daughter of his! It shall be looked to. Perchance, most learned Rappaccini, I may foil you where you little dream of it!"

Meanwhile Giovanni had pursued a circuitous route, and at length found himself at the door of his lodgings. As he crossed the threshold he was met by old Lisabetta, who smirked and smiled, and was evidently desirous to attract his attention; vainly, however, as the ebullition of his feelings had momentarily subsided into a cold and dull vacuity. He turned his eyes full upon the withered face that was puckering itself into a smile, but seemed to behold it not. The old dame, therefore, laid her grasp upon his cloak.

"Signor! signor!" whispered she, still with a smile over the whole breadth of her visage, so that it looked not unlike a grotesque carving in wood, darkened by centuries. "Listen, signor! There is a private entrance into the garden."

"What do you say?" exclaimed Giovanni, turning quickly about, as if an inanimate thing should start into feverish life. "A private entrance into Dr. Rappaccini's garden?"

"Hush! hush! not so loud!" whispered Lisabetta, putting her hand over his mouth. "Yes; into the worshipful doctor's garden, where you may see all his fine shrubbery. Many a young man in Padua would give gold to be admitted among those flowers."

Giovanni put a piece of gold into her hand.

"Show me the way," said he.

A surmise, probably excited by his conversation with Baglioni, crossed his mind, that this interposition of old Lisabetta might perchance be connected with the intrigue, whatever were its nature, in which the professor seemed to suppose that Dr. Rappaccini was involving him. But such a suspicion, though it disturbed Giovanni, was inadequate to restrain him. The instant that he was aware of the possibility of approaching Beatrice it seemed an absolute necessity of his existence to do so. It mattered not whether she were an angel or demon; he was irrevocably within her sphere, and must obey the law that whirled him onward, in ever-lessening circles, toward a result which he did not attempt to foreshadow; and yet, very strange to say, there came across him a

sudden doubt whether this intense interest on his part were not delusory; whether it were really of so deep and positive a nature as to justify him in now thrusting himself into an incalculable position; whether it were not merely the fantasy of a young man's brain, only slightly or not at all connected with his heart.

He paused, hesitated, turned half about, but still went on. His withered guide led him along several obscure passages, and finally undid a door, through which, as it was opened, there came the sight and sound of rustling leaves, with the broken sunshine glimmering among them. Giovanni stepped forth, and, forcing himself through the entanglement of a shrub that wreathed its tendrils over the hidden entrance, stood beneath his own window in the open area of Dr. Rappaccini's garden. How often is it the case that, when impossibilities have come to pass and dreams have condensed their misty substance into tangible realities, we find ourselves calm, and even coldly self-possessed, amid circumstances which it would have been a delirium of joy or agony to anticipate! Fate delights to thwart us thus. Passion will choose his own time to rush upon the scene, and lingers sluggishly behind when an appropriate adjustment of events would seem to summon his appearance. So was it now with Giovanni. Day after day his pulses had throbbed with feverish blood at the improbable idea of an interview with Beatrice, and of standing with her, face to face, in this very garden, basking in the Oriental sunshine of her beauty, and snatching from her full gaze the mystery which he deemed the riddle of his own existence. But now there was a singular and untimely equanimity within his breast. He threw a glance around the garden to discover if Beatrice or her father were present, and, perceiving that he was alone, began a critical observation of the plants.

The aspect of one and all of them dissatisfied him; their gorgeousness seemed fierce, passionate and even unnatural. There was hardly an individual shrub which a wanderer, straying by himself through a forest, would not have been startled to find growing wild, as if an unearthly face had glared at him out of the thicket. Several, also, would have shocked a delicate instinct by an appearance of artificialness indicating that there had been such commixture, and, as it were, adultery, of various vegetable species, that the production was no longer of God's making, but the monstrous offspring of man's depraved fancy, glowing with only an evil mockery of beauty. They were probably the result of experiment, which in one or two cases had succeeded in mingling plants individually lovely into a compound possessing the questionable and ominous character that distinguished the whole growth of the garden. In fine, Giovanni recognized but two or three plants in the collection, and those of a kind that he well knew to be poisonous. While busy with these contemplations he heard the rustling of a silken garment, and turning, beheld Beatrice emerging from beneath the sculptured portal.

Giovanni had not considered with himself what should be his deportment; whether he should apologize for his intrusion into the garden, or assume that he was there with the privity at least, if not by the desire, of Dr. Rappaccini or his daughter; but Beatrice's manner placed him at his ease, though leaving him still in doubt by what agency he had gained admittance. She came lightly along the path and met him near the broken fountain. There was surprise in her face, but brightened by a simple and kind expression of pleasure.

"You are a connoisseur in flowers, signor," said Beatrice, with a smile, alluding to the bouquet which he had flung her from the window. "It is no marvel, therefore, if the sight of my father's rare collection has tempted you to take a nearer view. If he were here he could tell you many strange and interesting facts as to the nature and habits of the shrubs, for he has spent a lifetime in such studies, and this garden is his world."

"And yourself, lady," observed Giovanni, "if fame says true, you likewise are deeply skilled in the virtues indicated by these rich blossoms and these spicy perfumes. Would you deign to be my instructress I should prove an apter scholar than if taught by Signor Rappaccini himself."

"Are there such idle rumors?" asked Beatrice, with the music of a pleasant laugh. "Do people say that I am skilled in my father's science of plants? What a jest is there! No; though I have grown up among these flowers, I know no more of them than their hues and perfume; and sometimes methinks I would fain rid myself of even that small knowledge. There are many flowers here, and those not the least brilliant, that shock and offend me when they meet my eye. But pray, signor, do not believe these stories about my science. Believe nothing of me save what you see with your own eyes."

"And must I believe all that I have seen with my own eyes?" asked Giovanni, pointedly, while the recollection of former scenes made him shrink. "No, signora; you demand too little of me. Bid me believe nothing save what comes from your own lips."

It would seem that Beatrice understood him. There came a deep flush to her cheek; but she

looked full into Giovanni's eyes, and responded to his gaze of uneasy suspicion with a queenlike haughtiness.

"I do so bid you, signor," she replied. "Forget whatever you may have fancied in regard to me. If true to the outward senses, still it may be false in its essence; but the words of Beatrice Rappaccini's lips are true from the depths of the heart outward. Those you may believe."

A fervor glowed in her whole aspect and beamed upon Giovanni's consciousness like the light of truth itself; but, while she spoke, there was a fragrance in the atmosphere around her, rich and delightful, though evanescent, yet which the young man, from an indefinable reluctance, scarcely dared to draw into his lungs. It might be the odor of the flowers. Could it be Beatrice's breath which thus embalmed her words with a strange richness, as if by steeping them in her heart? A faintness passed over Giovanni and flitted away; he seemed to gaze through the beautiful girl's eyes into her transparent soul, and felt no more doubt.

"THERE EMERGED THE FIGURE OF A YOUNG GIRL."

The tinge of passion that had colored Beatrice's manner vanished; she became gay, and appeared to derive a pure delight from her communion with the youth not unlike what the maiden of a lonely island might have felt conversing with a voyager from the civilized world. Evidently her experience of life had been confined within the limits of that garden. She talked now about matters as simple as the daylight or summer clouds, and now asked questions in reference to the city, or Giovanni's distant home, his friends, his mother and his sisters—questions indicating such seclusion and such lack of familiarity with modes and forms that Giovanni responded as if to an infant. Her spirit gushed out before him like a fresh rill that was just catching its first glimpse of the sunlight and wondering at the reflections of earth and sky which were flung into its bosom. There came thoughts, too, from a deep source, and fantasies of a gemlike brilliancy, as if diamonds and rubies sparkled upward among the bubbles of the fountain. Ever and anon there gleamed across the young man's mind a sense of wonder that he should be walking side by side with the being who had so wrought upon his imagination, whom he had idealized in such hues of terror, in whom he had positively witnessed such manifestations of dreadful attributes — that he should be conversing with Beatrice as a brother, and should find her so human and so maidenlike. But such reflections were only momentary; the effect of her character was too real not to make itself familiar to him at once.

In this free intercourse they had strayed through the garden, and now, after many turns among its avenues, were come to the shattered fountain, beside which grew the magnificent shrub, with its treasury of glowing blossoms. A fragrance was diffused from it which Giovanni recognized as identical with that which he had attributed to Beatrice's breath, but incomparably more powerful. As the girl's eyes fell upon the plant, Giovanni beheld her press her hand quickly to her

bosom as if her heart were throbbing suddenly and painfully.

"For the first time in my life," murmured she, addressing the shrub, "I had forgotten thee."

"I remember, signora," said Giovanni, "that you once promised to reward me with one of these living gems for the bouquet which I had the happy boldness to fling to your feet. Permit me now to pluck it as a memorial of this interview."

He made a step toward the shrub with extended hand; but Beatrice darted forward, uttering a shriek that went through his heart like a dagger. She caught his hand and drew it back with the whole force of her slender figure. Giovanni felt her touch thrilling through his fibres.

"Touch it not!" exclaimed she, in a voice of agony. "Not for thy life! It is fatal!"

Then, hiding her face, she fled from him and vanished beneath the sculptured portal. As Giovanni followed her with his eyes he beheld the emaciated figure and pale intelligence of Dr. Rappaccini, who had been watching the scene, he knew not how long, within the shadow of the entrance.

No sooner was Guasconti alone in his chamber than the image of Beatrice came back to his passionate musings, invested with all the witchery that had been gathering around it ever since his first glimpse of her, and now likewise imbued with a tender warmth of girlish womanhood. She was human; her nature was endowed with all gentle and feminine qualities; she was worthiest to be worshiped; she was capable, surely, on her part, of the height and heroism of love. Those tokens which he had hitherto considered as proofs of a frightful peculiarity in her physical and moral system were now either forgotten or, by the subtle sophistry of passion, transmuted into a golden crown of enchantment, rendering Beatrice the more admirable by so much as she was the more unique. Whatever had looked ugly was now beautiful; or, if capable of such a change, it stole away and hid itself among those shapeless half-ideas which throng the dim region beyond the daylight of our perfect consciousness. Thus did he spend the night, nor fell asleep until the dawn had begun to awake the slumbering flowers in Dr. Rappaccini's garden, whither Giovanni's dreams doubtless led him. Up rose the sun in his due season, and, flinging his beams upon the young man's eyelids, awoke him to a sense of pain. When thoroughly aroused he became sensible of a burning and tingling agony in his hand—in his right hand—the very hand which Beatrice had grasped in her own when he was on the point of plucking one of the gemlike flowers. On the back of that hand there was now a purple print like that of four small fingers, and the likeness of a slender thumb upon his wrist.

Oh, how stubbornly does love—or even that cunning semblance of love which flourishes in the imagination, but strikes no depth of root into the heart—how stubbornly does it hold its faith until the moment comes when it is doomed to vanish into thin mist! Giovanni wrapped a handkerchief about his hand, and wondered what evil thing had stung him, and soon forgot his pain in a reverie of Beatrice.

After the first interview a second was in the inevitable course of what we call fate. A third—a fourth; and a meeting with Beatrice in the garden was no longer an incident in Giovanni's daily life, but the whole space in which he might be said to live; for the anticipation and memory of that ecstatic hour made up the remainder. Nor was it otherwise with the daughter of Rappaccini. She watched for the youth's appearance, and flew to his side with confidence as unreserved as if they had been playmates from early infancy—as if they were such playmates still. If, by unwonted chance, he failed to come at the appointed moment, she stood beneath the window and sent up the rich sweetness of her tones to float around him in his chamber and echo and reverberate throughout his heart: "Giovanni! Giovanni! Why tarriest thou? Come down!" And down he hastened into that Eden of poisonous flowers.

But, with all this intimate familiarity, there was still a reserve in Beatrice's demeanor, so rigidly and invariably sustained that the idea of infringing it scarcely occurred to his imagination. By all appreciable signs, they loved; they had looked love with eyes that conveyed the holy secret from the depths of one soul into the depths of the other, as if it were too sacred to be whispered by the way; they had even spoken love in those gushes of passion when their spirits darted forth in articulated breath like tongues of long-hidden flame; and yet there had been no seal of lips, no clasp of hands, nor any slightest caress such as love claims and hallows. He had never touched one of the gleaming ringlets of her hair; her garment—so marked was the physical barrier between them—had never been waved against him by a breeze. On the few occasions when Giovanni had seemed tempted to overstep the limit Beatrice grew so sad, so stern, and withal wore such a look of desolate separation, shuddering at itself, that not a spoken word was requisite to repel him. At such times he was startled at the horrible suspicions that rose, monsterlike, out of the caverns of his heart and stared him in the face; his love grew thin and faint as the morning mist; his

doubts alone had substance. But, when Beatrice's face brightened again after the momentary shadow, she was transformed at once from the mysterious, questionable being whom he had watched with so much awe and horror; she was now the beautiful and unsophisticated girl whom he felt that his spirit knew with a certainty beyond all other knowledge.

A considerable time had now passed since Giovanni's last meeting with Baglioni. One morning, however, he was disagreeably surprised by a visit from the professor, whom he had scarcely thought of for whole weeks, and would willingly have forgotten still longer. Given up, as he had long been, to a pervading excitement, he could tolerate no companions except upon condition of their perfect sympathy with his present state of feeling. Such sympathy was not to be expected from Professor Baglioni.

The visitor chatted carelessly for a few moments about the gossip of the city and the university, and then took up another topic.

"I have been reading an old classic author lately," said he, "and met with a story that strangely interested me. Possibly you may remember it. It is of an Indian prince, who sent a beautiful woman as a present to Alexander the Great. She was as lovely as the dawn and gorgeous as the sunset; but what especially distinguished her was a certain rich perfume in her breath—richer than a garden of Persian roses. Alexander, as was natural to a youthful conqueror, fell in love at first sight with this magnificent stranger; but a certain sage physician, happening to be present, discovered a terrible secret in regard to her."

"And what was that?" asked Giovanni, turning his eyes downward to avoid those of the professor.

"That this lovely woman," continued Baglioni, with emphasis, "had been nourished with poisons from her birth upward, until her whole nature was so imbued with them that she herself had become the deadliest poison in existence. Poison was her element of life. With that rich perfume of her breath she blasted the very air. Her love would have been poison—her embrace death. Is not this a marvelous tale?"

"A childish fable," answered Giovanni, nervously starting from his chair. "I marvel how your worship finds time to read such nonsense among your graver studies."

"By the by," said the professor, looking uneasily about him, "what singular fragrance is this in your apartment? Is it the perfume of your gloves? It is faint, but delicious, and yet, after all, by no means agreeable. Were I to breathe it long, methinks it would make me ill. It is like the breath of a flower; but I see no flowers in the chamber."

"Nor are there any," replied Giovanni, who had turned pale as the professor spoke; "nor, I think, is there any fragrance except in your worship's imagination. Odors, being a sort of element combined of the sensual and the spiritual, are apt to deceive us in this manner. The recollection of a perfume, the bare idea of it, may easily be mistaken for a present reality."

"Ay, but my sober imagination does not often play such tricks," said Baglioni; "and, were I to fancy any kind of odor, it would be that of some vile apothecary drug, wherewith my fingers are likely enough to be imbued. Our worshipful friend Rappaccini, as I have heard, tinctures his medicaments with odors richer than those of Araby. Doubtless, likewise, the fair and learned Signora Beatrice would minister to her patients with draughts as sweet as a maiden's breath; but woe to him that sips them!"

Giovanni's face evinced many contending emotions. The tone in which the professor alluded to the pure and lovely daughter of Rappaccini was a torture to his soul; and yet the intimation of a view of her character opposite to his own gave instantaneous distinctness to a thousand dim suspicions, which now grinned at him like so many demons. But he strove hard to quell them, and to respond to Baglioni with a true lover's perfect faith.

"Signor Professor," said he, "you were my father's friend; perhaps, too, it is your purpose to act a friendly part toward his son. I would fain feel nothing toward you save respect and deference; and I pray you to observe, signor, that there is one subject on which we must not speak. You know not the Signora Beatrice. You cannot, therefore, estimate the wrong—the blasphemy, I may even say—that is offered to her character by a light or injurious word."

"Giovanni! my poor Giovanni!" answered the professor, with a calm expression of pity, "I know this wretched girl far better than yourself. You shall hear the truth in respect to the poisoner Rappaccini and his poisonous daughter; yes, poisonous as she is beautiful. Listen, for even should you do violence to my gray hairs it shall not silence me. That old fable of the Indian woman has become a truth by the deep and deadly science of Rappaccini and in the person of the lovely Beatrice."

Giovanni groaned and hid his face.

"Her father," continued Baglioni, was not restrained by natural affection from offering up his child in this horrible manner as the victim of his

insane zeal for science; for, let us do him justice, he is as true a man of science as ever distilled his own heart in an alembic. What, then, will be your fate? Beyond a doubt, you are selected as the material of some new experiment. Perhaps the result is to be death; perhaps a fate more awful still. Rappaccini, with what he calls the interest of science before his eyes, will hesitate at nothing."

"It is a dream," muttered Giovanni to himself; "surely it is a dream!"

"But," resumed the professor, "be of good cheer, son of my friend. It is not yet too late for the rescue. Possibly we may even succeed in bringing back this miserable child within the limits of ordinary nature, from which her father's madness has estranged her. Behold this little silver vase. It was wrought by the hands of the renowned Benvenuto Cellini, and it is well worthy to be a love gift to the fairest dame in Italy; but its contents are invaluable. One little sip of this antidote would have rendered the most virulent poisons of the Borgias innocuous. Doubt not that it will be as efficacious against those of Rappaccini. Bestow the vase, and the precious liquid within it, on your Beatrice, and hopefully await the result."

Baglioni laid a small, exquisitely wrought silver vial on the table, and withdrew, leaving what he had said to produce its effect on the young man's mind.

"We will thwart Rappaccini yet," thought he, chuckling to himself, as he descended the stairs; "but, let us confess the truth of him, he is a wonderful man—a wonderful man, indeed; a vile empiric, however, in his practice, and therefore not to be tolerated by those who respect the good old rules of the medical profession."

Throughout Giovanni's whole acquaintance with Beatrice he had occasionally, as we have said, been haunted by dark surmises as to her character; yet so thoroughly had she made herself felt by him as a simple, natural, most affectionate and guileless creature that the image now held up by Professor Baglioni looked as strange and incredible as if it were not in accordance with his own original conception. True, there were ugly recollections connected with his first glimpses of the beautiful girl; he could not quite forget the bouquet that withered in her grasp, and the insect that perished amid the sunny air, by no ostensible agency save the fragrance of her breath. These incidents, however, dissolving in the pure light of her character, had no longer the efficacy of facts, but were acknowledged as mistaken fancies, by whatever testimony of the senses they appear to be substantiated. There is something truer and more real than what we can see with the eyes and touch with the finger. On such better evidence had Giovanni founded his confidence in Beatrice, though rather by the necessary force of her high attributes than by any deep and generous faith on his part. But now his spirit was incapable of sustaining itself at the height to which the early enthusiasm of passion had exalted it; he fell down, groveling among earthly doubts, and defiled therewith the pure whiteness of Beatrice's image. Not that he gave her up: he did but distrust. He resolved to institute some decisive test that should satisfy him, once for all, whether there were those dreadful peculiarities in her physical nature which could not be supposed to exist without some corresponding monstrosity of soul. His eyes, gazing down afar, might have deceived him as to the lizard, the insect and the flowers; but if he could witness at the distance of a few paces the sudden blight of one fresh and healthful flower in Beatrice's hand there would be room for no further question. With this idea he hastened to the florist's and purchased a bouquet that was still gemmed with the morning dewdrops.

It was now the customary hour of his daily interview with Beatrice. Before descending into the garden Giovanni failed not to look at his figure in the mirror—a vanity to be expected in a beautiful young man, yet, as displaying itself at that troubled and feverish moment, the token of a certain shallowness of feeling and insincerity of character. He did gaze, however, and said to himself that his features had never before possessed so rich a grace, nor his eyes such vivacity, nor his cheeks so warm a hue of superabundant life.

"At least," thought he, "her poison has not yet insinuated itself into my system. I am no flower to perish in her grasp."

With that thought he turned his eyes on the bouquet, which he had never once laid aside from his hand. A thrill of indefinable horror shot through his frame on perceiving that those dewy flowers were already beginning to droop; they wore the aspect of things that had been fresh and lovely yesterday. Giovanni grew white as marble, and stood motionless before the mirror, staring at his own reflection there as at the likeness of something frightful. He remembered Baglioni's remark about the fragrance that seemed to pervade the chamber. It must have been the poison in his breath! Then he shuddered—shuddered at himself. Recovering from his stupor, he began to watch with curious eye a spider that was busily at work hanging his web from the antique cornice of the apartment, crossing and recrossing

the artful system of interwoven lines—as vigorous and active a spider as ever dangled from an old ceiling. Giovanni bent toward the insect, and emitted a deep, long breath. The spider suddenly ceased its toil; the web vibrated with a tremor originating in the body of the small artisan. Again Giovanni sent forth a breath, deeper, longer, and imbued with a venomous feeling out of his heart; he knew not whether he were wicked or only desperate. The spider made a convulsive grip with his limbs, and hung dead across the window.

"Accursed! accursed!" muttered Giovanni, addressing himself. "Hast thou grown so poisonous that this deadly insect perishes by thy breath?"

At that moment a rich, sweet voice came floating up from the garden.

"Giovanni! Giovanni! It is past the hour! Why tarriest thou? Come down!"

"Yes," muttered Giovanni again. "She is the only being whom my breath may not slay! Would that it might!"

He rushed down, and in an instant was standing before the bright and loving eyes of Beatrice. A moment ago his wrath and despair had been so fierce that he could have desired nothing so much as to wither her by a glance; but with her actual presence there came influences which had too real an existence to be at once shaken off—recollections of the delicate and benign power of her feminine nature, which had so often enveloped him in a religious calm; recollections of many a holy and passionate outgush of her heart, when the pure fountain had been unsealed from its depths and made visible in its transparency to his mental eye; recollections which, had Giovanni known how to estimate them, would have assured him that all this horrible mystery was but an earthly illusion, and that, whatever mist of evil might seem to have gathered over her, the real Beatrice was a heavenly angel. Incapable as he was of such high faith, still her presence had not utterly lost its magic. Giovanni's rage was quelled into an aspect of sullen sensibility. Beatrice, with a quick spiritual sense, immediately felt that there was a gulf of blackness between them which neither he nor she could pass. They walked on together, sad and silent, and came thus to the marble fountain and to its pool of water on the ground, in the midst of which grew the shrub that bore gemlike blossoms. Giovanni was affrighted at the eager enjoyment—the appetite, as it were—with which he found himself inhaling the fragrance of the flowers.

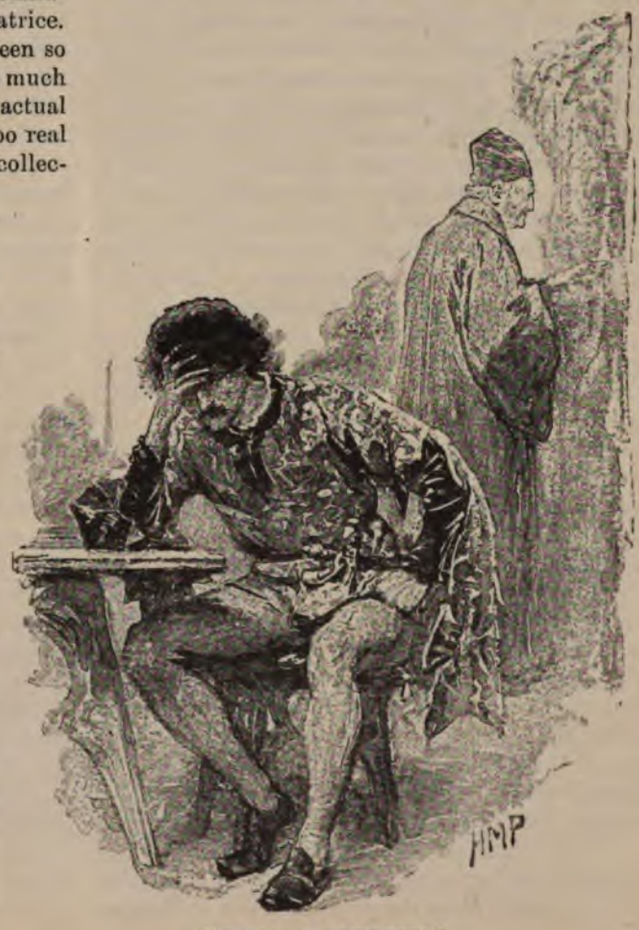
"Beatrice," asked he, abruptly, "whence came this shrub?"

"My father created it," answered she, with simplicity.

"Created it! created it!" repeated Giovanni. "What mean you, Beatrice?"

"He is a man fearfully acquainted with the secrets of nature," replied Beatrice; "and, at the hour when I first drew breath this plant sprang from the soil, the offspring of his science, of his intellect, while I was but his earthly child. Approach it not!" continued she, observing with terror that Giovanni was drawing nearer to the shrub. "It has qualities that you little dream of. But I, dearest Giovanni—I grew up and blossomed with the plant, and was nourished by its breath. It was my sister, and I loved it with a human affection, for, alas!—hast thou not suspected it?—there was an awful doom."

Here Giovanni frowned so darkly upon her that Beatrice paused and trembled; but her faith in



"BAGLIONI WITHDREW."

[illegible]

"[illegible]

"[illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible]

[illegible]

"Yes, [illegible] beside himself [illegible] Thou hast [illegible] veins with poison! [illegible] ful, as ugly, as [illegible] as thyself—a world's [illegible] ity! Now, if our breath be [illegible] as fatal [illegible] ourselves as to all others, [illegible] one kiss of unutterable [illegible]!"

"What has befallen me?" murmured Beatrice, with a low moan out of her heart. "Holy Virgin, pity me, a poor heartbroken child!"

"Thou—dost thou pray?" cried Giovanni, still with the same fiendish scorn. "Thy very prayers, as they come from thy lips, taint the atmosphere with death. Yes, yes; let us pray! Let us to church and dip our fingers in the holy water at the portal! They that come after us will perish as by a pestilence! Let us sign crosses in the air! It will be scattering curses abroad in the likeness of holy symbols!"

"Giovanni," said Beatrice, calmly, for her grief was beyond passion, "why dost thou join thyself with me thus in those terrible words? I, it is true, am the horrible thing thou namest me. But thou—what hast thou to do, save, with one other shudder at my hideous misery, to go forth out of the garden and mingle with thy race, and forget that there crawled on earth such a monster as poor Beatrice!"

"Dost thou pretend ignorance?" asked Giovanni, scowling upon her. "Behold! this power have I gained from the pure daughter of Rappac-

[illegible] of summer insects flitting [illegible] promised by [illegible] They [illegible] and were evidently [illegible] which [illegible] sphere [illegible] He sent from a breath [illegible] at Beatrice as at [illegible] fell dead upon [illegible]

[illegible] Beatrice. "It [illegible] No, no, Giovanni; [illegible] never! I dreamed only to [illegible] a little time, and so to [illegible] leaving but thine image in [illegible] believe it, though my [illegible] with poison, my spirit is God's [illegible] as its daily food. But [illegible] in this fearful sympathy. [illegible] tread upon me, kill me! [illegible] words as thine? But it was not I. Not for a world of bliss would I have done it!"

Giovanni's passion had exhausted itself in its outburst from his lips. There now came across him a sense, mournful and not without tenderness, of the intimate and peculiar relationship between Beatrice and himself. They stood, as it were, in an utter solitude, which would be made none the less solitary by the densest throng of human life. Ought not, then, the desert of humanity around them to press this insulated pair closer together? If they should be cruel to one another, who was there to be kind to them? Besides, thought Giovanni, might there not still be a hope of his returning within the limits of ordinary nature, and leading Beatrice, the redeemed Beatrice, by the hand? Oh, weak and selfish and unworthy spirit, that could dream of an earthly union, an earthly happiness as possible, after such deep love had been so bitterly wronged as was Beatrice's love by Giovanni's blighting words! No, no; there could be no such hope! She must pass heavily, with that broken heart, across the borders of time; she must bathe her hurts in some fount of paradise, and forget her grief in the light of immortality, and *there* be well.

But Giovanni did not know it.

"Dear Beatrice," said he, approaching her, while she shrank away as always at his approach, but with a different impulse—"dearest Beatrice, our fate is not yet so desperate. Behold! there is a medicine, potent, as a wise physician has assured me, and almost divine in its efficacy. It is composed of ingredients the most opposite to those by which thy awful father has brought this calamity upon thee and me. It is distilled of blessed herbs.

Shall we not quaff it together, and thus be purified from evil?"

"Give it to me!" said Beatrice, extending her hand to receive the little silver vial which Giovanni took from his bosom. She added, with a peculiar emphasis: "I will drink, but do thou await the result."

She put Baglioni's antidote to her lips; and, at the same moment, the figure of Rappaccini emerged from the portal, and came slowly toward the marble fountain. As he drew near the pale man of science seemed to gaze with a triumphant expression at the beautiful youth and maiden, as might an artist who should spend his life in achieving a picture or a group of statuary and finally be satisfied with his success. He paused; his bent form grew erect with conscious power; he spread out his hands over them in the attitude of a father imploring a blessing upon his children; but those were the same hands that had thrown poison into the stream of their lives. Giovanni trembled. Beatrice shuddered nervously, and pressed her hand upon her heart.

"My daughter," said Rappaccini, "thou art no longer lonely in the world. Pluck one of those precious gems from thy sister shrub, and bid thy bridegroom wear it on his bosom. It will not harm him now. My science and the sympathy between thee and him have so wrought within his system that he now stands apart from common men, as thou dost, daughter of my pride and triumph, from ordinary women. Pass on, then, through the world, most dear to one another, and dreadful to all besides."

"My father," said Beatrice, feebly—and still as she spoke she kept her hand over her heart—"wherefore didst thou inflict this miserable doom upon thy child?"

"Miserable!" exclaimed Rappaccini. "What mean you, foolish girl? Dost thou deem it misery to be endowed with marvelous gifts, against which no power nor strength could avail an enemy—misery, to be able to quell the mightiest with a breath—misery, to be as terrible as thou art beautiful? Wouldst thou, then, have preferred the condition of a weak woman, exposed to all evil and capable of none?"

"I would fain have been loved, not feared," murmured Beatrice, sinking down upon the ground. "But now it matters not. I am going, father, where the evil which thou hast striven to mingle with my being will pass away like a dream—like the fragrance of these poisonous flowers, which will no longer taint my breath among the flowers of Eden. Farewell, Giovanni! Thy words of hatred are like lead within my heart; but they, too, will fall away as I ascend. Oh, was there not, from the first, more poison in thy nature than in mine?"

To Beatrice—so radically had her earthly part been wrought upon by Rappaccini's skill—as poison had been life, so the antidote was death; and thus the victim of man's ingenuity and of thwarted nature, and of the fatality that attends all such efforts of perverted wisdom, perished there, at the feet of her father and Giovanni.

Just at that moment Professor Pietro Baglioni looked forth from the window, and called loudly, in a tone of triumph, mixed with horror, to the thunderstricken man of science:

"Rappaccini! Rappaccini! and is *this* the upshot of your experiment?"

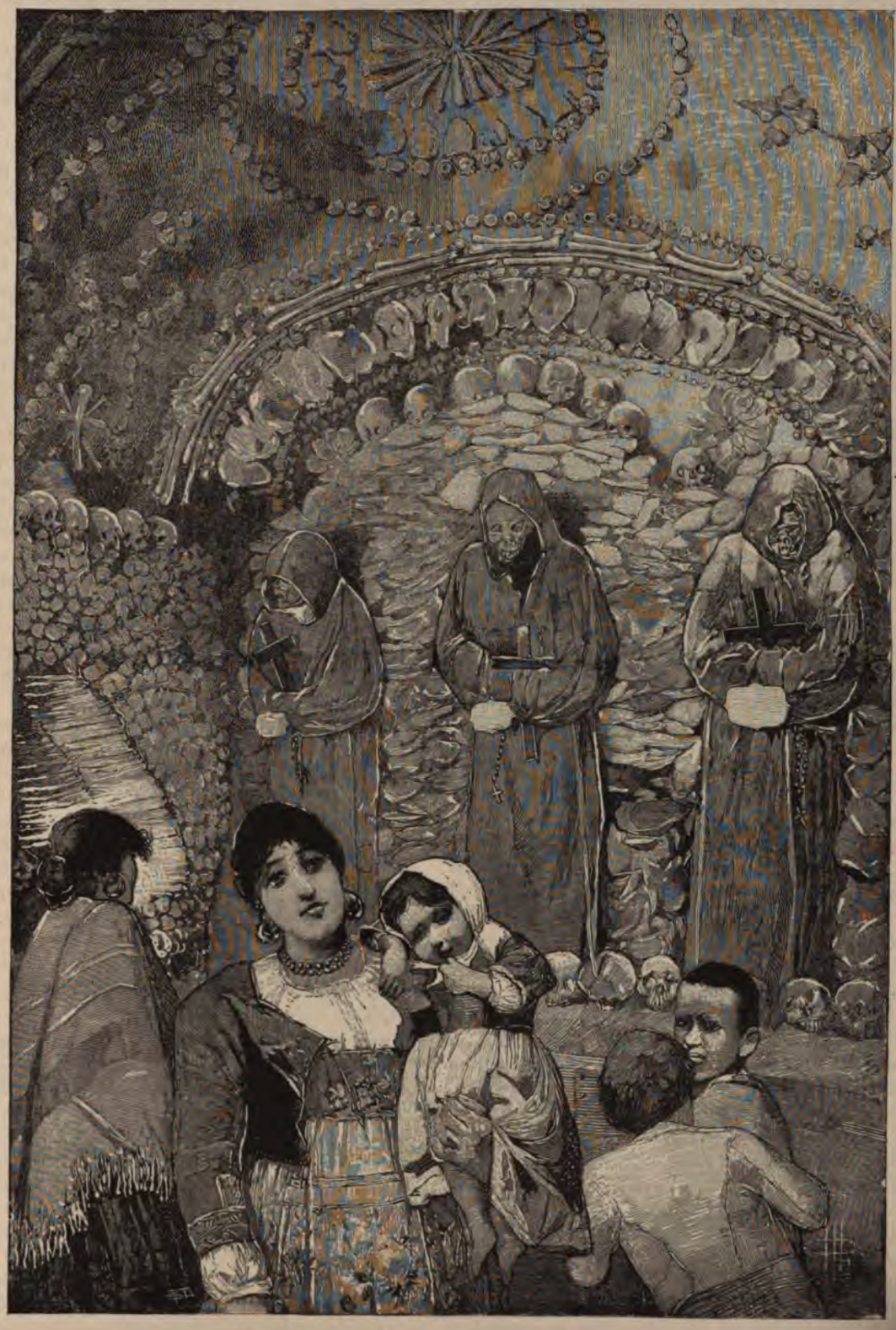
CEMETERY OF SAN MINIATO, FLORENCE.

CLOISTERS AND CORNERS.

By Grace Ellery Channing.

According to his fancy, each man builds a little treasure house of things about him, the outward expression of his inmost attractions. While my friends collect spoons I collect old epitaphs. Mine is an inexpensive fad, and I run no mortifying risk of finding my choicest bits duplicated in a friend's collection. With an unenvious eye I look upon their silver dozens and turn away to the shabby little case of leather (the book cost me twenty centimes) which holds my *souvenirs de voyage*. There are not many dozens, for I am a connoisseur of epitaphs, and only the rarest specimens are suffered to be numbered among my treasures. Nor, on the other hand, are they selected like my friends' spoons — this one for its connection with George Washington's porridge, and that one because Napoleon the Great, the

CLOISTER OF SANTA CROCE, FLORENCE.



IN THE CATACOMBS OF THE CAPUCHIN CONVENT, ROME. — DRAWN BY ORAZI.

[illegible]

It is hard to make [illegible] understand that a taste for tombstones is a social taste, and one goes to cemeteries for society. But so it is. To me a graveyard is a cheerful and a cheering place; it is only an "afternoon tea" which "takes it out" of me. I know there are people who prefer the teas. There will always be people who prefer to take their pleasure sadly. Let them have their teas and dinners: after all, they are a means to the same end; but give me a quiet corner, a tombstone and an epitaph or two. Or give me the corner and the tombstone merely, and I will guarantee to find the epitaph, book, sermon and joy all in the bare stone.

The charm that binds a lover of graves is not easily transferable to others; to feel it you must have in your nature at least one chord which "vibrates lightest laughter" as well as "thrills the deepest tones of woe."

To taste the whole range of quaint delights in church and cloister wanderings, you must be capable of the quicker heartbeat before some hero's record in a forgotten corner, the dimmed eye before some page of humble human tenderness, and the appreciative awe before some monument of individual pride or universal homage. And these capacities must not exclude an attention to the passing human drama about you, nor a gentle interest in the antics of the mediaeval polliwogs in the holy-water fonts. It is the mingling of all these which makes both charm and cheer of places where the dead live. Theirs is a lovely society. One comes to have friends among the graves, and to fancy a ghostly welcome coming out to meet one as the cloister grating or heavy church portal swings open. Well-known stones beam broadly at one, and I have even thought I detected a faint friendly stirring of the dust below.

Outside, the baffled and troubled world is striving and fretting and struggling; these have done with all that. They have no financial worries, no restless ambitions, no calling list, nor political caucuses to attend to. In their large leisure is [illegible] If you are [illegible] they are [illegible] a promise of rest [illegible] fevered about [illegible] before whose large [illegible] leave the place.

It takes courage to confess so morbund mortuary a taste, but I cannot remember a time when anything that had to do with death did not draw me to it. In an earlier age I should certainly have gotten myself under suspicion for my ghoulish grave and [illegible] propensities, and probably have been given a permanent transfer to a quiet corner of my own in some one of them. As a child, in the New England mountains, out for a summer holiday, while others went for blackberries, I invariably went for the oldest ruined graveyard and pored upon the mossy stones. Abroad, the black procession of the Misericordia, with its burden of ever-changing dead but never-changed death, has upon me the irresistible effect of a street band upon boys, drawing my spirit to follow, if not my feet; and only not my feet because one is delicate about winning the local title of the "Signorina who follows funerals." There are some who call my taste "morbid": they are the tea drinkers.

One has not always the cloisters and corners to one's self, at least in Italy. On *festas*, and especially on the Day of the Dead, it is the cheerful custom to decorate the graves with artificial garlands, tapers, and photographs of the inmates. I have seen a Campo Santo hung with such—nine-tenths of them post-mortem. That, I admit, had nearly as depressing an effect as an afternoon tea. It gave me, moreover, an odd sensation to see so many of my friends so altered from their epitaphs. Having come to know them largely through that medium, naturally I had my impressions.

But I forgave all for the sake of the sweet intimacy between the living and the dead. Cheerful indeed is a Campo Santo at such a time; those above ground have such a happy way of chattering over and about those below. One can scarce tell where one world merges with the other; all dividing lines have disappeared. And the fondness for a "bella figura," which is the passion of a live Italian, outlasts life itself. At least it is so generally understood that the dead take pleasure in their own decorations that I cannot bring myself to doubt it. Why should they not? It is Love that hangs each garland and lights every taper.

What I best enjoy, however, is not these grand functions, but a quiet visit all by myself; such an informal "dropping in" as the dead always, but the living very seldom, permit. It is in such peaceful and idle moments that I have picked up here and there my epitaphs, like the faded flowers we press between the leaves of a book, that fifty years later they may exhale a memory not of themselves, but of a place and hour.

It would be easy to repeat them to anyone, but to give the words is so little. I cannot give with them that cloister corner where the shadows fell on the striped marble and one brown monk paced noiselessly up and down in the sunlight; nor that dim, cool space of church upon whose stone floor I traced the fading letters; nor the rose-sweet stillness of forsaken gardens in Florence; nor that spot in Rome, green above and green below, on which the sunlight falls more softly than other where, with a conscious tenderness; yet these things are the "perfect music" unto which my words are set.

They range from grave to gay, from lively to severe, my epitaphs, and their value is a matter of arbitrary and personal gift.

Here, for instance, in Santa Croce stand the rows of solemn tombs and cenotaphs with the names of minds which "might furnish forth creation." Dante, Angelo, Alfieri, Macchiavelli, Galileo, Donatello, and many another. Here, too, Rossini lies, and he "who made the fingers to talk with a voice," the inventor of the clavichord. Everybody comes to read these inscriptions. But outside, where few come and none linger, there is a stone which tells of a little child so gifted with every charm which could endear a human creature that in the "first flower of his third year God took him away to make paradise more beautiful;" and somehow that touches me more than the tombs and cenotaphs within.

So does the tablet near by which Poland, "rendering tears for blood," raised to the memory of a gallant Italian soldier who died fighting for Poland.

There is a quaint inscription which puzzled me long: "Here lies, unmade, Girolamo Legato da Bellino, who would have been entirely petrified but that his art died with him."

I puzzled over it for days, I took counsel of the stones, I pondered it over the polliwogs, but at last had to carry it to the outside world for elucidation. Girolamo Legato da Bellino, it appears, had invented a process for turning the bodies of the dead into beautiful marble statues, whereby they might remain their own monuments forever; but the live people of Florence were so occupied with living, I suppose, that they could not be got to take a proper interest in their own petrifaction. So the disappointed inventor died, "his art with him." "He was an unusual glory of human wisdom," says the stone; "an example of human misery not unusual." Poor Girolamo Legato da Bellino! I never read his epitaph without a sympathetic pang for him—a wish that he might have had his harmless heart's desire, have petrified and been petrified.

Here is a memory of France. I found it in the Church of San Luigi Francese, in Rome, and experienced a little emotion of gratitude for that Frenchman who raised a tablet to the artist Poussin: "Pour la gloire des arts et l'honneur de la France." So French, and so proud!

I had always, too, an interest in that great lady who lies buried (but not her vanity) on a quiet height I know. She was a belle at the French court, equally admired, her tombstone tells us, "for the brilliancy of her mind and the elegance of her figure." Poor vanished figure, faded as utterly now as last year's rose shadows!

One of the most touching little epitaphs I ever read was in the graveyard of a fishing hamlet, where the very stones breathed poverty. A forlorn little iron cross recorded the name and death of a young wife, "when at seven months the joy of motherhood was made certain."

A woman in sabots and ragged gown was on her knees painting the little railing about the grave for the approaching *festa*. She looked up to meet the touched faces of two, and said as if in answer, "Mia sorella"—my sister.

Only an Italian heart which is likest a little child's of all things in the world would have had the innocent grace to put the hope of unborn life upon a deathstone.

That, too, is a touching inscription which the hand of an American sculptor has traced upon the tombstone of a beloved wife: "Her loss was as the keystone of an arch."

To three among my epitaphs do I turn oftenest and with a never-failing tenderness. One is in Rome, in the Church of the Capucines. Enter its dimness, pass where Guido's archangel hides beneath its curtain, and going far forward to the chancel, look upon the stones of the floor; you will need to kneel to see the letters. From the room beyond comes the mournful chant of the Capucine Brothers, under your feet are the crypts where the skeleton dead lie in dreadful decoration, and on the stone before you is this comprehensive legend in Latin: "Here lie ashes, dust, and nothing."

Was it the mark of an humble saint or a cynic philosopher, that message to mankind? I am never weary of guessing. There was a grinning

monk, ages long dead, below, whom I mentally accuse of it—his eyeless sockets did leer so.

The second of my three is in Rome also—just without her walls, rather—in that place "so sweet, it might make one in love with death," and not far from the grave of him "whose name was writ in water." But everyone knows the grave of Shelley and its legend, "Cor Cordium," with the Shakespearean song below. There indeed lies the heart of hearts which fire could not burn nor all the outrages of the world corrupt.

There is no lovelier epitaph than this, but I know one as lovely, and even more profound. It is on a marble tablet in Florence, where an angel extinguishes his torch and says (the words in French): "To the memory of a woman who was tenderly beloved." Between that and the epitaph to the dead at Thermopylæ—"Stranger, tell the Lacedæmonians we obeyed them and lie here!"—there is the whole range of human life. Yet they have this in common, both are supreme.

GRAVE OF SHELLEY, IN THE ENGLISH CEMETERY, ROME.

THE STUFF THAT WAS IN HIM.

By James Knapp Reeve.

There are many guano islands in the South Pacific. We have to do with but one. This is a bare rock that lifts itself out from the deep-blue depths of the ocean toward the hardly less deep blue of the skies above.

That it lifts itself up is the impression one receives who approaches it through this wonderfully translucent atmosphere that vivifies every object, and intensifies the impact made upon the senses.

In fact, myriads of insects have been at work here for myriad ages building this rock; at first down on the floor of the sea; then up through its dense, blue bosom; then up toward the blue ether above, until an island was builded.

By the processes of nature a little soil has been accumulated, and from this some scanty verdure has sprung. A few scrubby palms, with an undergrowth of *chelem* and *yaashki* plants, serve to form a thicket that shows the place to be not quite a desert.

The island contains usually a population numbering some two hundred. It would be a misnomer to say it *supports* these people, for the rock produces nothing that will help sustain life, not even a spring of water gushing forth to make men look up and thank God.

The men who make up this population are guano diggers. It consists, when the quota is full, of just the above number of black wretches, who come here to dig and die; and of twelve superior beings—superior because their skins are white. As the blacks, under this tropical sun, eating scant and unwholesome food, drinking unwholesome water, and doing terrible and unwholesome toil, mainly dig to die, the quota is not always full. The whites are usually twelve, because they do little labor and have better sustenance.

These twelve are the officers and trusted employés of the company—superintendent, bookkeepers, paymasters, watchmen, etc. Not exactly a paradise is *their* existence here, but it is a heaven compared with the hell of the blacks. Now, it is wrong for a black man to rebel against any condition of life in which he is placed by a superior being. This is true. So, when the steamer that was to bring the monthly supply of hard tack, salt beef and water became some days overdue, and the officers put the men on half-rations and half-water supply—not, however stinting themselves meanwhile—they should not have complained. But there is always some one ready to start a rumpus, and the mischief was begun when one black fellow in the diggings said to another that "he'd be hanged if he'd do more than half-work on half-rations."

The night after the above remark had been hazarded the watchman heard unusual stir and mutterings in the sheds where the blacks were housed, long after they should have become still.

At midnight Jack Taslop went off watch and Ben Breeson came on.

"Better keep a sharp lookout," said Jack, as the men changed places. "The niggers down there are getting restless, and I wouldn't be much surprised if they made a break for the stores. They're getting ugly about their rations and the water."

"If I had to eat their stuff I'd rather have half-rations than whole ones," answered Ben; "but water is a different thing. That's about all that's worth having in this infernal place—poor as it is, too."

"Getting sick of it, eh?" asked Taslop.

"Oh, no! A man that wouldn't be satisfied with this would be hard to suit. Yet——"

"Oh, come now," said the other; "the company treats *us* well enough."

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Breeson, indifferently. "You can't better hell much."

"What's the matter to-night, old man? Homesick?"

"Bah! How could one be homesick here? Don't ask silly questions, Jack."

When Breeson was alone he slung his rifle carelessly across his arm and walked out into the open space that separated the barracks of the officers from the sheds of the diggers.

The night was clear and radiant. The white, shelly surface of the island stood revealed about him as at midday. There was nothing but himself moving upon it—nothing, that is, except his shadow, and that kept ever beside him, black and distinct, clearly outlined as if it were a living being. Aside from that, he might as well have been alone upon the island, or in the world, for that matter.

It is curious how little is required, at times, to start a certain train of thought. There was no reason why Breeson should have been particularly introspective that night, more than upon any other. But, somehow, he began to wonder how a man would feel if he *were* quite alone in the world. He was near enough that for all practical purposes, you would have said. When he had

come away down here to Navassa there was just one to say "Good-by." Breeson had managed to get himself pretty well disgraced with his forbears, and they had stated in round terms that it mattered little to them whether he went to Navassa or the devil. It was only because of Thirza Morton that he had chosen Navassa.

"It will give you a chance to show the sort of stuff you are made of," she said.

And indeed it had. Almost two years in that reeking furnace, where all day long the sun burned down and was reflected back from bare rock and blue sea; where the eyes grew tired of only looking off over the glassy, shining surface of the water. Two years of watching human beings driven with inhuman toil until they fell down dead. Two years of standing with his rifle, thus, ready to shoot the first of these black wretches who dared rebel, and so put them out of misery a little quicker. It needed "stuff" in a man to stand this.

Breeson went over toward the storehouse and water tank. He tapped on the huge wooden sheath of the latter, and it gave back a hollow sound, as a vessel will when it is almost empty.

"If the steamer has gone down," he said, reflectively, "they won't trouble themselves about our supplies at headquarters, and we stand a good chance of not getting anything until the next regular boat. That water won't hold out three weeks longer."

Food did not so much matter. They could get along, if needs be, with precious little of that. But water—in such a climate it was quick and horrid death to be without it.

"Staynor's better be looking this thing square in the face," said Breeson again. "It's folly to go on the way we are doing."

The watchman stood looking toward the sheds, three hundred yards away down the shore. "Poor devils!" he muttered. "It will be hard on them if things come to the worst."

Just then, in the clear white light, he saw a crouching figure steal out and around into the shadow made by the long building, and then away into the denser shadow afforded by a line of the scrub palms and *yaashki* plants. Another and another dark figure followed, at intervals, until a score of them had come out and disappeared again. Breeson leaned back into the shadow of the tank and waited. He was not in the least surprised. He knew at once what it meant. The men were going to raid the stores—and perhaps the water. There was not much time to think. He knew how those crouching forms would glide up through the scrub undergrowth, and when they were opposite just where he stood there would be a sudden rush across the white open. He would only be one against a score, and even though they were unarmed he could avail little. There was but one thing to do—to fire his rifle *now*, and so awaken the sleeping men in the barracks. Yet Breeson hesitated. To do that would be to call out a dozen men, well armed, who would at once wreak vengeance by killing. And were the blacks to blame because they wanted food and drink?

He stepped out into the light and laid his rifle on the white rock, then walked swiftly toward the scrub. When within a couple of rods he paused, and called out softly. "You men, go back," he said. "See, I have put my rifle down, because I don't want you to get into trouble." He stopped and listened.

There had been some sound of cautious footfalls before, but now there was absolute quiet.

"Go back to the sheds, I tell you, you fools! You will only make things worse by this. The water is almost gone now, and we'll all go on short supply to-morrow. I promise you that."

There was some whispering and movement in the scrub, and Breeson hoped that his counsels would prevail. He had no heart for a row just then, and his sympathies were more than half with the blacks.

Suddenly there was a swift parting of the undergrowth, and a half-dozen stalwart, naked, black forms projected themselves toward him like a catapult. Breeson had hardly time to make a movement in self-defense. He might have cried out, and so alarmed the garrison, but something restrained him.

In an instant he was bound and dragged toward the edge of the thicket. One of the blacks possessed himself of the rifle, and others came out silently into the open and ranged themselves about a leader. Then a mass of black humanity swarmed out of the sheds and joined their companions, and all moved swiftly and silently—not toward the stores, but to the barracks. In an instant Breeson divined the full murderous depth of their purpose. He raised himself to give a cry of warning; but a huge negro flashed a knife before his eyes with horrible suggestiveness.

Breeson broke into a cold sweat. Every man in the barracks would be murdered because he had temporized. He tried again to call, but now he felt afraid of the knife. It was ugly, cowardly, physical fear, such as he had never known before, and he despised himself for it, but he could not overcome it.

Flash! Bang! bang! bang! bang! At last the garrison was awake. From door and window leaped sudden death into the black mass. But

the mass only grew denser where the most men fell, and pressed and swarmed, and shrieked, swore, hooted and yelled like demons in their frenzy. Once or twice they were repulsed for a moment, but only to gather again with new determination, until it seemed as if the onslaught must succeed. But powder and ball are more than a match for clubs and knives and iron bars, though numbers are unequal, and at last the blacks began to retreat to their sheds.

When the hot dawn came, quiet had again settled upon the island, and for five of the eleven men within the barracks a quiet had come that would never be disturbed again in this world; while outside so many blacks lay dead and wounded that it was hardly worth while to count them. But six men, awake and armed, were force enough again to make themselves secure; the blacks were ordered out into the open in squads; so long as chains lasted they were chained; then while the ropes held out they were roped together. Then the rest were made to take their dead comrades up and dump them in the sea, and to bury their five dead masters wherever soil enough could be found to dig a grave.

Then Staynor, the superintendent, had time for other matters.

"Where's Breeson?" he asked. "He wasn't in the fight!"

"I think they must have nabbed him first, sir," said Taslop. "I warned him when he came on watch to look sharp, for the niggers were restless."

"Hang the brutes!" said another. "If we had only had fair warning——"

"Why didn't Breeson warn us? That was his business," demanded Staynor. "Here, two of you fellows go out and search, and see if you can find him."

"We won't find Breeson; we may find what's *been* him," said one of the men, as they started to beat up the undergrowth, the only place where anything could be hid on the whole island. "Breeson's no coward. He'd been in the muss if he could."

"I don't understand it," said the other. "Breeson never sleeps when he's on watch. Yet they couldn't have got him, quiet, if he'd been awake."

They found him, lying white and still, bound tightly with the green fibres of the *yaashki*, but free to speak if he had chosen.

When they had got him to the barracks Breeson looked questioningly about the group of stern faces and counted five who were gone. That told what his temporizing had cost, and made him know just how lenient the others would be in judging him.

Yet he told his story steadily.

"I thought they were only after the stores," he said, "and that maybe I could persuade them to go back. I thought that would be better than having a row."

"But how did they come to get your rifle without your firing a shot? And couldn't you have yelled?—they didn't gag you, did they? I believe you were asleep," said the superintendent.

Breeson saw that a defense would be useless. In the minds of these men one thing would have been about as bad as another in the way of excuse. To have been asleep would have been no worse than to have shown a namby-pamby sympathy with the "niggers."

"If you weren't asleep," went on Staynor, "I believe you stood in with the scoundrels. They couldn't get ahead of a live white man like that—unless he was willing."

So, because it came clear to their minds that Breeson had either been asleep on duty or in collusion with the mutineers, they clapped a set of irons on him, too, and placed him with the other ringleaders to await the arrival of the supply boat.

Then came dreary days. The blacks, who had been driven to their sheds, were kept there, except half a score who were known as the ringleaders; these, with Breeson, all heavily ironed, were imprisoned in a hut by themselves. The garrison, reduced to six men, divided itself into two watches and guarded against another *emeute* the while they kept an eager outlook seaward for succor. The days went by and the stores grew less and less. Water was the most trouble, and when the allowance had been reduced to the least possible drop the edict was finally given that the blacks should be cut off wholly.

I need not tell you of the two days that followed; of the wretched moanings and cursings; of the agonizing deaths. Breeson looked on and suffered with the rest, and prayed that he might die, too. That would be infinitely better than to go back to the world with this stain upon him.

But at the end of two awful days relief came. The supply ship brought food and refilled the water casks, and took away the men who were in irons, to stand trial for their lives. Then work was resumed at the island as before.

* * * * * *

The law had little mercy upon the blacks, yet more than it had on Breeson.

"There is no evidence to implicate him in the crime," said the judge, gravely. "But by his own showing he is a coward and a poltroon."

So Breeson went out free among men with a mark worse than that of Cain upon him.

He did not intend to see Thirza Morton. He

had shown what sort of stuff was in him, and of course she had heard.

He meant to go a long way off, where he could change his name, and where no one would ever know him. But first he must go back and take a look at the place where he had lived a happy boyhood, the place where Thirza lived now.

He had no money, and so he must journey afoot; but the railway was the direct route to the place whither he was bound, so he took that.

It is curious how men drop in the moral scale as they go downhill. How soon they sink pride, sensibility and self-respect when once social standing is irrevocably lost. Breeson became a tramp. Tramplike, he began to steal rides upon the railway trains. This is sometimes a hazardous occupation. One night Breeson, hanging to the platform of a sleeper, had his hold suddenly detached by the unusually rough motion of the train. A spreading rail had let the wheels down upon the ties. The result was not serious, the passengers being startled but not hurt, and they were becoming rapidly calmed, when the conductor turned with an excited oath on the brakeman nearest him.

"Run, Jim, run!" he cried. "The down express will be on us if it ain't flagged."

The brakeman stood immovable.

"If you want the express flagged I guess you'll have to do it yourself," he said, insolently. "We're just at the curve. There's the long bridge"—he swung his lantern in its direction, where the dim outline of the long span could be seen—"there beyond the bridge is the cut, and I don't care to get caught there, nor on the bridge."

"Why, man, she'll be on us here if we don't stop her. She can't see us till she comes in the cut."

"Stop her, then, if you want to. I've got no objection; only I don't want the job."

The angry voices of the men, now raised to a high pitch, attracted some of the passengers. Among others, a woman, in white garments, hardly yet recovered from the daze of her rude awakening, stood upon the platform of the sleeper, listening.

"What? What is that? Another train coming into us here, and nobody will stop it?"

"That's about the size of it, ma'am," said the brakeman. "There's nine chances out of ten of getting caught on the bridge or in the cut. And I've got a wife and two little gals at home," he added, in a feeble attempt at self-justification.

"You're a coward!" The words came out like the snap of a pistol shot. "It's your duty to go."

The woman was young, and flushed with passion she looked very beautiful, standing there in the half-light of the lanterns.

"Hard words, my lady, to say to a man who only wants to live!" muttered the brakeman.

A passenger moved a few steps ahead of the wreck, and laid his ear down upon the rail.

"I can hear her," he said; "but she is a long ways off yet. I'll give a hundred dollars to the man that flags her."

"Stop!" cried the woman. "Don't tempt a man to give his life for money." Then she looked out over the group, and said, more calmly: "Isn't there a *man* here? Is there no one here but *cowards?*"

The last word came out almost with a hiss, and stung as it was meant to sting.

The men shifted uneasily, and some moved so that the light of the lanterns should fall less directly upon their faces.

"I tell you, missis——" began the brakeman, sheepishly; but he was interrupted by a form that slouched forward from out the shadow of the sleeper and suddenly grasped the lantern from his hand.

"I'll go, lady," he said, gruffly, but not looking toward the woman as he spoke.

"God bless you and keep you!" she cried, fervently. "You're a brave man. I wish there were more like you."

The volunteer sped rapidly along up the track, and the other passengers closed about the conductor and plied him with questions.

"Who is the man?"

"Is he one of the hands?"

"Is he a passenger?"

"What is his chance?"

"How much time will he have?"

"Don't worry about him. He's a bum, I guess—A tramp," he explained, condescendingly, as other questions began to pour in. "Been riding on the bumpers or the platform. Must 'a' shook him up when we struck."

"And if he don't stop her?"

"Why, she'll crash into our engine here. *We* can get out of the way easy enough, but God help them that's on her!"

Then the group stopped talking and watched the retreating light. They could make out the man, going with a long, quick lope over the open stringers of the bridge. He was halfway across when the whistle of a locomotive sounded clear and distinct on the night air, although so mellow that it told of a long distance yet between it and danger. The woman dropped on her knees and began to pray. The men uncovered their heads and stood silent.

Suddenly, while every eye was fixed upon the retreating light, it disappeared. It was as if it had been snuffed out by a breath of wind. A

groan of terror burst forth from half a dozen throats.

"He is off the bridge; he has gone into the cut," said the conductor.

"God grant—oh, God grant that he may be in time!" exclaimed the woman.

use whatever trying to flag her after she gets on the bridge."

Even as he spoke came two sharp, short shrieks —the signal of "down brakes."

"Thank God! she's seen him—she's seen him!" exclaimed the conductor.

"HE SMILED A LITTLE, AND LOOKED UP UNTIL HIS EYES MET HER OWN."

"Amen!" "Amen!" came from the group in fervent response.

Again the whistle of the locomotive; this time close, clear and sharp.

"If he don't stop her we must get away from these cars," said the conductor. "It will be no

The headlight of the express came in sight upon the bridge, and the wheels could be heard crunching beneath the steady pressure of the brakes. The train stopped within a dozen rods of the wreck. Men and women rushed to the engineer with eager questions.

"Where's the fellow that flagged you? Is he safe?"

"I'm afraid he's gone up, poor fellow! it was just in the cut; he waved his light from the centre of the track, and then I saw him jump for the wall just as I was on him. But no man could stand there while we were passing."

Quick feet sped back along the bridge and into the cut. Tender hands lifted up a mangled form and carried it carefully to the train, where cushions were laid out on the grass to receive it. A physician stepped forward to give his aid.

"You're hard hit, my poor man," he said, gently.

The man pressed back a moan, then looked about with anxious eyes.

"Do you want some one?" said the doctor.

"She—she——" said the man, feebly.

The man of science was a man of quick perceptions as well. He had seen at a glance that his skill could avail nothing. He looked about for the woman who had sent the man on his perilous task; but she was already kneeling beside him.

"My poor man," she said, gently, touching his face with her white, womanly hands, "you have done a noble deed. You have saved many lives by your bravery."

He smiled a little, and looked up until his eyes met her own. She started, and bent down closer.

"Yes, it is I," he whispered. "I thought I would show you the sort of stuff that was in me."

"Oh, Ben," she whispered, bending lower. "I ought to have known—forgive me, Ben!"

"It's all right, Thirza. I'm glad you know. Maybe you'll tell others!" he added, entreatingly.

"I'll tell the whole world," she said. And then, "Do you want anything, Ben?"

"Yes, just once," he said, his eyes speaking for him more than his lips.

The woman bent lower still, and kissed him on the mouth.

"You know I wasn't a—coward?" he asked, feebly, but anxiously.

"Yes, yes, Ben! And God knows, too."

"I'm glad He does. He ought to."

And then he smiled into her eyes again, and dropped off into the eternal sleep as happily as a child into slumber. He had shown "the stuff that was in him."

A DAY IN UPSALA.

By Charles Edwardes.

You may generally, though far from always, identify a university town by the number of pretty girls in its streets. It is impossible to explain this mystery.

But had I not in the most overt manner taken a ticket for Upsala, and alighted at Upsala's station, I could not on this account have felt at all sure that I had reached my proper destination wnen I went forth into the deep snow of the streets of this ancient seat of learning. Winter makes such a difference. In half an hour or so I met but one damsel here with any pretense to that archness and beauty in combination which plays such havoc with the student heart. However, she must have been a compendium of the attractions of all her sisters—from the ankle upward. Her cheeks and eyes were simply radiant. You will not find such complexions as those of the Swedish girls anywhere south of the Baltic. By her demeanor she must have taken me for an undergraduate until we plunged into the same deep drift of snow in passing. Alas for this snowdrift! It destroyed her interest in me, and grievously diminished mine in her. For the former I can of course readily account. The latter is explained when I say the hapless lady left a galoche in the snow, which I was foolish enough to recover for her. It was of a size too terrible to mention—she saw it in my face.

There is nothing very beautiful about the surroundings of Upsala. The journey from Stockholm is, by train, some forty miles—very flat miles. I fancy it shows to more advantage in winter than in summer. Some people find snow monotonous. To me it is never that when it is clean. And here, on these spacious reaches of level fields and frozen lakes, it was of unsullied purity. What could blend better with this superb carpet than the pallid blue of the clear wintry heavens, the dull green of the firs and pines of the intermittent forests, and the clouded silver gray of the birches (the glory of Sweden's woodlands)? Nor was the landscape quite blank of human suggestion. Here and there a long, red farm building was set in the midst of the snow, snugly clipped round by burly ricks the color of

gold. A few cottages now and again gave excuse for a whitewashed church with an ink-black steeple. Snow-clad fields, silvery and green forests and warm-looking little hamlets succeeded each other during the eighty minutes' ride from Stockholm.

Outside Upsala's station I inquired about Gamla Upsala, or Upsala the First, long since humbled by the modern university town.

"For how much will you drive me there?" I asked of one sledgeman—"there and back?"

"Five crowns," was the reply, as he braced his arms. Icicles a yard long were hanging from the station eaves.

"No less?"

"No."

To his neighbor I put the same question.

"Two crowns and a half," said this man.

"And back?"

"Oh, that will be nothing. It is the same."

We arranged matters, and then I went on into the town, which soon disclosed itself as a quadrangular mass of houses nestled at the foot of five or six pocket hills. Upon four of these hills are erected respectively the cathedral, the castle, the library and the university. The result is almost imposing.

Upsala's streets are narrow, and its houses mainly old-fashioned. But they contain some thriving book shops, with good store of Tauchnitz editions in them, as well as Schopenhauer's enlivening works, which are in fair demand among the students. There are also more inns and hotels than a town of its size would seem to require. This, however, was explainable later, when I came to dine and found myself in the midst of a crowd of dining undergraduates. The Upsala University system does not urge its students to dine in hall. There is in fact no hall for the purpose. Even the professors live thus publicly, and seem to thrive upon the custom—though methought I could discern a plaintive look of yearning for congenial seclusion upon the face of one lean but doubtless learned gentleman in spectacles who ate his soup in a corner. In Upsala you are not a member of this or that college, but of this or that nation. It is as if at Oxford the men divided into counties, the undergraduates of Lincolnshire forming a separate society for convivialities and cards from the undergraduates of Hampshire and Yorkshire, whom they met on fraternal footing in the lecture rooms only.

The cathedral and the castle are Upsala's most conspicuous buildings. The one is old but being renovated. Its blood-red spires seemed to touch the empyrean, and looked very well in their thread-like garniture of new-fallen snow. The castle also is red, but paler in tint. Its roots are sunk in trees. It is an ugly great building that you would mark down without hesitation as a county reformatory.

I am thankful to say the latter contains no object of interest. To be sure, historical events have happened in it, and conferred a certain glamour upon its apartments. But one may be Philistine enough to be unmindful of these events. Here Queen Christina took off her crown and handed it to her cousin in the presence of all the realm's representatives. That must have been a curious scene. It must have been especially rare to have heard the spokesman of the House of Peasants uttering his protest against the abdication: "Continue in your gears, good madam, and be the fore horse as long as you live, and we will help you the best we can to bear your burden." After which, as Ambassador Whitlocke tells us, the good boor "waddled up to the Queen without any ceremony, took her by the hand and shook it heartily, and kissed it two or three times; then, turning his back to her, he pulled out of his pocket a foul handkerchief and wiped the tears from his eyes, and in the same posture as he came up he returned back to his own place again."

This said, enough is said about Upsala's "Slott," which has a surprising number of telephone and telegraph wires running into its pink face. It is no longer a royal residence, but a hive of officials with polysyllabic titles.

The cathedral is more attractive. I found it in the hands of artisans of many kinds, who were painting, scraping and reconstructing its chapels with tolerable zest. But they had sadly detracted from the majesty of the notable tombs of the place. The great Gustavus Vasa, for example, lay beneath a higgledy-piggledy of boards and brick dust. His regal effigy (including a patriarchal beard) was distressingly grimed; and his two wives, the cherubs at his feet, and the gilt crown, skull and hourglass which they bore between them, were all alike unpresentable. A mason sat, with his hat on, eating his dinner from a basin, in one corner of the chapel; while above the monument two high-spirited operatives carried on a gay conversation on a scaffolding.

In another chapel lies buried Eric the Holy, who, I dare say, deserved canonization as much as most men of woman born. He was barbarously slain by the Danes in the market place on the north side of the cathedral, in 1160. A spring of water exists on the exact spot of his martyrdom, but it is not nowadays reckoned so sovereign a cure for fleshly ills as the Swedes in the days of Catholicism esteemed it. The chapel is adorned

UPSALA CATHEDRAL.

with frescoes, of no particular merit, telling pictorially of this woeful drama. The last but one of the series shows us his decapitation by a ruffian in brown, in the presence of several blue men at arms. It is something to the credit of the marauders that they had the grace to allow the poor King to wear his crown and regal robes to the very last.

A variety of noblemen also lie in the Cathedral of Upsala. Such names as Oxenstierna, Sture, Horn and De Geer are not without historical honor even in England. Their dust must be held to confer distinction upon the building which shelters it.

Here, too, in the west end, under the organ, one sees Linnæus's tombstone. This industrious man went through his course at Upsala University on about forty dollars a year. Not for him were the comfortable "menus" of the town restaurants. His hunger at lecture times was often immoderate, but he could afford to satisfy only his mind's cravings. And when his boots wore into holes, instead of sending them to the cobbler, he palliated their defects with paper. Upsala saw his early privations and his later dignity; and in Upsala he died, with honors thick about him as autumnal leaves in any forest in November. It is befitting enough that Sweden's West minister Abbey should claim his remains. His monument is simple, and the medallion it bears prepossessing.

Celsius, who added to Europe's troubles with his thermometer, was also an Upsala man. He was a divinity professor when Linnæus was a student, and gave the poor young botanist some assistance. One cannot help wondering why Herr Celsius did not stick to his own line of life, instead of dabbling in science. It is quite tiresome to be one day in the land of Fahrenheit, the next in that of Réaumur, and on crossing the Sound at Elsinore to find the thermometers marked Celsius. This is especially so in winter, when it is at times desirable to know beforehand if one's nose is likely to be endangered during a morning stroll.

However, Celsius does not fertilize the vaults of Upsala Cathedral, though his thermometer hangs upon its walls. He has extremely dull lodging in the Church of Gamla Upsala, about three miles to the north.

From the Cathedral, with its lively new coloring, its gorgeous pulpit and its concentrated cheerfulness, I plowed through the snow to the famous Library of Upsala, taking the market place deviously by the way. I cannot conceive any-

UPSALA CASTLE AND CATHEDRAL.

thing more delightful than the duties of the Swedish marketwomen in winter. They sit in the open for several hours daily—probably ankle deep in snow, with a pathetic array of frozen hens or wild fowl on their little tables. Of course they are extensively swathed. The fancy alone, from their immensity, can form an estimate of the number of their petticoats. And thus they sit with purple noses, day after day, tarrying for customers who seem loath to come. When the sky reddens in the west, and Celsius's thermometer again begins its very sharp evening fall, their patience suddenly vanishes. They tumble their rigid wares into a perambulator and trot home with them. There is really no earthly reason why the same dead stock you see on their tables in January may not also be visible there—still in fine condition—in the first or second week of April.

Sympathetically shivering, I turned my back upon these extraordinary dames, and sought the library. Here was warmth with a vengeance, and also the usual paralyzing prospect of books by the score of thousand. But I had no time to begin to graze on this magnificent pasture. I wished to see the Codex Argenteus, and nothing else. Two amiable young undergraduates were here for the same purpose. We three were therefore immediately taken in hand by a smiling, bent, loose-haired old man, with time-worn parables on his tongue. I suppose I need scarcely say that the Codex is a Gothic version of the Gospels, the work of Bishop Ulphilas; that it dates from the fourth century; and that it consists of nearly two hundred parchment sheets, the text upon which is done in letters of gold and silver. One may as well, however, be reminded of these particulars.

The custodian withdrew the treasure from a small safe, built especially as a shrine for it, and exposed it in its glass case. We looked with due veneration at its faded purple leaves and the dull coppery gleam of its golden characters. My friends the undergraduates soon had enough of it, and left me alone with the custodian and his narrative, which I did not attempt to understand. Had they left me completely alone with him it is possible the thought of massacring the poor old man for the sake of the Codex might have visited me irresistibly. I doubt not I could have disposed of the unique thing for an agreeable life income somewhere in America. Its value apart, however, it does not engross. Like other famous things and persons, it cannot be said to justify expectation.

OLD UPSALA, SHOWING CHURCH, AND HILLS OF ODIN, FREYA AND THOR.

There are other treasures in this little room—autograph letters from Voltaire, and that sort of thing. Queen Christina's signature to a deed shows just the large, invertebrate, wandering kind of handwriting one would wish it to show. On the wall are maps and plans of a mild nature. I excited the custodian's impatience by mistaking Paris for Stockholm. It is so difficult to recognize cities thus exposed full face. But you should have seen how the old gentleman's brief fit of acerbity fled from him when I pressed silver into his palm and took my leave with uplifted hat, as the fashion is in Scandinavia. I believe he gave me a title or two as he held the door for me. I suppose I committed the usual error of giving him five times the customary gratuity.

The time had now arrived to fulfill with the

sledgeman my agreement. He on his part was ready, and so I stepped into his vehicle, wrapped myself in his skin rug and prepared for Gamla Upsala.

The road thither is dull in the extreme. Mantled in snow as it was to-day, it was perhaps a little less dull than commonly. But unfortunately the fine pale-blue sky of the morning had now given place to a disagreeable fog which veiled the horizon and made things look bilious. We passed sledge drays on the way, and we had the melancholy wail of the telegraph wires above us. The road itself was more like a track across a prairie. Hedges there were none, and field boundaries were all obliterated by the snow. Such wind as there was we had plump in our faces, and it was not pleasant. Nevertheless, despite the harassment of icicles to mouth and eyes, I could see through the mist a thin clump of firs on an incline to the left, and ahead three smoothed mounds like ancient pit banks. Aspiring above one of these naked mounds was the straight line of the roof of a saddleback-towered church—nothing more. These three mounds and the church are Gamla Upsala.

The snow deepened as we drew near this hallowed spot, and at length we had to alight in a knee-deep drift at the door of a white house that nestled at the base of a fourth hillock, somewhat truncated and separated from the other three. Here a starveling copse showed betwixt the house and the church, for which the mounds made a strange avenue of approach. Was this copse the puny descendant of the sacred grove which here girdled the temple dedicated to Odin, and from the trees of which scores of bodies, human and brute, were wont to be seen dangling sacrificially in the good old times? It seems at least likely, even as the church of red brick and stone is the modern presentment of the famous temple, glittering with gold, which contained the three statues of Odin, Freya and Thor. So, too, I suppose the kindly schoolmaster with the yellow teeth, who came forth from the white schoolhouse with the church key, may be viewed as the nineteenth-century representative of Odin's grim hierophants.

The three rounded hills, each some sixty feet high, and with a circuit of about eighty paces, bear the names of the three Northern divinities whose statues once adorned Gamla Upsala's temple. It is not pretended that the gods lie buried here.

In Crete they show you great Jove's tomb and expect you to believe in it. The Scandinavians are less credulous. Still, the mounds carry the names of these divinities. They have been lightly investigated, and urns, with burnt bones and other mortuary objects, have been taken from them. These finds establish them as notable funereal monuments. We know nothing in fact of the worthies who are interred under them; but in all probability they were gentlemen of the viking order, highly respectable in their day.

The other flat-topped mound is more readily decipherable, and infinitely more interesting. This is the famous Hill of Law and Judgment—from which the Kings of Sweden, for centuries, were wont to address such of their subjects as could attend the annual assembly for the purpose. Even to the sixteenth century this poor little deserted mound was thus honored. On such occasions the surroundings of Old Upsala, no doubt, bore a very festive air. The chiefs and barons who came to the "Tingshög" were often accompanied by their wives and daughters. Hence sprang diversion of many kinds. The youthful warriors of the North found brides at these gatherings, and potent indeed and extensive was the brew of mead for the evening wassails.

You may, if you like, still drink this godlike beverage here. On a poor little cottage east of the church is exposed a notice board to this effect. You may even quaff it out of a horn. They told me, I know not with what truth, that nowhere else in Sweden can mead nowadays be drunk. For my part, I do not care greatly for the liquor. I tossed it off to the three gods of Gamla Upsala, but know no more than Gustavus Vasa whether they smiled or frowned at my toast.

The Hill of Law and Judgment is only about thirty feet high. I would fain have clambered up it had not the snow lain so thick. One little staircase of tiny footprints was deep-set on its slope. The schoolmaster showed all his yellow teeth as he smiled and convicted his little son of getting his feet wet so unseasonably. Such a spot would seem unable to accommodate anything like a national concourse. One must remember, however, that the hill was rather a throne, or a platform, than the body of the hall. The people massed around it, and, at any rate from Christian times, would think it no sacrilege to pack also on the vikings' monuments less than half a stone's throw away. Tegner, in his "Saga," puts words in his hero Frithiof's mouth which finely recreate the Hill of Law and Judgment for us in its most honored days:

"I sought the Diet, gathered at the barrow,
Round whose smooth, grassy sides, shield joining shield,
And sword in hand, our North's brave warriors stood
In rings within each other, till they reached
The summit."

My schoolmaster was a prey to conflicting emotions. He palpitated with the effort to convey to me some of the enthusiasm these poor bleak hillocks raised in him; and, on the other hand, I judge he had left his class of scholars (it must have been a small one) for the time without a shepherd, and ached to get back to them.

We went on into the church. It was like a vault for its melancholy and cold and gloom; an old, old building, kept alive by constant patching, and tortured by a leprosy which gave a certain morbid charm of color to its exterior. We shivered and kept our hats on. Celsius in his grave under the chancel steps might almost have complained of the trials his thermometer suffered in such a temperature.

Of the moldy curios of the poor dead-alive little place I will not say much. A worm-eaten marriage bench was set in the porch. Heaven knows how many brides and bridegrooms had been turned into man and wife upon it. I imagine it had had an active career of two centuries and a half. There is also an oak chest made from the log of a tree, and stoutly hasped and padlocked; the fragment of a reredos with red-and-gold effigies of the Virgin and St. Anscarius, such as they made half a millennium ago; a silver censer, no great thing in itself, but a suggestion, like the red-and-gold effigies of pre-Reformation times; about $1,000 worth of other silver vessels; and the desolated grave of Eric the Holy, who, after being decapitated in modern Upsala, lay buried under the pavement here for a century or two ere being transferred to the new cathedral as a relic of price.

My schoolmaster was very kind and very conscientious, but he did not pretend that Gamla Upsala could be as inthralling as Rome or Athens. He stood knee-deep in a snowdrift on the north exterior of the church to point something or other out to me, and would, I feel sure, have gone to the neck in another heap rather than have shirked his duty by one iota. But I remembered my sledgeman with the icicles to his nose, and I had already taken to my mind a surfeit of dead hints and notions. Moreover, the mist had darkened, and anything in the world might be about to happen.

There is a railway station at Gamla Upsala. About two trains daily stop at it. The little building is worth seeing, even though but dimly, for the flourish of viking dragons at the extremities of its wooden gables. It is very modern, of course, and more like a chalet summerhouse or Alpine shooting box than a feature of the solid, thoughtful North.

The hills of Odin, Freya and Thor were soon swallowed up in the augmenting mist.

It was the dinner hour when I regained the streets of the university town, and the hotel. I dined in the midst of a crowd of students—a most entertaining study in spectacles. Would you know how they live in Upsala at the best hotel, at a time when best reindeer sells in public market for about eight cents the pound? Well, here I fed on gin, apple soup, wild boar with whortleberry jam, banana tart and Pilsner beer, for something under fifty cents. This was reckoned rather a large meal. One poor young gentleman, with hollow cheeks, was brave enough to order what looked like a dish of mutton scraps. He ate a vast deal of bread to it, and also drank beer. But he had nothing else. The meal cost him something slight in copper. Probably he was a genius, in the most tormenting period of his life's apprenticeship. May he come well through the trial! Ten years hence he may be head and shoulders above the brace of Heligobalians who sat at the table next his and in snowy linen, with well-brushed black frock coats, five or six gold rings to their fingers (between them) and an eyeglass apiece, ran the gamut of the bill of fare, and drank each two bottles of Pilsner.

I had yet an hour and a half to kill when dinner was over. Happily I heard the strains of music from a distant part of the hotel, and in their direction I made my way. It was a concert hall, nothing less, and fairly replete with an audience of undergraduates and professors. The latter shameless gentlemen hobnobbed in groups of five or six, and drank a great deal of punch, which made them noisy. Certain of the milder students looked at them with unequivocal envy. These had just been able to pay their footing in the hall, with the added indulgence of a two-cent cigar. As for punch, they could only enjoy its fumes. They were to possess their souls in patience until they, too, were professors or country parsons.

The entertainment in this concert hall was far from being high class. I fancy Plato would have held his hands to his eyes on two or three occasions had he been present, and if Schopenhauer had been with Plato he would have made a few neat remarks. But as the audience was exclusively masculine it did not matter much.

PETRUCHIO—"Say that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown: I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew."—*Taming of the Shrew.*

KATHERINE.—FROM THE PICTURE BY EDWARD LONG, R.A., PAINTED FOR THE "GRAPHIC" GALLERY OF SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES.

THE SILVER SHAFTS.

By FRANCES SWANN WILLIAMS.

Author of "Mr. Gadsbury's Brother," "The Jocelyn Sin," "Old Forty's Master," "The Muscoe Plate," "Mistress Marion," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued).

ASTILY leaving the room, Mrs. Melvern ran up the steps, chattering and muttering to herself. The lawyer followed, now and then venturing a remonstrance, which she flung back violently. Impelled by curiosity, Mrs. Melvern's niece brought up the rear. Marion never considered it necessary to offer the aid of her serviceable wits in furtherance of any plan of Mrs. Melvern's. That lady could take care of herself. Therefore, when Mrs. Melvern ostentatiously insisted upon giving Mr. Bland a seat in the study, Marion quite understood that seeing the depleted resources of the study was merely a ruse by which she terminated the interview with Flora. She remembered that Flora had been left in the library with Oscar, and despite her faith in the attraction of wealth Marion experienced a twinge of gnawing jealousy. She darted away rapidly down the staircase. The sound of Oscar's voice talking in rather loud, excited tones drifted out to her.

Marion had no scruple in pausing outside the door, then ran swiftly across the hall, and skirting around the wing, crept under the library windows. Her rapid, agile motions became stealthy and noiseless. Every word reached her in unmistakable distinctness. The windows were open, and the night still and starry.

"No one else will help you," Oscar spoke, with less of his rough brusqueness than Marion ever had noticed. "They know who you are, and it is probable that they mean to send you back to your own people. I love you more than anyone."

"Mr. Harvey," Flora's soft voice broke in, with a quick, high accent, "how dare you insult me with the offer of your love? You are engaged to Marion, and not free to make protestations to anyone, and——"

"Stop! stop!" angrily interrupted Oscar. "I don't care a sou for Marion since I have seen you. How can any man love Marion when you are here? Besides, Marion only wants my money. It won't hurt her to break the engagement. They have money now—they can do without mine. Only say the word and I will tell them at once. And you shall have an establishment, servants, jewels—everything that wealth can give. No one knows how wealthy I am. I tell you, Miss Chandos, I have far more money than anybody supposes. Will you let me take care of you? I am really in love with you."

"I will not hear another word!" cried out Flora, as if the words stung her into bitter resentment. "How dare you say all this to me when you know that I am to be the wife of another man—when you know that I am to marry Lawrence? You who tortured me by a false report of his death, how dare you offer me this insult?"

"He is not dead," sullenly retorted Oscar.

"Nothing can kill Lawrence, he is so confoundedly lucky; but will you, who dread poverty so much, marry a pauper?"

"That is nothing to you—good night, sir."

The icy precision of her manner would have checked him at any other time.

"Miss Chandos, I have something else to say. Will you marry the murderer of your father?"

"What do you mean?"

The silvery voice was full of scorn.

"Only this. Pray listen, for you may do well to remember what I say. Your father was last seen on the edge of the breakwater with Lawrence. No one can prove that he was ever seen again, and if anyone could prove it"—Oscar's manner seemed to grow menacing as he uttered the saving clause—"there is no friend of Colonel Chandos who would do it. To prove that he had been seen afterward would fasten the claws of old Melvern upon him. The person who proves that is the person who drags Colonel Chandos to prison. The person who asserts that Colonel Chandos lives and was ever seen after he stood with Lawrence on the breakwater is the person who sets the hounds on his track, and he will never forgive them."

"No one ever said so. No one has claimed to have seen him. Oh, Mr. Harvey, for God's sake prevent that!"

The girl's passionate entreaty seemed to satisfy him.

"I may as well be plain with you," he went on, gaining more confidence from the agitation caused by his statement of the situation. "I know that you come nearer being an angel than anyone I ever saw. Of course, you are a thousand times too good for me—I know that. And I know," added Oscar, falling into the lowbred servility of the steward's son, "how much above me in station you were; but now it is changed—you are poor and dependent, and it would be a grand thing for me not only to have Lawrence's estate, but to marry his sweetheart. I have money, he has none. I make no secret of the fact that I hate Lawrence for many reasons, and will spend every penny to bring him to punishment for making away with Colonel Chandos."

"But my father is not dead! You cannot prove that he is dead!" was the breathless, evidently alarmed exclamation from Flora.

"I can prove that he was never seen after the moment he and Lawrence stood on the breakwater together. If you can prove differently you will have the pleasant reflection of knowing that your father will be sent to the state's prison, disgraced and shamed by being a felon. Such disgrace would kill him."

A groan of anguish was distinctly audible to the listener without. Marion reared her head from among the tangling shrubs and glared through the open window upon the two within. Flora was cowering before Oscar Harvey in abject terror. She seemed to be slowly turning to stone as the full meaning became clear to her mind. The golden hair had fallen from its pins unheeded. Its shining masses glistened in the light. The splendid eyes were riveted upon him in breathless eagerness.

"If you consent to break your engagement with Lawrence and marry me both of them will be safe. I shall only force Lawrence to leave the country. I won't hang him. If you refuse to marry me you must sacrifice one or the other. It is just as you say. I would give a great deal to pay off the detestation I have for Lawrence, but I promise not to do it upon the condition I have named. If you save your Lawrence you are forced to sacrifice your father. If you save both it will be only by marriage with me. I ask you which it shall be; and I don't like to say so, but I swear that it shall be one or the other."

Oscar Harvey's voice dropped out of the great still library. Its guttural, husky tones were unregretted by and unsuggestive of any good in the speaker. One moment they fawned in vulgar humility; the next, they bullied. In every vibration Oscar's voice aroused distrust. His back was toward the window. He could not see the jealous glare fixed upon him by Marion. He had forgotten her. His mind was filled by two ambitions, viz., to wed Flora and to ruin Lawrence. The latter preponderated largely. Its secret animus envenomed the weaker and better passion, if so pitiful a mockery might be called love, which, well sifted, was nothing more at last than enmity to the man he may or may not have wronged in the past.

"You dare not do this," Flora said, in a low tone. "You dare not force me to save those I love in any such hideous way. I not only have no kindly feeling for you, but Lawrence's enemy is my enemy."

Oscar gave an angry laugh.

"Do not think because I come forward to help you that I can bear all your haughtiness. I have placed the matter before you for a decision. Marion suits me very well, but Lawrence don't care a sou for her, and it is some small consolation to think that while I benefit you I humiliate him by a marriage with one he does care for. What reply do you give?"

Flora clasped her hands convulsively.

"I am promised to Lawrence—I will not desert him," she said, resolutely.

"Then I'll set detectives on your father's track to-morrow. A term of years in the penitentiary is rather a backhanded way you have of canceling obligations; at least, it will surprise him," persisted Oscar.

"I have only said I conjectured papa had gone away!" gasped Flora. "You cannot distort my words into any other admission."

"Ah, no; I do not wish to distort your words into any other admission. I have no grudge against him. I greatly prefer to have a warrant issued to-morrow for the arrest of Lawrence Lawrence. He has murdered Colonel Chandos. I shall certainly have the warrant issued unless you interfere."

A sob broke from Flora. She flung herself on the cushions with an utter despair which would have touched any heart except Oscar's.

"What can I do?" she moaned.

"Marry me—nothing else. My wealth is large, far more than people imagine. You are a pauper. Lawrence is a pauper, without money to defend himself. You dare not prove that Colonel Chandos was ever seen after he left the breakwater, and," he added, meaningly, "no one else can. You know that."

Again the low sob interrupted him. The dark head outside raised itself above the shrubbery. Marion crept from under the window and rushed toward the stables. She attracted no attention. Oscar thought only of the grudge in his mind. He remembered only that, fall out as they might, things now shaped themselves to satisfy this enmity. He approached the sofa boldly.

"You can't help yourself, my lovely girl. You are mine unless you are a very fiend in human shape—say so, my dearest."

He laid his hand on hers familiarly. Flora gave a cry of frightened pain as she started to her feet.

"How dare you do that?" she demanded, a loathing in her eyes that angered him. "I will never marry you—never!"

"You will," he retorted, advancing a step—only a step, for the door was flung open, and Lawrence stood on the threshold.

Flora sprang toward him like a hunted animal from its pursuers. He put her aside without a word. His eyes flashed. All the savagery of which his face was capable settled upon it as he strode across the room with a swift, impetuous step. His iron fingers grasped Oscar's shoulder. He raised the riding whip in his hand and struck him a sharp, burning stroke across the face.

Oscar reeled as if stunned. He wiped the red mark of the lash upon his face, in a wild effort to recover himself.

"Is there any atonement for the lash?" he cried. "Only your life, and I'll have it before I am done; and she shall suffer for this—curse you both!"

CHAPTER VII.

"ONE OR THE OTHER."

MR. BLAND stood in the middle of the study floor when Marion again ran along the passage toward that room. Evidently, his business concluded, the lawyer was departing; and just as plainly, with some purpose on her mind, Marion was disposed to hasten him.

"Then, Mr. Bland," asked Mrs. Melvern, a crafty look in her hard eyes, "if I take the property, and any minerals are hereafter discovered, or the property increases in value, it will all be mine? He won't be able to touch a dollar of it, will he? Make me understand. You know a poor old woman can't be expected to know these things. If there really should be any silver found it will be mine—George can't touch it?"

She peered up into his face sharply. Seventy-eight years of wary watchfulness had left a certain keenness in the small, sinister eyes, which never softened or lost their incessant questioning.

"No, madam; he can neither derive any benefit nor suffer any loss from the fluctuations of value. If you find silver it is yours; and I trust that you may be induced to think better of your brother's conduct. He was very rich, and he is now very poor."

The legal man scanned the countenance opposite him as he might have searched that of a doubtful witness. The cunning smile failed to deceive him.

"Well, well, I won't say all that is in my mind," was the flippant retort. "You might tell it, you know. But I can't harm a dead man. If any harm has really happened George he was an honest man. If George has run away he has his pockets full of my money, and I won't be robbed—no, I won't be robbed by anybody; and that girl sha'n't leave here until I am sure that George is dead. You may be certain of that, Mr. Bland. My brother has spent thousands on her. Think of the jewels she has—diamonds. I never had a diamond in my life. No, she sha'n't leave here."

"Madam, any detention of Miss Chandos against her wishes will be illegal," reminded the lawyer.

"Ha! what did you say?—I am so deaf!—what did you say?" Mrs. Melvern pushed forward the checkered calico handkerchief, and putting her hand behind her ear, ostentatiously leaned closer to him. "What did you say?"

"It don't matter at all, aunt," impatiently

interrupted Marion, turning her flashing eyes on the elder woman. "If your brother has absconded with the money how can you help that girl going away and living like a princess on the stolen funds?"

"I will help it, see if I don't. It's my Christian duty to hunt down a thief, and I'll do it. I'll have it out of that girl the moment the officer comes. She shall tell all she knows, and I will see if they think me such an old fool when I am done. Besides"—the cracked voice became almost tremulous in the excitement of avarice—"besides, I want the money. I can't do without it. I am seventy-eight, and I won't wait, or submit to be robbed."

The lawyer turned away with a helpless look, as if this obdurate woman was incased in an armor of iron, impenetrable at any point to humanity. He had disappeared in the long passage before Marion walked up to her aunt and said, in a restrained tone:

"I tell you, Flora Chandos shall not stay here. I tell you that, whether the money is found or not, you shall send her away—turn her out to go back to the fishwoman."

"What's the matter, girl?" demanded her aunt. "I am rich now, and I am going to take care of the money. What has happened to you, child?"

Marion stamped her foot angrily.

"I tell you, aunt, that Oscar Harvey has asked her to marry him. She can have all that fortune whenever she chooses."

"Hush this instant, Marion!—hush, I say!" The aunt clutched the arm of her niece violently. "Do you take me for a fool, too? Do you suppose Oscar will give up the money you are to get from me for that white-faced, nameless beggar? Marion, you are insane. George is now the shabby branch, and mine the distinguished branch, of the Chandos family."

"It don't signify what you are. I heard it—I listened to every word until Lawrence came."

"Lawrence?" ejaculated Mrs. Melvern. "You little fool, did you tell Lawrence? He will shoot him like a dog, he will kill him, and then how will you get the fortune? Did you tell him? Answer me, girl!"

Marion looked white and bitter. Her face was livid, her great black eyes glittering with jealous passion. Nevertheless, she still answered in that same suppressed, even voice.

"No, I did not tell him; I only brought him to hear and see for himself; and he did see and hear for himself."

"What!" screamed Mrs. Melvern. "Don't you know that Lawrence will kill him?"

"I can't help it. Oscar meant to desert me and marry that girl, and I have punished him," was the sullen reply.

"Tut!" Mrs. Melvern said, after a moment's thought. "You were a great fool; but Oscar is too wise to risk his life for any such foolishness as honor; and besides, Lawrence is a criminal, perhaps—if there is any danger to Oscar. You can't lose that immense fortune, Marion. How do you know they are not killing each other now?"

Marion laughed contemptuously.

"Because he is a coward—Oscar is a coward. Lawrence lashed him across the face, and he did not kill him—no, no."

"What did he do? And what is Lawrence doing in my house?"

The short, angry laugh was unpleasing and harsh.

"Oscar slunk away like a whipped dog, and Lawrence is cooing to that girl downstairs," was the sharp answer.

"Dear, dear——" began her aunt, then stopping to ponder some new idea which seemed to give her a wonderful satisfaction. "To think of the man who is actually suspected of dealing foully with my poor dear brother venturing into my house and daring to insult a gentleman in my library! The girl must not interfere with your prospects; and, Marion, crime must be punished."

The two glanced meaningly at each other. The look was unreadable, but it had strange significance.

"Come along, child; you are a great fool, for a poor girl; but it's fortunate I have sense enough for both. Turn out the lights; they must be burning out a fortune in fuel to heat this great, tremendous house. I'll have all the fires put out to-morrow. Come along."

They groped their way through the blackness, until the passage turned into the upper hall.

"Stop! do you hear that?" exclaimed Marion, catching the sound of voices ascending from the open library.

Mrs. Melvern gathered her dingy cloak closer, and descended with noiseless step, listening acutely. It was a second nature in Mrs. Melvern never to warn others of her approach, thereby surprising many a secret, the satisfaction of which had always been quite unalloyed by the smallest scruple. This time nothing rewarded the effort. She held up her hand in well-feigned amazement.

"You here still, Mr. Bland? And oh, Mr. Lawrence, how can I look at you? What have you done with my poor brother? What have you done with him, and how had he injured you?"

Lawrence raised his head reluctantly from the contemplation of the fair face and dark, lustrous

eyes regarding him with tender love, always there for Lawrence. The old confidence revived; Flora trusted to Lawrence, and shrank into the shadow of that strong arm with a sense of security even from Mrs. Melvern.

"What do you mean, madam?"

The lawyer moved a step or two nearer Flora.

"Look at this ring, Miss Chandos?" he said, suddenly holding his hand toward her. His purpose seemed attained as he added, "Your father gave it to me."

Flora bent her head over his hand and examined the ring so abruptly thrust upon her attention.

"Be careful, do not criminate your father—he is in danger!" whispered the legal man, adding aloud, "I always valued the ring as a souvenir of Colonel Chandos."

"Explain yourself, madam," Lawrence was saying, in his half-careless, half-imperative way.

"Explain myself? It's for you to explain."

"Very well; my explanation is simple enough," returned Lawrence, fixing his keen glance upon her homely features.

Bold and unscrupulous as the old woman might be, she hesitated under the fire of that look. In some small degree Lawrence mastered her, as he did most people.

"I know nothing of your brother, except that whatever has happened has been no fault of his. It is not of him I wish to speak now—it is of Flora. I beg leave to inform you that we are to be married to-morrow morning."

Mrs. Melvern raised her beaklike nose and sniffed in sneering doubt.

"FLORA SAT AS STILL AS A FIGURE OF MARBLE."

"It don't matter to me what becomes of her, but I want you to understand that she has said that my brother absconded with my money."

"Oh, it is false! My poor papa! How could I have said so?" softly interpolated Flora, a ring of alarm returning to her plaintive voice.

Mrs. Melvern wheeled around suddenly and faced her.

"You did say he was not dead; and if George is not dead he is a thief, and I will never rest until I bring him back to justice."

Flora shivered as she met the flintlike cruelty of greed in every line of the sordid countenance. It seemed to menace and threaten her with disgrace and peril to her father. Before she could utter a word, or break the choking sensation of terror, a servant opened the door and said:

"Mrs. Melvern, some one wishes to speak to you immediately."

"Remember," slowly added Mrs. Melvern—"remember that you are the only person who has thrown a doubt upon my brother's miserable fate. You are done with him now; he has nothing for you, and you are trying to slander his memory."

Lawrence drew Flora nearer to him. His face blazed with anger.

"My darling, will you go with me now? I cannot permit you to remain under the same roof with this woman. I will not allow you to be subjected to such insult. Come with me now."

Flora raised her eyes slowly. A secure, unafraid smile curved her crimson lips—only for an instant. The smile seemed to freeze. Her eyes traveled past Lawrence to the hall beyond. They became bright and distended and full of a swift terror.

Oscar Harvey stood in the hall, peering upon them. He was smiling a sullen smile. He was still livid with seething anger, and the red mark of the lash still traversed his face. The degradation of that terrible brand seemed to madden him. He glowered upon Lawrence with tigerish exultation, then drew his hat low over his eyes in an effort to hide the shame and ignominy of the lash laid upon him in the presence of the woman he honored above all women. Behind him a grave, respectable man suddenly appeared; then another and another, until half a dozen gathered in an uncompromising group to the rear of Oscar.

They gazed straight into the library—not at Flora or Marion, not at any of them save—Lawrence. They were evidently concerned with no one else. Oscar stood an instant in silence, a deadly bitterness in his aspect, a malignant bravado in his scowling triumph.

"There is your man," he said to one of the group behind him.

The man stepped forward reluctantly. His honest, good-natured countenance evinced plainly how unwelcome was his mission.

"Pardon me, Mr. Lawrence—you know that I am the sheriff of the county, and I have come to arrest you for the murder of Colonel Chandos. Here is my warrant—you are my prisoner." Flora seemed to reel backward. She fell helplessly on the cushions with a cry so bitter that those who heard never forgot its shrill pain. "I am sorry for it, before God I am, Mr. Lawrence," went on the officer of the law, respectfully. "I don't believe it, sir; but he has never been seen since you were together on the breakwater. If we could find anybody who had seen him, sir, it would save you this."

"Do you think my brother is a criminal, to run away?" interrupted Mrs. Melvern. "He was too wise for that. My brother George knew that he could never hide from justice, and he never thought of it. My brother is murdered. He was seen with Lawrence, and never seen since."

Flora had started up from the cushions, her hands knit together spasmodically. She moved toward Lawrence, an awful doubt and horror in the delicate white face.

"It is one or the other—I told you so," reminded Oscar, close to her ear.

"Come, Mr. Lawrence, it may be all cleared up. It's hard to take the son of an old neighbor—for murder; but maybe there's some one can prove that he was seen afterward; I am main sorry; it's an ugly case——" The sheriff hesitated again. "If you say you won't make an effort to escape it will save some——"

The man stammered helplessly.

"You need have no fear. It is an outrage, however, and I demand to know who makes this infernal charge?" Lawrence asked, in his strong, fearless voice.

"You will know that in good time. Please come quietly, sir. Maybe you will be all right. Somebody, perhaps, can tell of him after he left the breakwater."

They moved toward the door; but Flora suddenly rushed forward and threw her arms around Lawrence in a frantic embrace.

"Oh, Lawrence, pity me—forgive me!" she cried. "God have mercy! I cannot help you—I cannot help you! It is one or the other. Oh, God pity me!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PREDICTION OF MISERY.

THE days dragged in weary suspense at Chandos Manor. Since the night Lawrence had quitted the library in custody of the sheriff Flora had

neither appeared below stairs nor admitted anyone to her room. The maid reported her mistress "awful low and broken-hearted like," and scouted the dreadful charge against handsome "Marse Lawrence" with scornful incredulity. The servants muttered and whispered in grewsome conclave over the disasters falling in swift succession upon their pretty little mistress, and the changes wrought by the new mistress.

"It ain't nowhar to be put 'ceptin' on dat unlucky Cribbasse," asseverated Barney, pausing to gossip in the servants' hall and hear the latest from "po' young miss." "I knowed when Marse George was tuk ob a notion to meddle wid dat Cribbasse es it was a-gwin to fotch trouble, en now he done lost all his money, en p'r'aps it's done et him up, too, God A'mighty knows! En dere's Marse Lawrence lock up in prison fo' killin' ob him; but, bress God, dar's no kind ob sense in dat notion."

The cook set her arms akimbo on her fat sides. Hester flounced angrily around the dresser.

"It's a sin and a shame, en Marse Lawrence handsome as a prince, as grand a looking gen'il-man as ever wiped the dust off his feet on po' white trash as is doin' all dey kin to get him in trouble," indignantly supplemented Hester. "En here's Flora hasn't neither slept nor et since they tuk him away."

"Well, I jes' come in fo' a chunk to light my pipe, en I ain't got time to fool. But jes' you listen to me. Dem Lawrences is de debbil when dey's 'sturbed—yes, dey's wusser en de debbil; en when Marse Lawrence gits clar ob dat prison dar won't be no room lef' round heah fo' Oscar Harvey," solemnly augured Barney, picking a live coal from the ashes. "En what's mo', Miss Hessie, I ain't nuffin but a po' nigger ez hain't got no say ginst white folks, en none ob us ones has, but Barby dere kin tell you what I done heard de night ole Cu'nel Lawrence died at de tavern."

"What did you heah, Barney?"

Hester set her tray down, and the hot water back on the fire, preparatory to a bit of gossip with Barney.

"I hed jes' step over to see ef de cu'nel wuz dere, so I tipped up en opened de do'. Well, Barby, you 'member I tole you he wuz settin' to de table, talkin' to de Harveys, en' ole Harvey he wuz foldin' up a big bundle ob money; en sez de cu'nel, 'I have a load off'n my mind now dat I don't owe you a cent. I have paid dat mortgage and got de place back.' Well, sah, dat oberseer looked as mad as a March hare; but he says, 'No, sah, you don't owe me a cent; you have got de place and I've got de money.' Well, sah, de next mornin' when Cu'nel Lawrence wuz found dead ole Harvey wuz de biggest man ob all takin' keer ob his papers, en a-blowin' around eberywhar dat de money wuz gone, en somebody had robbed the cu'nel en he hadn't got a cent; but mind you, now, dem Harveys got ebery bressed cent ob dat money, en de place, too; en ef ole Cap'en Hauton would turn up he'd know sommut ob it, seein' he heard all de business, settin' at de winder en lookin' in unbeknownst to dem Harveys. I ain't got no time to be foolin' long ob you all any longer; but sho' ez I am living dem Harveys can't rest easy long ez Marse Lawrence is walkin' top ob de yeth; en you, Hessie, go 'long now to little Miss Flora. She's got a turrible awk'ard road afo' her."

"Bress God, she hez!" echoed the cook, "wid dat she-hyeny debblin' her to deff."

Hester tossed her head and muttered to herself some of the comments not even ventilated in the servants' hall.

"En a-starvin' her to deff, en a-starvin' ob us all!" grumbled Barney, lighting his pipe and departing.

Taking the tray with a dainty breakfast upon it, the maid tripped upstairs. The sound of her step in the upper passage seemed the signal for opening the doors. Mrs. Melvern's head, still enveloped in a calico handkerchief, appeared first; while Marion's dark head, with its hair still unbrushed, was visible further on. Mrs. Melvern's toilet had not advanced beyond the knit stockings and well-worn shoes. The scant skirt and short bedgown, however, did not prevent the new mistress of Chandos Manor stepping out into the chill, dark passage. No summer heat pervaded the mansion now. The sunlight faded the carpets and curtains, therefore the shutters were closed and the sunlight excluded. The fragrance of hothouse flowers in the conservatory no longer permeated the atmosphere; the costly exotics were dried and faded into lifeless stalks. The frosty air chilled them to death, as it chilled the hearts of all under the luckless roof. Luxury was on every side, but the luxury seemed devoid of its richness and beauty. A gray, friendless, icy dreariness hung like a pall over the establishment George Chandos had fitted with such lavish hand. The influence, subtle and malign, casting its blight upon his darling and his house, centred in this coarse-featured, pitiless sister.

"What's that you have there, you idle creature, you?" demanded the mistress of the house, throwing aside the snow-white napkin over the tray. "Such foolishness and shiftlessness! I won't be ruined by you. Such a breakfast as that for a beggar, when I have only four soda biscuits and my molasses! Not one grain of butter, or

the first morsel of meat. Brown sugar is good enough for me, and molasses is good enough for me."

The crooked beak ended with a sigh between it as she tapped the ladies' repaired to indicate approval.

"If you [illegible] I am very much mistaken. Brown sugar good enough for me, I say, you good-for-nothing creature, you tell your mistress that if she wants those things she is welcome to them, but I won't spoil my stomach for them.—Do you hear?"

Mrs. Melvern [illegible] the tray with the [illegible] rattled dangerously.

"Now what, my dear, will you?" she [illegible] "I'll put them away this very day. I will be broken up, fairly broken up, by that girl—and between them [illegible] Oscar says so, and Oscar is right. Only a silver plate of cold [illegible] and that bread, and that white sugar. Now go along to the girl—you are ruining me."

Lifting the edibles from the tray, with a delightful exhibition over her own way of appropriating them, Mrs. Melvern returned to her room.

"Come in here, Marion," she called from the door. "Take your breakfast with me. We can't afford such good things for ourselves, you know."

"Nobody else wouldn't do such a mean, low-down trick," grumbled Hester, when the door had safely shut the lynx-eyed old woman within.

"Hester!" Marion spoke with the asperity born of new wealth and importance, "no muttering from you. Has Flora heard from Mr. Lawrence lately?"—Marion waited in ill-concealed anxiety for the reply—"and has she heard from Oscar?"

"I ain't heard Miss Flora say much about anything," evasively replied Hester.

Marion darted an angry glance at the maid. The other returned it insolently.

"Just as deceitful as your mistress. I know that she has heard, and know that they will convict Lawrence of murder." And Marion slammed the door with vulgar vehemence.

The maid went on to the dressing room, and deposited the tray on the table without a word to her mistress. Flora sat as still as a figure of marble. Her hands were clasped hard together. The deadly pallor of her face and the hollow, sleepless eyes betokened the ravages of grief and calamity.

"What am I to do? It is one or the other," she said. "Oh, what shall I do?"

The question was whispered to herself, but thus far it had never been answered. It seared itself upon her brain. It scorched itself into her heart. The bloodless lips moved painfully. Her head whirled in distracting chaos. Events had massed themselves to throw the very lives she most loved into her hands. If she revealed that last interview with Oscar she merely turned the tide of Mrs. Melvern's rage against him. If Lawrence [illegible] his innocence without her testimony [illegible] but what if he could not? The [illegible] broken-hearted father would [illegible] the shame and disgrace of being dragged from [illegible] Flora never doubted. That Mrs. Melvern [illegible] believing him dead she also [illegible] The girl shivered with an hysterical [illegible] recalled that dreadful stroke of [illegible] Oscar's face. The ugly whir as it fell on the quivering flesh seemed to return and [illegible] her ears. And Oscar was not a brave enemy. She understood too clearly that the past [illegible] motive of hatred to Lawrence. And to [illegible]? He would never forgive or forget the [illegible] of the punishment dealt him. Oscar was [illegible] helpless to Lawrence.

"And we—what are we?" moaned the girl, clasping and [illegible] her hands around her aching, burning [illegible]. "What have we—my Lawrence and [illegible] and poor Flora? Yes," with a bitter sob, "we are too poor for justice—too poor to resist the power of a rich enemy. What can I do?"

She had repeated to herself the same hopeless inquiry every hour, almost every moment, for the last few weeks.

The words inscribed themselves on every panel and piece of furniture. They were syllabled in mystic characters on the tinted walls. They glowed in fiery lettering among the coals in the grate. Wherever her glance shifted the torturing question seemed to meet it: and alas! neither answer nor relief had come to her. In her ignorance of the legal points of the case Flora perhaps exaggerated the danger. She dared not ask advice—it would betray her father: and yet to allow Lawrence to rest with the brand of Cain upon him savored so much of treachery and wrong to him that the girl could only cover her face and shiver with horror.

"What can I do?"

The melancholy refrain seemed to ring in her ear in harrowing tones. No answer framed itself before her eyes. No response echoed its cadences to her heart. For the last few weeks poor Flora had stared blankly into empty space and sought some avenue of escape from this terrible perplexity. How passionately she loved Lawrence! how she trusted him in her own trouble! And, God help her, she could not speak, could not remove the frightful suspicion holding him in gyves of iron. A sense of dreadful wrong to Lawrence

PROPOS GALANTS.— FROM THE PAINTING BY F. ROYBET (MEDAL OF HONOR, PARIS SALON, 1893).

stung her. A chilly doubt of how Lawrence might regard this deliberate suppression of the one fact establishing his innocence abode with her. He might not perceive that to prove his innocence proved that Chandos still lived. To Mrs. Melvern that proved her brother a criminal. A dreadful conviction possessed Flora that Mrs. Melvern nursed a vindictive resentment for that fatal burst of temper wherein Chandos had laid violent hands upon her. Nevertheless, her wary wisdom preferred to accept the other view of his disappearance. She wanted to believe him dead. She desired to believe that Lawrence was concerned in his death. Some motive moved her to this. Flora failed to understand it clearly, but with the distinctness of an acute vision she perceived why Oscar should strive to convict Lawrence. Fear mingled with his chagrin and humiliation. And what could she do? A few words would serve to shift the sleuthhounds from Lawrence to Chandos. Could she speak them? Was there no other less torturing way to save her beloved? No suggestion came to her aching brain and heart. No help or friendly counsel softened the awful perplexities of the girl's position. Flora realized her drear isolation. She was utterly alone. Nobody cared for her griefs. They only gibed and sneered at the refined tastes which had caused her to shudder at poverty. Not once, however, did inevitable penury distress her. The absorbing, overwhelming dilemma into which she found herself pressed sank all else into insignificance. Every plan fell into a heap of chards at her feet. She could not think, although time lapsed, and all the while her father had vanished utterly, and Lawrence—her Lawrence—chafed within the gloomy prison portals, charged with murder—a murder she could prove he never committed.

The sun glimmered through the parted curtains upon the shining masses of golden hair. It touched her gently, and sparkled over the costly ornaments on the dressing case.

"Missie," began Hester, doubtfully, "jes' try to eat sommut nice. There ain't much lef' for you, but, honey, this coffee kind of puts life in you. Missie Flora, jes' eat a mite fo' the sake ob ole marse en Marse Lawrence. They'se both comin' back 'fo' long, Miss Flora, chile. Take heart, honey—take heart; maybe 'tain't so bad. Maybe, ef you'd ask it, Miss Marion might get Mr. Harvey to wait a bit till sommut turns up lucky like for Marse Lawrence." The pretty head raised slowly from its downcast position. "You see, Miss Flora," continued Hester, encouraged by the attention Flora gave, "Mr. Harvey is powerful feared like and jealous of Marse Lawrence. Po' white people, miss—beggin' yo' pardon—is always jealous of quality. He's mad at Marse Lawrence fo' bein' the son of his ole master, en he'll do all he kin aginst him, too, unless Miss Marion asks him not to." Hester paused, and glanced furtively at her young mistress. "You see, miss—beggin' pardon—he kind of thinks Marse Lawrence don't think him no more 'count than us servants, en maybe ef Miss Marion shamed him out of it he wouldn't be so powerful mad."

Flora stood up. She gazed at Hester eagerly with a coming and going color.

"Do you think she would? Oh, Hester, what can I do?"

The girl stretched out her arms in mute appeal. A wistful entreaty came into her eyes.

"Jes' drink that cup of coffee, miss, en I'll go and fetch Miss Marion in one minute," enjoined Hester.

Flora's hand shook visibly, but she did as the faithful attendant suggested, with touching humility.

"There now, miss, couldn't you jes' swallow a bit of toast?" coaxed Hester.

"It would choke me—oh, no, Hester, I cannot."

"Then I'll take the tray and ask Miss Marion."

Flora stood immovably, her eyes fixed on the door through which Hester disappeared. It might be a futile hope—it certainly seemed an only hope. What Marion would do she could only conjecture. What she intended to ask was almost as indistinct. The brunette face, with its strong, vivid hues, contained no encouragement when Marion did respond to the unusual summons. Curiosity evidently moved her.

"Hester said you wished to see me."

"I do—I wish to ask a favor of you, Marion," faltered Flora, feeling the influence of the freezing hauteur of the other.

"Very possibly; but I think you are the last person to ask a favor of me—the woman you have injured so deeply," answered Marion, standing opposite, but not approaching her.

"I have never injured you, Marion—I don't know what you mean."

In spite of the object concentrating all her thoughts a faint surprise dawned upon Flora's face.

"And I don't know what you mean, to profess ignorance of your own duplicity!" broke out Marion, violently, a hot color rushing swiftly into her cheeks, a fire of temper leaping suddenly into her eyes. "You can't be satisfied with Lawrence, but as soon as he is poor you set to work to take Oscar from me. I have heard it all. I know

that he asked you to marry him. I know that if you had not encouraged him and tried to delude him into it Oscar would never have thought of such a thing. You have acted a double part to everybody, not more to me than to Lawrence. You are faithful to none." The reproaches fell harmlessly until that last bitter touch of barbed truth. Amazement ranged above all other feelings while she stormed of Oscar. Resentment and pain destroyed all other sensations when she charged her with lack of faith to Lawrence. "You only want money—you are afraid of being poor; but you shall not have Oscar. I have seen through your schemes, and I tell you I won't forgive you."

"Marion, you do me wrong—I love only Lawrence. God knows how I love him! I will marry solely Lawrence—you cannot believe that I am faithless to him!" with a little gasp of pain. "Mr. Harvey did ask me to marry him; but he never really wished it. Even if I had consented he would have returned to his allegiance to you. Marion, he cares nothing for me——"

"Then, why did he ask you, and how am I to know that you would never have married him? Lawrence is in disgrace, and you are afraid of poverty," interrupted Marion. "I know you encouraged him. Why did you stay in the library that night after we left it? I will never forgive you for trying to defraud me of the largest fortune in the county. You know you are guilty; and Lawrence has heard of it, for I told him myself."

"Marion," Flora cried out, "do you see what you have done? Do you not see that the insult you have brought upon Oscar can never be forgiven? It may cause bloodshed."

"No, it will not!" retorted Marion. "Oscar is safe from Lawrence, but Lawrence is not safe from Oscar. You may do well to remember that!"

Flora advanced a step nearer. Marion receded in equal proportion.

"You have done him a terrible wrong, Marion. If you had waited a moment longer that night Mr. Harvey would have gone away in peace. You have made the awful breach. Marion—Marion—will you not heal it? Oh, Marion, you can do it!"

"Do what?" demanded Marion, sharply.

"Ask Mr. Harvey not to spend his money to persecute Lawrence. Ask him not to strive to entangle Lawrence in this web of circumstantial evidence."

"In short, you mean, let Lawrence walk out of prison and kill Oscar!" sneered Marion—"as you know he will. No, I won't endanger Oscar. I intend to hold to him. Not that I care the snap of my finger for him—I despise him—yes, I despise him! But I know the value of Oscar's fortune, and I now say that I don't intend to let you have it, or lose it for Lawrence, and I will never forgive you for trying to take it away."

"You are mistaken, Marion; I love Lawrence with all my heart. Oh, Marion, I have never cared for anyone else! I would give my life for him. Ask Oscar to go away."

"Yes," screamed Marion, "so that you can meet him and see him when I am not there to watch him! I tell you, Flora, I will never forgive you for undermining me."

"Marion, he asked me to marry him; but I refused—ask him if I did not."

"I will never forgive you for it," reiterated Marion, obstinately.

"Oh, Marion, forgive me, for I could not help it! Only help me to rescue Lawrence, and I will go away with him and never see you or Mr. Harvey again," pleaded Flora. "You have all the money, Marion, and you will have Mr. Harvey's great fortune. Surely you can afford to help me just a little. You can ask Mr. Harvey to go abroad, or at least to absent himself, so that they will not meet. Marion, I do not ask him to do anything for Lawrence, only to stay his hand and do nothing against him. You caused that terrible insult. Oh, Marion, have some pity, and help me to repair the injury to both these men!"

"I am not the person—it was not for love of me that Lawrence lashed Oscar across the face. Remember that — remember that you were the cause of the insult. You have injured everybody, and nobody will forgive you. I can't do anything, and I wouldn't if I could."

Flora looked at her imploringly. She made an effort to reply; but the obstinate anger evident in Marion's manner seemed to frighten her. Nevertheless, it was as if her very life hung upon this one straw of hope—this faint chance of gentle interposition.

"Marion, if you knew that this charge against Lawrence was unjust would you do something to clear him of the accusation? For his sake, Marion, not for mine," she added, humbly, while the great soft eyes filled with tears, and the musical voice quavered and faltered with sobs forced back by the wild desire to use the present opportunity. "No—no—not for mine. I don't ask you to do anything for me. I know that you would not—I am sure of that; nobody will do anything for me now." She gave a pitiful sigh, strangely forlorn and touching to a less angry hearer. But Marion's heart steeled itself against this one woman whose fault consisted in being fairer than herself. "No one—no one! But for

Lawrence—he has never injured you, Marion—will you have some mercy ?"

Marion still averted her face. The hard, sullen look never relaxed.

"How do I know that Colonel Chandos was not foully dealt with ? He has disappeared."

"Marion," interposed Flora, as the other stopped for breath—"Marion, you know that papa could not endure shame and ruin."

She watched with trepidation the angry countenance turn swiftly toward her.

"Colonel Chandos has absconded with aunt's money. You mean to give up Colonel Chandos. You mean to start aunt after him. You are perfectly aware that she will never rest until she makes him feel the full penalty of the law. It will kill him, but you don't care, if only Lawrence is released. You don't care for anybody—no, you don't !"

The words were flung in her face in rude menace.

"No, Marion, he has not absconded with Mrs. Melvern's money—papa, poor papa, never did that. Marion, listen to me." Flora crossed the room and suddenly laid a detaining hand upon Marion's arm. The girl shook it off and turned away. "Listen to me. Oh, Marion, not for me, not for me—I know you will not hear anything I may say for myself—but for humanity, Marion ! Marion, you can restrain your aunt ; you can check and avert her pitiless rage. For God's sake help papa and Lawrence. For God's sake induce Mrs. Malvern to relinquish this dreadful idea about papa—if—if he should be living. Will you do this, Marion ?"

The imploring voice died away. Its plaintive pain seemed never to penetrate even the ear of the dark-faced girl, obstinately refusing every appeal for help. The clock ticking on the escritoire and the gasping breaths Flora strove to control were the only sounds breaking the silence.

"Will you do this, Marion ?" she repeated, in piteous anxiety and suspense.

Marion faced her abruptly. She came quite close and looked down into the agitated face in cold disdain. The intensity of suspense and hope evident thereon excited only derision.

"No, I will not do it," she said, in measured tones. "If anybody knows that Colonel Chandos is not dead it is you ; if anybody sends the officers of justice on his track it shall be you. I won't say one word to aunt. She is right. I have no mercy for people who defraud others."

"Marion, you will be sorry to refuse mercy——" began Flora.

"I will never be sorry—never. If you can exonerate Lawrence come forward and do it. If you care for him and can relieve him it is wicked in you not to do it ; and it is wicked in you to drag your father to prison."

"Oh, Marion"—again the passionate entreaty seemed to be wrung from Flora by the horror of the facts Marion held before her—"Marion, I tell you that the day must come when you will be sorry for this ! You may have to ask help and mercy from us, from Lawrence, or papa if he is living. Do not refuse. For God's sake, Marion, pity us now, as you hope to be pitied hereafter ! You will be sorry for this—I am sure you will. Oh, Marion, again I ask you to help us !"

"Us !" echoed Marion. "You mean, perhaps, you and Oscar. You mean to try to take the fortune I am going to marry."

Flora's eyes were bright and distended, her breath short and painful. She appeared to hang upon every word, to catch at every syllable.

"I promise to go away forever ; I promise never to see or speak to Oscar again. Oh, Marion, I will do anything—anything ! I will give my life to save the two I love ; I will do anything——"

A burst of weeping overwhelmed Flora. She stopped and vainly struggled for calmness. A dim consciousness of a derisive, jealous face, and a baleful light in the hard black eyes, helped the effort.

Marion laughed angrily.

"I will take care that Oscar is safe. You need make no promises about Oscar. Why do you not offer to leave Lawrence ? Perhaps if you were not here your Lawrence might have less trouble. It is you who has injured me, not Lawrence. They are hunting up evidence against Lawrence. It is strong enough now to convict him. Oscar says that they will not allow him bondsmen—they will keep him in prison ; and if you know anything to free him, what do you suppose Lawrence will think of you for deliberately suppressing it ?"

Flora whitened slowly. She made no effort to reply. It was all so horribly true. What might not Lawrence believe of his promised wife who held her peace and permitted him to suffer under such a baseless charge ?—Lawrence, for whom she would willingly die, her only love, her affianced husband !

"Yes, I say you are a perfect tigress !" asserted Marion. "And then talk to me of humanity !"

"Marion, you asked me just now why I did not offer to give up Lawrence. Would you save him if I did ?" asked Flora, faintly, as if her spirit failed utterly.

"No ; I refuse to meddle with you or your affairs," was the sharp, decisive answer, as Marion again averted her face and grew suddenly obsti-

nate. "Besides, you can't stay here at any rate. Chandos Manor belongs to Aunt Melvern, and everybody knows that Aunt Melvern is a born miser, grudging a crust to any human creature. Everybody can tell you that, just as soon as it is decent and the property thoroughly investigated, she will turn you out of doors. Instead of holding your tongue about Lawrence, you had best confess all. He will hate you forever when he discovers your cruelty. I tell you once and for all that I decline to lift a finger to release Lawrence or help you in any way. Oscar is safe while he is in prison. I will look to Oscar's interest, for Oscar's interest is my interest. Lawrence is antagonistic to Oscar, and besides, he cares nothing for me. As for you, I detest you, and I will never forgive you for trying to defraud me of Oscar—never—never!"

"You will be sorry for this. Oh, Marion, you are crushing me to the earth! Oh, Marion, think how easily you could help us! how only a few words from you would accomplish so much—

THE LITTLE SINGER.—FROM THE PAINTING BY G. BLUME.

words that cost you nothing! Have some mercy, Marion!"

"Why don't you have mercy yourself?" insolently demanded Marion, still looking away from Flora. "You preach to me what you will not practice yourself."

"Marion, no matter what happens Lawrence, what disgrace or misfortune, I will love him and

marry him, and never anyone else. Oh, believe this—only believe it! I merely ask you to help me to go away, and never cross your path again."

"Oh, stop!" interrupted Marion, sardonically. "Aunt will do that."

"For your own sake, Marion, hear me. You may have some boon to ask of us some day. You may even have to ask mercy of us. Poor and friendless as we are, it may be in our power to give you aid in the future."

The beautiful face, tear-stained and tortured by the racking anxiety of this persistent appeal, became suddenly haggard as Marion once more wheeled swiftly about and confronted her. At that moment Marion exhibited in plain characters the same hard, envious soul animating her aunt, and Flora perceived it.

"Just as if I should ever have to ask a favor of beggars!" Marion taunted. "Just as if I ever should be guilty of fraud, or have to ask a boon of any of you! My day has come, and I mean to enjoy its splendor and magnificence. I have had poverty while you rolled and reveled in wealth. I have the wealth now, and you may feel what it is to be poor. You can go back to cleaning fish in a smoky hovel or in the blazing sun, while I live in grandeur and ease, with gorgeous jewels and costly laces. I tell you that my day has come, and so has yours—only we have changed places."

"Marion——"

"I have nothing more to say," coldly interrupted Marion. "Poor people can't be hampered by sentiment. You understand me now," she continued, in even, deliberate tones. "You understand that I have resolved to be a power wherever I go. I mean to do this, and I mean not to permit you to endanger it. There is no truce between us, and no friendliness. You are poor, and you will always be poor. I am rich now, and I will always be rich. Not a word, Flora!" she said, with an angry stamp, as Flora made a faint effort to interrupt her. "I won't hear it. I never will hear it." Marion walked to the door and opened it. "It is scarcely possible that we will meet again, unless," she added, with a mocking laugh, "you are richer than I am. I will recognize you then, and perhaps ask a favor of you, too—who knows?—and you can have your revenge by refusing it. Yes, I will renew our acquaintance when you are richer than I am, and Lawrence comes off free; but at present I only know that I despise you."

Marion cast a last angry look back at the pale beautiful girl she crushed so ruthlessly, then shut the door.

"She will go to the dogs, while I live like a princess. Well, it is time," she soliloquized aloud, in the certainty of no visitor or listener in the damp, vaultlike chilliness of the darkened hall. "I have had enough of shabby dresses and scant food, and all the time keeping up a wretched pretense of plenty of money until we came here. How lucky I am! Oscar would hurry the marriage if that pale-faced girl was out of his way."

Marion passed hurriedly down the staircase and through the hall. The penetrating cold hastened all intruders. No one was tempted to linger as in the old days, when light and heat and the perfume of flowers made the great hall delightful. The rare pictures were hidden by a veil of darkness. The pallid marbles stood in their niches like spectres of the past. The costly chandelier was incased in brown muslin. Silken cushions and luxurious chairs were all uniformed in the same cheap covering.

Marion went on to the library. One shutter, thrown back, admitted a dreary light, revealing the same economical brown muslin protectors to the rich furniture. The atmosphere was of the same uncomfortably low temperature; nevertheless, Oscar sat at the table, turning over one or two letters, evidently just received.

"This is a confoundedly freezing place, Marion. Is it all like this? Haven't you any fire?" he demanded, gruffly.

"No; the fires are all put out. Aunt won't burn the coal, she is so dreadfully penurious. Aunt only cares to toast her feet, count Sister Metella's old sheets and hoard up her money——"

"Has Miss Chandos a fire?" interrupted Oscar. "She shall have one—she must have it!" he went on; "though I don't know that I care whether she lives or dies."

Marion had taken a letter from among those on the table and broken the seal. She read it slowly, then handed it to Oscar.

The moody expression gave place to evident alarm and excitement. He seemed astounded.

"When did this come?" he asked, rousing himself at last. "Read it, Marion—read it."

She obeyed without a word. The letter briefly announced:

"My Dear Marion: I shall be at Chandos Manor on Tuesday. Your affectionate father,

"Cadmus Hauton."

Oscar then read the letter himself. A strange alarm drifted into his face; an odd apprehension weakened his voice.

"Marion, when will he be here?"

"To-morrow is Tuesday—he will be here to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

STELLA'S DREAM.

By Ethel Hatton.

I.

It was a grand, gloomy, haunted-looking house on Sullivan's Island. The steps ran up to a lower landing, or platform, inclosed by a high balustrade; from this they ascended to the great colonnade surrounding the building.

The garden was a wilderness of pink oleanders and roses, with here and there a tall white lily swaying in the dim light like a ghost, or, as Stella Crafton declared, "an angel flower."

She lifted her violet eyes to the lower piazza, from whence the golden bells of a jasmine fell softly through the perfumed air, and said, decidedly:

"I don't mind the gloom, or its being haunted, either. I'd like to see the ghost that could live through the summer months in the house with me. We must have this house, father!"

And so the matter was decided, as Stella's word had long been law with her indulgent parent.

The house had been built years ago as a summer home for the Winters—a family whose last representative had been for years unheard of. It had long been unoccupied, but the ragged pieces of the curtains showed that rare lace once hung from the tarnished brass cornices.

There was also in the house some remains of handsome old furniture in mahogany and rosewood, several fine pictures and a portrait.

It was this portrait, representing a boy of about fourteen, which attracted Stella. His laughing mouth, dark unfathomable eyes, and the imperious turn of his handsome head, aroused all her love of the romantic. She hung it in her own room, covering the tarnished frame with ivy.

The agent wanted to sell the "old shack," he said, but finding that Mr. Crafton would not buy, agreed to rent it for the season.

"By the way," he added, "there is an old negro woman in one of the huts at the end of the place. She's about half crazy, but has been rather a protection to the house all these years, so we haven't bothered her. You can make her useful or turn her off, as you please."

So the Craftons moved from Charleston to their new home.

Investigating the dilapidated huts, Stella soon made the acquaintance of this old woman, whom the other negroes dignified as a "haant," or ghost. Those remembering her believed her harmlessly insane because of her oft-repeated determination to await, at this old house, the return of the last of the Winters. "Marse Jack" she called him.

The little New York girl endeared herself to the poor old creature, as much by her bright ways as by the little dishes with which she replenished her scanty larder.

She had not seen her for several days, when one evening late in August she decided on paying the old woman a visit.

She ran down the little path, thrilled with the beauty around her. The island, with its pink and white oleanders bathed in a golden flood of sunshine, looked as if the sunset clouds themselves had settled down upon this isle of beauty and fragrance. It was a landscape picked out in rose and gold. The distant waves even were lashed into gold where the sun sank like a mighty star.

Stella reached the door, knocked, and receiving no answer except a groan, entered.

She found the old negress laid up by an attack of acute rheumatism, caught while wading at ebb tide after shrimps, crabs and clams, by the sale of which she made her scanty living.

"How are you, Mammy Silvia?" Stella asked.

"Poo'ly, honey, poo'ly; but I feels it in all ma bones dat Marse Jack's comin' mighty soon."

Stella opened the cupboard where mammy kept her provisions. It was empty.

"Why, mammy," she exclaimed, "what have you had to eat for these last six days?"

"Mighty little, honey; but when Marse Jack gits back he ole mammy won't hev ter work so hard fer her little pone er braid;" and the earnest belief expressed in her great African eyes was pathetic.

Stella made her eat some of the food she had brought.

"Mammy," she asked, as she sat beside her, "who were your people—the Winters?"

A look of pitying astonishment dawned on the thin face.

"Go 'way, honey! Sho'ly yer knows de Winterses. Marse John Winters he wus ma ole marster, en Marse Jack was ma milk chile."

"Tell me about them, mammy. Why do you think he will come back?"

"Well, yer see it wus dis way, honey: When me en Dave wus married he b'longed ter Marse Walton, on de plantation nex'ter ourn. We didn't see each odder much, but dat kinder 'tensify our 'tachment.

"Ma fust chile die when Marse Jack wus borned, en mistiss wus dat dang'us sick dat I nussed him; en when he wus eight year en ma

odder boy, Alfred, wus borned, Marse Walton mek up he min' ter sell Dave.

"Seem like dat 'ud kill me; en when Marse Jack fin' me cryin' I tells him, en he jes' say: 'Don' yer cry, mammy. I'se gwyin' ter tell farver.'

"De nex' day wus he birfday, en he go en put he arms round he pa's neck en beg him ter prom-

CLUSTERS.

'SEIZING MAMMY, STELLA HAD CLIMBED WITH HER UPON THE BED."

ise ter gib him de present what he axes fer. Marse John he think 'bout dat pony he beg fer, en laugh en answer back: 'Yes, son, ef it don' take all de money I'se got.'

"Den dat chile up en say: 'Farver, I'ld heap radder hav Dave fer mammy dan de pony!' en he stan' up proud, dough I know he hanker atter dat pony bad.

"Marster jus' laf; but nex' day I wus wurkin' 'hind ma cabin when who should cum up, bless Gord! but dat boy, holin' Dave by de han'—en he say: 'Here, mammy! I'se done got ma birfday present, en I wants yer ter keep it fer me!' Den he runned erway en lef' me en Dave laughin' en cryin' tergedder.

"We wus mighty happy den, tel folks 'gin ter talk erbout de war, en we gits so poor dat we couldn't sell our cotton.

"Marster shake he haid en talk ter er man from Lousyanner, en one day I hear dat man say ter Marse John: 'Well, Winters, I'll gib yer five thousand dollars fer Dave en de little nigger what shoo de flies of'en yo table.'

"Marse John meck answer en say: 'I takes yo up on dat, I reckon, dough I hates ter part wid 'em.'

"I let's de chena dish I wus wipin' drap right den, en looks up en see mistiss. She move erway, mighty white, en nebber say nuffin bout dat fine dish. Dat night Marse Jack ax: 'What de matter wif yer, mammy? You is tremblin' all ober.'

"I gits down on ma knees, den puts ma arms roun' him, en sob: 'Oh, Gord! Dey is gwyin' ter sell ma ole man en ma chile!'

"'Dey sha'n't sell Daddy Dave! He b'longs ter me. Come ter Farver, mammy.'

"He run ter he pa's study, en ax him ef dat wus de trufe what he hear.

"Marster say, mighty cole: 'Yes, ma son; I'se 'bleged ter sell dem.'

"'But Daddy Dave's mine!' he cry, he eyes flashin' fru tears. 'Oh, it's *wicked* ter take dem frum mammy!'

"He pa's face wus set en hard; so he turn ter he ma: 'Mover, how ud yer like ter hab farver sole frum yer?'

"Den Marse John put he han' on dat boy's head en say: 'Son, yer mover may loose yer farver in er wuster way dan mammy is gwyin' ter lose Dave, 'cause I'se gwyin' ter fight in dis war, en I'se got no hopes er de results. En listen. I'se sellin' Dave en Alfred ter git bread fer de rest ob yer while I'se gone. But, Jack, we'll buy dem back ergin when de war es ober.'

"Den dat Lousyanner man cum en take Dave en Alfred erway, en I nebber see dem no more.

"Well, honey, dat same year marster wus brung home daid, en frum dat time mistiss begin ter pine erway. We brung her frum de plantation ter dis here summer home on de islan'; but she gits whiter en porer, tel de day dat Marse Jack runned erway ter de war heself, leabin' mistiss er note what read he wus gwyin' ter eveng he pa. Den mistiss's heart plum broke; en she died one mornin' tryin' ter tell me whar de big box wus hid wif Marse Jack's papers in it.

"Den de reserrectum cum, en we wus free. But bless Gord! I ain't nebber fergit de mornin' Marse Jack, ragged en sick, pore chile, cum back ter he ma en fine her grabe, en ter he home en fine he ain't got none; 'cause we couldn't fine dat box, ner nuffin else, but er ole will, what marster meck 'fore he married, leabin' eberyting ter he brudder.

"Marse Jack frow he arms roun' ma neck en say: 'Good-by, mammy! I ain't got nuffin but you now, en I'se got ter meck er libin'. Uncle Rabe hates me, but I reckon he won't turn yer out tel I gits back; en es soon es I makes money ernuf I'se comin', en I'se gwyin' ter bring daddy en Alfred wid me.'

"En he sho'ly is, honey—shore es I is libin'."

"Did you ever look for the box of papers again?" asked Stella.

"Yes, honey; but I ain't nebber fine whar mistiss hid it."

It was growing late when Stella rose to go, promising to return the following morning.

Along the shore the footsteps of the wind made the waters white with foam. With a feeling of uneasiness she looked further out to the rocks, where the sea broke in unintelligible mutterings over the dark secrets in its unrestful depths.

Seeking her room that night, Stella looked at the portrait.

"Poor fellow," she said, softly, "I wonder where your papers are! Seeking your home to find yourself roofless, and your mother to find her grave!"

With the wind wailing a *Miserere* across the angry waves, Stella slept. She dreamed that a dark, beautiful woman, whom she knew to be Lurlene Winters, led her to the lower landing of the long steps in front of the house. She then pointed to a short plank under the railing. This Stella removed, and found beneath it the long-lost, brass-bound box of papers. The lady then led her to the sea wall and pointed outward.

The waves seemed to rush at, tear each other to pieces, and go down struggling together—only to rise renewed for the battle, in which they were ever creeping nearer to her.

They touched her feet, and she woke with a cry.

What was that terrible noise?

She ran to the window. Through sheets of rain that beat her back she saw the sea horses rushing far inland in a mad race with the wind that roared behind them, tossing their foamy crests into her very face.

As she stepped back an iron hand seemed to catch and hurl the unfastened blind at her feet, while the wind laughed and shrieked in demon-like glee—rushing around the house with a voice like the clapping and soaring of a million dark wings.

She thought of mammy—alone in her little hut.

Mr. Crafton had remained in Charleston that night; except for three servants, Stella was alone.

Now a pattering of feet sounded down the passage, and a voice at the door cried:

"Oh, Miss Stella! The sea is rising on both sides of the island! What shall we do?"

She opened the door.

"Where is John?" she asked the frightened housemaid.

"With cook in the hall—both of 'em nearly wild."

Stella thought a moment, listening to the great waves pounding on either side.

"Janet," she said, quietly, "go with the others to the second story; the water will hardly rise that high, and I think the house is safe. I am going to Mammy Silvia's, to bring her here if I can. If I don't return in twenty minutes, and the water rises, tell John to come for me in the boat."

Opening the front door, she found it impossible to close it again, and as she reached the last flight of steps the wind almost lifted her from her feet.

But she fought her way on, clinging to the broken fence.

Now a blinding flash of lightning fell, and in

it Stella saw what made her heart almost stop beating.

"Oh, God!" she cried, "the sea is closing upon this narrow strip of an island!"

Black clouds rushed over the sky like mighty eagles with widespread wings, and, through all, the pallid, frightened-looking moon glared down aghast at the pandemonium beneath.

Shrieks and cries came to her above the roar of wind and wave as she ran on, reaching the quarters to find only Silvia's hut standing; the others had been reduced by the wind to piles of lumber.

Stella shook the door, calling hoarsely.

It was flung wide, and the old woman, trembling with terror, pulled her in.

"Oh, honey! what yer doin' in dis turrible storm?"

"I came for you, mammy. Can we get to the house?"

"I don' know, honey. What meck yer resk yer life fer dis ole no-'count nigger? Oh, Gord ob mercy, help us! Look!"

A tiny stream came snakelike beneath the window ledge and spilled in a puddle at her feet.

Then the on-coming waves struck the door, burst it open, and the sea, with a roar of conquest, sprang in upon them, licking hungrily up the walls. Then Stella saw two armies of black monsters rushing furiously together from either side of the island. They met—were lost in a world of white spray. Then the sky seemed to open, and in the sheet of flame streaming down from on high she saw the immense black horror rushing toward them where the main street of the island had been.

"Oh, God, have mercy! The island is gone! We are in the middle of the ocean. *There is no land anywhere!*" she cried, as a fiercer wave broke over them and the hut began to tremble.

Seizing mammy, Stella had climbed with her upon the bed, when a heavy piece of timber came crashing against the foundations of the little house. She thought of her orders to John. Had they forgotten her? She looked through the window toward the big house.

There was no house there—it was gone!

The water came above her waist. Still holding the old woman up in her arms, she tried to cry aloud; but the words died on her lips, and she leaned back against the wall. Hopeless! Oh, God! to die alone in that world of waters! A mist came over her eyes.

Suddenly a voice rang out: "Mammy! Mammy! are you there?" The half-fainting old negress sprang to her feet, electrified.

"Marse Jack! Bless Gord, I knowed yer! Lord Jesus! I knowed you'd come ter sabe yer mammy!"

Stella felt mammy taken from her arms; then knew that she, too, was carried from the shaking cabin. A flash of lightning, and in the dark, handsome face above her she knew the original of her portrait.

In the boat to which he bore her was mammy, clinging to her tall son, who was even then assuring her that his father was in Charleston awaiting them.

A lance of lightning now fell upon the wreck of a three-master about forty feet from them.

But even the fury of the storm could not quell the joy in mammy's heart, lonely and desolate so many long and weary years.

Black mountains of water came thundering in, but the little boat fought its way to Fort Moultrie and safety. Then and there the grave Southern gentleman surrendered a second time to a Northern conquest.

After much privation and suffering Jack Winters had drifted to New York. Here he found a friend of his father, a physician. Under him he studied medicine, and had been practicing successfully for several years, when in a street beggar he came across Daddy Dave, crippled and ill.

Tracing Alfred together, they found him prospering.

Now Jack Winters remembered his promise (forgotten in the anxieties of breadwinning), and devoting all his energies to restoring her husband to comparative health, he now came to redeem his promise, in time not only to save Silvia's life, but also that of the little girl whose sweetness and bravery had won his heart.

At the fort Stella found her servants, saved by one of the brave bands of rescuers that did such noble service on that terrible night of *August 28th.*

II.

In Charleston, S. C., it was feared that the island had ceased to exist. From the first gold footprint of dawn on the sea (notwithstanding her sad condition) her wharves were thronged for news.

Those ships not wrecked were so injured that, though large sums were offered their commanders, no trip was made until one o'clock, when two little tugs offered to go to the island and accommodate thirty passengers each. Those having places were offered almost any price for them, but few were relinquished.

Business men, whose families were on the island for the summer, swelled the multitude; among them Ralph Crafton tried in vain to obtain a passage.

[illegible]bily dressed man hurrying on board the *Britannia*, he stopped him, exclaiming:

"I'll give you a hundred dollars for your place on that tug!"

"I'ld like mighty well to get it," returned the man. "My little home and all my wife and children had went to sea last night; but I'm not a passenger. Can you fire an engine?"

"Yes, and run one, too!" cried Crafton, joyously.

A quick exchange of hats and coats was made, and Crafton was soon on board, working his way to his daughter. In the crowd that met the tugs on the shattered island wharf were men in undergarments, women in their nightdresses, and children in all sorts of coverings, just as they had escaped with their lives; but from this motley assembly such a cheer went up as is seldom heard more than once a lifetime. On landing, Crafton found that his daughter had gone with Dr. Winters, after telling him her dream, to examine what was left of the old home. He met them returning with a wonderful story.

The Winters house was all gone (strange to relate) except the lower landing of the front steps.

Dr. Winters had little difficulty in wrenching away the short plank of Stella's dream.

There was the brass-bound box!

Removing papers and deeds, which made him independent, his eyes were dazzled by the Winters diamonds hidden there with other jewels and valuables, probably for safekeeping.

He offered all these, himself included, to Stella.

She had not accepted the box and its appurtenances when her father met them; but Jack Winters had about him a knightly manner, inherited with his Southern blood, which charmed most women, and was not without its effect on Stella. Besides destiny, her very dreams had brought this grave, handsome gentleman to her feet. With his usual wisdom her father consented to the inevitable.

Mammy Silvia, Dave and Alfred think they can never do enough to repay "Marse Jack" and Miss Stella; but both the doctor and Stella believe this story an instance of "virtue being its own reward."

By Nelly Hart Woodworth.

It is stated in Mexican Mythology that the "queletzu" was the first bird that sang upon the earth. This fabled pioneer of song was marvelously lovely, its heart like the rose, its wings dovelike, and its breast white as the snows of the mountains.

The song it sang was far more wonderful than the beauty of the singer. As it was loosed from the earth the bird sprang upward from the dew with a rush of wings, and the whole air was filled with the raptured birth of the ascending ecstasy. It was pre-eminently a song of mirth, of gratitude for the released song, and the echoes rang from copse to cloud, from cloud to copse, until all the hills and valleys responded, and even the rivers were proudly exultant. It sprang to the blue "like a soul on its way to the gardens of God." It sang to the skies, it sang to the angels, and the song was sweeter than all music on earth before, for it was the music of love. Nor did its beauty cease with the lessening echoes! Ever since it lives in fabled sweetness, the bird of all birds, the song of all songs, the first to prove that earth may mirror the glory of the skies, may repeat the music that is ever ringing in the fields of paradise. The bird found its soul in a paroxysm of joy, and the jeweled chalice of song brimmed with sweetness over which was thrown no veil of sorrow. All other birds have sorrows to share. The nightingale has a sob in its throat; the soaring lark tells of despairing tenderness; the wood pewee weeps, and the notes of the wood thrush are

replete, not with the joy, but with the pity, of ecstatic affection.

According to fable, the nightingale owes its existence to the evil spirit of envy and malice. Cowper's note on the passage from Homer's Odyssey explains that Philomela intended to slay the son of her husband's brother, incited to it by the envy of his wife, who had six children, while herself had only two, but through mistake slew her own son, and for her punishment was transformed by Jupiter into a nightingale. Since then she bears the name of her previous impersonation, philomel.

Oriental writers represents this bird as sighing for the love of the queen of flowers. The Persian poet Attar says that all the birds appeared before Solomon, and charged the nightingale with disturbing their rest by the broken and plaintive strains which he warbled forth all the night in a sort of frenzy and intoxication. The culprit was summoned and acquitted by the wise king, because the bird assured him that his vehement love for the rose drove him to distraction and caused him to break forth into those passionate and touching complaints which were laid to his charge :

> " Oh, sooner shall the rose of May
> Mistake her own sweet nightingale,
> And to some meaner minstrel's lay
> Open her bosom's glowing veil,
> Than love shall ever doubt a tone,
> A breath of the beloved one!"

The stirrings of love's folded wings are felt within the heart of the bird ; he sings to the stars in those entreating accents ; he begs them to hear, to pity, to aid him ; he loves but one rose and mourns its absence. " You may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not in his constant heart for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose."

In hedges inhabited by these nocturnal songsters it is observable that their voices increase two, ay, threefold, through emulation. In a more or less marked degree this is the case with nearly all singing birds. Sometimes they have been found with their throats torn—they have literally sung themselves to death. Ardent, impulsive souls that would indulge in such extravagancies of flight that God keeps their wings clipped lest they find Heaven too soon ! They have a fabled song of surpassing pathos, uttered only when some hidden thorn pierces their bosom, or when the soul departs to the birds' paradise.

> —Lacerated, driven to the wing,
> And upward soaring, sweetest do they sing.

This departing song is blended pain and ecstasy—the good-by of a soul whose whole life from beginning to end is a swan song, from the point of human estimation.

Some flowers are sweetest when crushed or shaken ; some souls, too, refuse to expand or give out their fragrance until pierced by the thorns of affliction. The raindrops make the green leaves shrink and tremble, yet it is but a joyful thrill, a tremor of delight.

It seems almost a sacrilege to divest the nightingale of aught of charm that poetry or fable has thrown around it, yet travelers assert that in those Eastern countries where it is most common it is chiefly regarded for its pugnacious qualities. It is a little bird of gray-brown plumage, scarcely larger than our bluebird, and is often tethered by a string attached to its leg, and sits upon its owner's finger or hops about on his arm. Sometimes it adorns a tall perch in front of the doorway. Groups of people gather around, and in the centre of these groups a pair of nightingales are not infrequently seen engaged in mortal combat. They fight as pluckily as our game fowls, and are watched with intense interest and admiration, not alone by their interested owners, but by all the lookers-on. This is only another proof that the charm of situation differs according to the point of view from which it is regarded.

After all has been said, one settles back with a satisfied feeling that our native birds are good enough. The finer feathers of tropical varieties

are gained, for the most part, by proportionate loss of voice.

The soaring of the skylark, the crescendo of flight and of song, is equaled by native larks, and even the silvery song of the bulbul loses much of its enchantment through familiarity. This would seem, however, through the glamour of distance, to be precisely one of those cases where common things are never commonplace!

Eastern people are experts in the skillful training of birds. Tame partridges are a feature of every "review." The bird is produced from the folds of the owner's clothing, and runs about or plays with him during the pauses of conversation.

Or they may be brought in cages carefully curtained to exclude the light and dust, with this object, that if the interest of the spectators flag they may be able to get up a private circle whose interest is unflagging.

In England the chaffinch is more abundant than the sparrow save in the centres of cities and his cheery voice may be heard persistently. In every neighborhood there are champion singers that have been trained to warble against time.

One particular chaffinch has an enviable reputation far beyond the limits of the locality. Not a night passes that the owner of some young bird does not bring it and ask to be allowed to hang its cage under that of the "Old Master." The latter, it seems, possesses a remarkably short warble. There is money in a short warble, for the shorter it is the oftener a bird can "score" in a given time. There are linnets that "can do" eight or nine scores in fifteen minutes. These are not only naturally good singers, but are full of courage. Some birds will sing beautifully when alone, but when matched against others will be dumb. As a natural sequence these birds are worthless as prize singers. A well-trained chaffinch can do a score a minute. They count in the old-fashioned way at bird-singing contests.

The "Green-eyed Monster" is another chaffinch known all over Limehouse and far beyond its limits. He has done seventy-two scores in thirty minutes. The moment his cage is hung on a nail he bursts into song, and he seldom stops to take breath until "Time" is called.

A recent witness of these unique bird matches records its features in an idiom peculiar to the district. The room, he says, in which the contest took place, was about twelve feet square and had a ceiling that matched the locality. There were seven benches in the room. Upon each of six of them sat six men. In front of the bench which occupied the centre of the room was a wooden table sacred to the owners of the two birds that were about to sing against each other. When the door was closed the owners stood near the only wall against which the audience was not leaning.

On this wall, about two feet apart and seven feet from the floor, were two stout nails under which the men stood. One held a cage in his hand, the other had his concealed beneath his coat. The cages, made of wood and wire, were about eight inches high and three inches wide, the back and left side of wood, the front of brass wire. When they were in position the birds could not see each other and so be induced to neglect their business by staring or through any interrupting train of thought. In front of each cage was a small, semicircular brass tub, generally full of water, but empty during a contest. On the right side of the cage was a trough filled with seed, which was covered with a brass slide, as no linnet, no matter how well trained, could be expected to warble for fifteen minutes without thrusting its diminutive bill in the trough if it were left uncovered. At right angles to the table in the centre of the room was another table, at which sat three men with pieces of chalk in their right hands and with short clay pipes in their mouths. On the table in front of the man who was nearest the birds lay a silver watch, the carrying of which, with any degree of regularity, would make a delicate person round-shouldered. This man would have been a viking had he been born a thousand years sooner. A great shock of curly brown hair was not more than half hidden by a rough cloth cap, while from under a tawny mustache poured streams of smoke at regular intervals. A pair of lazy-looking brown eyes glanced now at the watch and now at the audience. The men sat close together, nearly all of them smoking, and upon every face was an expression of concentrated interest mingled with a strong dash of ferocity.

The timekeeper appointed two on-lookers whose duty it was to keep count of the various "chalks" illegally placed upon the centre table by the owners of the birds. Each full-throated warble is equivalent to one chalk.

"Get ready," said the timekeeper. The two men moved the cages gently up and down. "Thirty seconds," said the timekeeper. The cages were slid up the wall slowly until the nails were almost reached. "Time," said the timekeeper. The two cages were hung out upon the nails at the same instant, and in another moment the two men were sitting at the table, facing their birds and chalk in hand.

Five seconds after one of the linnets began to warble. The owner smiled and made a chalk mark upon the table. The other bird kept sol-

emn silence after a single false note until three minutes elapsed, when he woke up and kept his master busily engaged in putting down chalks. They never sang more than six consecutive notes, and sometimes warbled at the same time. The owners, the on-lookers and the audience found no difficulty in determining which bird sang, or, if both were singing at once, which was entitled to a "chalk" and which had made a false note. The audience, too, kept count, without chalk, just as correctly as the on-lookers and more correctly than the owners with chalk. Every ear was strained until "Time" was called and the match was over.

"Two score seventeen!" shouted one.

"Two score fourteen!" said the other.

As the latter removed his cage from the nail he indulged in language that would not bear repetition. The sympathy of the audience was with him during the following fifteen minutes devoted to a spirited discussion of the various features of the contest. They spoke of the birds as if they were human beings. They said that such and such a bird "were a coward," just as if the bird were a man who had been struck on one cheek and immediately offered the other to the smiter—a locally ignominious procedure that was openly sneered at and characterized in terms too violent for ordinarily polite circles.

In the second contest the last bird entered the ring again, but with another bird. The time-keeper having called "Time," the cages were hung on the nail, and the men took their seats at the table. The defeated bird disgraced itself still further by preserving a dignified silence. The other warbled as if for dear life, and kept its owner busy putting down chalks. For five minutes the silent bird looked down at his angry master, while the other bird did all the warbling. Ten minutes passed, and he had not uttered a note.

Suddenly a man who sat in the farthest corner of the room made a pertinent remark; but the audience failed to appreciate—they looked apologetic and dared not laugh.

The infuriated owner of the silent bird said nothing for three minutes, when the match was almost finished. Then, lifting his head and looking at his bird, he said, in tones that made the lath and plaster shiver: "Wait till I gets yer 'ome!"

The fate of the poor little tired warbler was never known, though it was universally conjectured to be anything but a happy one. Humanity must be put on a higher plane before these relics of barbarism can be banished, since "by no political alchemy can you get golden conduct out of leaden instincts." Under proper conditions character expands, becomes beautiful day by day like an opening flower; under opposite conditions it takes on opposite qualities. The walls of environment are impenetrable; those intrenched within are heirs of the ages—heirs of accumulated centuries of disrepute and disgrace, of crime and dishonor. Some writer pertinently remarks that we must run the gamut of human emotion in order to know the perfection of sympathy!

A still more barbarous custom than the one cited above is that of depriving goldfinches of their sight, as they sing best when in total darkness. There is a species of goldfinch abundant about Tonquin that sings so melodiously that it is called the celestial bird. When at rest its wings are beautifully variegated; but when it rises in the air the colors blend and lose their splendor.

An English lady, on opening her window, saw a goldfinch perched on the sill. To her surprise it did not fly away, but suffered itself to be taken into the room. When placed upon the table it still sat quiet as if it were suffering from illness. On examination a seed was found to be fixed in the bird's throat. This was quickly removed with a needle and the bird became quite lively. While a cage was being prepared for its reception it escaped from the hands of its benefactress, flew against the window pane, and instantly fell dead on the floor.

During the inclement season the English robin redbreast is said to become bold, and taps at the window if the expected crumbs are not thrown out. He even ventures to enter the room, hops about on the table, and quite seems to consider as a right what was at first a favor. When well established he is very jealous and will not suffer a friend to be partaker of the same comforts, so the unfortunate second comer has to wait shivering outside with his feathers fluffed up till number one has satisfied his hunger. One grew so tame as to answer to his name "Bob," and continued his attachment even through the summer. When the rabbits were fed he always came to assist, and perched on the edge of the pan from which they were feeding. Both parties were satisfied, and Bunny and Bob continued good friends.

A similar circumstance came under my observation—a golden-winged woodpecker that was taken from the nest in babyhood, brought home and adopted as one of the family. It was a precocious infant, and soon learned the ways of the house, the hours for meals and the most satisfactory way of accomplishing whatever it purposed. When the family were seated at the dining table "Goldie's" presence was speedily announced by

repeated taps at the pane, gently at first, the sound increasing in violence if he was not at once allowed to enter. When once within he hopped about, demanding of each party the crumbs which he was certain were awaiting him. His worst grief was that he was not allowed to run about the table and help himself, and many were his protests against the restraint. He was quite as much at home outside the house, domineering over the domestic fowls, helping himself to their choicest bits, and ruling the entire yard with tyrannous vigor of execution well worthy a better purpose. I must confess that with all his pretty, winsome ways "Goldie" was addicted to thieving tendencies, and whenever anything was missing in the household he was held to be responsible. If a stray hairpin peeped out from the mother's hair his covetous heart could not resist the temptation. He perched upon her shoulders, his little bright eyes gleaming with the anticipated joy of possession, and in a twinkling he jerked it out and was off with the stolen property. He soon learned where to find the pins when they were not visible, and though hidden never so deftly within the coils of hair he searched them out and drew them triumphantly from their hiding place.

He was not yet old enough to sing the regular song that comes with maturity, and was too happy and whole-hearted to be thinking of going abroad and drumming up a companion. His disappearance the following spring could never be accounted for. Though he helped himself to anything and everything in the house, he was incapable of other duplicity, and his apparent happiness and unconcern could hardly have been setting a trap for family ignorance or opening the way for a speedy and permanent departure.

Whether his life grew barren of peace as the spring days drew near and the united attention of the household failed to satisfy the natural craving, or whether he came to harm, a young and innocent victim to misplaced trust and confidence, was never certain. The sunshine of the spring may have lighted an aureole round his heart, while all the day the sweet, low measures of love were sounding there, who can tell?—who can know the hunger of the little heart deprived of its true heritage?

Birds are frequent visitors at sea, and scarcely a vessel crosses the ocean but some weary traveler welcomes it as a resting place. An Eastern mariner related a curious anecdote of a bird visitor which he once had on board his ship, to the writer of "Visitants of Ships at Sea."

Having left the vicinity of Danger Island, he says he sailed along due east for upward of a thousand miles, when, early one morning, he observed among the cordage a bird in shape like a swallow, but of the most exquisite and delicate colors; its breast was bright azure, its tail green, its wings scarlet; from its head rose a golden crest, and its eyes were surrounded by a circle of pink feathers. It had been subdued, no doubt, by means of hunger, to a temper of the greatest tameness. He held out to it a little rice upon a plate. The bird descended, perched upon his arm and ate with extreme voracity. It was evidently used to man, took fright at no one, but at dinner walked coolly about upon the cabin table among the plates and dishes, now taking a bit from one hand and now from another.

THE STORK OF THE FAIRY TALES.

Happening by chance to approach the cabin door noiselessly, when, as he thought,

BONAPARTE'S SOLDIERS AND THE PIGEONS OF ST. MARK'S (VENICE, 1797).
FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGES CLAIRIN.

[illegible] ...ing [illegible] ...ing [illegible] ...ing [

Reincarnation in the same form being certain, perpetuation of the species in the ordinary manner is unnecessary; the bird rises from its own ashes, hence the fabled creature exists only singly.

At the great festival of the ancient Fire Worshipers the same traveler states that large bunches of dry combustibles were fastened to the birds, which, being let loose, the air and earth appeared one great illumination; and as the terrified creatures fled to the woods it is easy to conceive the devastation wrought. The baga, or Indian grosbeak, is clannish in the extreme, and supposed to be imbued with fire-loving or light-loving instincts. Their homes are on the plan of modern apartment houses, and so far as is known not the slightest scandal is attached nor has one word ever been whispered that their mode of living was demoralizing. It makes a home within the high fanlike foliage of the palmyra tree and "lights up the chambers of its nest with fireflies."

If we may credit Tavernier, the moral character of the birds of paradise is open to criticism—they, at the nutmeg season, coming in flights from the Southern isles to India, where the strength of the nutmeg so intoxicates them that they fall dead drunk to the earth:

> "Those golden birds that in the spicetime drop
> About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
> Whose scent hath lured them o'er the summer flood."

Originally all specimens of the birds of paradise brought to Europe were deprived of their feet, this custom giving credence to the supposition that they had none. Even scientists at that early day must have shared this belief, as they named one of the species *Paradisea apoda*—the feetless bird of paradise. In fable they had no power of alighting, and were always on the wing.

Tender as the dove, outrivaling the peacock in splendor, they were described as "the inhabitants of some region where all was beauty and purity, where no storms ever ruffled their plumage, where they floated about on never-tiring wings in a bright and balmy atmosphere, incapable of resting from their happy flight, and nourished only by the dews and perfumes of a cloudless sky."

As a matter of fact, however, their luxurious trappings interfere with a flight against the wind, and they seldom venture from their retreats in rough weather.

Their magnificent plumage is fast inviting extermination. They are taken by the native Indians by poisoning the water when they resort to drink, though they aver that the wholesale slaughter is ofttimes circumvented by the king bird of paradise (Paradisea regia), whose imperial mandates are received with submissive obedience by a numerous train of subjects, his majesty always flying above the flock to issue his orders for inspecting and tasting the springs of water where they may drink with safety. Whether his kingship bears a charmed life and may taste the poisonous draught without fear of harm, or whether he relegates this undesirable office to some minor member of his flock, is not recorded.

Much skill is shown in preparing this gorgeous bird for market, the natives removing the true wings, which have no beauty, as well as the feet and legs.

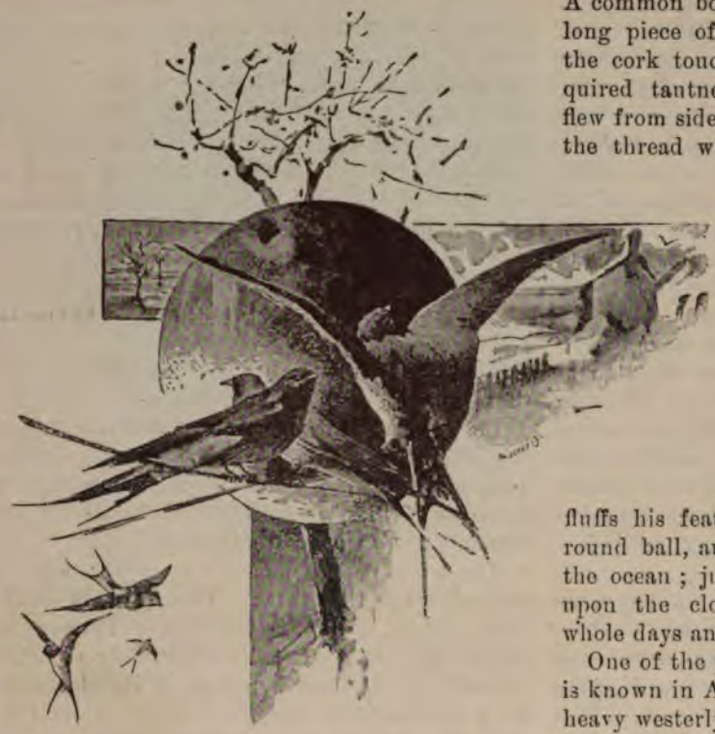
How admirable the taste of the Arabian bird that builds its nest with cinnamon!

The pompadour pigeon, also, is a true bird of the Orient, reveling in warmth and perfume, and, carrying the fruit of the cinnamon here and there as it flies, is largely responsible for that valuable tree's wide dissemination.

The petrels were named from Peter, who also walked upon the water. The word is derived from the Latin *Petrellus*, Little Peter. The stormy petrel is a little fellow, only about six inches long, its plumage mostly of inky blackness. It is fearless and intrepid, closely in sympathy with the storms, and many superstitions cluster around it.

It is a common thing for them to follow closely in the wake of vessels, sometimes for many days in succession; and its presence is invariably regarded as an ill omen. No inducement will prevail upon the sailors to capture them or interfere in any way with their liberty. They call them witches, devil's birds and Mother Carey's chickens. This last title is laid to the charge of Captain Carteret's crew, having reference to some hag or evil creature.

Buffon speaks of the deathlike silence prevailing in the Northern regions, where voices had a strange, unnatural echo, and to the distorted fancy forms appeared gigantic. The air was piercing cold, when suddenly petrels would be seen flying above the waves so near the surface as to seem to walk upon the water. Most unwelcome visitors they were to the sailors, who supposed them to portend stormy weather. An interesting instance of this superstition is given in a recent magazine, where an enthusiastic naturalist, on his first voyage, succeeded in entangling a stormy petrel, and made preparations to skin and preserve it. When this became known, in hot haste a deputation of the crew, headed by the old gray-haired sailmaker, came aft with a request that the petrel be at once set at liberty, saying that otherwise the ship and all on board would surely suffer. The naturalist, somewhat



surprised, consented to set the bird free; but his enthusiasm prevailed over the superstitious warning, and when the sailors had disappeared the bird was added to his collection. The fact soon became known forward among the men, and the man of science was regarded with black looks by the crew for the remainder of the voyage.

In the course of time the good ship anchored safe in port, and that day at dinner the naturalist died suddenly. There was a gathering of the sailors around the windlass that dog-watch, and the sudden death was attributed to the slaughter of the stormy petrel.

The bird was caught in a somewhat novel manner. A common bottle cork was tied to the end of a long piece of thread and trailed astern so that the cork touched the water. This gave the required tautness to the thread. As the birds flew from side to side astern some of them struck the thread with their wings, and the resistance was enough to turn them over, when the thread was wrapped round the wing and the bird hauled on board.

The stormy petrel is so oily in texture that the Faroe Islanders draw a wick through its body and use it as a lamp. In this way their simple huts are very cleverly lighted.

This little coal-black sailor is so fond of the water that he fluffs his feathers, makes himself into a little round ball, and goes to sleep on the surface of the ocean; just as the tropic bird is said to sleep upon the clouds, continuing on the wing for whole days and nights.

One of the petrels, nearly the size of a pigeon, is known in Australia as the mutton bird. After heavy westerly gales dozens of them are washed upon the beach, beaten down, doubtless, by the violence of the storm. They breed in immense numbers upon the islands off the Australian coasts. Boatloads of the eggs are brought in the season up to Melbourne for sale, and dried mut-

A JAPANESE BIRD FANTASIA.—BY O'TAMA CHIOVARA.

ton birds are a staple article of commerce. More than a hundred dozen of those birds have been brought in by a single fishing boat. When disturbed in their native haunts the sea birds rise in the air in countless multitudes, "a universal, overwhelming cloud that covers the whole heaven, and their cry like the cry of an alarmed nation. Up they went, millions upon millions, ascending like the smoke of a furnace, countless as the sands on the seashore, awful, dreadful for multitude, as if the whole mountain were dissolving into life and light, and with an unearthly kind of lament took up their line of march in every direction to the sea." Their habit of flocking together before a storm and uttering loud, shrill cries, as if to warn sailors of impending danger, is due, undoubtedly, to the prominence of sea animals at such times, and upon which they feed. They are supposed to quench their thirst by dexterously catching the drops of water when the rain falls. The petrel family includes both the fulmars and albatrosses as well as the true petrels. The two first are much larger birds, a full-grown albatross being three feet long and weighing from twenty-five to thirty pounds.

The master of the bark *Gladstone*, sailing between London and Australia, makes the following statement: That, when the vessel was in latitude 42 degrees south and longitude 90 degrees east, a seaman fell overboard from the starboard gangway. The lifeboat was lowered and manned by the chief officer and four men. A search for the unfortunate man was made, but owing to the roughness of the sea he could not be discovered, yet the boat steered to the spot where he was last seen. Here they found him floating, but exhausted, clinging for bare life to the legs and wings of a huge albatross. The bird had swooped down upon the man while the latter was struggling with the waves, and attempted to peck him with its powerful beak. Twice the bird attacked its prey unsuccessfully, being beaten off by the desperate sailor, battling with two enemies—the water and the albatross—both greedy and insatiable. For the third time the huge white form of the bird hovered over the seaman, preparatory to a final swoop. The bird, eager for its meal, fanned its victim with its widespread wings. Suddenly a thought occurred to him, that the huge form

BY THE BAVARIAN LAKES.

so close to his face might become his involuntary rescuer. Quick as thought he reached up and seized the bird; which he proceeded to strangle with all his might. The huge creature struggled violently with wings and paddles to free itself. In the contest the sailor was beaten black and blue, and cruelly lacerated, but he held his own, and slowly the bird quivered and died. The body floated lightly upon the waves, its feathers forming a comfortable support for the exhausted man who had so narrowly escaped a lingering death.

The seaman was not much of a swimmer, and the excitement of the extraordinary conflict began to tell upon him—he grew faint and giddy. But, with one arm around the albatross's body, under the wing, and one hand clutching the bird's feet, he awaited his chance of rescue. Presently he heard his comrades shout from the boat, and in a few minutes was safe on board the bark, though a good deal shaken and exhausted.

The albatross is easily captured with a baited hook thrown from a ship, and they will seize the food given them from the deck before it reaches the water. They lie in wait for flying fish, devouring them as they take to the wing when pursued by dolphins.

Wakeman says that a fine is still imposed in the Isle of Man if a sea gull be killed during the fishing season, and the feathers of the poor wren which is so mercilessly hunted on St. Stephen's Day are sold for trifling sums as charms.

The birds of the island and their habits provide omens and portents, exceedingly frequent among these people, with their quick invention and warm fancy.

A raven hovering near a herd of cattle is an unwelcome sign.

The plaint of the linnet is associated with a lost soul.

When the robin will not sing in churchyard trees the place is supposed to be haunted.

Swallows winter under water and rise in the spring, their manner of dashing up the water with their wings giving rise to the opinion.

If a kingfisher be dried and suspended by its beak the breast will always turn in the direction of the wind. This belief has caused the death of no few kingfishers.

The same writer states that, according to a very ancient local tradition a wicked fairy in the guise of a beautiful woman once bewitched a host of the best men of the island, and then led them all over a cliff to their death in the sea. This tradition prevails so unyieldingly to this day that a Manx wife or sweetheart will on no occasion precede her husband or lover, lest her character for correct womanly attributes be challenged by her neighbors.

The same fairy which established this custom is the one which, in its efforts to escape local vengeance, was transformed into a wren, and has ever since, on St. Stephen's Day, been hunted, stripped of its feathers, and beaten to death in countless numbers. The same unaccountable mercilessness toward the wren exists to-day, though

> "The robin and the wren
> Are God's two holy men,"

in Ireland. The wren is still hunted on Christmas Day, its pitiful remains beribboned and hung to tree branches.

At Constantinople, Brescia, and along the Danube and the Rhine, January 30th and 31st and February 1st are famous as the "blackbird days." For a curious legend says that originally all blackbirds were white, and that they became black because during one year in the Middle Ages the three days mentioned above were so cold that all the birds in Europe took shelter in the chimneys. The three days are celebrated in Brescia with a feast called, "I giorni della merla," or "the feast of the transformation of the bird."

The kingfishers were said by the ancients to build their nests upon the surface of the water during the seven days preceding the winter solstice, and to lay their eggs during the seven days following it. They had the power of calming the troubled waters, and the sea was always tranquil while they reared their young; hence the term, halcyon days, or days of calm, peaceful weather. The bird was dedicated to Thetis, a sea nymph. They are emblems of fidelity, the Greek fable saying that the halcyon (kingfisher) was named from Halcyone, a daughter of Æolus, and the wife of Ceyx. The latter was drowned while on his way to consult the oracle, and, in a dream that night, Halcyone was informed of the fate of her husband. Next morning, as she wandered disconsolately upon the shore, she found his body washed up by the waves, and, overcome with grief, threw herself into the sea. The gods, in admiration of their mutual affection, changed them into kingfishers, and still control the winds when they are nesting.

The magpies, too, had a startlingly original creation; the daughters of Pierus challenged the Muses to sing, and were by them changed into magpies.

But the origin of our own bobolink was the happiest of all conceits. He sprang from a laugh, as anyone may readily believe who hears his wild, rollicking, mad music! Nature had finished her bird creation and laughed aloud as she thought

of her success, when the crowning joy sprang into life in the shape of Bobolinkum.

Fable and superstition have invested the birds with such wealth of fancy that time will only allow an instance to be cited here and there.

There is a legend of the blue jay, popular among the colored people of the South, to the effect that he must forever go down to hell on Friday afternoons and help carry sticks to feed its fires. This was in punishment for his infamous conduct in perching upon the cross at the time of the crucifixion and mocking the suffering Christ.

The contrasting story of the crossbill is, that the Master felt a trembling in His pierced and bleeding palm, and a little bird was striving at the ruthless iron nail. He worked away until his poor torn beak was twisted and mangled forever, and his plumage covered with the crimsoning stains.

The bird with the heart of pity
That flew to the cross's side
And plucked at the nails deep-driven
In the flesh of the Crucified!

Of the robin, how her breast is stained to-day with the drops from that bleeding brow, is told in that beautiful legend familiar to every child. Less widely known is another version:

"Have you not heard of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that drenches it?

"He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin:
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in."

WHITE ROSEBUD.

By Harriet R. Rockwell.

O aching heart, that beats its weary pinions
Against the mortal cage that holds it fast;
O breaking heart! not all earth-happy minions
Can loose the chains that bind me to the past.
Hard chains of death, that bound me while the angel
Flew by, and snatched from out my trembling hand
The *one white rosebud* that my life had cherished,
And bore it to the far-off summer land.

Soon, soon, perhaps, the angel will remember,
And come and loose the chains that bind me fast,
And bear me where, all fireless, lies life's ember,
Amid the cold gray ashes of the past.
Then let me die, with peaceful hands *so folded*
That in their palms ungrasping, as I die,
(With tender leaves that are so gently molded)
One rosebud, white and fragrant, still may lie.

AT MILKING TIME.

By Kourt Chalys.

At milking time, one ev'ning long ago,
I met her, fell in love with her just so:
She milked. I brushed the flies.
And when I saw her eyes
I kissed her by surprise at milking time.

I did not say I loved her, soft and low,
But simply let my silence tell her so.
Her little hand I pressed—
Ah me! and then she guessed
It—granted my request at milking time.

And then I milked for *her* at eventide,
So still and beautiful—she at my side.
Two years went by. A prize
God sent us from the skies:
A boy to fan the flies at milking time!

But now they're gone—I've been alone for years
At milking time. Excuse my childish tears,
For I can't keep them back,
'Cause she and little Jack
Will never more come back at milking time.

At the Spring Tavern

By Irving Allen

At precisely twelve o'clock high noon of a barning, broiling day in mid August the Clarendon and Proctersville stage drew up at the door of the Spring Tavern in Proctersville, a small village appertaining to Cavendish, a manufacturing town in Northern Vermont.

This reputable old hostelry was, I believe still is, the halfway house between the village some twenty miles north, whence the stage started on its daily trip to the busy town of Clarendon, a station on the R. & B. Railroad.

"Half an hour for dinner!" shouted the burly driver, his manner suggesting as clearly as if expressed in words, "Thirty minutes and no seconds for what you can manage to secure and stow away in that time." Whereupon nine limp, dusty and, in various degrees, demoralized passengers alighted, and forthwith found their way to the dining room of the Spring Tavern.

To speak numerically, and without reference to pounds avoirdupois, the present truthful chronicler contributed one unimportant ninth to the freight of the C. & P. stagecoach on the torrid August day in question, and of him little need be said; there being a whole volume of information in the simple statement that he has long been the editor of a respectable and thriving Vermont weekly.

Despite the relentless sun glare, from which we were partially protected by one of those grotesque fixed umbrellas so common in the rural districts, I had clung manfully to my lofty perch with the

driver all through the terrible twenty miles of torturing heat and flying dust. My first view of my fellow passengers was obtained as they descended in gloomy procession from their comfortless inside quarters.

With a single exception, it was the average daily cargo of a New England stagecoach. There were, the ubiquitous rustic matron, fat, freckled and fifty-five; the country clergyman in dingy white and dusty black, certain to devote at least three of his precious thirty minutes to a silent "grace before meat"; the cross passenger; the passenger of the alert and garrulous species; the pretty girl — comely by comparison; the rural schoolmaster abroad on his summer vacation.

Of all this little company, thus tossed together in a Yankee stagecoach like the ingredients of an omelet, there was, as I have said, but a single one who in any way attracted my especial regard; this exception was in the person of my right-hand neighbor at the dinner table, a young man —he was, perhaps, thirty-one or two—with a pale, thoughtful face, a broad and lofty forehead, and what was strikingly noticeable, a singularly melancholy and anxious cast of countenance.

Quite ten minutes of our precious half-hour expired before dinner was fairly on the table. After the usual amount of growling and grumbling—in our case excusable enough—there was an edifying unanimity in the zeal with which we fell to with full purpose of heart and stomach; with one exception, the entire company evinced a laudable disposition fully to improve the remaining twenty minutes—the exception being in the person of the young man at my right. He ordered his meal with the rest of us, but I could not help noticing the fact that he ate little or nothing; indeed, after a few moments of trifling with his dinner, rather than disposing thereof after the approved style of a hungry traveler and at least nominal Christian, my young neighbor apparently gave it up as a hopeless task. Tossing down his knife and fork, he presently threw himself back on his seat with a sigh deep and hearty enough to express the woes of an ordinary lifetime.

The attention of the entire assemblage was, of course, attracted by these peculiar demonstrations on the part of our melancholy companion, and one of his fellow travelers seemed especially and strongly impressed. This was the personage whom I have described as "the cross passenger." He was a stout, fussy little man, perhaps fifty years old, with one of those sandy-colored wigs which make no attempt at concealment; his thin side whiskers were of the same shade of questionable yellow, mixed with gray; and his small eyes, of a pale-blue tint, had that peculiar nervous habit of twitching which denotes both irritability and excessive curiosity.

This gentleman's seat at the table was exactly opposite that of our sad-faced friend; and while the rest of the company—interested to a certain extent, and all perhaps more or less curious—were yet quite able to give due attention to the demands of appetite, the gentleman of the generally sandy aspect seemed unable to swallow a mouthful, so absorbing was his interest in the apparent mystery at the opposite side of the table.

"Excuse me, sir," said he, at length, with startling suddenness, and leaning halfway across the table; "is anything in particular the matter? Can I do anything for you?"

To this friendly overture the stranger's reply was a solemn shake of the head, and a subdued groan, the depth of which suggested most of the disasters to which flesh is heir. Presently, however, he seemed to think better of it, and assured his interlocutor courteously enough that his afflictions were quite beyond human aid; indeed, his manner rather conveyed the idea that it would sorely tax providence itself to afford permanent and effectual relief.

"Mine is a sad story," said the young man. "If there were fifteen minutes to waste, and you cared to listen, it might bring temporary relief to share my sorrows even with strangers."

Our reply was, of course, a unanimous expression of interest and an appeal for the story.

I should remark here that the nervous and, it is to be apprehended, still hungry gentleman opposite had ordered, when he took his seat, that fine old New England dish, fried ham and eggs; it was just at the present juncture that this delectable combination was set before him by the landlord.

We had now scarcely more than quarter of an hour of the stipulated thirty minutes left; but the rest of us had improved the time, and we could satisfactorily finish our meal and at the same time listen with due respect and sympathy to the story.

But this was by no means the case with our friend of the wig and the pale-blue eyes; so absorbing was his interest in the anticipated revelation that he seemed to have quite forgotten his untasted dinner and that his time for eating it was extremely limited.

"My friends," began the young stranger, "you behold in me a sufferer of no common order—the victim of no ordinary woes; yet, but six short months ago there was on the broad Western Continent no more grateful, no happier man than Seba Tiffany.

"A year ago the 1st of the coming September

I was a traveler on the Western prairies. Six years of active and prosperous business life in a great city had given me, not, indeed, a fortune, but a sufficient competence, the groundwork to sure wealth in the future.

"Better than all that money could bestow, I was rich in possessing the love of a noble woman. While a resident of K—— I had won the heart of the lovely and accomplished daughter of the Rev. Abraham Ellenwood, then an eminent clergyman of that city, and later a successful and devoted missionary to the Sioux tribe of Indians.

"At the date of which I speak, a party including the minister, his wife and two daughters, three families of his friends and former parishioners, myself and a dozen faithful and courageous fellows, men of the plains, rough but reliable—admirers and defenders of the missionary—were on our toilsome and weary way across the Western deserts.

"Our destination was the thriving city of Leadville, where it was Mr. Ellenwood's purpose to establish for a time his official headquarters. I need not dwell on my happiness in the assurance that, early in the coming October, the missionary's beautiful daughter would be made my loving wife, directly after which event we were to bid our Western friends farewell, and depart for a permanent home in the distant East.

"Although we had heard of recent alarming incursions and atrocities on the part of the savage tribe of Sioux, our own safety seemed assured, by reason of our numbers, and because our guides, as well as we ourselves, were fully armed. An additional and a strong ground of encouragement and confidence was the respect in which the missionary was personally held by the chiefs of that warlike and predatory tribe.

"It was late in the afternoon of a lovely September day when we reached a point within something approaching a day's march of our destination, and there established our camp for the night.

"Save our own little company, the great plain which girt us in on every side was apparently untenanted by humanity—a vast expanse, wide and desolate as the ocean, without its living beauty and grandeur.

"It was, as I have said, an evening of wonderful loveliness. The dusk of the early autumn twilight slowly settled over that boundless desert. The moon, in her first quarter, a clean-cut crescent, slowly climbed the western sky with stately grace.

"Kindled by that tender and familiar light, every heart was warmed and filled with sweet memories of home and early days; even the rough band of reckless campers and miners were unwontedly silent and thoughtful.

"The crescent harvest moon looked down that night on a wild, strange scene. Our little band of men, women and children—some thirty in all—were gathered about a blazing fire of chips and logs hastily collected in preparation for the rude evening meal. Over us the great dark vault out of which sparkled every moment a star newly born, and around on every side the deserted and boundless prairie.

"Supper over, we made such arrangements as were possible for the night's repose. The fire was carefully banked, our few tents erected, and soon all save the appointed watchers were buried in sleep—the silence unbroken save by the deep and regular breathing of the wearied travelers.

"For myself, I found sleep impossible, nor could I rest quietly on my rough but not uncomfortable couch. Of the present—despite its inconveniences and perils—I thought but little; my mind dwelt on the brilliant and hopeful future.

"The goal of my hopes was nearly reached: but a few more days and nights of the rude and careless life of camp and field, then a permanent and delightful home amid the luxuries and joys of Eastern civilization and refinement. No sleep for me, but a long night of waking dreams!

"Yet I allowed too little to the weariness of the body. Presently the pipe dropped from my lips, my head sank on my breast, and there was a moment of unconsciousness.

"But a moment! Suddenly, as it seemed, above and all around, the air was alive with that wild, that hideous dissonance which has no earthly parallel, and which, bursting on the stillness of night, has made many a brave heart quake:

> —"'a yell,
> As all the fiends from heaven that fell
> Had pealed the banner cry of hell!'

"The savages were upon us!

"In one instant peace and silence gave place to confusion, terror and despair.

"How numerous or how near were our terrible foes we knew not. As I have said, the awful sound seemed to pervade the very air and leap at once from every point of the compass.

"But our guides—even taken thus by the horror of swift surprise—were men of stout hearts, tried courage and large experience in the perils of Western prairie life. By orders quickly and sharply uttered the women and little ones were placed together in the largest tent; our men, sixteen in all, each armed with Winchester and revolver, were deployed around this refuge, and then—we waited. What could we do besides?

"Our fierce assailants, as yet invisible, might spring upon us at any moment; and their deadly attack was in any event but briefly postponed. How awful the change! Just now the peaceful solemn plain, the far-off infant moon and pinel stars—the rest of weariness, the sleep of cence!

"In one brief moment the distant lamps of night look down on our beleaguered camp, with its terror-stricken group of women and children—their fathers, husbands and brothers armed and ready for the deadly and too-doubtful struggle!

"I shall never forget the strange and mingled emotions with which I listened to the missionary's voice raised in earnest supplication for help—that, alas, no earthly power could give!

"Suddenly there rose a wilder and more infernal yell—the fiends were upon us! I cannot tell you, friends—for, indeed, I scarcely know—what were the horrors that filled the next ten minutes, as men count time. It was a wild and bloody turmoil of women's shrieks, the shoutings of demons, the deep curses and gasping breathings of desperate men.

"Then to me all became a blank—utter, deep unconsciousness. A blow on the head from the butt of a musket, happily in a hand weak by reason of a fatal wound, knocked me for the moment senseless.

"When at length I opened my dazed eyes and gazed around they rested on a fearful scene. The number of our savage assailants was not less than fifty, and they had triumphed. Near me on the ground lay the body of my friend the missionary—my more than father—stark in death. Every man in our company was either killed outright or reserved for a fate worse than death. Our women and the little children were captives in the clutches of devils to whom mercy was a word unknown.

"Close beside me, bound hand and foot and watched by a dusky fiend in whose fierce visage there was scarce a human lineament, sat my poor Eveline, her face white with a deadly pallor, her eyes full of the wildness of despair.

"My own condition—but of that, at the sight of my poor love, I scarcely thought—was frightful enough. My savage victors had fastened in the earth four stakes, to two of which my ankles were firmly bound, while to the others they had secured my wrists.

"Prostrate thus, face upward, I beheld with horror two of the red demons approach me with a pan of burning coals. In an instant I realized my doom in all its terrors! Half maddened, less for my own awful fate than for what I foresaw for one dearer than life, I saw the grinning, fiercely gesticulating devils come nearer, nearer, till I felt the heat from the blazing coals.

"Mad indeed must I have been at that awful moment, for my next action was surely the involuntary and utterly unpremeditated expression of the wild fury of hate and despair that filled my soul.

"As one of the wretches, with his engine of hellish torture, bent over and glared on his helpless victim, I spit in his face with such a *snarl*—there is no other word that so well describes that outburst of rage and desperation—that the monster started backward, and let fall the pan of lighted coals."

At this critical period in Mr. Tiffany's thrilling narration I happened to glance at the party around the dinner table. Most of the company had somehow managed to secure what they must pay for in the way of edibles, in spite of the wild interest of the story; all, in fact, save our excitable associate of the sandy-colored wig.

Not a mouthful had he tasted, and his persistent, staring gaze into the face of the speaker, and the varying emotions of horror, astonishment and wrath, made his visage a study for a painter, and fully testified to a devouring interest and curiosity.

Just then broke in the driver's summons:

"Stage ready, ladies and gentlemen! All aboard! No time to lose!"

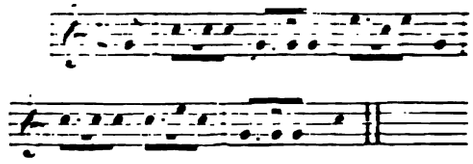
"For Heaven's sake, sir," shouted the nervous passenger, "what could you do? What *did* you do? Tell us how you got off, and what became of Emeline—or whatever her name was!"

"That," calmly replied Mr. Tiffany, "is just what sticks me. I have reached that precise point in a little tale I am writing for the Turniptown *Clarion* entitled 'The Woes of Evelina,' and the question is how to save the girl, put out the lighted coals and myself get off with a whole skin! I thought possibly some of you ladies and gents might help me out with an idea or two!"

I am by no means equal to any fair delineation of the rage of our friend of the wig, the light-blue orbs and the excitable temperament. Half starved and entirely frantic, our unlucky "cross passenger" was fairly hustled aboard the stagecoach.

We took our respective places—I, as before, on top with the driver. The whip cracked; the horses plunged forward; and my final glance at Mr. Seba Tiffany beheld that veracious contributor to the Turniptown *Clarion* preparing to discuss a square meal of goodly proportions at the otherwise deserted table. I learned afterward that he had established himself at Proctersville for a season of the repose so needful to the ambitious and rising novelist.

"ON THE SPOT"



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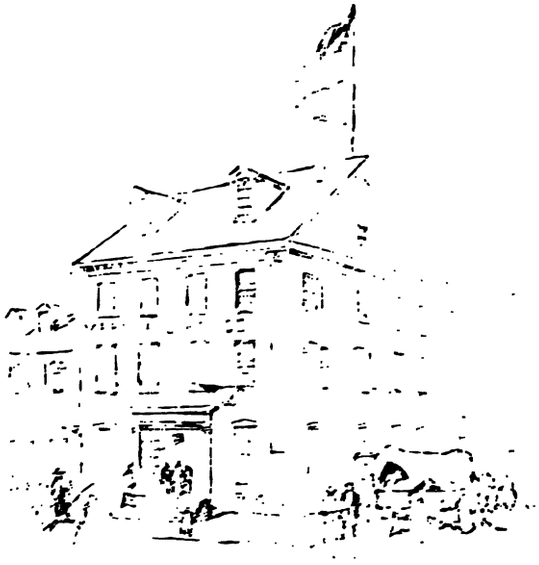


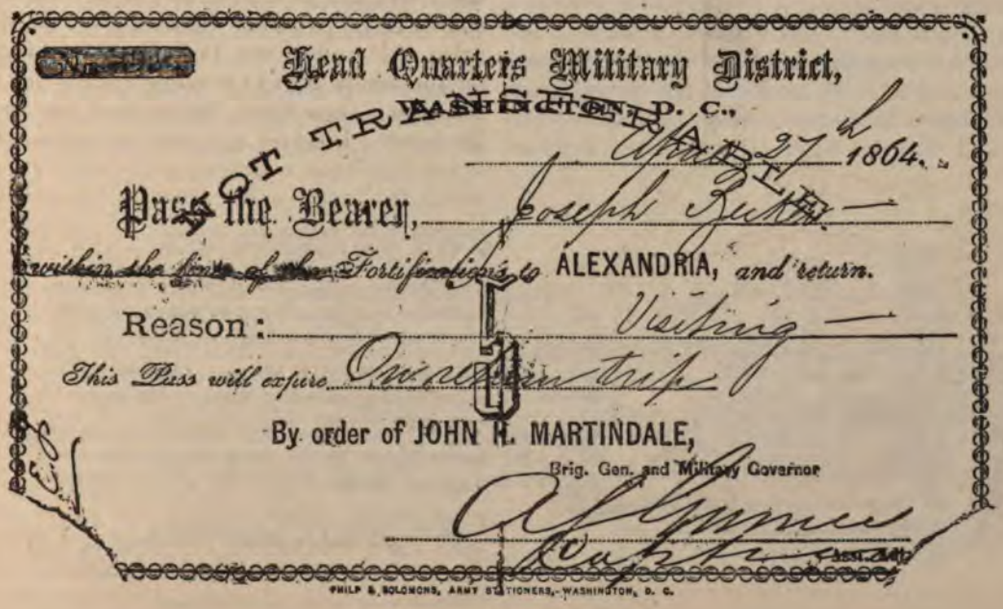
[illegible] at the prospect [illegible] Federal [illegible] Mr. [illegible] [illegible] the Northern [illegible] battle's time. The [illegible] [illegible] me in Washington [illegible] [illegible] the lines to the [illegible] [illegible] and issued strict [illegible] [illegible] from Mr. Leslie [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

A "HURRY" ORDER—BURNSIDE'S CORPS PUSHING TO THE FRONT.

By and by I heard the sharp challenge of a sentry. Then in a moment more the hoarse voice of the driver said: "You're all right; get out." I crawled out, looking like a miller and frescoed with "shorts" and bits of straw. I saw before me the field camp of a regiment. It was a little after noon. We were in the middle of a great plain, perhaps a mile and a half from Alexandria. A column of men stood in line, and near them a group of officers. They looked at me curiously as I walked up and saluted. I pulled out my letter from Mr. Leslie, and asked: "What regiment is this?"

"The One Hundred and Ninth New York, Colonel Tracy's," was the answer. "That's him over there with the short man."

It took me but a moment to find that I had fallen among friends. Colonel Benjamin F. Tracy, since the able Judge of the New York Court of Appeals, and the distinguished Secretary of the Navy under President Harrison, glanced at my letter and handed it to the short man, who was short only in comparison with himself, saying with a smile: "I don't see any objection to this



Head Quarters Military District,
WASHINGTON, D. C.,
April 27th 1864.

Pass the Bearer, Joseph Beckett
within the lines of the Fortifications to ALEXANDRIA, and return.

Reason: Visiting

This Pass will expire On return trip

By order of JOHN H. MARTINDALE,
Brig. Gen. and Military Governor

PHILP & SOLOMONS, ARMY STATIONERS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE PASS.

young man's going with us if he does not mind roughing it."

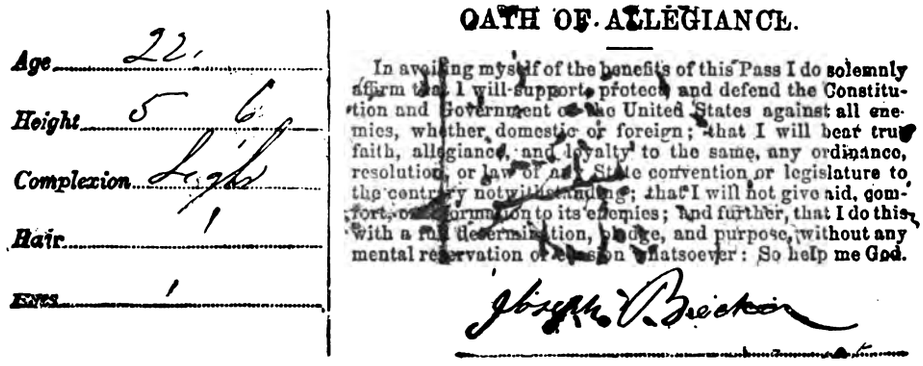
To this, Lieutenant Colonel Isaac S. Catlin, now major general, retired, and an eminent Brooklyn lawyer, gave his hearty assent. I had arrived in the nick of time. A "hurry" order had come from General Grant to push to the front. The preparations for the start were well under way. The regiment had been raised in Elmira, Binghamton, Owego and Rochester. The colonel and the lieutenant colonel were both from Owego. Moreover, they were brothers-in-law, and their wives were with them. The time for parting had come, and I recall the last meeting with the ladies, in the old farmhouse where they were quartered, when Mrs. Catlin, with womanly *naïveté*, declared that she didn't see why they could not "wait until to-morrow." Mrs. Tracy had to bid both a husband and a brother good-by.

I marched with the men. The long thin line straggled out along the muddy Virginia road. Once we touched upon the railroad and viewed with envy another regiment going forward by rail. They were packed in freight cars and overflowed upon the roofs, with their legs in a muddy blue fringe over the eaves.

The march of a dozen miles ended as twilight came. The level Virginia fields were soon dotted with the white shelter tents. The rails from the adjacent fences furnished fuel for a camp fire at the head of every company lane. Colonel Tracy and Lieutenant Colonel Catlin invited me to share their mess and tent. The restless soldiers explored every inch of the ground. One squad ran down a frightened rabbit, and another located a possum up a tree. The Virginia possum is the finest of his marsupial kind, and the hunt aroused intense interest. By and by the possum was pulled from a beech-tree branch by a nimble private, and with its litter of three little possums taken to camp. Two cages were improvised out of cracker boxes, and then the animals were presented with much ceremony to the colonel and lieutenant colonel. We went to bed—if curling up in a blanket on the damp Virginia soil can be so described. I lay between the two warriors, with the menagerie at my feet. In the night the menagerie produced a series of startling squeals. "Kick that blanked possum, Becker!" commanded the colonel. I kicked the box vigorously, and the noise ceased. We slept until the sentry calls awoke us. Then we found that, like a true Confederate possum, our prisoner had chewed off the bars of the cage, gnawed her way into the rabbit's quarters, and after eating up that gentle Lepus had safely escaped with all her progeny.

The tragic fate of the rabbit was not the only melancholy discovery of the morning. Colonel Tracy's spare horse was not much of an animal. The colonel was a judge of horseflesh, and has since become almost as eminent for his horse knowledge as in law and naval matters, but the spare horse was a pick-up and of little account. He had, however, been carelessly hitched to the tail of a feed wagon the night before, and having gnawed through several sacks, treated himself to such a meal as no colonel's spare horse had ever had before. Indeed, he had overexerted himself so much in stowing away provisions as to distend his thin sides visibly. His manner was *distrait* and uncomfortable.

"Shoot the brute!" was Colonel Tracy's command, after a moment of silent but disgusted contemplation. The hostler pleaded for the horse's life. Meals were scarce and infrequent for men and horses. Why find fault with an abuse of opportunity? He thought a little gentle exercise would restore the steed to his slender symmetry. Permission was given. There was a ten-acre field of freshly plowed land near by into which the horse



OATH OF ALLEGIANCE, ON BACK OF PASS.

THE COLONEL'S SPARE HORSE.

was turned. Then half the regiment spent an hour chasing the luckless animal and pelting him with clods. The treatment was heroic but successful. The spare horse went back to duty a little out of breath, but in good order.

The chaplain of the One Hundred and Ninth was anything but a religious character. He was called parson, but this was the only deference shown his cloth. I think he held service but once while I was with the regiment, and this was at the peremptory command of the colonel. I helped him hunt his Testament from the tangle of dunnage in his camp chest, and it was too near the bottom to indicate recent usage. But what he lacked in piety he made up in cheer. He was a famous forager, albeit something of a glutton. His green umbrella was ever an accompaniment of spoils. After a couple of meals on hard tack Colonel Tracy said, sharply: "I'm sick of hard tack, parson! What good are you anyhow? Get us some fresh meat!"

The quartermaster had turned some live cattle over to the troops that morning. Shots and bellows told that the summary process of turning them into beef was under way. The parson disappeared in the direction of the noise. When he came back the waist of his clerical coat bulged perceptibly. He had brought off twenty pounds of beef in triumph, and the colonel's mess had a feast, and something left for haversacks.

I can sing the praises of army hard tack because I owe my life to it, but I should not care for it now. The kind served to the One Hundred and Ninth was alive with "skippers." Tenderfeet threw the uninviting biscuit away when they saw it garnished with these weevils. The veterans smashed it on a rock, and after giving the animals time to escape ate the fragments with great satisfaction.

These were the slender humors of the march. The tragedies were coming.

The "hurry" order from Grant was repeated. There followed a forced march of thirty miles across the Rappahannock to the Wilderness. Eager to get material, I pushed forward with the regiment. There was no time wasted in sending it in. Yet, as we marched along past the bivouacs of other commands, there was visible but little of the tremendous excitement that stirred me with every heart throb. Men moved about leisurely. One fellow propped himself against a tree while a comrade coolly lathered and shaved him, to receive a similar service in return. But soon the rapid rumbling of the guns began. Shells crashed through the trees, splintering and felling them to earth. Wounded men were coming out on stretchers borne to the field hospitals in the rear.

"Say, young feller, you'd better get out of this; there's going to be some fighting," advised a trooper. I followed his sage suggestion, and dodging from tree to tree as the bullets whistled, worked my way back to the half-dismantled Wilderness Tavern, where Edwin Forbes, then a veteran war artist, undertook to break me in at illustrating a great battle.

With twenty other artists and war correspondents I took possession of an upper room in the tavern. Here, around several rickety old tables, we contrived to accomplish some work for immediate forwarding. The correspondents could get a few lines through recording the progress of the fight, and the artists used the time to the best possible advantage—not knowing when the next chance would come. Suddenly we were appalled by the most unearthly yell that ever came from human throats. Distant as it turned out to be, the volume of sound raised by ten thousand tongues seemed to be all about us. The old campaigners waited not an instant upon the order of their going. In this they were emulated with

THE MORNING AFTER.

TURNING LIVE CATTLE INTO BEEF.—(FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL SKETCH.)

zeal by the rawest recruit—myself. By uncommon vigor I reached the top of the banisterless stair, neck and neck with the valiant war correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. In our eagerness to lead the rout we fell together headlong down the long flight, amid a flutter of sketches and copy grabbed instinctively as we made the rush. The others rolled down on top of us, and by the time we were disentangled the cause of our fright was over. It was the fierce and famous "rebel yell" welcoming approaching re-enforcements in the sanguine belief that with their aid the Yankees would be whipped and that Grant had started for Fredericksburg. This was a mistaken notion, it turned out, though circumstances seemed to favor the theory. But that yell was most terribly real; I did not believe that the human voice could express such ferocity. I can now, thirty years after, scare myself by thinking about it.

Outside the Wilderness Tavern General Grant and his staff watched the course of the battle. It was my first view of an engagement, but I remember that I was more interested in observing General Grant's manner than in the clash of the armies. His imperturbability was complete. In time a considerable group of orderlies, staff officers and correspondents gathered about the neighborhood, and the rebel gunners, imagining that perhaps a new line was being formed, started in to demoralize it. At the first shriek of a shell, that went wide of the mark, there was an instant

RETURN OF THE CHAPLAIN WITH FRESH MEAT.

"ONE FELLOW PROPPED HIMSELF AGAINST A TREE WHILE A COMRADE COOLLY LATHERED AND SHAVED HIM."

scattering. The staff officers ducked their heads, and were distinctly uncomfortable. Not so the general. He was not a very large man, but somehow he loomed up into an impressive figure on horseback. He gave no sign of interest in the screaming missiles, and moved only as he occasionally took his cigar from between his lips, or replaced it there. He had an odd way of holding his weed. It would rest on the backs of his thumb and middle finger, with the forefinger lapped over it like a clamp, not between thumb and finger, as most men handle cigars.

The members of the battery protecting headquarters matched him in coolness. The guns were covered with tarpaulins, and the men were at their stations awaiting the orders of the slender young officer who leaned against a caisson to strip them for battle. A devil's chorus was howling through the air, but they paid no heed; they were ready for whatever fate might bring.

But when the roar of the battle died away there

THE "FIGHTING FOURTEENTH" OF BROOKLYN—EXTREME FRONT, LEFT CENTRE, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 6TH.—(FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL SKETCH.)

IN THE WILDERNESS TAVERN—STARTLING EFFECT OF THE "REBEL YELL."

followed an awful scene of human agony. The men borne from the field during the fight were but a fraction of those who fell. Thousands of maimed and shattered but living men lay about in the forest. The night settled down, and through the gathering gloom rose a vast chorus of anguish. Piercing shrieks, appeals for the mercy of death, with an underbreath of moaning, swelled the whole into a peal that voiced the pitiless cruelty of war, while, like the thrumming of a rude accompaniment, the strange crackling of the underbrush, stirred by the struggling bodies, added to the horror of the sound. There was no glory here.

Passing through this inferno, we took up the march by the Brock Road toward Chancellorsville.

As if this grand tragedy of war were not enough, fire from smoldering gun wadding broke out in the underbrush, lighting up the way for the marching columns, and alas! ending in its blazing embrace the lives of the helpless wounded who lay within its reach.

General Grant had turned the Army of the Potomac from a strategic organization into a sledge hammer. Every battle, however enormous his losses might be, left Lee permanently weaker. With Grant it was not even a question of awaiting fresh troops. They were always coming in to replace shattered regiments. There was no repose. The fighting of great battles went on remorselessly and resistlessly. Reshaped after the Wilderness, the Army of the Potomac, following close upon the heels of that of Northern Virginia, found it at Spottsylvania. I had by this time become a perfect type of a tramp. Aside from a little packet of heavy drawing paper and my precious letter, there was nothing about me to excite either respect or consideration. I was ragged, unclean, unkempt and unutterably hungry. But I had in this short time developed into a campaigner of no mean qualities. I could march with the column, drink the gravylike fluid that represented water in the roadside pools, and eat anything I could get.

It rained almost ceaselessly. The roads were deep with mire. Stranded, half-submerged army wagons blocked the seething streak of mud called a road. Here and there a teamster, his stock of curses exhausted, and his heart weakened by his obstinate mules, looked willing to lie down and die. I lost the One Hundred and Ninth and became a vagabond. The weary, bedraggled troopers were no better off. Like them I learned to wrap myself in a blanket and lie down in the mud, amid a pouring rain, to slumber as soundly as on a bed of down, without a creak in a joint on awakening. Men would drop out of the column and lie down by the roadside, in the rain, to wake up hours after and tag on to some other part of the procession. But when the battle hour came the ranks were strong and full.

Strange how soon men become callous! The men in this grand army were the best of their generation. They were at home tender-hearted and manly. But the war had made them hard, and horrors did not move them. On this march to Spottsylvania we rested on the field of Chancellorsville. The heavy spring rains had laid bare

thousands of soldiers' sepulchres. But the living ate, drank and slept among the ghastly trenches quite undisturbed. Some even hunted for shoes among the skeletons, and others played a merry game of bowls with unexploded three-inch shells until stopped by their officers.

Just before the battle began at Spottsylvania I fell in with the One Hundred and Ninth. I was literally starving, and tried to beg a biscuit or two from the men. Each refused. They did not know when they could get more, and had nothing to spare from their slender store. They were right. I was a non-combatant and had no claim to share a soldier's substance. It chanced that Colonel Tracy was ill, and Catlin was to lead the regiment. I found Tracy and the adjutant lying helpless in a tent, and, after a word, went in search of Catlin. I told him my hungry plight. "Could you eat a pretty tough piece of beef?" he asked. I replied that I could eat a horse if I had him. He groped into the pocket of his blouse, brought out a round chunk of something black, coated with fine-cut tobacco, and carefully dusting off the latter, handed it to me with a courtly bow. It was the beef. He had been nibbling at it off and on, but I was welcome to it. No morsel ever tasted sweeter than this half-burnt bit of gristle.

"ALL OUT OF CUSS WORDS."

"MOTHER'S BOY" WRITING HOME, AFTER A BATTLE.

The road was blocked with wagons, and during the halts thus caused I fell in with Hancock's corps. There were some wounded men in the wagons who noticed my occasional sketching. They saw, too, that my haversack was empty and my face

BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS, MAY 6TH, 1864.—(FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL SKETCH.)

WILDERNESS—LEFT CENTRE—A BURYING PARTY AT BREAKFAST, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 6TH, 1864.

CONFLAGRATION OF THE WILDERNESS BATTLEFIELD.

gaunt with hunger. "Hey, Mr. Artist!" called one of them. "The Sanitary Commission has been along and left us a load of crackers. Help yourself." I did not need a second asking. I packed my stomach and my haversack, and was a new man again.

My most vivid memory of Spottsylvania was Hancock's corps going in. Their route led by a field hospital in active operation. The dull "swish" of the surgeon's saw was ceaselessly sounding, and the amputated arms and legs were thrown out in such a direction that the troops stumbled over them as they marched in toward the beginning of these horrors. The faces of the men were as faces of the dead. They moved like automatons, but the look upon them was as if they had given up life. That they were roused from this in the storm of the battle their record shows.

But twenty days had passed since I joined the

"I HEWED THE BREAD AND MEAT INTO SLICES."

A GLIMPSE OF THE HORRORS OF WAR.

army. In fourteen of these, from May 5th to May 18th, inclusive, 10,000 Union soldiers had been killed in battle in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania, and 40,000 had been wounded. These losses, the most terrific of all the war, filled the North with mourning. Looking backward now, it seems incredible that these battles had the effect of victories in crushing the Confederacy. Of the volume of human suffering that attended them there can be no estimate. Where the dead are counted by thousands and the wounded by tens of thousands the horrors of war become too great for computation.

Spottsylvania ended my first campaign, though not my last. It was necessary to get back to a point of communication—to New York if I could—for fresh resources and recuperation, and to work up the material gathered. I joined a convoy of the wounded on a weary journey to the transports at Belle Plain, via Fredericksburg. Wounded and stragglers were my companions. Men who seemed too desperately hurt to live tramped along, watching eagerly for a chance in the wagons. These came often. I gained a seat with the driver on one wagon after a weary walk. One of his passengers was grievously hurt. His sufferings were so intense that he begged for a release—for a revolver that he might hasten the end. In a little time he became still. It was dusk. A voice from below said: "Say, driver, better hold on. He's gone."

Like every wagon, this one carried two picks, two long shovels, and half a dozen boards one foot wide and three feet long. With the tools we made a grave by the roadside, marked the name, corps and regiment of the soldier upon one of these headboards and went on.

Once at Fredericksburg, the lack of a pass began to make trouble for me. I was arrested as a spy, while a throng of idlers hooted, "Shoot the reb!" My appearance was indeed against me, but there was no other evidence, while my letter from Mr. Leslie stood me in good stead. But where, then, was my pass? Without it I would not be allowed to proceed. I informed the provost that my pass had gone astray in the course of my adventures. He was too busy to bother about me, and I slipped away for Belle Plain. I

was halted by a German sentry, who luckily could not read and accepted the Leslie letter as a pass.

Here I saw the *attachés* of the Sanitary Commission sitting in a tent with a floor, eating cooked food off real plates, laid on a clean tablecloth. The sight quite upset me.

It was night when I was hustled on board the transport with the wounded. By this time I was able to say fluently that my pass had been lost at Spottsylvania, and my letter was accepted as all right. The officers were happy and comfortable on the upper deck, but the wounded men were packed together on the lower deck in a mass of wet straw. I had been with the boys for weeks, and decided to stick to them to the end. So we snuggled together in the straw. A man came along and gave each of us a loaf of army bread, coarse but fresh, and a pound of boiled salt beef. They could not eat the stuff in such shape. I then had a chance to make a slight return for the kindness shown me. With a big clasp knife I hewed the bread and meat into slices, and thus constructing rude sandwiches, fed them.

When at last the slow transport turned into the Potomac and headed for Washington my fears were again aroused. The orders were most strict in Washington on the pass question. The precious civilians who were managing the war at a more or less safe distance were most particular that no one should approach them from the south without proper credentials. I knew that here my letter would not vouch for me. It was after one o'clock in the morning when, worn out with worry, hunger and fatigue, the slamming of the gang plank on the wharf told me I must do something smart if I wished to escape a sojourn in the Old Capitol Prison. The first man to land was the major in charge of the invalided detachment. He had a small hand bag, and made a rather hurried start up the plank. I followed at his heels like an attendant, and as we passed, the sentry made a reach for the bag, but of course did not touch it. The next man with a gun poked his bayonet tentatively toward me, but with a hand wave in the direction of the major I kept right on. It was nearly an hour's walk to Pennsylvania Avenue, but I managed to drag myself up to the door of an ancient hotel, small, but good enough for a change after my adventures. The only man in the bar as I fell in was the proprietor, and to do him full justice he was prepared for me. He reached for a navy revolver, and gave me a minute to get out. There was nothing wrong in judging me by appearances. I was a miserable mockery of a man, and lacked even the quality of picturesqueness. Under cover of the

LUNCHING ON THE FIELD OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

"LIKE THEM I LEARNED TO WRAP MYSELF IN A BLANKET AND LIE DOWN IN THE MUD."

revolver I produced the warworn letter; he read it and was appeased. With a big horn of brandy for a nightcap I rolled into the first bed I had seen in weeks, and slept undisturbed until the negro boy of all work roused me in time to take the eleven o'clock train for New York. In a few hours I was back at my desk in the office of the *Illustrated Newspaper*, grinding out the r my grimy wad of drawing paper.

The last tremendous chapters of the War Rebellion were on. There was need of ar the front. I soon became restless, long go back again; and this louging was soo gratified.

(To be continued.)

IN THE WILDERNESS.—(FAC-SIMILE SKETCH.)

KINDRED SOULS.

By Bart Kennedy.

Karl knelt down and took steady aim. Then came a flash and a report, and almost simultaneously with the rebound of his immense rifle the huge, crouching lioness, the black lioness, hurled herself upon him. He was borne down as if by an avalanche.

He had missed. Why? For this reason: As he aimed between her eyes out of them flashed a strange, strange light that quivered the core of his being; a light that unnerved his hand and withered his desire to kill.

And it smote him not with fear—for Karl had slain many lions, and his nerves were as steel—but it smote him with sudden, overwhelming remorse.

Thus he, the mighty hunter, was shaken and made to send his bullet flying wide.

And he lay in the gripe of death.

Though he felt that his end had come he had that clearness and poise of mind which comes in supreme moments.

The noisome breath of the lioness burned his face as he lay crushed into the sand by her weight. He was waiting, with eyes closed, for the beginning of the end—that hideous beginning—but a calm was in his soul, a strange calm. He felt at rest, at peace.

There was a pause. Suddenly the lion snarled, and Karl opened his eyes.

Ah, again that weird, reproaching light! It streamed from the glaring, yellow eyes. Into their depths he gazed and gazed till his mind partly left him. No more he thought of death.

And now the eyes became a piercing blaze of light, which grew and grew till Karl saw before him a broad, shining space.

"As the eyes of the lioness and man met both paused suddenly."

In the distance flashed a scene. And the soul of the hunter flew toward it.

This was the scene:

Humans filled a vast amphitheatre. They shook it, shouting. Fearsome was this shouting, even as the howl of a myriad pack of wolves. On the faces was the look of glee—that glee, indescribable—that comes when the passion for blood spilling fills the soul.

This passion was upon all; all, from Emperor to slave. Man was transformed to a human wolf. The wish to kill, or see killed, linked, bound all.

The impulse of Cain made all akin.

It was a feast day to the gods in Rome, and a mighty, yelling multitude had gathered together to do them homage by seeing a man fight with and kill a man; by seeing a man wait for the signal that might bid him drive his gladius into the heart of a beloved comrade; by seeing a man fight with a beast. Their gods were honored by the flowing and flying of blood. Huge, huge sport to watch it! And yonder Nero sat, swathed in purple. His eyes gleamed as he witnessed the glorious sport.

Prolonged was the shouting, because Tarpus, a favorite gladiator, had just killed, in single combat with the gladius, his third man. He was now about to fight yonder Numidian lioness. She was striving to burst the bars of her cage, for she had been kept without food for three days.

A fine fellow was Tarpus, with waving, yellow hair that hung afar down his back. Frank was his face, bold was the glance of his blue eye, and he was great of stature.

And Karl was Tarpus.

"Curse the Roman cowards!" the gladiator muttered, as he waited, heedless and resentful of the ovation he was receiving, for the black lioness to be let forth into the arena. "Oh, to think that I obeyed their cruel mandate that bade me slay my comrade Davoro—Davoro, who risked his life for mine in the campaign! But he smiled in my face, as I bent over him, and said, 'Strike deep, my Tarpus, if thou lovest me!' and I drove the full of my blade through his heart. Oh, I, of all men—I, who loved him, thus to have slain him! Oh, the fight—the fight—it is with me yet! Davoro, who was bound to me by ties oft closer than the ties of blood, stands before me, his gladius in hand. We cross blades, but our eyes meet not, and lo! before I know aught, he is lying on the sand beneath me, while I stand o'er him with uplifted blade. Then I look up to yonder sea of coward faces, and see thumbs which point downward. Ay, around and around I look, but from all sides the vile gestures come, crowding, overwhelming my soul. They bid me to slay. And then Davoro's voice rings in my ear, as he li prostrate, bidding me to falter not, but kill hi swiftly. Oh!" And the face of Tarpus was sof ened and sad as he looked across the blood-re dened sand of the arena to the place where h comrade lay in death.

Grand was the face of Tarpus—like to the fa of a Norse god.

And he thought of his home far, far away—h home from which he was torn, long years ag from a loved one and little ones, and carried this great city to be made a slave; to be made fight out his heart's blood for the amusement the brutal Romans! Visions of outstretched han and loving, sorrowful faces came to him fro across far, wild seas. The arena, with its bloo lust, its pitilessness, was forgotten in a flood old, tender memories.

Suddenly he looked up at the shouting R mans. Scorn was in his face. They looked upo him but as a human fighting beast, and h wished fiercely that he could kill them all wit one thrust from his blade. His heart hardened He felt that he was, indeed, alone. His glanc sank and fell upon the black lioness. He wipe the blood of the blade of his gladius and waited Not long did he wait, for with a mighty, resound ing roar she tore from the cage into the centre of the arena. The door had been suddenly flung open.

She paused, turning her head and sniffing the air. Tarpus walked straight toward her. Suddenly she noticed him, and she bounded, roaring, almost to his side. She crouched for a final spring, and Tarpus, sinking on one knee, and with gladius ready, prepared to fight to the death. The vast crowd was hushed, awaiting breathlessly the instant when the brute and the man would meet in the death struggle.

But there occurred a thing inexplicable.

As the eyes of the lioness and the man met both paused suddenly and remained as if transfixed, the man kneeling, the lioness crouching, in mutual suspense.

What had happened? Why did she not obey the prompting of her instinct to rend him asunder? Did some subtle, hidden power stay her? What spell was working? What was the bond that bound this man and beast? Could it be that they were kindred souls, who were once together, and who recognized each other?

Who could tell?

But whatever the spell or bond, it had a strange effect upon Tarpus, for he, with a look in his face, indescribable, stood upright, and laying his hand upon the lioness, walked over with her to the place where Nero sat, and insulted and reviled

him. Then he became frenzied, and called loudly for the Romans to come and kill him—the lioness roaring the while.

All were amazed and terrified. Surely a weird, nameless happening! Their hearts were cold with fear.

And archers were ordered out.

They killed the gladiator and the lioness with their arrows.

* * * * * *

A party of French soldiers, who were stationed at a post in the interior of Algeria, came across a man uninjured, but lying senseless in the sand. An immense rifle lay by his side. It was Karl.

THE FACTORY, IN CHINO VALLEY.

SUGAR-BEET CULTURE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By Frederick M. Turner.

"Respect me, for I enrich the soil; I fertilize the land, which without me would remain uncultivated; I employ the hands, which without me would be idle. Finally, I solve one of the greatest problems of modern society, I organize and improve labor."

Thus speaks the sugar-beet industry in the time of Napoleon; thus it is speaking now at the present day.

Under the fostering care of the Sugar Bounty Act there is growing up in Southern California an industry that is destined to become one of the greatest commercial enterprises, and one of the most potent factors in the development of the State.

The passage of the act placing a bounty on sugar manufactured in the United States marked a new era in the prosperity of this country, and gave fresh impetus to an industry which will cause a transformation in the valleys of the Pacific coast.

Much of interest has been written in regard to the horticultural and pomological prosperity and success of the Pacific coast, more especially of the southern portion. Many people, visiting the southern counties, have remained to make permanent homes; many more with not so ample resources would have done the same, but have been deterred by reason of the length of time required to bring an orchard into a profitable, or even a self-sustaining, state of bearing.

The advent of the beet-sugar industry presents a new phase of the future possibilities of home-making, based upon a minimum expenditure of time and capital, and a quick and profitable return on the money invested; no weary waiting, for years, before an assured income is obtained. In many cases orchard planting is supplemented by sugar-beet planting between the rows of the trees. In such cases the cash received from the sale of the beets enables the owner to meet the necessary expenses of living while waiting for the orchard to pay dividends, and the cultivation and care expended on the beets stimulate the trees to a greater growth than would otherwise have been the case.

One feature of the beet industry is the certainty of an established market for the farmer's crop, at a fixed price, at his very door. He knows in advance the amount of money he will receive for a given number of tons of beets, as the price and date of payment are arranged by contract at the beginning of the season.

From the mouth of San Antonio Cañon, at the

foot of the Sierra Madre range, spreads out a wide valley, gently sloping to the south, with a slight falling away on either side to the east and west, extending to the Santa Ana River on the east and the Chino Creek on the west. On the opposite side the land rises more rapidly, in the form of a great mesa, reaching far up to the Temescal Mountains.

Looking out and down from the mouth of the cañon, the valley presents the appearance of a vast checkerboard with its squares of light and dark colors, towns and villages, lemon, orange and olive groves, eucalyptus forests, and golden grain fields dotting the surface in varying shades. All around circle serrated mountain ranges, their sharp-cut peaks capped with snow, contrasting with the green of the valley and yet akin to the white-capped orchards and groves in the profusion of their bloom. In that circle are the frosted heads of San Antonio, Grayback, Mount San Bernardino and San Jacinto.

To the southwest lies a range of low rolling hills carpeted with luxuriant grasses interspersed with flowers of varying hues, the finest pasture lands in Southern California. At their base hundreds of acres of fragrant alfalfa dance and gleam in the sunshine, a nodding sea of purple blossoms swayed by the passing breezes. Up in the hills wild oats grow so luxuriantly that a man on horseback can tie the oat heads over the pommel of his saddle.

As the oblique rays of the afternoon sun slant over the hills, their graceful contours, covered by a soft, velvetlike vesture of rich green, delicately outlined against the clear blue sky, seem to quiver and pulsate with life. Life indeed there is, for thousands of cattle and horses graze over the picturesque scene.

On the opposite side of the valley, along the mesas at the foot of the mountains, the land is carpeted with vegetation varied with patterns of wild flowers closely related to the violet, while vast areas of wild poppies, lupines, and many other indigenous plants and flowers, contribute to the beauty of the landscape.

In the centre of this valley, whose confines include the towns of Ontario and Pomona, is located one of the first fruits of the Sugar Bounty Act—the Chino Valley Beet Sugar Factory.

SPECIMENS OF THE SUGAR BEET.

This factory, the first and most complete one of its kind to be established under the Bounty Act, is but the nucleus around which will soon cluster a group of similar establishments within a limited radius, encouraged by the success attending this, the parent enterprise.

Since the inception of this industry three years ago 8,000 acres of virgin soil have been brought into a high state of cultivation, and a town—Chino—is springing into prominence where before were green pastures and countless herds of cattle and horses.

To Richard Gird, who owns the Rancho Santa Ana del Chino, which forms a large part of the valley and hill country, is due the credit of inaugurating this new industry in Southern California.

For several years prior to the location of the Chino Valley Beet Sugar Factory in Chino Mr. Gird made repeated experiments in raising sugar beets. Careful tests, made with many varieties of beets planted on the various soils which compose the ranch, at different seasons of the year, convinced him of the adaptability of the sugar

PLOW OUTFITS.

beet to the climate and soil of Southern California, and of the Chino Ranch in particular.

Negotiations with the members of the Oxnard Beet Sugar Company, to whom the favorable results of the experiments were made known, resulted in a thorough canvass being made as to the practicability of erecting a sugar factory. After inspecting adjacent properties, and convincing themselves of the accuracy of the statements of obtained results, an agreement was entered into, conjointly, by Richard Gird and the Oxnard Beet Sugar Company, on the 16th day of December, 1890, providing for the erection of a beet-sugar factory on the Chino Ranch by the Oxnard Beet Sugar Company, with a capacity of 550 tons of beets per day, and the preparation and planting of 5,000 acres of beets by Mr. Gird. The factory was constructed and the enterprise fully inaugurated during the year 1891.

The main factory building is of brick, 66 by 285 feet, with separate engine and boiler house also of brick. Its capacity is at present 350 tons daily. The building cost $180,000 and the machinery $320,000. The greater part of the machinery was purchased in Germany. Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the machinery equipment when it is understood that three trainloads of eighteen cars each were required to haul it from New Orleans to Chino.

The boilers are 1,250 horse power, and the two engines 170 horse power each.

In France and Germany, sugar beets that average 12 per cent. sugar to the weight of the beet are considered to have attained a very high sugar content, and the machinery for working them is constructed on that basis. The machinery for the present factory at Chino was constructed to work, ordinarily, 12 per cent. beets, and 14 per cent. beets at the outside. As a matter of fact, the entire crop for the season of 1892, amounting to 28,000 tons, averaged a trifle over 15 per cent., which, overtaxing the refinery department, demonstrated the necessity of changing the proportionate capacity of the works. A large proportion of the tonnage carried 16, 17, 18, 19, and in a few cases as high as 22, per cent. of sugar, and from reasons before mentioned it was found necessary at one time to shut down the machinery, every receptacle for the storage of the saccharine product being filled. The first year 11,000 tons of beets were delivered to the factory and converted into 1,900,000 pounds of granulated sugar.

SEED DRILLS.

During the season of 1892 28,000 tons went into the factory and were manufactured into 7,903,541 pounds of centrifugal sugar of 96 and 98 per cent., an amount about equal to the combined output of all the other factories on the Pacific coast for the previous year of 1891.

No attempt was made to refine the product of 1892, as the exceptional richness of the beets and the limited facilities for refining made the handling of the entire crop a matter of some doubt.

Within the past year the factory has been enlarged, and new machinery added, giving a capacity of 550 tons daily, and henceforth the entire output will be shipped from the factory in the form of granulated sugar.

The preparation of 5,000 acres of virgin soil for a crop requiring such intense cultivation as the sugar beet is no small undertaking. Think of it! A tract of land eight miles in length and one mile in width converted into one vast beet garden! For that is what it means.

A large portion of the land was covered by a dense growth of sunflowers which had sprung up phenixlike from the ashes of numerous sweeping conflagrations. Other portions were covered with cornstalks, both maize and Egyptian, and still others with a tough, heavy sod. Once the land is cleared, plowing commences, depending somewhat on the rains as to whether it be early or late in the season. As a matter of fact, plowing and cultivation are in progress the entire year without intermission, the absence of winter making continuous agricultural operations a natural sequence.

Out from the barns in the gray mist of dawn straggle the mule and horse teams, each teamster "towing" his team of from four to eight animals and using the most emphatic vernacular, whether in English, Spanish or German. The driver of a mule outfit who does not indulge in profanity is an anomaly. Profanity and mule teaming go hand in hand. Many of the animals bear names that are rather unique. It is no uncommon occurrence to hear a driver sing out to lagging animals "Git up, Whisky!" "Come out of that, Monkey Face!" and other fanciful appellations.

In the field, on long stretches of a mile or two in length, the systematic work and regularity of the turned furrows offer a most pleasing sight. Long processions of fifteen or twenty teams, drawing from two to four gang riding plows, turn up the rich loam with steady uniformity. Occasionally a race is made between a certain number of teams and *Jumbo*, the great traction engine used for plowing. *Jumbo* pulls twelve 12-inch plows at a speed of three and one-half miles per hour, and turns over forty acres per day.

The harrows follow the plows, and they in turn give place to the seed drills.

Seeding should commence, ordinarily, about February 1st, depending somewhat on the season, since no two seasons in succession present the same climatic conditions. The ground being in the proper state of mellowness and moisture, seed is drilled into it in rows varying from seventeen to twenty-two inches apart.

The seed drills in use are made by Mr. Gird from a special design of his own. Fifteen pounds of seed are planted to each acre. For the year 1892 thirty tons of beet seed were used.

One horse pulls the seeder over the loose earth, but it requires two men to drive and guide the seeder in its "straight and narrow way." To plant ten acres with one of these drills is considered a fair day's work.

If the climatic conditions are favorable, in a very short space of time (eight or ten days) the plants will begin to show above the ground, and soon the entire surface will be outlined with narrow, ribbonlike rows of green stretching as far as the eye can see.

Seeding continues until June, beginning on the higher, dry lands, and gradually working down through the semi-moist to the rich alluvial bottom lands. This correspondingly prolongs the harvesting, and insures a uniform and continuous supply of beets during the season, thereby allowing the factory to extend its operations further into the winter.

California is greatly favored in possessing a climate which permits seeding operations to be carried forward over a period of four months' duration, and a harvesting season of five months. This does away with the necessity and expense of siloing the beets before being worked up in the factory, as is rendered necessary in some States, and in Europe, where the seeding must be done in from forty to fifty days, and the harvesting completed within several weeks' time. Better results are also obtained from beets worked fresh from the field than from the shriveled and dried contents of the silo.

The beet seed is purchased from the great seed firms of France and Germany, who have for many years made a specialty of its production and improvement. Years of patient toil and investigation, together with the proper selection of "mother" beets, have resulted in the production of a race of aristocrats that have carried as high as 25 per cent. of sugar, in place of 7 per cent., which marked their original plebeian condition.

The business of raising beet seed is a distinct branch in itself, and would require much space to fitly describe its numerous processes. To plant

one acre of "mother beets" for raising seed necessitates the making of 8,000 analyses.

Each grower and dealer has his distinctive "trade-mark" by which the beets grown from his seed can be distinguished in any ripening field. This trade-mark is a colored beet. In the bulk of the different varieties are mixed a few seeds which produce beets of some pronounced color—orange, red, pink, or any peculiarity of tint. These few seeds, of course, go into the ground with the general planting, and in walking over a field these "markers" indicate the firm from whom the seeds were obtained.

A very interesting period of beet culture is during the "thinning" season. Hundreds of Mexicans, Italians, Indians and whites are employed while the thinning and harvesting are in progress. All nationalities, trades and professions find their representatives here in the beet fields—a heterogeneous conglomeration of busy workers. Lawyers, clergymen, clerks, merchants, barbers, bookkeepers, shoemakers, tinsmiths, miners and cooks all commingle indiscriminately; old and young work together side by side—the boy of ten years of age elbow to elbow with the graybeard of seventy.

When the beets are in the fourth leaf they should be thinned, so as to leave one plant, and one only, a certain number of inches removed from its neighbor in the same row, the space varying from five to twelve inches, according to the variety of beet and soil.

No machine has yet been invented that will accomplish this, so, necessarily, it must be done by hand. The nearer the "thinner" can place himself to his work the easier it becomes, so he drops down on his knees over the row, or sits down beside it with his feet stretched out in front and hitches along a few inches at a time, or flattens himself out at full length, or goes down on all fours. He must not, however, leave any "doubles," or the beet root will not fully develop, and the tonnage will thus be lessened.

Before and after thinning, the beets must be hoed, the ground loosened and all the weeds cut out. The Germans say, "Sugar is hoed into the beets." An authority on the subject gives the following table of the results obtained by hoeing. A patch hoed

Once,	gave per acre	7 tons	199	pounds of beets.
Twice,	" "	8 "	279	" "
Three times,	gave per acre	10 tons	1,737	pounds of beets.
Four	" "	12 "	1,103	" "
Five	" "	13 "	294	" "

Five-time hoeing thus nearly *doubling the yield* per acre.

Horse cultivators, made from models designed at Chino, to follow the tracks of the seeders and cultivate four rows at once, are in general use. Interchangeable shovels of various shapes and sizes for cutting the weeds and stirring the ground can be quickly attached, and with one of these cultivators a man can easily cultivate ten acres per day.

In the early part of July the beets first planted on the uplands are ready for harvesting. In and about the factory, along the roads and through the fields the greatest activity prevails. Long lines of loaded wagons converge at the factory scale, from all quarters of the ranch, from the fields into the lanes; from the lanes into the narrow streets, from those into the broad highways that lead up to the main thoroughfare which terminates at the beet sheds.

Scattered through the fields in all directions are the harvesters. It has been the custom, until very recently, to run a light skeleton plow along the side of the rows of beets, to cut the taproot as low as possible and loosen the soil to permit easy extraction. After this is done the gangs of toppers, numbering from forty to a hundred, follow, with their knives pulling up and "scalping" the beets, which are then thrown into heaps ready for loading into wagons. This mode of plowing out is open to the objection that a portion of the root is left in the ground, which entails a loss of from 7 to 10 per cent. in tonnage. The beet plow, however, is now superseded by a harvester devised by a citizen of Chino, whereby the entire crop is saved at very light expense.

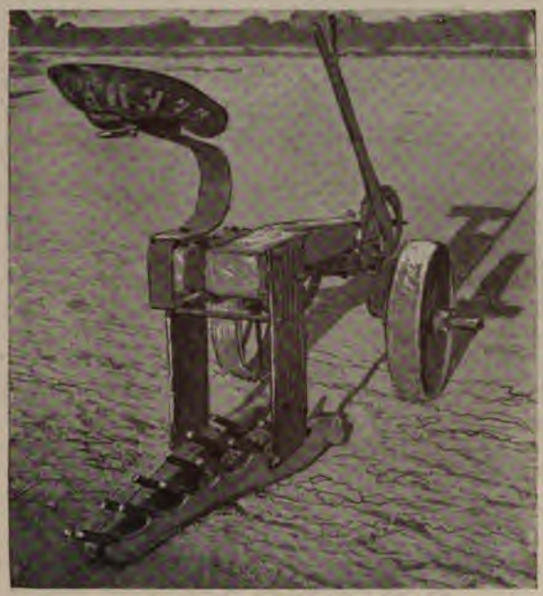
Each wagon used in delivering beets is covered with a net upon which the beets are thrown in loading, which, on arriving at the factory, is raised by water power, bringing the entire load with it and dumping it into the bin with a single movement, whereby time is economized and the receiving capacity of the works in like proportion augmented.

On September 10th, 1892, the receipts at the Chino Valley Beet Sugar Factory were 533 tons; probably the largest tonnage of beets ever delivered to any one factory in a single day in the United States.

The first 1,000 tons of beets delivered to the factory during the campaign of 1892 averaged 17 per cent. sugar and over 80 per cent. purity—an unparalleled record.

One of the peculiar and distinguishing characteristics of the sugar beet is the twist in the shape of its body. This is called the "sugar twist," and the more this twist assumes the appearance of an auger the richer the beet is in sugar.

The cost of raising and harvesting beets has been, approximately, $24 per acre delivered at the



BEET HARVESTER.

factory. This is divided as follows, allowing 15 pounds of seed to the acre :

15 pounds of seed at 12c	$ 1.80
Preparing land, plowing, etc	3.00
Seeding	.50
Thinning	4.00
Weeding and cultivating	2.00
Plowing out, topping and hauling to the factory	12.00
Total	$23.30

With the improved machinery which is constantly being brought into use the cost of production will be greatly lessened each year.

The net returns per acre for the season of 1892 in many cases went as high as $70, all of which was produced within six months' time. Many tracts paid in this short space of time from 20 to 30 per cent. on a valuation of $200 per acre—this on an investment of from $200 to $300 for six months and on virgin soil. As the land attains greater cultivation the tonnage and profits usually increase. Nor is the money consideration the only item that should engage the attention of the farmer. There is another point of vital importance ; the great benefit to the land derived from the intense cultivation which the sugar beet receives is as legitimate a source of profit as the cash received for the beets.

One writer on beet-root sugar says : "The beet is an enriching and cleaning crop—it requires no fallow ; it is the best-known forerunner of other crops ; it feeds multitudes of stock, and instead of impoverishing the soil, tends constantly to improve it."

It is said that in 1853, when the Emperor and Empress of the French came to Valenciennes, a triumphal arch was erected with the following inscription :

"SUGAR MANUFACTURE.

"Napoleon I., who created it : 'Before the manufacture of beet sugar the arrondissement of Valenciennes produced 695,750 bushels of wheat and fattened 70 oxen.'

"Napoleon III., who protected it : 'Since the manufacture of beet sugar was introduced the arrondissement of Valenciennes produces 1,157,750 bushels of wheat and fattens 11,500 oxen.'"

The beet pulp, as it comes from the factory after the principal portion of the saccharine matter has been extracted, is used as feed for stock, and has proved one of the best and quickest fat producers, while its milk-increasing properties, when fed to dairy stock, are something remarkable. Near the factory are stock corrals where hundreds of cattle are fed. At one end of the corral is a silo 500 feet long, 65 feet wide and 12 feet deep, which contained, when the factory closed operations, 12,000 tons of pulp. This has been fed to 1,000 head of cattle, together with hay and corn fodder, in the proportion of seventy pounds of pulp to five pounds of rough feed,

BOYS "TOPPING" BEETS IN THE FIELD.

IN THE BEET FIELD.

while nearly an equal amount went to another portion of the ranch to assist in making a prime quality of beef.

The pulp, after remaining in the silo for several months, passes through a stage of fermentation and attains a firm, cheeselike consistency, and though at first requiring some cultivation of taste for it, is soon devoured by the stock with avidity.

The amount of sugar consumed per capita in the United States has increased from 26 pounds in the year 1851 to 55 pounds at the present time. The Pacific coast, it would seem, approaches more closely the average amount consumed by Great Britain.

With a population amounting to 65,000,000 consuming 55 pounds per capita—should that be the limit of consumption—the United States requires 3,575,000,000 pounds of sugar annually to satisfy the demand, the production of which in the United States would reduce the shipments of gold to Europe by an amount equal to the value of the sugar, approximating $150,000,000 per annum, and that amount of money be distributed among American laborers.

It has been stated on good statistical authority that "the United States has paid for foreign sugar many millions more than all the gold and silver taken out of our mines since the discovery of gold in 1849 and the development of silver mining in the Rocky Mountain States."

That the beet-sugar industry in California is certain of increased extension in the near future is best evidenced by the contemplated erection of a factory at Anaheim, in an adjoining valley, and the numerous letters constantly being received at Chino from all parts of the State requesting information in detail as to the cost of factory buildings and the production of beets, and also by experimental planting of the different varieties of beets in many localities.

The *Louisiana Planter and Sugar Manufacturer* gives the total product of beet-sugar factories in the United States for the season of 1892 as follows:

	Pounds.
Norfolk Beet Sugar Company, Neb.	1,698,400
Oxnard " " "	2,110,100
Utah " " Utah	1,473,500
Chino Valley " " Cal.	7,903,541
Alameda " " "	2,506,860
Western " " "	11,390,921
Total	27,083,322
Previous season's production	12,204,838

"JUMBO" ENGINE AND TRAIN OF BEET WAGONS.

The comparison of the two years by localities shows the greatest increase in production was in California:

	1891.	1892.
Utah	1,094,900 lbs.	1,473,500 lbs.
California	8,175,438 "	21,801,322 "
Nebraska	2,634,500 "	3,808,500 "

The production of beet sugar in Europe for the season 1892–'93 was:

Germany	1,210,000 tons
Austria	775,000 "
France	600,000 "
Russia	460,000 "
Belgium	185,000 "
Holland	75,000 "
Other countries	97,000 "
Total	3,402,000

The following table shows the amount of cane and beet sugar manufactured in the world during the past ten years, and the increasing proportion of beet over cane sugar:

	Beet.	*Cane.*	*Total Tons.*
1883–'84	2,361,000	2,323,000	4,684,000
1884–'85	2,546,000	2,351,000	4,897,000
1885–'86	2,220,000	2,340,000	4,560,000
1886–'87	2,730,000	2,345,000	5,075,000
1887–'88	2,452,000	2,470,000	4,922,000
1888–'89	2,765,000	2,280,000	5,045,000
1889–'90	3,550,000	2,228,000	5,778,000
1890–'91	3,711,000	2,529,000	6,240,000
1891–'92	3,502,000	2,793,000	6,295,000
1892–'93	3,402,000	2,695,000	6,097,000

At the present time 90,000 tons of sugar are used on the Pacific coast, or about seventy pounds per capita per annum—the existing factories only supplying one-ninth of the amount consumed.

HOW OLD IS THE WORLD?

By the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson, B.A., F.G.S.

Geology is not one of the exact sciences with a mathematical basis, like chemistry or electricity. Nevertheless, problems arise now and then which are capable of mathematical investigation. The problem of the earth's antiquity, or rather that of the duration of *geological time*, which is not the same thing, is one that has attracted much attention, and has led to a long controversy between certain physicists on the one hand and geologists on the other. According to the "nebular hypothesis" now generally accepted, our planet had cooled down from a molten and somewhat viscous state long before geological time began—that is, before a watery ocean settled down by condensation from a heated atmosphere, and left our air as it now is, mostly composed of the incombustible element nitrogen, with a little oxygen, a variable amount of aqueous vapor and a trace of carbonic acid. How many eons passed away before this state of things was arrived at no one can say. Such times were pre-geological. But at last an ocean formed; then, perhaps later on, dry land appeared: the wind blew and the rains fell, as they do now, and the earth reached a phase which geologists believe to have been, generally speaking, not very unlike that of the present day. The question of geological time is the question of the duration of this phase. The great series of stratified rocks (including lava flows and intrusive igneous rocks, such as "dikes") were formed during geological time; and these are the pages on which the earth has recorded her history. Naturally, therefore, the geologist endeavors to seek for some means of calculating the length of time required by Mother Earth to write her autobiography.

Now, the earlier modern geologists, Hutton and his followers, who, by teaching the great principle of uniformity in geological actions, placed the science on a sound and reasonable basis, and gave it an enormous impetus, were, unfortunately, so greatly impressed with this idea that they could see no trace of a beginning or sign of an end. Sir Archibald Geikie, in his recent address as President of the British Association, assembled in Edinburgh, has thus eloquently described their state of mind: "When the curtain was then first raised that had veiled the history of the earth, and men, looking beyond the brief span within which they had supposed that history to have been transacted,* beheld the records of a long vista of ages, stretching far away into a dim, illimitable past, the prospect vividly impressed their imagination. Thus the idea arose and gained universal acceptance that, just as no boundary could be set to the astronomer in his free range through space, so the whole of bygone eternity lay open to the requirements of the geologist. . . . . This

* Viz., the 4,000 years of Archbishop Usher's Chronology, a mere "pious opinion" nowhere expressed in Scripture.

doctrine was naturally espoused with warmth by the extreme uniformitarian school, which required an unlimited duration of time for the accomplishment of such slow and quiet cycles of change as they conceived to be alone recognizable in the records of the earth's past history."

This extreme teaching, in itself a reaction against the old-fashioned previous teaching, produced another reaction, and the pendulum of opinion swung back to some extent; only slightly, but still sufficiently to raise a controversy. The physicists, led by Lord Kelvin (Sir William Thomson), began to look about for some means of checking these enormous demands. Lord Kelvin considered the question of the world's antiquity from the physical standpoint. His arguments, or rather calculations, were based on three important considerations. These we must notice; but as our object in this paper is to consider purely *geological* measures of time, and his methods can only be judged by the mathematician and astronomer, we must content ourselves with a very brief account of his conclusions. Lord Kelvin arrived at a very different conclusion, and this was derived from three distinct lines of reasoning, or rather calculation. First, he considered the internal heat, and rate of cooling of the earth; secondly, the tidal retardation of the earth's rotation; and thirdly, the origin and age of the sun's heat.*

With regard to the earth's heat: the rate of increase of temperature downward from the surface is known, for a certain distance, by observations in mines. As many of our readers are already aware, it is about 1° F. for every 50 or 60 feet. But this rate is not maintained, and becomes less at great depths. Then with regard to the earth's present temperature—about 36° F. at the bottom of the ocean. From such available data he calculated that the earth could not have consolidated, from its former molten state, *less* than 20 millions of years ago, nor *more* than 400 millions. In the one case the underground heat would have been greater than it actually is; in the other, there would have been no sensible increase in temperature downward. He afterward inclined toward the lower limit rather than the higher one, and said that we ought to be quite satisfied with 100 millions of years for the duration of geological time. Professor Tait would even limit the period since the earth's consolidation to 10 or 15 millions of years.

We pass on to the argument from the tides. It is generally admitted that the daily tidal waves must, in some degree, diminish the rate of rotation of the earth on its axis. Its action has been compared to that of a brake on a wheel. At one time, then, the rotation was more rapid; in other words, the earth's day was shorter, and has since been steadily getting longer. If we assume any antiquity for the globe greater than 100 million years, he thinks the flattening at the poles would be greater, owing to greater centrifugal force having been formerly exerted by the more rapid rotation.

Lastly, Lord Kelvin has attempted calculations based upon the radiation of heat from the sun, and also upon the amount of heat generated by the falling together of meteoric masses, such as by clashing together may have given rise to the sun. He admits, however, that his conclusions from this source are, from the nature of the case, less reliable. Still, like the other calculations, they point to a comparatively small number of millions of years, perhaps about twenty. The sun may, however, have continued to receive showers of meteorites, and thus to be replenished with heat; which would disturb these calculations. Moreover, certain chemical changes may be the means of liberating heat in the sun.

But we will not dwell on these difficulties here. It is hardly necessary to say that most geologists consider that conclusions such as these are too sweeping. Seeing what vast changes have taken place on the earth—so many thousands of feet of solid rock formed by slow deposition in water, so many new forms of life introduced at certain epochs, while others were extinguished—the geologist cannot bring himself to believe that all the changes (only fully realized by those who study the record of the rocks) could have taken place within 20 or even 100 millions of years. Some, doubtless, would demand much more time, and refuse to accept even the limit of 400 millions. No one distrusts the actual calculations; but many do seriously distrust the data (or want of data) upon which they are founded. Hence a serious difference has arisen between geologists and physicists with regard to the duration of geological time. Mathematics are an excellent mill, and will grind out beautiful results; but what

* There is some uncertainty as to the amount of heat radiated by the sun. Assuming Helmholtz's theory as to the source of the sun's heat—that is, that it is due to the slow contraction of the sun's bulk—and assuming that the sun has derived its heat solely in this way, we may say with some certainty that the contraction of the sun to its present size from a diameter as large as the earth's orbit would not have furnished more than 20,000,000 times as much heat as the sun now supplies in a year. But from theoretical considerations it seems probable that a gaseous mass losing heat by radiation, and contracting under its own gravity, must rise in temperature. So that it is possible that the annual loss of heat in former times may have been less than at present, even though the radiating surface was then greater.—A. C. Ranyard.

you get out of this mill depends very much on what you put into it, and if you put in material based upon uncertain assumptions, you must not be surprised at getting a result tainted with similar uncertainty.

Let us quit this somewhat unsatisfactory region of speculation, and see what further light can be gained from the science of geology. It will be interesting to compare any results that may be obtained with those above mentioned, and to see whether they harmonize.

The geologist knows only two timekeeping processes; one is *rock formation* (deposition); the other, *rock destruction* (denudation). A third is sometimes referred to, namely, changes in the organic world, involving the appearance, from time to time, of new species, genera, families and orders of plants and animals—changes which are comprehended under the one word "evolution." But this kind of change, which has been going on ever since the oldest (Archæan) rocks were first formed, concerns the biologist more than the geologist. The biologist, as Professor Huxley said, has no clock, and must take his time from the geological clock. In other words, when, on passing from one rock formation to another, a great change in the fossils is noticed—as, for instance, in passing from Primary rocks to Secondary or from Secondary to Tertiary, the lapse of time required to bring about such evolutionary change can only be gauged by the thickness of the strata in which the different fossils are found, and partly, in the two cases above quoted, by the "stratigraphical break" between the two sets of strata; that is, the amount of rock denuded during the interval between the two areas.

As the ingenious Greeks used to detect "the lazy foot of time" by the slow dropping of water from a clepsydra, so the geologist measures his periods by the work of water, either as a rock destroyer or as a rock former. This is our water clock, and our two measures of time are (1) depth of rock denuded, (2) depth of rock deposited. Now, the conditon of the water clock's accuracy as a timekeeper was uniformity of action, that the drops should continue falling at the same rate; so with the geological clock. These two processes, so closely related to each other, must be supposed to have been working throughout geological time (that is, the time during which the great series of stratified rocks were being formed) with considerable uniformity. This brings us back to the "theory of uniformity" originated by the illustrious Hutton, and expanded and explained by Playfair and Lyell.

Readers will hardly need to be told that "denudation" is chiefly effected by "rain and rivers." The consequence of denudation in one place is rock formation in another; the one is complementary to the other. In other words, the *débris* of continents is carried by rivers into lakes, seas and estuaries, there to settle down and "sow the dust of continents to be." Now, rivers depend for their supplies on *rainfall;* hence, rainfall is one of the main factors in problems about denudation. Geologists believe (from a mass of evidence in the stratified rocks which it would take too long to expound here) that the rainfall has, in past periods, been pretty much what it is *now* in various parts of the world—not necessarily in *Europe*. It *may*, however, have been somewhat greater as far back as the Archæan and Palæozoic times, when, perhaps, the earth was sensibly warmer and the sun sensibly hotter. Hence, geologists consider that they are justified in attempting to form some kind of estimate of former periods of time from the two processes above referred to. Not only is it possible thus to compare one period with another and to say which was the longest, but we venture to think that it is justifiable to attempt to calculate the limits of geological time on the basis of the rate at which strata may be formed. We want to translate feet of rock formed into years. To give a mathematical basis to geology is one of the great problems of the future. What degree of success awaits such efforts we cannot say; but certain attempts have been made to gauge denudation, and to see at what rate it goes on. With regard to deposition of strata, very little, if anything, has been done, and we cannot help thinking that important results might be obtained in this direction; but of that we shall speak presently.

Let us briefly consider the first operation, namely, the wearing away of land. The subject of atmospheric denudation has been arithmetically investigated, in order to ascertain at what rate a given continent, or portion of a continent, is at present being worn down by "rain and rivers." Take the great area drained by the Mississippi, which is what geographers call its basin. The area of this basin is reckoned to be 1,147,000 square miles. It is clear that all the mud, sand, etc., brought down by this great river to the Gulf of Mexico must be derived from the rocks and soil in that area; the next step is to find out how much solid matter is brought down every year. Most extensive and accurate determinations upon this subject have been made by the United States Government. As the mean of many observations carried on continuously at different parts of the river for months together, Messrs. Humphreys and Abbot, the engineers employed to investigate the physics and hydraulics of the Mississippi,

MAY.— POEM BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. DRAWN BY W. E. F. BRITTEN.

found that the average proportion of sediment contained in the water is 1-1500th by weight, or 1-2900th by volume. But, besides the matter held in suspension, they observed that a large amount of coarse detritus is constantly being pushed along the bottom of the river. They estimated that this moving stratum carries every year into the Gulf of Mexico about 750,000,000 cubic feet of sand, earth and gravel. Their observations led them to conclude that the annual discharge of water by the Mississippi River is 19,500,000,000,000 cubic feet, and consequently that the weight of mud annually carried into the sea by this river must reach the enormous sum of 812,500,000,000 pounds. Then, taking the total annual contributions of solid matter, whether in suspension or moving along the bottom, they found them to equal a prism 268 feet high, with a base of one square mile.

But besides all this there is in every river a large amount of matter chemically dissolved. This consists chiefly of carbonate of lime, dissolved by rain water in filtering through rocks before it reaches the river. Properly to estimate the loss sustained by the surface of a river basin, we ought to know the amount of mineral matter thus removed, as well as that referred to above; and to make sure of good results, we ought to have the total volume of water discharged, from measurements made at different seasons *and* extending over a series of years. Such data have not been fully collected from any river, though some of them have been ascertained with approximate accuracy, as in the cases of the survey of the Mississippi and the Danube. As a rule, more attention has been paid to the amount of mechanically suspended matter than to the amount in solution. We must therefore confine ourselves to the former, but it must be borne in mind that the following estimates are understatements of the truth, because the amount of dissolved matter is left out. Some of the results obtained are as follows: The Mississippi, with a basin of 1,147,000 square miles, discharges annually 7,459,267,200 cubic feet of solid matter; the Rhone, with a basin of 25,000 square miles, discharges 600,381,800 cubic feet of solid matter; the Danube, with a basin of 234,000 square miles discharges 1,253,738,600 cubic feet; The Po, with a basin of 30,000 square miles, discharges 1,510,137,000 cubic feet. Now, as all this solid matter comes off the surface of so much land, the area of which is known, it can easily be calculated what thickness of rock must have been removed (on an average) to produce the amount brought down to the sea, as given in cubic feet. On elevated land, where mountain streams run faster, more rock is removed than over low plains or gentle slopes, where rivers run slowly. But we only want a general average for the whole area. An illustration may serve to make this clear. Given a lump of butter, containing so many cubic inches, and a slice of bread, with area so many square inches, any schoolboy could find what the thickness of the butter would be when spread evenly over the bread. The results for the great rivers were as follows: The Mississippi removes 1-6000th foot from its area in a year, or one foot in 6,000 years; the Rhone removes 1-1528th, or one foot in 1,528 years; the Danube removes 1-6846th, or one foot in 6,846 years; the Po removes 1-729th, or one foot in 729 years. Now, these are very important results, and since the physics of the Mississippi have been more carefully studied than those of perhaps any other river, and as that river drains so extensive a region, embracing so many varieties of climate, rock and soil, we shall probably get the best results by taking the Mississippi rate of denudation as a fair one. Let us see, then, what that rate means. It means that the surface of its basin will be lowered 10 feet (generally) in 60,000 years; supposing the rate to continue, 100 feet in 600,000 years, and 1,000 feet in 6,000,000 years. Apply this to the whole of North America, the mean height of which, according to Humboldt, is 748 feet above sea level, and we find that this continent would be worn away in about 4½ millions of years. The same kind of calculation, based upon the rate of denudation by the Upper Ganges, has been applied to the Continent of Asia, and a shorter length of time was found to be required to wear it all down to sea level. But the Ganges rate seems to be hardly a fair one; so we will keep to the Mississippi. Such calculations are made on the assumption that no serious changes take place in the way of earth movements, raising or depressing a continent. Upheaval would undoubtedly quicken the rate of denudation, by giving greater velocity to the rivers (on account of increased fall), and in the same way depression would check the rate of denudation. But in spite of this possible element of disturbance, the result above given is an important one. Now, the amount of denudation that might thus take place over the North American Continent is *a mere trifle* compared to the vast denudation which *must have taken place* in order to provide the prodigious amount of solid matter contained in the whole series of stratified rocks. Their total estimated thickness is about 100,000 feet! It is clear, then, that a much greater number of millions of years was required to lay down this great series of sedimentary rocks on ocean beds, especially when we reflect that

such material had to be distributed by ocean currents over vast areas, and also that many of these rocks were built up very slowly in the deeper parts of oceans by the slow accumulation of organic remains. This applies, for example, to the carboniferous limestone, the oolites and the chalk formation.

Evidences of great denudation abound both in Great Britain and in Europe, and in all parts of the world. Thousands and thousands of feet of solid rock have been removed, and yet such phenomena were by no means spread over the whole of geological time. We can often prove that even in the interval between two successive periods enormous denudation took place, and the mind is bewildered in endeavoring to combine with any reasonable amount of time required for such intervals the greater periods required for the accumulation of the subsequent or overlying strata. Any student who is familiar with geological sections can call to mind numerous examples of great denudation. For instance, what a vast period of time is indicated by the upheaval and subsequent denudation of the pre-Cambrian (or Archæan) rocks before those of the Palæozoic era were deposited on their upturned edges! No attempt has been made to estimate in years this interval. Or, to take another case, it is found that in many parts of England a great thickness of the carboniferous rocks, especially the coal measures, was denuded away *before* the advent of the Secondary or Mesozoic era. Sir Andrew Ramsey has calculated (from sections drawn to scale) that a covering of rock to the depth of one mile was removed from the surface of the Mendip Hills, and most of this destruction took place during the above interval. No one has yet attempted to apply a rate of denudation to this case, for the uncertain elements in such a problem are many. The Mississippi rate of one foot in 6,000 years would hardly be applicable, being an average for a large area including mountains, valleys and plains; whereas the Mendip Hills are a small hilly area. If we could find the rate at which some of our present mountainous regions are being worn down, and obtain an average therefrom, it might be justifiable to apply such an average to the case in point. But mountains are composed of hard and often crystalline rocks, and this fact would tend to counteract the more rapid erosion due to the velocity of mountain streams.

We will now endeavor to point out a method that might possibly lead to valuable results if followed, and from which an average rate of rock formation might be obtained.

Take the case of the Mississippi. What becomes of all the solid matter brought down by this river? It mostly finds its way into the Atlantic, for the Gulf of Mexico is swept by that powerful current the Gulf Stream. It would not be spread *all over* the Atlantic bed, for some may be carried up to the North Sea and Arctic Ocean; and again, there are large areas in the Atlantic where no *sedimentary* deposits are forming, but only globigerina ooze, pteropod ooze, or the red clay (believed to be volcanic and even cosmic dust). These areas are far from land, and some of them are the deepest recesses of the Atlantic. Suppose that all the *débris* from the North American Continent were being washed into the Atlantic only. Now, this ocean is larger than North America in actual area, but we may subtract the areas devoted to globigerina ooze or red clay. What these areas are could doubtless be estimated by Mr. Murray, of the *Challenger* expedition. We do not know how much they are; but let us suppose that when this is done an area remains equal to the Continent of North America. Then it would follow that all the rock material removed from that surface of land settles down to form new rocks *on an area equal to that of the land from which it came*. Now, if, taking the Mississippi rate, one foot is removed from the former area in 6,000 years, it follows that about one foot is added to the latter surface in the same time. It would really be rather more, because the new material would be soft and unhardened by pressure, while the old rocks from which it came were compressed and hardened before they came up to form a land surface. But this difference may be neglected. It will thus be seen that a result of some value is obtained, namely, just what we have been seeking—an average rate of rock formation.

The question arises: "Is this rate of rock formation over a large area of sea bed, viz., one foot in 6,000 years, too rapid?" We are inclined to think that it is. It might apply to strata formed in shallow waters, but it seems too high a rate for those formed in deeper waters, and certainly is inapplicable to slow-growing deposits like globigerina ooze. However, let us see what we can make of it. The whole series of stratified rocks is generally estimated at 100,000 feet—taking all the formations and adding their thicknesses together. Here would be a measure of geological time, if only we knew the average rate at which they were built up. Suppose we apply the rate just obtained and see what it leads to. If one foot is formed in 6,000 years, 100 feet will be formed in 600,000 years and 100,000 feet in 600,000,000 years. Six hundred millions of years! This is more than Lord Kelvin's extreme limit for geological time, or the time since the earth

consolidated from a molten state. And yet we have taken a rate of rock formation that appears not to err on the side of rapidity; and, moreover, this calculation makes no allowance for those great "gaps" or "breaks" in the 100,000 feet of the geological record with which the student will be familiar. Again, it makes no allowance for the necessarily slow rate at which organic deposits were formed, and formations of this kind occupy no small fraction of the whole series of rocks. For example, the great mountain limestone in one district is 4,000 feet thick; the chalk in the Isle of Wight is 1,000 feet thick; then there are the oolites between, to say nothing of Silurian limestones below.

It is therefore not surprising that geologists are dissatisfied with the limits laid down by Lord Kelvin and others. They demand much more time than he will allow, and we think that the calculation above given justifies such a demand. His later estimate of only 100 millions of years certainly seems too small. Professor Huxley, some years ago, endeavored as it were to make peace between the two parties in his controversy by taking the latter limit of 100 millions and applying it to the stratified rocks. If 100,000 feet of rock were formed in 100 millions of years, then the rate of rock formation would be one foot in 996 years—say, roughly, 1,000 years. Now, the result we obtained above was one foot in 6,000 years, so that our rate is six times slower than that which follows from Lord Kelvin's computation.

One cannot help hoping that before long some attempts will be made to observe the rate of deposition in different seas. Would not observations of the amount of sediment suspended in sea water, taking samples from various depths, be useful? But it would be better still if some one would let down vessels (like rain gauges) on the bed of the sea in various spots, leave them there for twenty years, and then take them up and measure the amount of solid matter contained in them. They could be attached to buoys by thin wire ropes; thus the sites would be indicated and they could be pulled up. Or again, perhaps in the future an international committee of scientific men may be formed to observe and measure the amounts of *débris* brought down to the Mediterranean by all the principal rivers flowing into it!

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FRANK LESLIE'S

POPULAR MONTHLY.

XVII. JUNE, 1894. No. 6.

A HORSE SALE A CENTURY AGO.

HORSES IN TRADE, TRAFFIC AND TRANSPORTATION.

By Alvan S. Southworth.

"The love of horses which they had alive,
And care of chariots, after death survive."

NEARLY as can be estimated by all the cen- ata now available, there are about 18,000,000 s in the United States. In other words, the ted ratio per capita to population is as 1 to 4. But the statistics of the Federal Bureau at Washington, as compiled in huge volumes, are grotesquely unreliable, both as to the Tenth and the Eleventh Enumerations as established by act of

Congress. To illustrate the lunatic wildness of the tabulations of the Tenth Census: I endeavored to go through every form of publication issued by the Federal officials, and I found, without change, suggestion, correction or explanation, 610,000 horses credited to the State of New York, and in the detail by counties making up this total, 207 horses, 1 mule and 6 oxen put down as the live-stock assets of the City and County of New York. Let it therefore be observed that while stupid bureaucratic blunders are made permanent and multiplied in this manner, when they are obvious to the most phenomenal dullard, the question of numbers as applied to horses is not only interesting as a striking fact of general knowledge, but is one that should be in the possession of every well-instructed mind. Particularly is it pertinent to the treatment and comprehension of the subject at large. Hence, concerning the State of New York, a grouping of all authorities, the application of graded percentages for increase—for the march of increase almost unerringly keeps pace with the growth of population—an outside figure gives 1,200,000 horses within our borders now, engaged in agriculture, all branches of labor, breeding, horse racing, and for fancy exploitation. A conservative estimate puts the number of horses actually belonging in New York at over 600,000, of which over 75,000 are engaged in the service of the street railways; and it may be added as authority for this statement that it is based upon the dicta of veterinary experts of professional and scientific standing, who by the necessities of their daily experiences are called upon to keep a close enumeration of these animals. It thus becomes a question of great interest, Where do these more than half a million horses come from? They do not breed in the city. They are not born to the soil. Their colthood, if we may have it so, is spent in the downs, bosky bottoms, grassy valleys and boundless prairies of the great West and Northwest, and they come here at the age of three and four to spend six or seven years of metropolitan toil in front of cars, coaches, cabs, drags, trucks, beer wagons, furniture vans and butcher carts, when they take the downward path to the shafts of the itinerant peddler's trap, the plow of the poor suburban farmer, and eke out a chronic convalescence in horse dormitories for the sick, eventually to pace beneath the relentless heat of a scorching summer or to perish by the great horse destroyer, influenza, and then go to the equine crematory, where the carcass of the faithful beast is rendered into articles of commerce, befouling the air with poisons and noxious and malodorous gases, which, although with an aqueous barrier like the East River, are borne over the upper parts of Manhattan Island, to be taken into the lungs in all their loathsome and zymotic properties.

Thus to furnish great cities on the Atlantic seaboard with strong and hearty stock, ready to do the daily toil of a great metropolitan hive of population, there must be a vast territory to draw from, and how extensively buyers for the big dealers in New York must travel and explore for this branch of live stock may be seen by these figures, made by comparison as nearly accurate as possible. It will be noticed that the Eastern, Middle and Southern States do not, save in a small minority, appear below, although many horses which reach the marts of exchange in New York are among the annual invoices from those sections of the Union:

	Horses.
Oregon	148,000
West Virginia	152,000
North Carolina	159,000
Arkansas	175,000
Nebraska	246,000
Virgina	262,000
California	284,000
Minnesota	309,000
Tennessee	321,000
Wisconsin	423,000
Kentucky	454,000
Michigan	460,000
Kansas	516,000
Pennsylvania	630,000
Indiana	700,000
New York	1,200,000
Missouri	1,210,000
Ohio	1,315,000
Iowa	1,318,000
Texas	1,500,000
Illinois	2,110,000

Schools of instruction in all that pertains to the anatomy, physical peculiarity of and climatic influences on the horse abound in this city, as well as several institutions that rank as postgraduate academies, where higher tuition may be had for those seeking the first rank of veterinary surgery. Experts and graduates in this profession who have the legal parchment number upward of a thousand in New York, while stablemen experienced in the practical treatment of horses number away up in the thousands. These comprise those who adhere to homemade and old-fashioned remedies, and who, like our grandmothers of old, have a profound distrust of the medicine man or the sawbones of the period. "The position of a veterinary surgeon," said Dr. Sherk, of West Fiftieth Street, New York, "is one requiring a vast deal of knowledge, a genuine appreciation of the horse, an eye quick to detect the basic cause of his ailment, and when surgery is

required extreme boldness when once the operation is undertaken."

This gentleman, who, among other charges, has in his keeping 150 horses belonging to Park & Tilford's stables, all in daily use, undergoing great severity in transportation and exposure, went on to say, in response to my random questions: "New York is an exceptionally fine climate for horses, and as a great body they are generally healthy when they are fully developed, save when there is a prevailing epidemic, like epizooty, or the grip, or influenza. Influenza, however, is an ailment that always exists more or less in individual instances, and that with colic, coming from cold or indigestion, a jaded condition from abuse and overwork of the animal, together with sore feet arising from ignorance or haste on the part of the horseshoer, or sore extremities from picking up nails, cobblestones, and bits of iron or earthen work, and chafed flesh and bone from 'interfering,' are what require the daily attention of the conscientious veterinary expert. The diseases and casual bruises and wounds of colts and horses are precisely similar to those of our own species, and in the treatment of the horse we encounter the same troubles we find in man, woman and child. When medicine is given internally some horses are docile, obedient and eager, however hard the dose, while others are unmanageable and vicious, whether in bleeding or in otherwise using the knife. The symptoms of disease, too, are like those of the human family, save that the horse's day is over when he reaches thirty years of age—a long life for him—while ours has but just begun. Practitioners of our class have a great responsibility, especially in the spring and fall of the year, and during the heated term. For example, there is a veterinary surgeon across the street who has under his care over 5,000 horses in this city, and at the present moment there is not one of them ailing or wounded.

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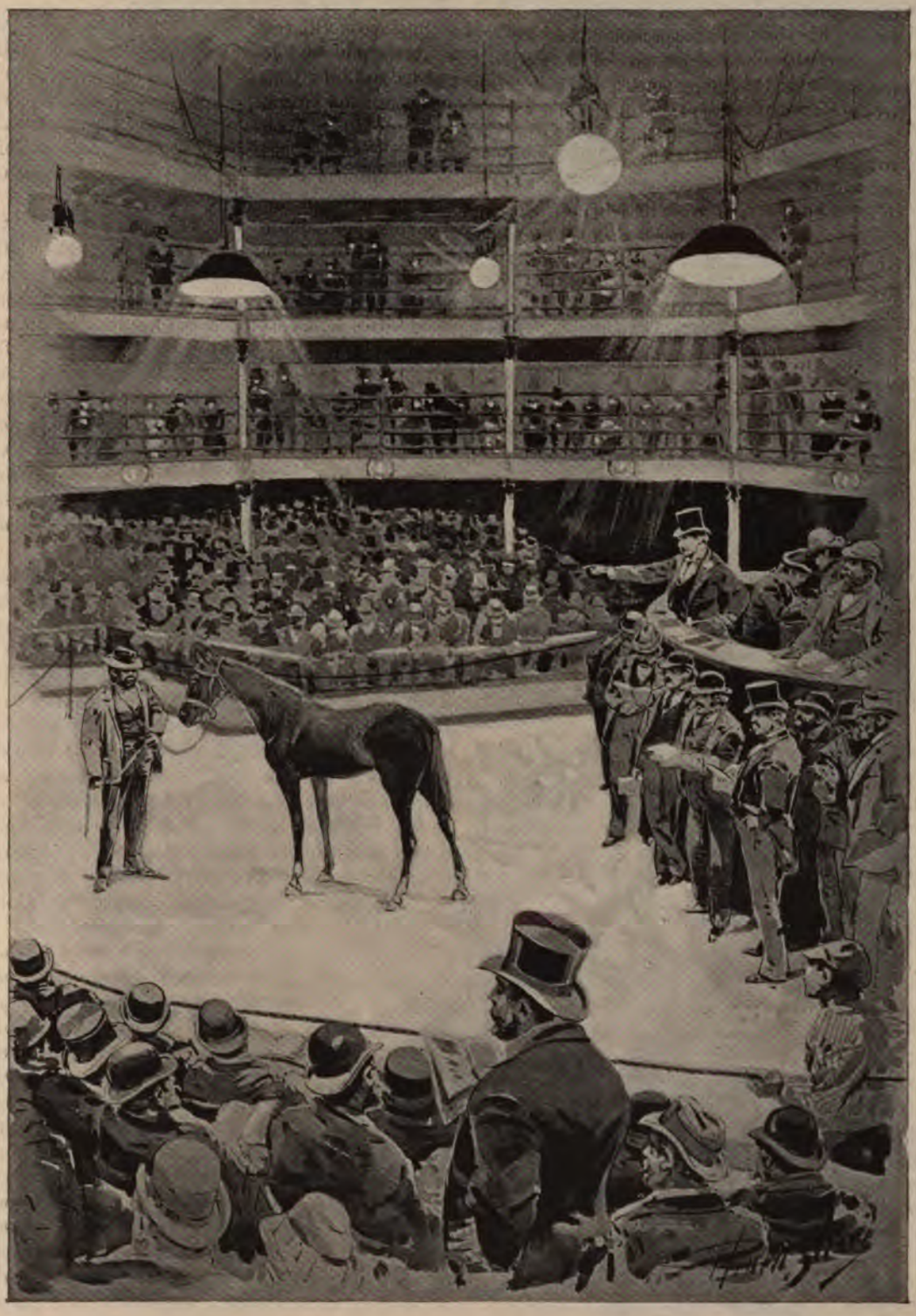


HORSE SALE, BY ELECTRIC LIGHT, AT THE AMERICAN TATTERSALL'S.

bill. He then removed the mare to his farm, not distant from the city, put her on the most wholesome diet, began to treat her internally and externally according to the most approved methods of veterinary lore, gave her the gentlest exercise, finally taking her to a rich pasturage; and the following spring, six months after his purchase, the mare was brought to New York in perfect condition for use by Mr. Goodenough in daily business rides around the city, hitched to a high road wagon. Commodore Vanderbilt was an old friend of his, and they often drove behind the commodore's trotters to the north end of the island, and around the tracks of Jerome Park and the Fleetwood Course. One afternoon Mr. Goodenough appeared with his rig and five-dollar horse at the stable of Commodore Vanderbilt in Washington Place.

"Goodenough, you have a fine-looking beast there," said the commodore. "Suppose you hitch her up with one of my pole horses and see how she will mate on a little spin this afternoon?"

"All right," answered the crafty Goodenough.

And so it was done.

The shoe inventor and the founder of the Vanderbilt millions went at a lively pace on that June day, flying over Harlem Lane, up Eighth Avenue, taking the twists and turns of Westchester County as they then existed. On their return to the stable Vanderbilt said: "What will you take for the mare?"

"My price, commodore, to anyone else is $2,500, but if you must have her for a trotting mate, why, as an old friend, take her for $2,000, and I will do my best to get over the personal loss."

The check was passed over and Goodenough departed on foot. Several days thereafter he stopped again to see Vanderbilt.

"See here!" said the commodore. "Where did you get that mare? She's a stunner! Why, Goodenough, I would have given you twice your price without a haggle. Ha! ha! ha! and you know all about horses!"—with a hearty chuckle.

It was the seller's turn now to be nettled. He said: "Commodore, I must tell you the history of that mare, and you must not kick."

Vanderbilt was then made acquainted with the actual facts, and an angrier man ft would be difficult to conjure up. Of course he was informed by the horseshoe patentee that all his Fourth Avenue Railroad stock in the hospital would soon be ruined in the same way as threatened this mare which he had found in the hospital, because his (Vanderbilt's) superintendent would persist in using his rival's (Burden's) horseshoes. Next morning an order was given to have all of the horses of Vanderbilt's Fourth Avenue Railroad shod after the Goodenough pattern. Whatever happened to that lot of horses this writer saith not.

The metropolitan marts of the city are where horses and horse trappings are either in the hands of single dealers, partnership buyers and sellers, or in some form of stock corporation. Chief of these is that famous old mart of the city in East Twenty-fourth Street known for over half a century as Bull's Head. This name is fastened on a locality, and embraces a score or more of well-known dealers who have been conspicuous bargainers in horseflesh for over a generation. All Bull's Head, in its way, is a picturesque spot: it is a market place where are needed a quick eye, a temperament alert to every nicety of suspicion, and a keen knowledge of the equine quadrupeds, poised on an exceedingly level head, if you would come out of this so-called exchange unsinged in coin of the republic. A lot of old ramshackle buildings on the north and south sides of Twenty-fourth Street, east of Lexington Avenue, and extending across Third Avenue, halfway down the next block, one story high often, sometimes loftier, extending back quite a hundred feet; sulkies, road wagons, battered vehicles; stablemen with horses at halter, running them up and down the pavement; bosses themselves, whip in

THE ORIGINAL BULL'S HEAD TAVERN.

hand, using the asphalted pavement of Lexington Avenue for a speedway for trotters, pacers, rackers and runners; the unkempt, unwashed and partially rum-soaked attendants and hangers-on of this centre and nucleus of a nondescript population; some bipeds sleeping in the stables, some dozing in the sloth and filth of all-night dram shops in the vicinity, and others catching forty winks from time to time between sales; a bedlam of cats and dogs, platoons of fresh country horses coming in, tail-braided, to undergo the rivalry in speculating of contending capitalists; a ceaseless din from morn till midnight, with liquor on tap at every point of the compass—

BULL'S HEAD HORSE MARKET.

such, in part, is what you will behold in and around Bull's Head at all seasons of the year.

And now let us follow up the operations of the horsedealer, from the buying agent on the farms of Kentucky and Missouri to the moment the bargain is clinched with the citizen buyer of New York in East Twenty-fourth Street. As in all merchandising, the unvarying law of the trade is to buy cheap and sell dear. Imagine what the purchase price of a three- or four-year-old must be in the outlying acres of Topeka, Kalamazoo or Dubuque, when the keep and attendance begin at twenty-five cents a day; the transport to New York either by rail, canal boat or steamer; the board bill in New York and the final disposition of the animal in this city! Take a prominent horse merchant. There is Ike Dahlman, who has been in the Bull's Head Market as buyer, shipper and seller for forty years, where his father preceded him and left him a comfortable fortune, now many times multipled. He keeps on hand over 400 head of horses with an average selling price of $150 each. The unit for all sound work horses, whether for coaches, or cars, or ordinary hauling service, is between $135 and $150, and this figure particularly applies to railroaders whose term of service in the hard daily travel over the city roadbeds renders them useless for this kind of labor after a period of from three to five years. Their average daily travel before the cars is sixteen miles, making two round trips in twenty-four hours from depot to depot. Their keep is from 23 to 27 cents a day, and when they have turned the point of their maximum usefulness they are sent to the country to recuperate, and there sold or traded off, to be put upon lighter and less wearing tasks. Coach horses—that is, for private stables—range all the way from $400 to $1,500 a pair, although $750 will buy an admirable team that will attract general attention when well groomed, richly harnessed and drawing a fashionable clarence, brougham, barouche or landau. Fancy stock for T-carts, basket wagons and tandems may be obtained for almost any price from $250 to $1,000. Trotters that will go in three minutes are worth $400; at the 2:40

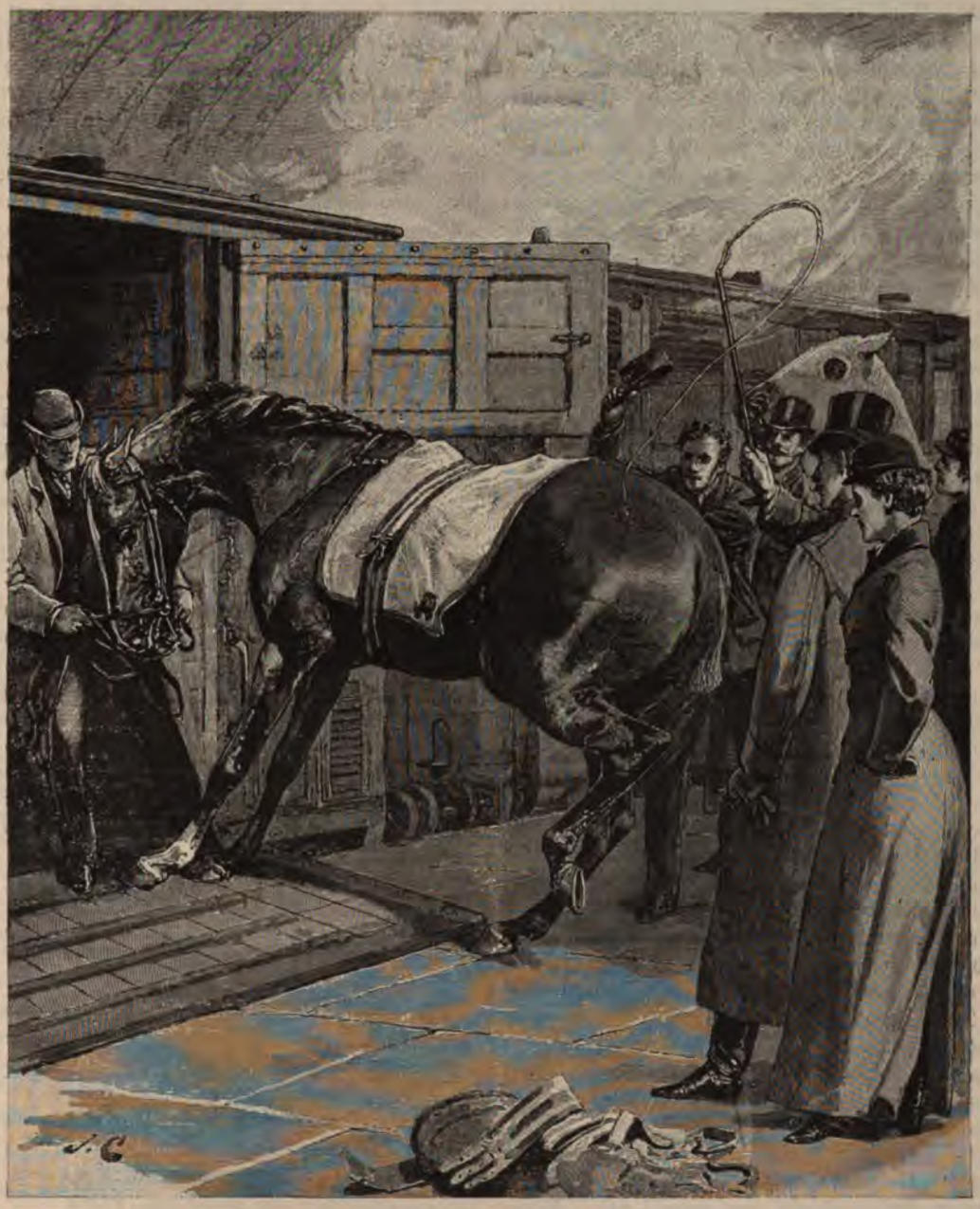
gait, $750; while below that time they readily bring from $1,500 to $10,000, whether at private sale, at auction, or in the stock of the dealer. It may be observed that some lucky purchases are made haphazard and offhand, for there are many surprises in horse buying; but it is always better to go on strain or pedigree and follow "points," if you are sufficiently equipped in this very deceptive branch of knowledge. However this, as a buyer at Bull's Head you must assume a wisdom, profundity and sphinxlike reticence to cover up your ignorance, if you wish to strike the squad of sellers who will soon environ you like so many of the Hebraic fraternity who reign in the precincts of Chatham Square. Sharp practice, blind eyes to the wall, tricks with whip, spur, bridle and bit, the jaunty air, the suppressed sigh of the exhibitor who is about to part with an invaluable phenomenon on four legs, a century of chronology rolled off about the equestrian giants, the happy valleys of the blue grass, and a wind-up on champagne cocktails—these all are incidental to a visit to Bull's Head with a fat purse, a sound stomach and a love of the noble animal.

One of the popular delusions about this horse mart is as to the fabulous prices for trick horses, imported breeds, and leaders and pole horses for four in hands. The fact is, the coaches which have gained such general fame by daily relays to Pelham under the whip of Delancey Kane and others are drawn by horses that cost the owner but little over $100 a head, while the circus horses of Barnum & Bailey's Circus will not, according to the statements of their own officials, average $150 each before they are trained for the ring. The expense of this great show in all of its departments is $250,000 for the six months' lying up in ordinary at Bridgeport, and this embraces the keep of all the animals, including the 400 horses. It is a fact, however, that specialists as riders own their own horses, and this is nearly always the fact when they are on the bill

ON THE WAY TO BULL'S HEAD—FIRST EXPERIENCE OF THE ELEVATED RAILROAD.

to do extraordinary feats. These animals become very valuable and are not for sale.

The value of horses the world over touches very wide extremes, and no better illustration of this can be had than that you can buy horses which would bring $150 a head in this market in Argentina for 50 cents each. There was one consignment of 400 bought in that republic for $200 in open market, taken in a drove over the Cordilleras of the Andes, and there disposed of to a fat-rendering establishment for profit in the city of Santiago. Mares are not used for other than breeding purposes.



OBJECTION TO TRAVEL.

Finely bred and stoutly built, shapely horses, fit to be caparisoned for sheik, pasha or religious Moslem dignitary, very easily fetch the sum of $1,000 in the bazaars of Cairo, Teheran, Bagdad, Damascus or Constantinople; while a fine whi

ass or full-blooded dromedary is almost of equal value.

Not the least interesting feature in New York is the value of the dead horse that one sees daily fallen by the way in our gutters and on our pavements. What it ultimately will produce in commerce is between $25 and $30. There is not a part of the animal that has not mercantile uses. Out of the hide are wrought gloves, boots and shoes; the hair goes into cloths and mattresses; the bones into buttons; the flesh into oil, fat, oleomargarine and butterine; the hoofs into glue; the intestines into delicate membraneous pouches for drugs and medicines. And it can scarcely be an agreeable sensation to those of the American body politic who swear their gastronomical faith on a plate of buckwheat cakes ordered from the restaurateur of the period, with a side partner of three strata of butterine alongside for concurrent consumption, should he stop to reflect that the fleshly part of the dead horse he saw, perhaps a week previously, lying on Broadway, was the basic property of the dressing applied to the surface of his provender.

Horse hotels exist in every portion of all great cities. The swell equipage you see rolling through the park with outriders, grooms or liveried footmen in the majority of instances is hired by the week or month. Very few of our wealthy citizens have private stables, and those at all fitted up in this city in luxury are very much fewer in number than is generally thought. Time was when the keep and care of horses involved only a very conservative outlay for a merchant or resident of handsome income. Now it requires many thousands annually to maintain such equine establishments as those of Frank Work, Cornelius Vanderbilt, John D. Crimmins, Robert Bonner and William Rockefeller. Yet, in a modest way, there is no reason why a gentleman or lady of moderate income should not enjoy all of the equestrian advantages of the Bridle Path in Central Park, the superb stretches of the Boulevard, Riverside Drive, and the outlying roads and avenues in Westchester County, to say nothing of the splendid natural speedways of Jersey, Staten Island and Queens County.

A single saddle horse can be boarded for a dollar a day in fair style, and with generous fees the monthly outlay should not exceed $45. Moreover, a fine "rig"—that is, a road wagon, with horse and attention—can be maintained creditably for $500 a year, extra allowance being made for the sports of winter on runners. Thus the tendency toward driving and horseback riding so abundantly provided for in suburban New York is rapidly growing, although it must be written that the movement is altogether too much in the groove of fashion and too little in the path of ruddy, healthful and regular mounts on fine animals. The upper part of New York abounds in riding academies, where courses of instruction are given in desirable association at all stages of the applicant's proficiency, whatever the age or sex, and this, too, without passing the limits of prudential expenditure. Hence it is surprising that these advantages, at once invigorating, fascinating to the lover of rich and varied landscape at morn or eventide, surrounded with all the zest of high romance and susceptible of the most pleasurable excitement, do not appeal more to the weary of mind, soul and body, to the dash of youth, the equipoise of the sentimental idler and the rough and ready of the man of blood and iron! There certainly was no more beautiful and suggestive sight than to see the octogenarian George Bancroft on his daily mount in the wide avenues of the capital of the Union; the Bayards of Delaware, like their Huguenot ancestors, dashing on spirited steeds along the banks of the Potomac; the late Samuel J. Tilden wending his way, seated on an iron-gray mare, and pausing amid the historic scenes of the American Revolution on the shores of the lordly Hudson; nor can there be fancied a finer, I would say a more thrilling, spectacle of human happiness than to witness the vast cavalcade of fashion, brains, art, wit, statesmanship and female loveliness, heightened by resolute daring, set off in artistic lines, vivid colors and rich draperies, that one can behold in the capital of the British Empire, dashing through Hyde Park and Rotten Row in a golden day of June, the sky burnished by a tranquil sun!

> "More than one steed must Ida's empire feel,
> Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel;
> And, as she guides it through th' admiring throng,
> With what an air she smacks the silken thong!"

The history and characteristics of thoroughbreds, pacers, trotters, draught horses, ponies and high jumpers, while worthy of close study, repaying years of original investigation, cannot be entered upon here. Many horses whose very names and lineage occupy pages of biography in the encyclopedias of our time along with men of the highest eminence are household words over the world. Take the great Ormonde, king of the thoroughbreds. An aristocrat among aristocrats, his pedigree goes back to the tradition of the desert, and his memorist says: "In limb, in body, in every line and movement, he is the perfect horse. He can run faster, he can stay longer, he can work harder, he can suffer privations greater,

than any other of his kind. His mentality is higher, his courage greater."

Who is this thoroughbred? He was never beaten in the royal contests on the turf, and since his retirement his sons and daughters have grown up and kept his fame green and his achievements fresh, in our minds. Ormonde was born nine years ago in England. He was bred by the Duke of Westminster. After a brilliant career as a three- and four-year-old, having won the Derby and St. Leger, fabulous sums, for mere horseflesh it would seem, were offered, when an American, William O'Brien McDonough, of California, bid $150,000 for Ormonde, and he became his property—the greatest sum ever paid for a stallion. Ormonde is now at Mr. McDonough's breeding establishment, and he is fitted out with the garb and luxuries of an imperial master, which he is. He has his grooms—his head groom, second groom, and his personal attendant. "His wardrobe," says his valet, "would make a prima donna weep with envy. There are all kinds and degrees of wraps of the finest and whitest linen. His blankets are of the finest lamb's wool. There are tan-colored blankets and hoods for cold weather; white rubber mackintoshes for wet weather; all manner of rubbing towels, dusters, white and tan-colored cloths for bandages, and square blue and white padded flannel knee covers for use in walking exercises. His medicine chest contains draughts, tonics, stimulants and medicines of all sorts put up by the most celebrated of London veterinaries." He has traveled over 20,000 miles, profiting by his wide range of experience, as he is an intelligent, kindly creature, unspoiled by his fame and petting—majestic to look at, standing 16.1 hands high and pronounced by experts the grandest thoroughbred now alive.

Next to Ormonde comes the celebrated thoroughbred—a Derby winner—the world-famed St. Blaise, sold by Easton, the auctioneer, at Tattersall's, in West Fifty-fifth Street, to Charles Reed, a few months ago, for $100,000. St. Blaise was bred by Lord Arlington in 1880, winning the Stockbridge Centennial Stakes and Troy Stakes, following his victories up by his crowning triumph on the English turf, backed by the Prince of Wales and his set by very heavy wagers. August Belmont imported him to the United States and sent him to the Nursery Stud in Kentucky, where he sired many distinguished racers. At Fairview Farm, where he now is, in Kentucky, he has attendants to minister to every want. His food is the finest and the purest the earth produces; and this rich chestnut stallion, with a blaze face and three white legs, which he transmits to his offspring, is one of the glories of our time.

A mere mention of others is all that can be attempted here. The youngest is Domino, at this writing but two years old. During the past season alone he has won $200,000 in purses. He is the property of James R. Keene, who bought him as a yearling for $3,000; and his present record is that he won every race in which he started save one. This horse is of glossy black, standing 15.3 hands high, somewhat ungainly in appearance, although into what lines he will develop time alone can tell. Then comes Nancy Hanks, in everybody's mouth, beautiful to look upon, dark bay, 15 hands high. She is the queen of trotters, the property of J. Malcolm Forbes & Co., Boston, and valued at $75,000. Directum, at the apex of fame, with a record of 2:05¼, calls on Nancy Hanks to lower her colors. He is a stallion, 15.2 hands high, foaled in 1889, owned by his breeder, John Green, of Dublin, Cal. He is now, therefore, five years old, and his last defeat of the champion pacer Mascot adds to his already startling performances in changing the record of the turf. Beyond these phenomenal animals, American racing annals are rich in conspicuous colts, stallions and mares who have held the public enchantment, leaving historic names behind them as widely known as those of great generals, statesmen, or sturdy seamen flying the admiral's pennant at the fore. Robert Bonner, of the *Ledger*, for more than thirty years has been the foremost buyer, and promoter of the domestic uses, of the ablest flyers on the road, and his example, although it may to many smack of the ultra Ulster severity of the North of Ireland roundheads, has at least widened and deepened the love of horses, contributed vastly to the elevation of the turf, and shown to canting hyprocrisy and doughfaced fanaticism that one can be a devout Christian religionist of an austere sect, and yet admire and cultivate beauty, proportion, power and wondrous speed in the noble animal. Maud S and Dexter in his stables, St. Julien, Ontario, Montreal, the prince of ponies Rosarium, Bonfire, and Lauderdale, the champion handsome lady's saddle horse, 15½ hands high—these are some of the "feature" horses, in their various special gifts well worthy to be mentioned here.

The work of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, founded by Henry Bergh and now under the active presidency of John P. Haines, has become national in scope, and the number of subsidiary organizations is rapidly multiplying. Its headquarters, at No. 100 East Twenty-second Street, occupies a full brownstone house, where the staff, general officers and clerical force are comfortably installed. From this point suitable literature, embraced in such publications

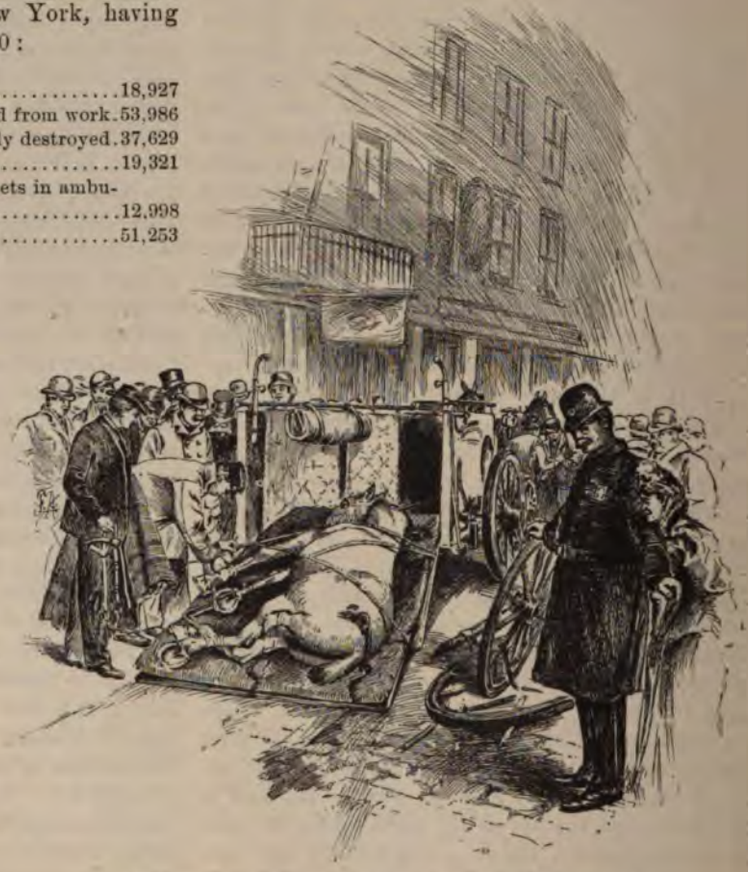
A VETERINARY HOSPITAL.

pioneers in a good cause—he nevertheless did a noble and lasting work in this metropolis; and its reflex action in Europe—indeed, everywhere on the globe—has marked a new era in the treatment of the lower animals, while the beneficent influence of his intelligent purpose and firm hand are indeed amazing when we stop and consider the kindness and consideration shown to quadrupeds compared with the fashion of twenty years ago. This society is now doing more, as it has done during its existence, to minimize and ultimately eliminate brutality to animals than as the monthly periodicals, *Our Animal Friends*, *Kindness to Animals*, and the annual Reports, are sent broadcast over the Union. Here is the record of its operations in brief during its twenty-seven years of existence in New York, having now a property valued at $300,000:

Cases prosecuted in the courts	18,927
Disabled animals temporarily suspended from work	53,986
Horses disabled past recovery, humanely destroyed	37,629
Small animals destroyed	19,321
Disabled horses removed from the streets in ambulances	12,998
Complaints investigated	51,253

Kindred organizations, in correspondence with the parent society, in North and South America, are numbered in the hundreds. They exist under State laws and local ordinances in thirty-two States and five Territories; in British America in ten leading cities; and also in the Argentine Republic, Brazil, Cuba, Mexico and the Dominican Republic.

The early history of this body is the better part of the mature life of Henry Bergh, to whom it became the chief interest of his declining years. A picturesque if saturnine character in the local coloring of the city, fond of publicity, a resolute and often an unreasonable fighter—like all set



AMBULANCE OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

all of the dead-letter statutes of the ages. Its operations have multiplied tenfold, and it not only concerns itself with isolated and sensational cases as of yore, but it has become a systematized and central bureau with a widely extended field, with increased legal power, and a staff of officers employed by day and by night to carry out the aims of its existence. Its active officials number such gentlemen as Elbridge T. Gerry, Rev. Morgan Dix, John Claflin, Parke Godwin, Joseph H. Choate, Horace Russell, Frederic R. Coudert, William Waldorf Astor, F. W. Vanderbilt, Charles Lanier, Anson Phelps Stokes and W. C. Schermerhorn. Hence, in the growing popular and in the specific care and solicitude for the well-being of the horse world there is much to congratulate the American people. While there is a great deal to reform in public and private sales—in swindling schemes under the red flag, whereby there are sheriff's sales of the poor man's stock that are a disgrace to the municipal administration — the wealthier of our citizens set a high example to those who by their professional occupations are constantly engaged in this kind of barter. Who can forget the late August Belmont, seated on the curbstone in front of his mansion at Eighteenth street and Fifth Avenue, inspecting his own purchases before passing over his check?—and in this expert judgment he exhibited a discrimination that was seldom at fault. This was conspicuous in the final disposition of St. Blaise at Tattersall's for a liberal fortune as one of the assets of his vast estate. Compare with this the sale of an equally worthy member of the equine fold, if standards of immutable equality are to obtain among the species, of a laborworn animal, not yet disabled for long work in the shafts, which I recently saw knocked down to a casual bidder for $6.50, the horse being all that remained of the property of an impoverished greengrocer.

The kaleidoscopic display of horses in the metropolis, from the moment long cavalcades of green ones from the Far West are stampeded at their first view of the elevated railway, to the grand fashionable climax of the National Horse Show at the Madison Square Garden, reveals to us a world in which we find a new life on which to fasten our attention and our pleasures, fascinating in all phases, bringing together the beauty, wealth and fashion of the Union, affording us inspiring instruction and kindly sympathy, while thrilling displays of equestrian daring may well people our visions with the wild glories of the ancient Coliseum at Rome.

In conclusion, I may say that the subject of horses presented in the manner here employed is capable of almost indefinite narrative and speculation.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

FLOWERS AS NATIONAL EMBLEMS.

By J. Carter Beard.

" There's history in every flower.
If you have wit to gather it."—*Beattie.*

Amelia de Nordburg was a spoiled beauty. The only child of a wealthy widow, an heiress in her own right, and the affianced bride of the handsomest gentleman, the most courtly noble and the bravest soldier in Saxony (for the Count of Nabsthein, her intended husband, united in himself these characteristics, besides being a very intelligent man and a very honest one), it might be truthfully said of her, in the words of the homely Saxon proverb she must often have heard:

" Gieb den Leuten die Erde zum Spielen,
Und sie werden nach dem Monde verlangen;"

or one still more common:

" Gieb dem Teufel den Finger,
Und er wird zuletzt die Hand verlangen."

(" Give folks the earth for a plaything,
And they reach for the moon.")

Sated with possession of all that is desirable, Amelia found a certain pleasure in tempting the undesirable:

—" as truante weans
That, seeking sport, do from safe bounders breake,
To challenge peril, for the peril's sake."

In vain her mother's pleadings, or her lover's remonstrances; she was too confident of her power, to dream that her mother would seriously attempt to use authority, or her lover break into open rebellion. She believed his jealousy would make him prize her more and rivet chains she intended he should wear for life. For her own part, the only chains she intended for herself were those imposed upon her by her own purpose in pursuit of her own pleasure. These chains seem at first to be made of the softest and most fragrant of flowers, but they suffer in time a strange and most unpleasant transmutation into the harshest iron.

Amelia found this rule had no exceptions. At last the end came. The *salon* of Mme. de Nordburg was brilliant with lights falling softened from the colored globes of the chandeliers, to start a thousand flashing fires below that blazed from gems and sparkled no less brilliantly in eyes aglow with love and pleasure. It was a feast of flowers. Among delicate viands and ices, a profusion of blossoms of every sort seemed to transform the tables into parterres, and the foliage of the larger plants, about in groups on every side, gave the *salon* itself the appearance of a large conservatory. The interest of the occasion centred in a tournament of wit and sentiment before the doors of the dancing hall were thrown open. This was the selection of flowers by the ladies, and the writing of impromptu verses upon the chosen flowers by the gentlemen.

Amelia had an humble companion, brought up with her from infancy, a cousin " possessing few personal charms and still less fortune." The amiable and humble Charlotte was too insignificant to engage attention. Neither her presence nor her absence occasioned comment in the circles where her gay cousin reigned the brilliant centre of attraction. Not so, however, among those whose cheerless lives, darkened by ignorance and embittered by privation, serve as a foil to set off the splendor of fashionable life in European capitals. Among these she shone a ministering angel, and with them most of her time was spent.

Returning from an errand of charity, she entered the *salon* at the moment Amelia had coquettishly selected a rose, emblematic of her own beauty, because a certain Colonel Compleux, " more celebrated for his conquests in the drawing room than on the field of battle," with whom Amelia happened at that moment to be carrying on a desperate flirtation, signified his preference for that flower.

The greater part of the company had declared their choice, when the gentle Charlotte, in compliance with a request from her aunt, culled for herself and placed in her bosom a spray of mignonette which had, by some accident, found a place among the more aristocratic flowers. This delicate recognition of her lowly position would probably have passed unnoticed but from the fact that, seeing the uneasiness which the count could not conceal at the conduct of his affianced bride, and in order to recall the interest and attention of Amelia, whose real happiness he earnestly desired, to their proper object, she requested of him a verse upon the rose, her foster sister's choice. Her object was divined by the count. He wrote upon his ivory tablets the verse asked for, and another. One, for the rose, he gave to Amelia, who had not quitted the side of his rival:

" Elle ne vit qu'un jour, et ne plait qu'un moment"

(" It lives but a day, and pleases but a moment");

and at the same time presented to Charlotte the beautiful sentiment ever since associated with the mignonette:

"Ses qualités surpassent ses charmes."

("Your qualities surpass your charms.")

Fired with resentment and flushed with wounded pride, Amelia gave herself entirely to the attentions of the colonel, with whom she shortly after eloped. It was then, in the power of a worthless profligate who brought her to ruin, she found her bands of flowers changed to iron chains.

"The count," our informant tells us, "transferred his affections from beauty to amiability, and rejoicing in the exchange, and to commemorate the event which had brought about his happiness and delivered him from a coquette, he added a branch of sweet reseda to the ancient arms of his family, with the motto:

"Ses qualités surpassent ses charmes."

It is probably this little romantic history, which is well known in Saxony, and in which love instead of war is introduced to the pursuivant at arms, that has caused the name of the country to be associated with mignonette—one of the most lowly and sweetest of flowering plants.

To pass to the heraldry of the other flower mentioned—Amelia's choice—we are reminded:

"Our fateful rose, wherever seen,
Blazoned on England's shield, is queen.
A weary war, a bootless fight,
Waged fiercely 'twixt the red and white.
No English sword slept in its sheath.
The rose of York is white—for, mark,
Brave armies of the dead bequeath
Their pallor to the rose of York.
The rose of Lancaster is red,
Since countless hosts of English bled
Its petals to incarnadine;
For, white or red, the rose is queen."

Thirty years the roses fought. Eighty princes of the blood and a proportionately large number of noblemen, not to speak of some hundred thousand or so of common people, were slain. When Henry VII. of Lancaster married Elizabeth of York, and so grafted the white upon the red-rose stock, though he did it reluctantly and ungracefully enough, he ended forever the Wars of the Roses. At this time, we are told, there grew in a monastic garden in Wiltshire a rosebush that had, to the great admiration of all beholders, during the perilous times of the wars, borne white and red roses upon the same stem. At the marriage of the King this same bush bore roses, the petals of which were streaked with red and white. Multitudes came from all parts of England to behold the marvel, and counted it, with God's blessing, a joyful promise of peace. Surely the good monks must have understood floriculture.

It is certainly a curious coincidence that the battle of the red and white lilies should have preceded that of the red and white roses; for, as the soldiers of the York and Lancaster parties went to battle, each with a rose of the color appropriate to his faction, so those of the Guelphs and Ghibellines bore their proper badges, the first a red and the second a white lily, in their contests during the period in Italian history between the eleventh and fourteenth centuries. Introduced, in all probability, by the Crusaders, who found it growing in the valleys of Syria, the lily, because of its having been the subject of one of the Saviour's most striking illustrations, became in a manner sacred, and a favorite badge and armorial bearing. Chaucer speaks of a knight who wore one in place of a plume upon the crest of his helmet. Florence adopted the flower as her national emblem. It is found upon the arms of the city of Winchester and upon the college. In France we find the Order of the Blessed Lady of the Lily, and the dauphin was named "The Lily of France." The so-called lily emblazoned on the royal banner of France appears to have been the iris or fleur-de-lis, although considerable confusion seems to have existed in the minds of both ancient and modern writers on the subject. The name "fleur-de-lis" being a corrupt form of "fleur-de-luce," the latter may readily be traced to fleur-de-louis. Louis is the modernized form of Lovis or Clovis. Clovis, we are told, had no better taste than to exhibit three black toads upon his escutcheon, but an angel pitying his lack of appreciation of the fitness of things, appeared, after the manner of those early days, to an aged hermit of Joy-en-Valle, in a flood of miraculous light, with a shield especially designed and prepared for the occasion. Its color was azure, in token of its heavenly origin, and upon it were emblazoned three golden fleur-de-lis (*trois fleurs de lis d'or*). The hermit was instructed to give this shield to Queen Clothilde. The Queen in turn presented it to her husband, who thereupon became everywhere victorious.

As the red and white lilies of Italy and the roses of England, so also the fleur-de-lis has been the badge of bloodshed. Proscribed during the French Revolution, hundreds of persons found wearing it were decapitated. The bee substituted by Napoleon has taken flight, and his violets have withered away. No one can tell what flower France will next adopt for her national emblem. But blind devotion to a mere badge of party or race sometimes works harm in other directions

than that of bloodshed. The introduction of the thistle into Australia by a Scotchman, who brought this plant—the emblem of his country—all the way from Leith to the antipodes in order to keep by him something to remind him of his native land, has resulted in nationalizing a pest in the continental island that is likely to become the Australian farmer's greatest enemy. Certainly there is no danger that the chosen plant of Scotland or its transplanter will ever be forgotten in Australia.

The adoption of the thistle and its significant motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," as the national emblem of Scotland dates back to the shadowy traditions of the Danish invasion. The independence, nay, the very existence, of the Scots as a nation is at stake. A battle is imminent. Can the Scots' camp be surprised and their position carried, the country and its people will belong to the invader. The former, relying on the well-known fact that the Danes, like our Apache Indians, are not in the habit of making night attacks, exercise no particular caution in guarding their intrenchments. The Danes, however, contrary to their usual custom, marshal their tribes at midnight and steal noiselessly toward the Scottish army. As they draw near everything seems to promise success. No clank of arms or rustling of garments betrays their presence. The drowsy Scotch sentinels do not see the dark forms in the mountain shadows stealing toward them. Scotland has but one faithful guard on the alert to save her from defeat and captivity. But even with seemingly so utterly inadequate an agent as a thistle Providence turns impending disaster to victory, and changes the destiny of nations. A barefooted Dane treads upon the foreordained plant. The thistle performs its predestined work with thoroughness and dispatch, and the result is a yell on the part of the astonished Dane that might wake the dead, and does effectually arouse the Scotch to the imminence of their peril. It proves, indeed, the signal of a battle that ends in the defeat and extermination of the Danes.

The adoption of the leek as their emblematic plant by the Welsh also has its rise in the help afforded by it in enabling the Welsh to win a battle. In the seventh century the Saxons suffered total defeat at the hands of the Welsh under Cadwallader, and St. David, the tutelar saint of the Welsh, was thought to have contributed to the victory, not only directly by his prayers, but more particularly by enjoining the Welsh to place leeks in their headgear, so that everyone wearing the badge might be recognized as a Welshman. In the confused battle that ensued the Saxons, for want of some such distinguishing mark, often attacked each other with the greatest fury, and so helped the Welshmen to their victory.

The Irish, however, adopted, according to the popular version, their shamrock as emblematic of Ireland, not on account of any triumph it has occasioned them in the bloody game of war, but because it signalizes the deepest mystery in the Christian faith. "How can three be one?" asks the pagan Irish chieftain. "Even as this trefoil," answers St. Patrick, plucking a shamrock at his feet. Yet, though this witnesseth how three may be one, yet the mystery of the Blessed Trinity is as much greater and beyond this as the stars of heaven are greater and beyond the flowers of earth.

By some unexplained coincidence the trefoil in Arabic is *shamrakh*, and moreover, Pliny, in his "History of Nature," asserts that reptiles are never seen upon the trefoil, and that it prevails against the stings of snakes and scorpions. Surely the good saint could not have a more appropriate emblem for the land from which he banished all reptiles.

Of the violet, the national flower of Athens, and afterward of France during the reign of Napoleon; of the chrysanthemum, the emblem of Japan, as the narcissus is of China; the flower of the Holy Spirit, the beautiful orchid representative of Mexico; the cornflower of Germany; the pomegranate of Spain; the orange and also the tulip of Holland, and many others, there is much to write, did space allow. For our own land the golden-rod seems to claim the majority. For our national flower, it seems, like our President, must be elected, not appointed by authority or prescribed by tradition; otherwise the pine tree emblazoned on the first flag that ever represented our country would be its emblem. Our modern sentiment may indeed be shocked by the rattlesnake, with its defiant motto, "Don't tread upon me," also an early national device; but the pine tree certainly possesses more appropriateness, significance and precedent as a national emblem than any other yet offered.

"FLOWERS PLUCKED AND CAST AWAY."—FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRIETTA RAE.

THE MASTER-PIECE OF MONSIEUR BLANC.

By J. William Fosdick.

Part I.

The overcharged river surged against the mighty stone quays and sent huge blocks of ice crashing against the bridge piers. The little passenger boats had not been running for days, and the charcoal barges and bathing establishments tugged hard at their trebly strengthened chains. Upon the Pont des Arts a thick fog closed in upon all sides, and the angry roar of the rushing torrent could be distinctly heard, for the Pont des Arts is a foot bridge.

Two figures stood over the central span, apart from the hurrying throng. One, a pale young man, rested motionless against the iron railing, gazing down at the muddy torrent. The other watched intently not many steps away; there was abject despair in the young man's face and attitude, while the other face wore an expression of cunning alertness. Almost imperceptibly, with catlike tread, he edged nearer and nearer, and reaching forward, was about to seize the young man's arm, when a movement on the latter's part arrested his action.

The young man delved down into the depths of his shaggy overcoat pocket, and drawing forth a crust of bread, began to devour it eagerly, still gazing down at the river.

With an expressive shrug of his shoulders, an inaudible acknowledgment that he was mistaken this time, the policeman silently stole away into the mist.

Still gnawing at the crust, the young man turned up his coat collar and left the bridge. Some day this despair may drive him to the river for the last time, but to-day he recoils at the thought; he is still a man. His was the story of many art students studying in Paris. In his native New England town it was thought that he had extraordinary talents. A public-minded citizen had raised a fund of five hundred dollars and had sent him to Paris. He soon found that fame could not come in one, two, or even three years. Although working hard in the Academy, he sent home no pictures, and now that he was more than halfway through his third year, actual starvation was staring him in the face. The paltry two hundred dollars, the last and final donation of his benevolent friend, had long since been exhausted, and he was making thirty dollars, the price paid for an illustration by the New York ———, accomplish wonders. That afternoon Augustus Gordon White had dreamed away an hour before his first sketch for a picture which he longed to paint, but alas! now that latent talent developed by hard work and congenial surroundings is about to assert itself it is crushed by hunger and the need of the bare necessities of life.

With the dragging, spiritless footsteps of a discouraged soul the young painter crosses the great Court of the Louvre, and entering the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, continues his way up the hill past St. Philippe du Roule until he finds himself before the building in the very eaves of which is perched his small studio. And what is this?—a letter? A warm expectant glow fills his heart as he takes it from the greasy hand of the concierge, never noticing the doorkeeper's kindly wish that "it might bring monsieur good luck."

It is a long time since he has received a letter from America.

He climbs the dark winding staircase with its worn iron railings, never stopping till he reaches the top. His heels click along a tiled passageway; a turn to the right, another to the left, and he halts before a low door beside which dangles a dilapidated cord and tassel. Opening the door with trembling hands, White stumbles over a stove in his desire to light a candle quickly and discover the contents of his letter.

There is still a faint glow in the tiny cast-iron stove no larger than a stovepipe hat. Placing the lighted candle upon a chair, he crouches over the stove for a moment to warm his benumbed fingers and to glance at the postmark, which is that of New York. It is a square envelope ad-

dressed by a feminine hand, and his brain is beginning to whirl in a maze of possibilities as an odor of heliotrope greets his alert senses. With a quick movement he tears it open.

"Ass that I am!" he mutters, when he catches a glimpse of the contents. "I have opened another man's letter. When shall I learn to be more careful?"

Nevertheless he thrusts his forefinger and thumb within and opens the envelope to its widest limits.

"Ah!" he murmurs, as he devours that which lies within with hungry eyes.

Thirty—forty-five—sixty seconds pass; will he never cease looking? At last he quickly closes it with a half-smothered sigh of regret, and carefully smoothing the ragged rent so wantonly made, holds it to the light with a puzzled expression and again reads the address, then starts to his feet with an exclamation of astonishment.

It is surely his. In clear, angular characters "Augustus Gordon White" can be read without trouble. He paces the studio floor, and tries to collect his scattered wits. His rapid strides soon cease, however, and with quick movements he first blows the dust from a deal table, where he deposits the letter.

Out of a kind of bookcase which did service as cupboard and bureau as well he produced three tallow candles. Lighting them, he melted the ends, sticking them along the table's edge; then throwing himself into a steamer chair, he once more opened the envelope, this time with the air of a rightful possessor.

First he drew forth a photograph, which he laid upon the table for a moment, then something glittered between his finger tips; it might have been a ring of gold, but as his breath touches it the countless glossy strands part, revealing its true nature—a coil of lustrous golden hair, bound together with ever so dainty a bit of narrow blue ribbon.

"Strange!" he murmurs, as he looks within the empty envelope. "No letter! Who can have sent it? A practical joke, no doubt, but poorly timed, by Jove!" And he laughs ironically.

He tries to recall all the American girls whom he had met during his first winter in Paris, but none had ever looked like this, for if they had he could never have forgotten them.

It was an oval, youthful face, with lines so chaste and eyes so pure that White was instantly reminded of the Madonnas of the Lombardy school; but this idea was tantalizingly opposed by a sense of Watteau-like coquetry in each tiny cluster of gold which fell upon a cheek, the pure soft warmth of which was so easy to imagine, with this golden tress nestling within his palm; and then, faint as the shadow of a rose petal, about eyes and ravishing mouth he detected the suggestion of a coquettish smile.

"Ah," he murmured, "if she only would speak!"

He continues to muse over the beautiful eyes which look out at him from beneath delicately arched brows. So real does she become, that, as his fingers toy with the silken responsive tress which warms beneath his touch he has only to close his eyes for one instant to feel the warmth of the alabaster skin over which it falls.

"God only knows who she may be," he whispers, reverentially; "but I love her for coming to me now—to-night of all times. Oh, my God!—if she could have seen me by the river to-day!"

Like a ray of pure warm sunlight from his native land came this sweet face with its golden halo into the blackest midnight of his life, calling back all that had flown—ambition and courage, faith in men and women, and love for the country of his nativity.

White had become as genuine a Bohemian as one could hope to find; but let an Anglo-Saxon try as he may, he cannot, like his French friends, gamble with his passions and continue happy.

Nothing short of a transition into the Puritanic environment of his youth could at this time have purged his heart.

Therefore this face, so essentially American, seen through a distracted feverish vision, worked the change that this transition would have accomplished.

The three candles burned themselves down little by little, and the table top took fire before White awoke from his reverie; but he awoke a new man.

As weeks went on the mystery of the picture remained unsolved. He made a frame for it and fastened it above his bookcase—a constant inspiration and reminder of his new resolutions.

The lock of hair he guarded as a lover would have done, next his heart in an inside pocket.

Although he had constantly scouted the idea, he had ever been expecting a letter to follow those mysterious tokens. One day he was cooking his scanty meal over the little stove, when the greasy hand of the concierge was thrust within the door. It held a letter, the handwriting of which he instantly recognized, and his heart beat quick and hard as he grasped it. Yes, he detected the same perfume of heliotrope which had pervaded its predecessor. He tore it open with questioning eyes.

"My dear Gus," he read (they ha[d] called him Gus when a boy), "you h[ave] less forgotten me, but I remember you

His eyes quickly sought the foot of the third page; it was signed "Mary Brooks Ashley."

Now it suddenly flashed across his mind that, back in those old farm days, the black-eyed, buxom daughter of the neighboring Farmer Brooks had married a rich young New York broker. But why should she send him her portrait?

"*Her* portrait!" He laughed heartily at the idea. He could find no trace of resemblance to Mary Brooks in the face above the bookcase—but he continued to read:

"Through an accident I sent you a photograph of a young lady without the letter of explanation which should have accompanied it, and I now hasten to explain, having at this late hour discovered my error. A wealthy friend wishes to have an ideal portrait painted of his daughter. I mentioned that I knew an art student in Paris who would gladly undertake to put the commission in the hands of some French painter; hence I write asking a favor which I know you will not hesitate to perform for an old friend. A beautiful picture done after the methods of your school, which my friend admires, it matters not by whom, is all that is required. My friend will pay the artist's price. Ship it to me when finished, as it is a birthday gift to his wife."

This, then, was the end of his daydream. She had been an unconscious factor in his salvation, after all; yet, when he gazed up at her longingly for a moment, he once more felt the same beautiful influence swaying his nature. Ah, the bitter irony of fate! in his hand he holds an order for a portrait to be painted by some artist who may demand what he chooses and he will be paid, and he, longing for means to carry out his noblest ideals in a great canvas, must needs toil day by day over sensational illustrations to keep from starving.

He sadly took the sweet face from its little frame and the coil of hair from its place next his heart, and the picture was ultimately painted and shipped, according to Mrs. Ashley's directions.

It was doubtless owing to the fresh start which Gordon White had taken upon that memorable night that at this stage of his career his prospects brightened. A New York periodical engaged him at a liberal salary to send them weekly drawings of Paris life. This regular income enabled him to hire models and all that was needful for the completion of his "St. Cecilia," which was not only accepted at the Salon, accorded a place "on the line," but sold on Varnishing Day to a New York dealer.

The year following his picture brought him an honorable mention. The tonic of success accomplished wonders, and his progress as the creator of a new mode of artistic expression was phenomenal.

As years passed there came in due season a medal, and when at the Paris International Exposition honors were distributed to foreign artists he proudly bore away upon the lapel of his coat the much-coveted ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

PART II.

NEW YORK would not be itself without a social lion. Each season has its British lord, Polish musician, or Russian painter. The winter of 18— found the name of A. Gordon White upon the lips of every fashionable New Yorker.

A noble-minded citizen had just immortalized his name by presenting the Fine Arts Society with a gallery of such dimensions that the society no longer found it necessary to discard medaled Salon pictures because of their great size; hence Gordon had decided to come to New York with his later more important works, which had been painted upon the usual massive scale deemed necessary to attract attention in the great Salon.

He was surprised to find that his old farm friend Mrs. Ashley, being possessed of an unusual amount of the initiative, had become one of the aristocratic set. Although his artistic fame had paved the way to social success and he had the *entrée* of all *salons*, it gave him infinite pleasure to see the honest pride which she took in bringing him forward as her *protégé*.

One day as he was about to enter the Burwood Building, in which he had taken a studio, Mrs. Ashley's brougham dashed up to the door. He hastened to assist her from her carriage, but with a negative gesture she cried: "No! no! not today. I have only come to beg you to dine with me at Mr. Miller's to-night. He is deeply interested in you, for he owns your first Salon picture. You know; the 'St. Cecilia' which came to New York. Come by all means; he is your greatest admirer. Be at the house by seven o'clock and we will drive over together." Then, with a merry laugh and a wave of the hand in recognition of his "Yes, of course I will come, with pleasure," she drove off.

He had often wondered into whose hands his first work had fallen. So engrossed had he been in the pictures which followed that he had neglected to ask where it had been placed in America.

It seemed to Gordon that some subtle influence permeated the very air on that night, taking him back to the early years of his struggle for fame. As they rolled into the great courtyard on Madison Avenue the moonlight fell upon the Gothic

"SHE CROSSED THE ROOM AND STOOD BEF(

cathedral over the way in a manner which carried him back to Paris.

Although everything was sumptuous, the dinner was served without the ostentatious display of wealth which had so often oppressed him since his return.

The party consisted of four—Mr. Miller, his wife, Mrs. Ashley and the artist. As they seated themselves at table Mr. Miller expressed a regret that his only daughter could not be present, having made a previous engagement to dine out with friends, but that he would meet her later in the evening.

As Gordon conversed freely upon the themes nearest and dearest to his heart he felt that his host, although a man of self-made wealth, lacked to a refreshing degree that patronizing air of monetary superiority which characterized many capitalists of his acquaintance.

Yes, he felt contented and happy, and after dinner, when Mrs. Ashley accompanied their hostess upstairs and he sat chatting and smoking with his host in the low-toned library, he felt that he could remain in New York always could he have a few such friends.

Presently his host said:

"Now I am going to ask you to look at a work of art which I know will interest you. I have been anticipating this pleasure for a long time. One cannot always have the painter of a masterpiece at hand to tell the story of its creation."

He turned an electric switch near by, which lighted a cluster of concealed burners, sending a flood of light over a large canvas which had been partially hidden by an open door.

Gordon instantly recognized his "St. Cecilia." With the recognition there came a host of memories, which, as he looked long and earnestly, each line of the work intensified. He hardly knew what to say—where to begin. It had been so interwoven with those early desperate struggles that if he told anything he must tell all.

"The pleasure of the family is divided between your work and that of a French artist named Blanc, secured for me by a student friend of Mrs. Ashley's some years ago," said Mr. Miller. "Yes, now that I recall the occasion, it was the very year in which I purchased your 'St. Cecilia.'"

How impossible it seems, when we recall the earlier chapters of this tale, that the distraction of society, association with new faces and changes of scene should have for a time banished that early romance, so largely the creation of his imagination, from his mind!

Not until the full glow of the electric light illumined a "Madonna Enthroned" did it occur to Gordon that Mrs. Ashley did incidentally mention a Mr. Miller, in response to his repeated inquiries as to who had bought the masterpiece of M. Blanc. If his "St. Cecilia" had brought it all back, this smaller canvas did so tenfold, for it recalled that night and the photograph. He stood before it dumb, with an expression so sad that his host wondered also in silence; then, as Gordon looked up as one awakening from a dream, Mr. Miller said:

"Mrs. Ashley never mentioned who her student friend was, I have often wondered why."

"It was myself," ejaculated Gordon, with a half-suppressed smile indicative of the pleasure he was giving his friend.

"Well! well!" exclaimed his host. "We always said that there was a wonderful similarity of sentiment and technique in these two pictures, and this proves that we were right. I conclude that you must have studied under M. Blanc?"

"No," replied White; "he was constantly with me, though."

"Ah! that explains the matter. My daughter, who, I am glad to say, inherits my love for pictures, says that there is no comparison between the two. I fear that her eulogies of M. Blanc's masterpiece will make you jealous."

"Ah, no! that could never be," answered Gordon. "M. Blanc and I were too good friends for that. Poor fellow!" he continued. "People talk of the romance, the poetry in a painter's struggles for fame. How few of them realize the bitter despair and the moral degradation to which they often fall in the hours of their discouragement, while they strive not to starve."

He continues so earnestly, with such vivid word pictures, that his host sits spellbound.

"Auguste Blanc, as I knew him, was a man of fine sensibilities. His great failing, or virtue, I might better call it, was his utter inability to cope with the debasing influences which 'pot boiling,' if you will excuse the vulgar expression, exerted upon his nature. He loved his art so nobly and so well that the sacrificing of a principle for the sake of money meant moral degradation as well. He had made these sacrifices so often that at last he despised himself and the world which demanded it of him. He distrusted all humanity, and finally life was becoming a black, irksome dream which he longed to shake off, when the commission to execute your daughter's portrait was placed in his hands. It was as though the divine hand had been reached down to bear him upward into a new world. It brought courage, and, best of all, ambition. It furnished ideas. In other words, you, my dear sir, saved M. Blanc's life."

Gordon's closing sentences were uttered in such

tender accents that his host hastily brushed a tear from his eye as he said :

"That was a mere pittance. I would have done more—much more—by the poor fellow if I had only known."

"Poor Blanc," continued Gordon, "disappeared from Paris one day, and has never been seen there since. As he took passage for London on a Channel steamer and never turned up there, it is supposed that he jumped overboard when in one of his despondent moods."

As Gordon ceased speaking the rustling of a dress betrayed the presence of some one in the adjoining parlor. His host had also remarked this presence, for his face lighted up with pleasure.

"Di !" he cried, "is that you ? Why didn't you come in before, darling ? I heard the butler let you in ten minutes ago."

"Come in before !" said a musical voice. "How could I, and interrupt the tale of my dear M. Blanc, which I have waited all these long years to hear ?"

As she entered, Gordon mechanically rose to his feet, still under the spell of those early sad days. "St. Cecilia," the "Madonna," his vivid description of M. Blanc's struggles, had brought back that crisis in his own life, and now he beheld the living, breathing embodiment of the saving angel which came to him in that darkest hour of his life. He took the proffered hand, and as he felt its soft warmth within his own his heart throbbed wildly. He looked down into those transparent depths which he had so often longed to greet, until the long lashes fell and he suddenly realized that he was still holding her hand. As he released it and she raised her eloquent eyes to meet his gaze he read in them a kindly welcome which gladdened his heart.

"I know that we shall be good friends," said she, archly, "in spite of papa's predictions that my praises of M. Blanc's work would make you jealous. He says artists are frightfully jealous of one another."

"M. Blanc's interests and mine were identical. We were colaborers and the best of friends. How could such a thing be possible ?" said Gordon, feelingly.

Yet a pang of jealousy did creep into his heart as he noticed the absorbed expression with which she regarded the masterpiece of M. Blanc. She had forgotten him thus quickly. In her soulful gaze he detected adoration, devotion and affection.

His eyes followed her every movement as she crossed the room and stood before the huge chimneypiece. Her fur-trimmed opera cloak had fallen from one shoulder, revealing a delicately molded neck of pearllike whiteness. As the conversation again returned to M. Blanc and his "Madonna" his eyes eagerly devoured every movement of her lithe, well-rounded figure. She had matured since that time. He was astonished to hear her say that the photograph from which M. Blanc had worked was taken when she was but sixteen. He could hardly believe this to be true, yet he could see that the coquettish smile which had hampered M. Blanc somewhat in creating the "Madonna" was now replaced by one which glowed with the warmth of a maturer womanhood. As the evening rapidly passed away Gordon gracefully submitted to much good-natured raillery from his host on account of Miss Miller's preference for the work of M. Blanc. Indeed, she did not hesitate to tell him that it was vastly superior to his "St. Cecilia."

Far away in some distant portion of the house he had heard Mrs. Ashley's voice from time to time, and now as she entered, bonneted and cloaked, he realized that she had brought him to the house and with her he must go ; furthermore, that she was responsible for all this happiness. He was glad to wait while Mr. Miller berated her for not telling him that Gordon was the student friend who had ordered the idealized portrait of his daughter, for it gave him an opportunity to have a few words with Miss Miller alone in the hall.

That Gordon White frequented the Millers' house and was constantly seen riding and driving with Miss Miller goes without saying.

One Sunday afternoon he sat chatting in the library which overlooked the choir of the cathedral. They had just returned from vesper services at the cathedral, and, being still in the exalted devotional mood into which a great classic work, rendered by chorus, organ and orchestra, had thrown them, were discussing the elevating influences of music, art, and to a certain extent the symbols of the Church of Rome. As an argument in favor of this thought Miss Miller turned to M. Blanc's "Madonna," exclaiming : "Here we have an eloquent example of what I mean. As I have grown from girlhood to womanhood this picture has ever been a constant reminder of what I should be. To become what M. Blanc has represented me would be impossible, though ; he has given me the attributes of the Holy Mother. Ah ! is it not strange," she murmurs, with lowered voice, "that this foreign artist, probably dead, should exert this marvelous power o[illegible] half hesitating[illegible] guarded [illegible]

artist, and were he living and near me he could make my life what he chose—he could bring forth all that is most noble in my nature."

Poor Gordon! He fought a battle with himself at this juncture which he remembered all his life.

After a few moments their conversation drifted into other channels. He spoke of his life in France, how art seemed to pervade the very air of that country, and how he had thriven upon it.

"Yes," said he, "their whole mode of living, dressing and speaking is artistic. Just take, for example, the most commonplace English proper names, how musical and picturesque they become when written out in French!"

She was sitting before a dainty writing table within the embrasure of the window; he was talking across the table from a divan where he had thrown himself. She was idly fingering the numerous silver *bibelots* which littered the table.

"Yes," she exclaimed, catching at the rather amusing thought, "and see how much more interesting plain Mr. Baker looks as M. Boulanger!" And taking the penholder in her tapering fingers, she rapidly writes the two names and holds them up for his inspection.

"Did you ever put your name into French?" he asks, drawing nearer. "I should think it would look and sound pretty. Let's try it."

With an "Excuse me" he takes the pen from her hand and dashes off, with a big flourish at the end, "Diane Meunier."

"That does look more attractive than plain Diana Miller!" she laughingly ejaculated. "And now yours," said she, quickly taking the pen. "But surely Gordon has nothing French about it—wait a minute, though—you have an 'A' before it, haven't you? Yes, yes—Augustus, of course. I have heard Mrs. Ashley call you 'Gus' a dozen times. Now, what is the French for Augustus?"

"A-u-g-u-s-t-e," said White, spelling it out letter by letter.

The slender fingers rapidly trace "Auguste." The other name is so simple that she does not need to ask, and "Blanc" is dashed off as quick as thought; then she quickly utters a surprised "Oh!" as the pen drops from her hand and roils to the floor. She looks up at him with startled, questioning eyes; then, mounting from throat to cheek and from cheek to temple, surges the blush of recognition.

His eyes sought hers with a long, passionate appeal, and in their tender depths he beheld another recognition. She had met her love's ideal—the one who had created the masterpiece of M. Blanc.

GRASSE.

By Helen R. Rockwell.

"Go to Grasse!" said the minister, across the *table d'hôte*, in reply to my question.

Elizabeth looked up, horrified, at the remark; she had not heard my question, and the minister did not look at all like a man to address a lady with disrespect.

"Yes, by all means," repeated the minister, "go to Grasse, and you will be amply repaid for your journey."

Elizabeth had by this time recovered from her surprise, and smiled as she resumed her "aloyau à la Portugaise," whatever that may mean.

We were stopping for a few days in Nice, while deciding where to settle for the winter, and the *table d'hôte* was the place where we exchanged recommendations, discussed the merits and demerits of excursions, and praised (?) the hotel coffee.

The toothless count, next below the minister, had placed his monocle with some effort, and bore down upon us and our conversation much as though he heard with his eye, and finding it foreign to his interest, had released the glass with a contortion more amusing than elegant.

When the dessert was handed around a gentleman on my right was laughing at one of his own jokes, while the aggressive lady on the left was remarking with vigor that she "detested hot puddings." Further down and opposite sat a fair-haired lady in green, pronounced and vivid, by the side of her husband, whom we have never been able to place in the social scale. He is evidently either a lord or somebody's coachman. It needed but Tartarin of Tarascon to complete the ideal *table d'hôte*, from which we rose with a determination to visit Grasse, and to set about it the very next day.

We made Cannes, which was *en route*, our stopping place, and of which, as Motley would say, I may have something to tell later. Grasse is a town of terraces creeping up the sunny side of Mount Rocavignon, in the extreme south of France, within sight of the Mediterranean Sea and about one thousand feet above its level. The

VIEW OF GRASSE, FROM THE SOUTH.

crest of the mountain rises seven hundred feet higher and is a protection from the north wind, while the Marbrière, a little to the east, rises still a thousand feet higher. To reach the town from the railway station your choice lies between a long, circuitous and easy ascent, taken by all vehicles, or the steeper and more rapid one which leads through terraced plantations of jasmine and the sweet Provence rose (supplemented by occasional flights of stone steps), and past orchards of olive trees beneath whose shade are cultivated the fragrant violets used in the manufacture of perfumes.

While wending, or rather winding, our way up through fields of blossoming jasmine, whose perfume greeted us on every side, tempting us the while to break the Eighth Commandment, we turned often to look back upon the valley below, and across to the encircling hills, dotted with white houses amongst olive groves. Tall cypresses stood here and there, singly or in groups, along the distant plain, like outposts and guardsmen; and where the bamboo's slender stalks and delicate foliage grew along the roadside we sat us down upon a rustic seat, and ate our lunch of sandwiches and mandarins which we had brought, and tried to persuade ourselves that it was in reality not June, but December.

The landscape is at once improved and marred by the untidy eucalyptus tree, which seems, with its straggling shreds of bark, that swing from every part of its trunk and limbs, to be ever in process of disrobing, and never finishing its toilet, exhaling in the meantime a most unsavory odor, like a warning against nearer approach; while, on the other hand, it is one of the few large trees in this vicinity which give abundant shade, and in the very odor that we blame lies the assurance of its sanitary value as a preventive of malarious

A BLADE OF GRASSE.

A BIT OF THE MARKET PLACE, GRASSE.

infection (provided you remain indoors after sundown).

From this rustic road we now enter the picturesque old town, and literally thread (*filer*) the tortuous streets, that seem to have *followed* the building of the houses, whose faces are turned to every point of the compass, as like as not turning three-quarters of the circle before arriving at the next *corner*; streets so narrow that the roofs of houses have but very little sky between. Then again these labyrinths come to an abrupt ascent by means of stone stairways, filling the entire space between the houses, whose roofs rise correspondingly; and now we pass an ancient house covered with patches of moss that flourish well in the shade, where the street takes a sudden turning, and the donkey cart which occupies the main part of it, and answers the purpose of a vegetable stall, compels us to crowd in single file so close to the open door as to make a most intimate, though unpremeditated, acquaintance with the inhabitants, not only by means of close contact and ocular observation, but by what the humorous Du Maurier is pleased to call "an old French smell," and which he sincerely regrets his utter inability to whistle. A grim joke, but fully appreciated in the heart of Grasse.

The principal, in fact, only important, industries of Grasse are the manufacture of perfumes and preserving of fruits. At the very foot of the Rue des Cordeliers (Friars Street) stands the famous confectionery of Nègre. Here we had a delicious cup of chocolate, and were then shown through the huge building. Fruits of all sorts and in all stages of preparation, and results most deliciously tempting, especially that of crystallization, in which state it can be kept almost indefinitely. Not only fruits, but flowers, are thus preserved, and rose leaves and violets, as well as the blossom of the orange, here lie beside each other in red, white and blue—"liberty, equality, fraternity."

While these are no novelties in New York, I doubt if Huyler ever furnished to his favorite cat such a sumptuous couch as I saw in the drying room at Nègre's.

Here were great pans of leaves drying before being taken to the salesroom, and in one, half full of crystallized violet leaves, lay a great cat fast asleep. The attendant, who seemed greatly confused, assured me that these were broken and discarded leaves, which, however, did not leave me much in doubt of the ultimate fate of the sweets—there were too many of them.

Farther up the same street, at No. 22, where once the monastery bell called to devotion, the bell in the same building calls to duty the hundreds of employés of the perfumer Brunocourt. The manufacture of essential oils and the distilling of perfumes have here reached such colossal figures that, had I not received them directly from the head of the department, I should hardly have dared to repeat what I have been told for the truth.

Imagine handling over 100,000 kilogrammes of rose leaves in one month—a kilogramme being about two and a half pounds avoirdupois—and in like proportion the petals of the orange flower, jasmine, tuberose, jonquil and violet, all of which are picked by hand into baskets, divided and sorted at the manufactory before being taken to the distillery, to undergo the process of maceration, by which the perfume is first absorbed by grease and afterward transferred to alcohol. The attar of rose is the most precious and expensive,

requiring forty-eight pounds of rose leaves to make one gramme of oil. The oil of neroli, made from the orange flower, is the next.

Through the courtesy of the manager we were shown through the entire establishment, which was once a huge monastery, and of which the chapel, now divided into two stories, is used for the sorting of flowers as they are brought in by the basketful and heaped upon the floor until it is impossible to walk without crushing a thousand roses.

Here came the Queen of England a year ago, and when ushered into this apartment she drew back, refusing to tread on the fragrant leaves until assured it was the only way to proceed with further investigations, and even then she shrank from the ordeal.

All honor to the noble Queen! Would that her Ministers were as loath to place or keep their foot upon the fair flowers of Ireland or India!

Of course a manufacturer on so grand a scale as that of Brunocourt furnishes the raw material and essences to manufacturers of perfumery and pomades all over the world, and therefore his name is better known to the wholesale than to the retail trade. But the great vaulted cellars where flakes of beef fat and pork are heaped upon the cement floor of one apartment; in the next great caldrons holding nearly half a barrel, where this is melted and mixed in such proportions as to counteract the fluidity of the one by the extreme firmness of the other, being constantly stirred the while by neat white-capped women and girls—these and the various apparatus for distilling and pressing, the newest and most approved, were a sight to make one wonder and admire.

Now the leaves of flowers are mixed with the warm grease and left until it has absorbed all the perfume, after which they are passed through a powerful hydraulic press; and this process is called maceration.

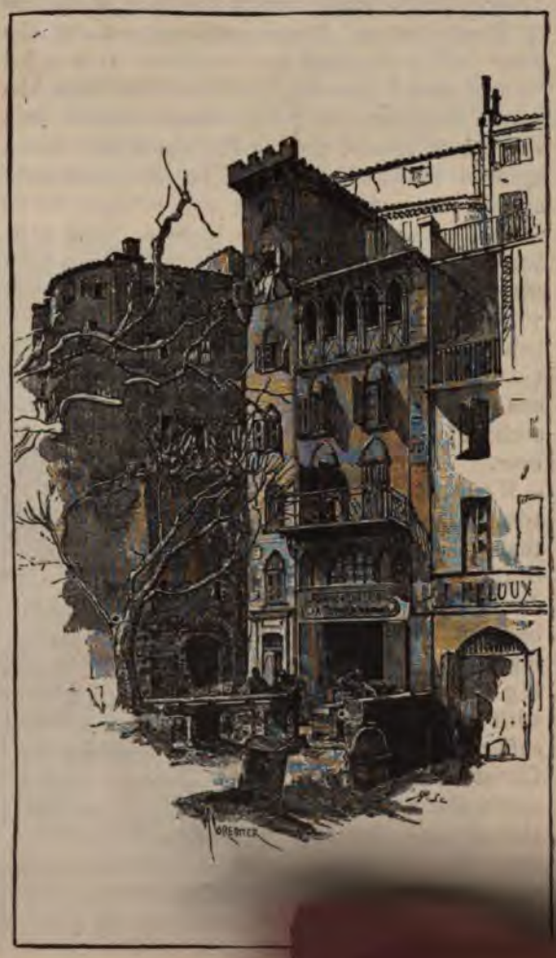
The product is now in the shape of pomade, and before it is ready for the perfumer has to undergo still *another* process, viz., the transferring of the perfume from the grease to alcohol, which is accomplished in an enormous vessel constructed for the purpose.

There is a particular method, called "enfleurage," which is used for flowers whose perfume is extremely delicate or volatile, in which the perfume is extracted by a cold process and by placing the petals between plates of glass which are previously coated with grease; and in some cases (the most delicate) they are even placed between layers of lime dipped in olive oil, and afterward the perfume expressed by a *mild pressure,* for which use the house of Brunocourt has preserved its old hand presses, formerly used in all cases, before the steam press had become known.

The last process is that of distillation, too well known to need description, and used chiefly for cassia, sandalwood and the patchouli leaf.

When one sees the labor and expense, as well the watchful care and delicate handling, required to bring to perfection the materials thus produced, and which are yet to be treated with scientific care and precision in the mixing and preparing by the perfumer before they find their way to the hands of the merchant, one wonders no longer at the price of a fine extract or an exquisite pomade or soap.

Leaving the Rue des Cordeliers, we pass a curious old house in the Place de la Roque. It has a square tower at one side, and over the second story a loggia or portico. The tower has a small excrescence near the top, with a window for which there seems no use and which is falling to



THE MAISON

THE CHURCH.

decay. It is a very ancient building, a mixture of Byzantine and Roman architecture, and the lower part is now used as a foundry. It is called "La Maison Tournaire," and doubtless has a history. Reaching the public square—which is a very small square, and, as Pat would say, is not square at all—we arrive at the hospital, within the chapel of which we sit long and lovingly before two remarkable paintings by Rubens. Some wiseacres have dared to doubt their authenticity, but who save Rubens could have touched the canvas with such a master hand? Surely none but a most dangerous rival, and of such we have yet to hear.

No; it was the spirit of the *master* that shone out from the blended browns, deepening here into background, smiling there in sunlight, reddening with shame at the sufferings of the Christ as from beneath the crown of thorns the drops dyed the seat upon which the soldiers had placed Him, reflected in lower tones on distant drapery; always, however, with the wonderful undertone not only of the Dutch school, but of the Dutch school *master*.

The wonderful drapery and figures in the "Elevation of the Cross" recalled the same effects in the masterpiece in Antwerp cathedral so strongly, that I would as soon think of denying to Michael Angelo the "Last Judgment" as to credit any hand but Rubens's with those two pictures.

It is needless to say that we paid a franc into the hand of a white-capped Sister of Charity to see those two masterpieces. Let us hope the poor-box is the richer for the cheapest treat we ever had.

On an elevation near the centre of the town stands the parish church, dignified with the name of cathedral. A little (*square*) semicircle, with stone palisade, incloses the front, and a figure of St. John adorns a niche over the entrance. It dates back to the twelfth century, and is remarkable for nothing in the way of architecture, which is a mixture of Roman authority and Saracen influence. It contains a fine old carved wooden

BUTCHER SHOPS IN GRASSE.

GATHERING ROSES FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF PERFUME.

pulpit, which I greatly admired; but directly opposite to it on the wall was a life-sized crucifix ghastly and repulsive, and a Virgin bedizened with jewelry, gold chains and hearts, and a rosary, all of which was bizarre and pitiful; but the simple hearts who worship here and are awed into devotion by the sight of these things can sit in the street contentedly and knit their own stockings

SORTING ROSE PETALS AT THE [illegible] WORKS.

or spin the wool for the family gowns, for a Southern French peasant would never think of buying a stocking, and is mostly clothed in fabrics spun and woven by thrifty dames.

Hand looms are part of their household belongings, and some I have seen who thought it a good day's work of *twelve* long hours when they could finish two yards of woolen fabric for which they were paid eighty cents—for wool and all.

Not a moment's time is lost. Even old grandma, whose sight may be somewhat defective, will sit in sunny nooks out of doors in December with distaff in hand.

Behind the cathedral is an ancient Roman tower with its carillon of bells, and formerly belonging to a monastery adjoining. The whole building is now *raised* to the dignity of a "City Hall" and municipal offices where justice is meted out and the law enforced, instead of giving shelter from pursuing fate to criminals, or refuge from temptation to the disappointed worldling.

From the parapet protecting these buildings at the back where the hill descends abruptly we had a delightful panorama of the town below, the plantations and the orchards stretching away on every side, and even climbing the distant hills.

Descending from the cathedral through a narrow street, where the bread hangs suspended from nails against the outside of the baker's shop, we reach the square, and at the side overlooking the valley we get another lovely view—this time of the heights on the east, now rosy with the setting sun, which floods the whole landscape with a warm glow over the vast plain, the distant barracks like a row of Noah's Arks without the animals, bits of the old town wall built by the Romans in defense of the swarming Saracens, and the dark headlands jutting seaward, where tales of darkness, in the days of pirates, were written in blood, round to the west where the December sun is sinking in a blaze of glory.

Thus admonished by the flight of time, which, like the P. & M. Railway train, waits for no man (or woman either, for that matter), we hurry by the shortest route, the steepest steps and narrowest windings to the railway station, regardless of the curious native who may imagine us flying from justice in our haste.

We are soon steaming away toward the sea at *fin-de-siècle* speed, and from our window in the third-class "*aux dames seules*" we can see the soft twilight which nature is spreading like a luminous covering over the hills ere she puts out the lamp and places the night tapers where they will guard, but not disturb, the world's repose.

SPRINGTIME IN GRASSE.

THOUGH it might be a truism to say that life has many pleasures, it is certainly a truth to affirm that one of the pleasantest among them is that of exchanging the fogs and gloom of northern winter and early spring for the lilied fields, the limpid waters and the skies of stainless blue which are to be found in many parts of the Riviera during those inclement seasons. Indeed there are so many lovely spots in that favored region to choose from, that the difficulty is to know which to select for a winter resort. But on the whole the preference might be given to Grasse; for in addition to its commanding position and balmy atmosphere this little inland town is so charged with historic memories and so replete with traditions of a remote past, that it has a peculiar charm of its own, which is felt by everybody. That, however, is quite intelligible. For after all the visible is only a fragment of the real, and in the activities of the human mind it always appears that suggestion affords a higher kind of enjoyment than observation. That is to say, there is more true pleasure to be derived from what awakens vivid conceptions and stimulates thought than from any scene, however fair, round which no halo of association lingers.

Thus, Grasse seems to meet every requirement: for it is beautiful as well as interesting; the town, which faces due south, is as sheltered as the fabled Avalon; and it is blessed with a climate so gracious and benignant that the mere fact of breathing the pure, clear air there is a pleasure in itself. In olden times Grasse was called "The small village near Cannes," from which it is distant about thirteen miles. But the journey from one place to the other seems much too short to the traveler; for the road lies through such a charming part of the country that he would fain linger to enjoy the fair pictures which are unfolded to his view at every turn, and which are as varied in character as they are beautiful in detail.

On reaching the station at Grasse there is a steep climb thence into the town, which is romantically situated on the Rocavignon Mountain at an elevation of 1,000 feet above sea level. Of

course it is quite true that distance lends a certain enchantment to it, which a nearer approach in some measure dispels—as the streets are narrow and tortuous and sometimes so very steep that they are scaled by stone steps. But at the same time the repose and the poetic shadows of the centuries hang over its dreamy public square and torpid thoroughfares; and the arched buttresses of the houses, thrown across from one to the other, are not only most picturesque, but give many effective bits of street architecture which would delight an artistic eye. Besides, though Grasse is, broadly speaking, a typical Provençal town, it presents one wholly new feature—namely, the possibility of portraying humor in brick and stone. For many of the buildings it contains afford studies of this nature, and in some instances look far more like as if the builders thereof had been embodying a joke than addressing themselves to any serious architectural effort when erecting them. For example, there is *Les trois Eglises*—three churches built one above another (in tiers) each with its separate entrance but with only one steeple surmounting all three; then there is a house in the Rue de la Déliverance with no less than seven doors—though, owing to the limited dimensions of the building, these numerous entrances are as useless as they are unornamental; there is also a tenement close to the parish church, which has two floors above and six beneath the ground floor; and among other architectural vagaries may be mentioned the ancient Church of St. Sauveur, with its circular form and flat buttresses; and the Hotel de Ville, with its peculiar central tower of eleventh-century masonry, which was once a bishop's palace.

But notwithstanding the humorous vein which runs through their works, it is evident that the old Grassois architects had an instinctive sense of the graceful and spirited in design, which imparted a certain charm to their buildings, and a dash of artistic effect, whereby they always appear to be in accord with their surroundings instead of at variance with them, as would have been the case had they been commonplace, and therefore incongruous. Thus, though the houses at Grasse are literally piled up against the hill in masses, and in many instances have to accommodate themselves to its configuration, they look, so to say, complementary to the scene and seem to harmonize with it perfectly. In like manner, too, although the streets might be called slits, it is evident that their extreme narrowness arose from the exigencies of the case also. For the recondite problem presenting itself for solution to the builders was, how to afford the greatest amount of accommodation in the smallest possible space and with the least expenditure of material—and they solved it.

HOUSE BUILT AGAINST THE ROCK, GRASSE.

Some writers affirm that Grasse owes its elevated situation to the depredations of the Moors on the seacoast which drove the inhabitants (certain Celto-Ligurian tribes) to seek a commanding position inland. But in any case it is a matter of history that this superannuated-looking little town, with its cramped, spasmodic streets and languid shops, was once, about seven hundred years ago, a tiny republic, and had the honor of being in alliance with the proud Genoa; though subsequently, in the mutations of time, it and many other republics lost what might be called their individuality and became merged in large, complex monarchies. Another change which has been wrought is the modern substitution of the departmental name, Var, for the whole district, which had formerly been divided into parts and places well known in song and story. And this recasting of the map is certainly attended with a sense of loss—for Languedoc and Provence were the true home of th[illegible] that Provençal t[illegible] mantic an[illegible]

There are several interesting old structures at Grasse which deserve a word of mention. Chief among these is the ancient Gothic cathedral, built on the site of what was once a Roman temple, and dating from the twelfth century. It has a pointed doorway and two crypts of modern date cut in the rock beneath it; and, though the style throughout is decidedly austere and unrelieved by any light ornamentation, it interests by reason of its sombre simplicity and the air of earnestness and thoroughness by which it is characterized. Besides, old buildings of this kind always seem to have so much to say to one! There is neither speech nor language, it is true—and yet their voices are heard. And to those who listen—while everything has a meaning, from the soaring roof to the lowliest tomb, and each separate detail conveys a message—the whole structure seems to reveal the history and character of the people, while it is the outward and visible sign of their inward faith and aspirations also.

Close to the Hotel de Ville there is a wonderful square tower (of the same date as the cathedral) which attracts attention because it was once the residence of that extraordinary personage Jeanne, Queen of Naples, said to be the most dangerous and fascinating woman of the fourteenth century. It will be remembered that she was one of the ladies of Boccaccio's "Decameron," ultimately smothered in her bed at the Castle of Muro, and her history, which reads just like a romance, presents many points of resemblance to that of Mary of Scotland.

The Hotel Malvilan is also a fascinating old place, and so is the Hotel Mirabeau, where the great orator of the Revolution passed his youthful days, and where he and his sister Louisa scandalized the virtuous Grassois by their irregularities. Indeed, the decorum of the inhabitants was so thoroughly outraged that when he subsequently solicited their votes, as he was about to enter on his political life, they indignantly refused to give the famous orator any countenance or support whatever.

It is satisfactory to be able to add that the Grassois of the present day still retain much of their primitive simplicity and good qualities, and are a most pleasant people to sojourn among. They have gentle and engaging manners, are always ready to oblige, and they exercise a graceful courtesy toward strangers which is very agreeable, and which one cannot help fancying must be partly superinduced by their gracious surroundings. For there can be no doubt that climate and scenery have much to do in the formation of human character—and people without knowing it absorb to a great extent the physical attributes of the place they live in.

ON MARKET DAY.

THE SILVER SHAFTS.*

By FRANCES SWANN WILLIAMS.

Author of "Mr. Gadsbury's Brother," "The Jocelyn Sin," "Old Forty's Master," "The Muscoe Plate," "Mistress Marion," etc.

Chapter IX.—Behind the Bars.

WHEN Lawrence found himself within the bare little room assigned him as the best accommodation the county prison might afford so distinguished an inmate he in some measure realized his position. The bolts, rusty and loose, were forced out of their long rest. The key turned by sheer strength in the clumsy old lock. Nevertheless, bolts and lock secured the door, and iron bars crossed the small high window. True, his brazen muscles might have wrenched bolts and bars away. His powerful arm might have hurled back the crazy door of the Virginia jail and swept the old custodian out of his path; but in spite of all this he was a prisoner charged with murder. Lawrence Lawrence, once of Grayfriars, the heir of a patrician name, of grand beauty and courtly manners, perforce found himself quartered in the county prison. He threw off his light overcoat and stood in the middle of the tidy apartment, furnished with the hardest, roughest accommodations. The position appeared less dangerous than novel. Lawrence laughed at the shadowy charge, which but for Flora afforded him no anxiety. His blood boiled at the recollection of Oscar Harvey and his presumptuous insults to Flora. He chafed angrily at this restraint, when Oscar walked at large still unpunished.

"If they will only hasten their foolish blunder through, and let me give Oscar satisfaction—if they will only do impatience, as he threw himself at full length on the unyielding couch for much-needed sleep.

Work and excitement at the Silver Shafts had wearied him. Fire, courage and dominant will revealed itself in every lineament of his handsome countenance. He was an enemy fair and honorable, but an enemy to be feared. He expected Oscar to wipe out the insult laid upon him—to efface it with blood. There was no atonement for such degradation save, as Oscar said—"only your life." There could be no more peace between them now. He had broken the hollow truce deliberately. He had insulted Oscar, and meant with barbaric resolve to have no semblance of friendliness with this man, already with ugly reputation in the past. Lawrence longed for liberty. Two great motives stood out in the future—he must protect Flora and punish Oscar. Both seemed easy of accomplishment. He desired his liberty, and asked nothing more of any of them. The few weeks lapsing before this criminal case came up tried him sorely.

"You'll be like to go free soon now, Mr. Lawrence," remarked the old jailer. "It's not so many weeks I've had you with us, sir, and I hope you've been comfortable like. We don't often have such grand gentlemen here, sir, and the place ain't made for 'em."

Lawrence laughed carelessly.

"No, I suppose not, Brent; and I suppose that when court is in session I will leave you. There is no possibility of substantiating such an absurd charge against me. I am perfectly aware that it is the instigation of Oscar Harvey; and I say, let

him beware," added Lawrence, a cold gleam in his eyes.

"Yes, yes, sir. The colonel's old steward ain't noways friendly; but Mr. Lawrence"—the jailer lowered his voice into a whisper—"take powerful keer of that man. He's a mighty sneak, sir—good as folks think him—as don't come out and shoot a man honest and fair. Take keer and keep a sharp eye 'long of him, sir. He's a turrible coward, and jes' as turrible afeard of folks findin' it out."

"He will come out now, Brent. He cannot shirk an encounter with me," was the resolute response. "He shall not."

Brent glanced up at the magnificent man leaning against the casement, gazing absently down into the yard below.

"No, sir; he'll have to come to time now, when the Lawrences fall afoul of him—that is, if—if he don't sarcumvent you at last, sir, in some underhand, low-life kind of way. But sure as I am sitting here, Mr. Lawrence, Oscar Harvey won't never risk meeting you. He'll manage to to get out of it. Someway 'tain't healthy, sir, and nobody knows it better than them Harveys."

"The world is not wide enough, Brent," Lawrence said, in his quiet way. "Oscar cannot avoid meeting me."

"I mind, sir, when your uncle, Bernard Lawrence, pinked his man as said sommut amiss to his sweetheart. Lord, sir, young Mr. Bernard went out afore breakfast as careless as if he was a-huntin' partridges and shot him through the heart, and came back to his coffee without a word—he didn't mind it."

"Why should he?" was the stern question.

"Mayhap not, sir; but take keer of Oscar Harvey. I'm a deal older than you, Mr. Lawrence, and I've lived here all my life, and I say, sir, it's noways sure he won't deal you a stroke in the back onexpected like. But, Lord, sir, I forgot to tell you there's a gentleman here as has fetched a letter from Lawyer Bland, and he asks to see you—I'm that forgitful; but he says his name is Costyn."

"Show him in.—I suppose it is some business of Flora's, poor darling!" added Lawrence, under his breath.

The visitor gazed at the splendid-looking prisoner in undisguised admiration when Brent threw the rickety door open with quite unprofessional politeness.

"These are my credentials, Mr. Lawrence," he said, handing him a letter; "although I do not think my legal reputation is quite unknown to you."

"By no means unknown, Mr. Costyn," Lawrence gave assurance, heartily, in his rich, deep voice. "I fully appreciate your kindness and that of Mr. Bland. I have not so many friends that I can afford to toss them overboard. I see by this letter that Mr. Bland and yourself are good enough to interest yourselves in my defense—to undertake it. Possibly I may need legal counsel and aid. I certainly thank you and Mr. Bland, but I cannot avail myself of your kindness."

Lawrence stopped, and sat down at the deal table opposite the visitor. He laid the letter upon it reflectively.

"Mr. Lawrence, I don't understand you. There may be able counsel available, but at least you need not reject a kindness so curtly," remonstrated the lawyer, buttoning his coat and taking up his hat.

Lawrence held up his hand to arrest the movement. A straggling ray of sunshine gleamed upon a small solitaire ring—the sole heirloom in his possession.

"You mistake my meaning, Mr. Costyn," he went on, in his pleasant, unhurried tones. "I reject your counsel when I have no other. The intricacies of the law may entangle me in its meshes. God pity me if it does, for I shall go mad if I am detained here much longer! But do you not see that I have no right to avail myself of professional counsel? Do you not perceive that I have no means to defray the expenses of such aid——"

One moment," hastily interrupted the lawyer. "Let me inform you that a friend has already taken care of that."

"What friend, pray, Mr. Costyn? Have no concealments. What friend has proffered this timely aid?" demanded the prisoner, with a searching glance into the countenance confronting him.

"I am not at liberty to say; but I am at liberty to admit that in a few days you will be fully informed of everything," replied the lawyer.

"A few days?" reiterated Lawrence, impatiently. "Do you suppose I will be here much longer? A few days are an eternity."

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Lawrence, that the case has assumed a gravity quite unknown to yourself. Every effort is being made to have you convicted of this crime—the evidence is strong."

Lawrence started from his seat wrathfully, and paced the narrow apartment in the restless tramp of a caged lion longing to break his iron bars.

"I tell you they cannot maintain this charge against me. It is folly—it is absurd."

"I tell you they can and will," returned the lawyer, decisively. "Unless some one is forthcoming to prove that Colonel Chandos was seen

after his interview with you on the breakwater you will be held for murder. No one is forthcoming—no trace or track of him can be discovered since that moment. Dozens of people saw him go up the breakwater with you. Not one solitary creature can be found who saw him leave the breakwater, or ever saw him afterward. The evidence must be circumstantial; but circumstantial evidence is the most subtle and dangerous. If you want liberty, Mr. Lawrence, I fear you must submit to the wishes of your friends and allow us to manage your case. It is a beautiful case, full of possibilities. They may even send you to the gallows, or you may come off at once not guilty. I never knew of a more beautiful opportunity for play of legal skill."

Lawrence smiled disdainfully.

"Mr. Costyn, there are only a very few people whom I so far honor as to place myself under an obligation. I do not know that the person whose name you suppress is one of them. I confess that I must have liberty—that I would give my right arm at this moment to purchase a few days of freedom. I confess, too, that life is of threefold value to me now. For the sake of a fair little woman who is to be my wife the moment I am free I must not be hampered in this way."

"Then, if you do not object to the friend who has retained us as counsel, you consent to intrust us, 'Bland & Costyn,' with your defense?" questioned the lawyer, eagerly.

"Upon those terms I consent, provided I am speedily informed of the identity of this friend."

The lawyer rubbed his hands and smiled delightedly.

"You will know possibly to-day; and trust me, Mr. Lawrence, you will not object in the least. And now, sir, I will telegraph Mr. Bland, and see you again in an hour."

The lawyer rose, buttoned his coat slowly and drew on his gloves. His keen gaze returned in irresistible attraction to the prisoner. The confinement already told on Lawrence, by reason of the restless chafing against restraint. Nevertheless, as he stood there with his splendid physique defined against the sunlight, the lawyer thought he had never beheld a man of more imposing presence.

"He's a grand gentleman, sir," commented old Brent when Mr. Costyn reappeared in the warden's room. "His father was princelike before him. They was mons'ous rich once, sir. If they hadn't been Mr. Lawrence wouldn't be in prison now."

"Why?" briefly demanded the lawyer.

"Well, sir, we poor folks will talk, you know, and as long as Mr. Lawrence is abroad there's ways some one to boost them Harveys out of their plunder; and then, you know, sir, Mr. Lawrence is a Bengal tiger when his blood biles. Look for Oscar Harvey if you want to look for the bottom of any trouble to Colonel Lawrence's son."

The lawyer assented silently. The same idea apparently found a footing in his own mind. Oscar Harvey had received an insult from Lawrence, yet none of those who knew him best attributed his venom to that insult. Popular opinion agreed in assigning other motives for a bitterness impossible to disguise. The lawyer listened with professional wariness to every chance word. He wrote a telegram, then sat down in the warden's room in evident expectation of some party not yet arrived. Half an hour had worn away. The lawyer consulted his watch.

"Half-past two," he muttered, "and not here yet!"

Five more minutes lapsed before a clumsy vehicle lumbered up to the door and Barney descended therefrom.

"Heah we is, all safe, Miss Flora," said that individual, cheerfully; "en heah's de gemman you's expectin'. Ole Man Smith's carryall ain't nuffin like any fix Marse George ebber driv."

Flora, in her walking dress of rich brown velvet, her dainty gloves and Paris hat, presented an odd contrast to the broken-down, rickety vehicle. She was not thinking of that, although the beautiful face flushed hotly, the splendid eyes filled with scalding tears.

Barney carefully lifted a small box from the vehicle.

"Doan' you forget this 'ere, missie."

"Oh, Barney, I might have forgotten it if you did not think for me!" Flora said, in a grateful voice, as she clasped the box with an eagerness attesting its value. "Ah, Mr. Costyn, have you seen him? Will they let me see him?"

The lawyer came down the narrow walk between the flower beds, fringed with dead stalks, to meet and accompany her across the small yard. She looked pathetically fair and lovely and tearful.

"I don't wonder that he is mad for liberty," he reflected, "if this is his intended wife. That face would madden an older and cooler head. —They will let you see him, of course, Miss Chandos. These Virginia prisons are only known as such by being formally christened 'the jail.' The truth is, my dear young lady, the good warden thinks it not worth while to take many precautions. He trusts much to the honor of an aristocrat, but nothing to a plebeian. Yes, you will [illegible] on him. Take this [illegible]y Mr. Bland

could not visit you personally; but believe me, we were both friends of your father."

The moist eyes glowed and brightened. The kindly reassuring voice thrilled her with something of the old-time tenderness. It seemed ages since anyone had spoken kind words to her, and she had once known nothing else. Her heart ached more sorely over the love in the past than the gibes and scorn of the present.

"Mr. Costyn, can we save him? I have brought the jewels—all I have. They are very valuable. Papa gave me everything I wished. Dear papa! he never conjectured what use I would make of them. See, are they not beautiful?"

Flora opened the casket. The splendid diamonds gleamed and scintillated in the light. They were gifts from her father in the days of his wealth and glory. She lifted the *ceinture* and pins out of their velvet bed.

"Papa always said they were very fine, and papa knew. I am utterly ignorant of the value of my jewels, or of anything, indeed. I know nothing of money—papa always thought of that," she added, with a sorrowful sigh. "But I hope they will defray the expenses of—of—this awful trouble to Lawrence. Do you think it will save him? Mr. Costyn, do you think there is any danger of—of so false a charge?"

The pretty lips quivered, and the wistful eyes waited in pained dread for the lawyer's opinion.

"Miss Chandos, unless some one can prove that your father has been seen since that midnight interview with Mr. Lawrence, his case, under the manipulation of a determined enemy, may be a difficult one."

Her gaze wavered and fell.

"If that could be proved the charge against my client is null; but I fear it brings a terrible alternative to your father."

"Yes, yes! Oh, my poor papa, he is not dead, Mr. Costyn!" she gasped.

"That is what we must prove, if there is anybody living who can prove it."

"Mr. Costyn, you will take these gems to Mr. Bland. They are all I possess—they are mine—but he will have them disposed of for Lawrence. I have retained nothing. God help him if this is not enough!"

She closed the casket with a trembling hand and pushed it toward him.

"My dear young lady, such devotion must be rewarded in the future. You have given your treasure to save the man who has won your affection; believe me, it will return to you hereafter in happiness."

"God grant it! And now obtain permission for me to see him, will you not?"

The warden smilingly assented to the request, and Flora followed him along the dingy passage. Her heart throbbed painfully. Her hands shook in uncontrollable agitation.

"Poor little thing, how frightened and how lovely she is!" the lawyer said to himself as he watched the graceful figure and half sighed.

The warden took out a rusty key and fitted it into the lock.

"It's naught, miss; don't be scared of it," the man added, encouragingly, as Flora leaned heavily against the wall.

She shivered when the key grated and creaked and the door unclosed on its single hinge. The warden stood back and allowed her to pass. Lawrence made a step forward; his face brightened. He stretched out his arms involuntarily.

"Lawrence! Lawrence!" gasped Flora, as he folded the little form to his breast.

"My darling, I have expected you. My own love, how pale and troubled you look!" Lawrence held her at arm's length, that he might have a better view of the sweet face. "Have they dared to annoy or distress you? Has Oscar——"

The white fingers were laid caressingly on his mustached lip. He paused to take them in his and kiss them with the tenderness so resistless in this strong-willed, half-barbaric nature.

"No, no, Lawrence—not Oscar. I have never seen him since that night. It is for you and papa. I do not care or mind what happens me if only you are safe. Lawrence, they tell me you are in danger if—if it cannot be proved that papa was seen after he left the breakwater!"

Flora spoke in rapid, excited tones, clinging to Lawrence convulsively. He stroked the soft golden hair in grave silence for a moment.

"The fools have no right to prate of these things to you, my pet. I say it is positively brutal to fill your mind with terror at such a time as this."

"But, Lawrence," she persisted, "it is quite true, is it not? You will not exaggerate or deceive me? *You* do not dislike me, Lawrence? You will tell me the truth about it?"

"Dislike you!" echoed Lawrence. "It is impossible for anyone to dislike you, my pet."

She shook her head in mournful skepticism.

"I am not so nice as in the old times, Lawrence. Perhaps I have changed; nobody likes me, now that papa is gone, except you."

The plaintive, pathetic humility touched and angered him at the same time.

"Flora, do you tell me the truth? Have you endured any further insult since that night? Has Mrs. Melvern ventured to any greater unkindness?—has anyone?"

She raised the dusky eyes and met his resolute gaze unflinchingly.

"Nothing more than usual, dear. You know that neither Mrs. Melvern nor Marion ever liked me; but she lets me stay there until you can come to me—at least, she has let me stay."

to-day; but I would come. Barney helped me to come. They are my only friends now, Lawrence —the servants."

A dark, angry flush shot into the handsome countenance looking down upon her.

"God! what would I give for liberty just

"FLORA CHANDOS EMERGED FROM THE WARDEN'S ROOM."

The correction was made in a reluctant way, as if the girl had much doubt of staying with Mrs. Melvern in the future.

"She believes you have had something to do with papa's disappearance, Lawrence. She professes to believe it, and refused to let me come here

now?" he said, between his set teeth. "I must have it, for your sake, my love. Can you bear this a week longer? If I must stand the annoyance and harassment of a trial I presume that this heinous offense will not exclude the possibility of justice."

"Lawrence, answer me. Did no one see papa leave you?—none of the men?—no one? Think, Lawrence—only try to think!"

She tightened her grasp on his arm to a frenzied, agonized clutch. If some one else could be found in some measure to share her awful knowledge—the knowledge she had promised never to reveal!

"Flora, if anyone is in possession of such evidence it would be fiendish to suppress it. I may have enemies, but I do not think so hardly of my fellow beings as to suppose that any of them would basely conceal what would at this time perhaps save my life. My darling, what is the matter? Are you ill? All these disasters are too much for you."

She had whitened to a deadly hue. A sickening faintness crept over her as she closed her eyes and pressed her cold white face to his breast.

"Poor darling, you must not talk of such subjects. In a few days I may be all right. I must be. It is utterly impossible to maintain such a charge against me. But I confess it, Flora, I am perplexed myself at the complete and absolute disappearance of your father. I am confounded by the fact that no one did see him after he left the breakwater; for, of course, if anyone had, I would not be here now."

Lawrence spoke reassuringly. He could feel her throbbing gasps against his breast. He was conscious that she leaned heavily upon him, while now and then a shiver, aguelike and uncontrollable, ran through her. It stirred his compassionate love for Flora and bitter resentment toward those who had wrought them this woe.

"Lawrence," she murmured, feebly, "what if to say that papa had been seen afterward would cause them to hunt him and bring him back to prison? Lawrence, they accuse papa of fraud—Mrs. Melvern does."

"I think, my darling, that under any circumstances it would require a far blacker heart than I like to believe exists to deliberately withhold such testimony now," was the stern answer. "I am quite certain that I could never excuse or pardon anyone guilty of doing me such injury—never!"

"Oh, Lawrence, I cannot hear you say that!" Flora returned, in the same feeble and broken voice.

"We will not speak of it, my pet. It is too painful. Some one may be found who can throw light on the mystery. And for the sake of regaining my liberty and taking you out of your miserable position I might forgive tardy reparation; indeed, I could forgive much for you, my darling, for I adore you—my little love, you know that. It is not necessary to explain why this restraint is intolerable, or why it maddens me."

"Lawrence, you believe that I love you, don't you?" asked Flora.

Her wistful eyes and sensitive lips involuntarily assumed an expression of such sharp anxiety that Lawrence drew her closer to him and smiled compassionately.

"Could anyone help loving you, my tender-hearted little darling? You have never doubted me. Have you not braved old Melvern and visited me in prison? Is not that the strongest proof of your faith, when such a mystery does hang over your father? If I had never loved you before I could not choose but do it now. It is not love, it is idolatry, as I have often assured you; and, darling, it is no vanity to believe that it is returned. Yes, Flora, I believe that you love me with all your heart. You never divided your love, except with papa," he continued, with a curious smile. "Perhaps, some day, I may vanquish even papa. I am an inexorable lover, my pet. I give you my whole heart and devotion, and I demand quite as much. Indeed, I could pardon a sin against myself much more readily in anyone else than you, my own little Flora."

Lawrence bent down and touched his lips to the cold cheek. A great alarm dawned upon his countenance as he gazed on her very pale face. She seemed faint and agitated and hopeless. A broken-spirited, intense melancholy, as if her heart sank irrevocably, settled upon her features. The conviction that Lawrence, in his fearless love and integrity, would never forgive the apparent cruelty to him in failing to admit the knowledge of her father's return from the Silver Shafts found confirmation in his every word. His very adoration for her exacted perfect faith and fealty. The girl felt a sickening certainty that, when he discovered how she shielded Chandos, and allowed him to suffer, Lawrence would turn from her in cold, pitiless anger. A dreadful fatality drove her helplessly before it. An inexorable power compelled her to shatter into atoms the sacred temple in which she herself was enshrined.

"Flora, is it so hard upon you, my pet? We will atone for it by years of happiness. I will have you all to myself, darling—my lovely wife—and you shall not stay among these painful scenes. In a few weeks, after I am free of this maddening imprisonment, every arrangement can be completed to quit Virginia and go wherever you wish. Keep in good heart, dearest, for a short time longer—until I can come out into the world again and you are bound to me as the wife,

the idol of my soul. Flora, you do not comprehend the love of a man of my nature. I have never cared for any woman living except yourself, and now that this passion of love has grown upon and taken possession of me, it has become my very life. My darling, never fail me, for my existence is bound up in yours. My tender-hearted little love, it is all too hard for you," he added, softly, while she still clung to him and hid her white, hopeless face against his breast. "Some one may be found to give the one point of testimony," he went on, in his effort to comfort and reassure her.

"Lawrence, if no one is found?" raising her head to watch him in breathless agony.

"We cannot be so confident of the result," he replied, evasively, passing his hand over the mute misery in the beautiful eyes. She drew the strong hand down to her lips and kissed it passionately. "Some one must exist who can give that testimony, if indeed your father does live."

"But you say you will not forgive anyone who knows that and has not revealed it. Did you mean to say that, Lawrence?" she demanded.

"I meant to say that," was the deliberate reply. "I have no intention of modifying my meaning. On the contrary, I repeat the assertion, that anyone who is aware of your father's existence after he left the breakwater and suppresses that evidence is, to all intents, guilty of dastardly perfidy and inhumanity; and I will never pardon or excuse it, for it is endangering my life, and bears a close similarity to deliberate murder."

"Would you not forgive *me!*" she cried out, wildly.

"My pet, I cannot ever connect you in my mind with any act or purpose so callous and hard-hearted. Forgive you? My love, I am sure that I could not forgive such an absolute lack of affection as that must prove in you. Do you not see, Flora, that treachery from you would madden me? Do you not perceive, dearest, that if you deceived me, or placed my reputation and life in jeopardy, it would be because you had no love for me. No, I could more easily forgive anyone than you, Flora; but, darling, such an emergency cannot occur. You are the divine and heavenly part of my life, dear." A suffocating sob seemed to break from her. She pressed her face against his shoulder—the soft arms were flung around his neck. "These ugly matters shall not be discussed between us. I can punish perfidy; but it seems that now, at least," he added, bitterly, "I cannot shield my intended wife; and yet, Flora, I would give my life to secure you peace and happiness. Look at me, dearest, and tell me that you love me above all. It is something approaching bliss to hear such assurances from your sweet lips. Say it, my pet!"

Her embrace was almost desperate. Her eyes were blind with a mist of tears. The plaintive mezzo of her voice thrilled by its ring of passionate pain as she made answer:

"Oh, Lawrence, I love you! God pity me, I love you better than life! Listen to me, Lawrence"—she laid her wet cheek against his, and trembled in every limb. "Listen to me, dear. I love you so well that coldness or displeasure from you would kill me. Remember that if any act of mine brings upon me any change in your affection it was not because my love grew weak for you. Love you? Lawrence, dear Lawrence, you can never know how much I am devoted to you."

Lawrence laughed securely. Handsome and dominant as he was, nothing had ever given him the perfect, intense rapture that this tenderness from Flora imparted. And yet in the future the mournful beauty of her face, the quivering melody of her voice as she syllabled the words he loved to hear, haunted him perpetually. Her hat had fallen on the floor unheeded. The little head pillowed with confident security on his breast. Unutterable sadness depicted itself upon her delicate features, while equally a radiant happiness lighted his.

"Miss Flora, missie!" called Barney from the passage, discreetly, before he opened the door. "It's nigh onto time o' gettin' home, missie; it'll be a fearsome cold night, and dark like. Better come. Hester will be waitin' at the tollgate. How's yo'sef, Marse Lawrence?"

Barney pulled the forelock of well-plaited wool respectfully.

"Not so pleasantly situated as I might like, Barney," answered Lawrence, good-humoredly; "but I hope to be out of this in a few days."

"Sho', sah, ef some ob de folks what mus' hab seen Marse George would come along you'd soon git shet ob dem locks, and pay some ob de meddlin' critturs fo' fotchin ob you heah, when dey knows 'tain't no place for quality folks."

"That I would, my good Barney," coincided Lawrence. "Take especial care of Miss Flora, Barney, while I am here; and remember that I trust you to inform me if anything happens her. You are a trusty fellow, Barney, and keen-witted, and you have known me all my life; consequently, I am sure I can rely upon you."

Barney's ebon countenance grew pleased and important at commendation from "young Marse Lawrence," the man above all others whom the servants admired and feared.

"Sho' yo' kin, sah. I'll keep a sharp eye on their doin's, Marse Lawrence, en 'form you ob eny whatsomdever thing as turns up agin Miss Flora. It's hard times we all sees now, sah, sence Marse George done gone. Well, sah, ef dem what knows would only tell ob Marse George you could go home 'long ob us."

Flora had replaced her hat and was drawing on her gloves. A strangely uncontrollable agitation seemed to possess her. Tears dropped on the pale-brown glove and glistened on the downcast lashes shadowing the white cheek.

"Ole madam she won't 'low us a carriage, sah, en we've got a lumbersome fix; but when Miss Flora said she would come I jes' got sommut from de neighbors to fotch her in. But beggin' yo' pardon, missie, we had best be off. Good day, Marse Lawrence; good helf to you, sah, en hopin' you'll soon git square wid dem all."

"Thank you, Barney; there is small doubt of that if I live long enough," was the reply, a determined significance lurking under the *bonhomie*.

Barney withdrew his head, and Lawrence again folded Flora to his heart.

"My darling, it is hard to part with you," he whispered. "When will I see you again? But," he corrected, quickly, "even if you do not come to me, many days cannot elapse until I am at liberty to come to you. When we meet again, my little love, there must be no more partings while life lasts. Can you be brave until then, dear?"

Lawrence turned the sweet face that he might see the changeful expressions. Its indescribable sadness smote him to the very soul. A frightful conviction that she had far more to endure than he suspected sent a swift passion of mingled anger and apprehension through all his great, strong nature.

"I can try, Lawrence, to bear whatever may come to me," she said, in a low, hopeless voice. "Oh, Lawrence, when will we meet again? I love you; remember that when I am far from you. No matter what happens, you will believe that—will you not, Lawrence?"

Her eyes were raised in imploring appeal. Their gaze shifted excitedly.

"My darling, nothing could shake my faith in you," he answered, slowly.

"Perhaps not—oh, who can say? You may turn against me like all the rest," she interrupted, with a sobbing little laugh. "Farewell, Lawrence! Kiss me once more—the last time—the very last; and oh, my darling, I love you better than life! Farewell! farewell!"

The girl broke away from him wildly. She tore herself from his arms almost despairingly. Not a word or glance did she cast back upon the man who loved her and the man locked in prison upon the charge of murder. Neither one nor the other. Flora rushed back to the jailer's room and walked straight up to the lawyer, still writing at the table.

"Mr. Costyn"—whatever she had nerved herself to say evidently tried her resolution to the utmost—"did you not tell me that if papa had been seen after he left the breakwater it would clear Lawrence of this awful accusation?"

The lawyer laid down his pen.

"My dear young lady, if anyone can bring such testimony the charge against Lawrence is no charge at all."

"If anyone told you of this now," she interrupted, in a high, clear voice, "and not at the trial, would it help Lawrence?"

Her hand was laid on his arm, her gaze riveted on his face.

"Certainly, my dear young lady. I could take the evidence in due form——"

"Then take it!" again interrupted Flora, shivering and trembling uncontrollably. "Take my evidence. I must give my evidence even if it is one or the other, and I love both. Yes, I love them both, Heaven pity me! Listen. I saw and talked with my papa after he left the breakwater, but I promised not to reveal it. I break my promise. I save Lawrence, but I ruin my life—ruin and destroy it, for through me papa is ruined, and disgraced, too. It is one or the other, you know."

The lawyer raised his hand and smiled deprecatingly.

"Such a beautiful case spoiled!" he commented. "Tell me everything, my dear young lady. I will take your evidence in proper form—but it takes the bottom out of a fine case—and I have just dispatched your jewels to Mr. Bland. Pray try to calm yourself, and go on. I am quite ready."

Half an hour later Flora Chandos emerged from the warden's room. A deadly pallor imparted a ghastly appearance to her set face. The large eyes wore a hunted, terrified look. Gray leaden clouds hung overhead in a chill, wintry canopy. Cold blasts rattled through the naked trees and frozen stalks of dead flowers. The snow was falling silently and steadily, covering the crazy vehicle and faithful Barney with an icy mantle. She ran back through the narrow walk, neither perceiving the snow nor feeling the biting wind.

Barney fastened down the torn curtains in a vain effort to shelter Flora from the cold. He wondered why she looked so ill and heartbroken,

"PLEASING REFLECTIONS."— FROM THE PAINTING BY ST. GEORGE HARE.

and why her gloved hands locked themselves together painfully.

"It is one or the other to save," she murmured, in a broken voice, as they drove away; "but to me both are lost. Lawrence will never love me again, nor forgive me. And where is papa? God have pity! No one cares for me now."

CHAPTER X.

"OUT IN THE COLD AND DARK THE STORM BEATS—BEATS."

OSCAR HARVEY had smoked a second and third pipe in the breakfast room at Grayfriars. The number was unusual, for Oscar preserved a praiseworthy temperance in all things. Nevertheless, the sullen aspect grew no whit more genial. That the subject of his meditations afforded anything but satisfaction evinced itself in the harsh, rude tone of his orders to the servants and the incessant smoking.

The pleasant breakfast room remained in its principal features identical with the breakfast room in which Colonel Lawrence had been wont to issue directions to the steward. True, a few innovations in favor of showy decoration presented themselves to a critical eye, but on the whole Oscar had been content to leave the fine establishment quite as he received it. Everything, new and antique, valuable and trifling, belonging to the Lawrences had been covered by the mortgage executed by Colonel Lawrence to his steward. The steward was rich, the heir penniless. So the steward's son sat in the breakfast room surrounded by the appointments of his former employer. The delicate and costly china from which he sipped his coffee once served the same purpose for Colonel Lawrence. The massive silver coffee urn bore the Lawrence coat of arms. Even the fine damask napkin with which Oscar rubbed his bristly mustache gave the symbolistic evidence of the same ubiquitous proprietorship. The silent reminders of his presence remained, but the proud old owner slept in the grave, and the secret of the missing money seemed sepulchred with him. Oscar comprehended his importance as the possessor of a famous estate and of ample revenues. Nobody exactly understood from what source outside of Grayfriars he derived the revenues. People were equally befogged as to their amount. Rumor, however, asserted that fortunate investments of somebody's funds filled the Harvey exchequer until it far exceeded the Lawrence wealth. Despite all this and the exemplary character with which the world accredited him, Oscar was in a most unhappy frame of mind. He chewed a bitter retrospective cud, suggested by the intelligence conveyed in the note to Marion from her father. The long-absent Captain Hauton delayed his arrival, but all the same the expectant son-in-law resented his reappearance. Both, doubtless, had a motive to serve, for neither pursued any purpose not conducive to self-interest.

For some reason Oscar became the most impatient and devoted lover to Marion. In equal proportion his vindictive desire to convict Lawrence mounted to feverish heat. He maintained a jealous surveillance over Flora. In some unaccountable way her every step and plan had been thwarted in the last few days. Things went just as he designed they should, but apparently neither designs nor events pleased him. Oscar was sullenly angry, yet this was his wedding day, and he expected the lawyer engaged against Lawrence to report the state of the great criminal case.

"It's a confounded shame," he muttered, replenishing his meerschaum the fourth time and hesitating a moment before lighting it. "I suppose a man may kill himself on his wedding day if he so pleases," was the bitter conclusion, as the match ignited. "One may be rich enough, and yet there are some fools in the world who don't care for it. She don't—but the other does—yes, the other does. Marion wants money, and I suppose she must have it.—Eh! what do you want, and why don't you knock when you come in here?" sharply demanded the solitary smoker, of an unlucky servant.

Evidently the boy brought a message.

"The lawyer, sir," he announced, quickly.

"Confound you, why don't you show him in?" demanded Oscar, with boorish contrariness.

"Good morning, Mr. Harvey. Cold morning—sorry to disturb you—impossible to come sooner."

The lawyer entered in a bustling, busy way. The client received him in stolid sulkiness. Usually Oscar maintained perfect control of himself under the most trying circumstances. The community recognized his claims to the respect of highly moral people. The servants regarded such claims with scoffing incredulity. He was never heard to utter an oath. No vices could be charged to his account. The upper classes accorded him an unexceptionable reputation. The lower classes branded him a vicious hypocrite. Whenever opportunity offered he courted the toleration and favor of the one. Wherever chance allowed he did merciless despite to the other. Strangely enough, neither servant nor tenant nor old acquaintances of the Harveys, in the days of their stewardship, trusted their integrity. In time past the courtly Lawrences had reposed unlimited confidence in their steward. The com-

munity might have speculated of the bitter blight wrought upon the fortunes of the family served by the Harveys. The neighboring gentry were conscious of an odd, ugly suspicion locked in the reticence of their secret hearts. Time, however, touched the past with a shadow of doubt. It was at least a mystery which might be construed to excuse the successful steward. At least the son seemed of excellent character, and without doubt he was the possessor of large wealth.

"It is of no consequence," Oscar answered, making an effort at politeness. "Only you understand," he added, a short laugh attesting his irritation, "that when a man is to be married in a few hours he cannot be expected to manifest any very great patience."

"Congratulate you—happy time—can afford to please yourself."

The attorney combined business and politeness. He untied his papers while uttering his congratulations. The expectant groom looked more gloomily ill-humored.

"Suppose it is Miss Chandos—heard so—beautiful girl—fine eyes—lovely creature—lucky man—friends envy you."

Oscar put on his hat, then removed it. The propensity of his class clung to him after he stepped out of it to a better one. He could never remember that his hat belonged anywhere else than on his head.

"It is not Miss Chandos," he retorted. "I don't think she is pretty. I never had any idea of asking her to marry me. Those colorless blondes are not to my mind. She liked me, I suppose; but I can't see what right people have to couple my name with hers. I have been engaged for some time to a young lady of good family, an aristocrat, in fact—Miss Marion Hauton."

The business man wiped his glasses while Oscar explained.

"Able to please yourself—handsome woman—seen her," was the sententious answer. "Bad business, that legacy to Mrs. Melvern—young lady been his own child, Chandos would have retrieved his fortunes—found coal at the Crevasse—Mrs. Melvern rich."

Even this intelligence brought small pleasure into the dismal face confronting the lawyer. The chill cloud of the wintry morning seemed to cast its drear influence upon Oscar's visible chagrin. Apparently his spirits were depressed. For once he failed to conceal either his regret or resentment. Both seethed within him.

"Yes, I believe the old woman has made a ten strike this time—although I don't mind saying it was an infernally nasty piece of work. Chandos would certainly have pulled through, now that these coal beds have been discovered; and the more money old Melvern has the more miserly she grows. It was hard luck; but she refused him time to raise the money, which is fortunate for her, since she reaps the benefit of the coal mines. Not much sisterly affection when money comes between. Money is the victor in every case," observed Oscar, bitterly.

"Kick you off—poor—buy any man," confirmed the visitor, wondering why Oscar should dwell upon this very unpleasing phase of human nature. "She will find plenty of friends—people forgotten her for years—remember her now, no doubt."

"Yes, paupers and pensioners are coming to the front, but old Melvern is invulnerable to pity or kindness. The old skinflint starves her servants and herself. She won't do much for Cadmus Hauton; but I take it he means to fasten himself upon me," growled Oscar.

His voice became perceptibly more of a snarl, his face more visibly disturbed.

The visitor laughed.

"Deadhead and respectable tramp—rich son-in-law—good thing for Hauton—spend a mint," was the reply, in the short, pithy style of a man wasting no words. "No time to spare," he went on, tacitly dismissing personal affairs for business. "Asked about the trial—chances for conviction nine to ten—evidence without a break—circumstantial but overwhelming—nobody ever seen Chandos since he went to the breakwater with prisoner—believe it myself."

Oscar faced him in silence. He smoked a moment vigorously. Then, avoiding the keen eye of the shrewd lawyer, said:

"That man has insulted me. He struck me across the face with a lash—yes, lashed my face as he would have lashed a dog or a servant—and I am resolved to convict him of this crime of murder. I am resolved to vindicate the cause of justice. The cause of justice is my cause. Everybody who knows the Lawrence pride comprehends that this is the most terrible expiation of an affront or crime possible to exact. He would a thousand times prefer to be shot like a gentleman than hanged like a felon. I will spend any sum to do this, and I think you know his purse is not as long as mine."

A gleam of triumphant satisfaction flashed into Oscar's eyes. There was a noticeable absence of candor in his countenance, arousing a doubt of his motives. Nevertheless this time he avowed a portion at least of the truth.

"Your purse is longer of the two," responded the lawyer, slowly. "Will be longer still—the Grayfriars estate found to have as much coal

upon it as Chandos Manor. Wealth doubles itself at small cost."

He glanced inquiringly up at his client. Oscar gave reluctant assent.

"Very true. It may double, and it may not: Chandos has saved us much of the expense. I would be a fool not to profit by his folly; but it don't matter in the least," he added, evasively. "It don't concern anybody, and at last I may not gain much."

"Any more questions to ask? Monday court day—second case on the docket—time short."

"No; I only sent for you to say that you need spare no expense in this case. I insist upon every effort being made to bring the guilty to justice. Your fees are large; I never disputed them, did I?"

"Can't take a penny less—time valuable," decisively replied the lawyer.

"I have not the slightest intention of asking you to take less. On the contrary, I now assure you that your fees will be doubled if the conviction is secured."

The anxiety apparent in Oscar's tone and manner deepened into intense suspense. The lawyer scanned him an instant in the sharpest scrutiny.

"Do all I can—glad to have that in writing."

"Certainly—here it is, my written promise."

Oscar seized the pen, and writing the few requisite lines, signed them. His alacrity surprised the lawyer. His generosity excited suspicion. He folded the paper with businesslike care, and deposited it in his coat pocket.

"Work for money, Mr. Harvey—do all I can—good morning, sir."

The lawyer moved briskly out of the room before the servant appeared, and without heeding Oscar's effort to accompany him.

"Something at the bottom of it all," he muttered.

Neither master nor servant was there to see the last of the eccentric guest. He sprang into the carriage and tucked the fur robes around him. Snatching the reins, he started the horse at a furious pace.

"Come out some time—sure of that—bide awhile—bound to know what is at the bottom of it all—certain to come out—can't see it now," he was saying, audibly, while the carriage rattled over the graveled drive.

Oscar apparently ascended the scale a degree nearer a genial mood. He believed in the power of wealth implicitly. The fee would be doubled if Lawrence was convicted. Oscar felt his faith in legal ability doubled. Nevertheless one ugly thread wove itself into the tangling web. Cadmus Hauton had delayed his arrival, but Cadmus Hauton was coming. Oscar knew enough of the gentleman adventurer to comprehend that he was out of money, and meant to raise it. Not the faintest idea of a desire to see Marion or his friends suggested itself as a motive of return. It seemed bitter gall, but Oscar intended to-day to accept Cadmus Hauton as a father-in-law. His restless impatience suddenly impelled him to insist upon immediate marriage. Marion, equally eager to secure a wealthy *parti*, acceded to this new mood. Delay it as he might, Oscar knew that, surely and inevitably, if Cadmus Hauton once set his face homeward, Cadmus Hauton would be there. When the carriage drove around to the door his countenance hardened into a more perverse ill humor. The last hour of bachelor freedom and mastery at Grayfriars had come. Oscar looked back on the successful past with angry regret. He gazed forward on the untried future with guilty doubt. The first tap of Nemesis startled him. The first tap was Cadmus Hauton's threatened approach. Leaden storm clouds hung overhead. Premonitory flashes of snow drifted to the ground. It was drear and chill and depressing as Oscar flung himself back on the carriage cushions with an imprecation.

"Drive like the deuce—I am confoundedly late!" he shouted; then, a moment after, yelled again at the coachman: "What are you killing the horses for? Do you think I am made of money? I won't have my neck broken. Drive at a snail's pace, or I'll kick you off that box!"

Mr. Harvey's servants were accustomed to contradictory moods. The coachman, obeying neither order literally, tooled over the country road as fast as the thoroughbreds could move their graceful limbs.

Chandos Manor was neither cheering nor festive in aspect, and the snow blew gustily in the face of the expectant groom while he raised the brazen knocker.

"You keep a man standing a deuced long time in such weather as this!" he snarled when the servant opened the door. "Where have they any fire? I am not expected to stand in this graveyard damp, am I?"

The penetrating frigidity of the dark hall sent a shiver through him. A ghostly silence and icy repose pervaded the dwelling. He could barely see, through the cold gloom, the white figures in their niches.

"Come to the library, sir; I have just started a fire," responded the servant, after rebolting the door.

"Why the deuce didn't you start it long ago?" rudely inquired the visitor.

"Ole miss said as how it shouldn't be made a minute sooner—afeard of burning coal out!" explained the man, with refreshing candor. "Miss Marion in dere, sir."

Oscar walked in, his teeth chattering and his hat still on his head.

"Marion, couldn't you have had the place decently warm? I'm half frozen now!" growled Oscar, slamming the door after him.

Marion stood before the grate, somewhat blue and chilly-looking, but withal smiling and triumphant. Her toilet displayed the utmost capability of her wardrobe. A dark-blue silk, always the treasured best, swept carelessly on the carpet. Marion disdained any heed of it, and already regarded it as an ignominious cast-off, tolerated until Oscar's income replenished her wardrobe. She was very handsome, and brilliant in appearance, this morning. The color blazed in her cheeks, and the light in her black eyes, as the homely groom appeared. Possibly in her secret heart Marion reposed no certainty upon the assurances of her future husband. Possibly the very intensity of her delight proved a doubt of his ever coming at all.

"Such a confounded ice box as the house seems!" added Oscar. "Is the old skinflint too stingy to have the temperature above zero?"

PUSSY WILLOWS.

"Yes, Oscar; she is too stingy to spend one cent for comfort. The richer she grows the more penurious she becomes. She positively refused to have a fire lighted here at all——"

"If she had not I would have turned the horses' heads and gone home. I don't propose to marry any woman in a place so much like a refrigerator," interrupted Oscar, with an unhappy grimace.

"Just what I told her," rejoined Marion; "and

that is why she consented. She wants to be rid of me. I hope you won't!"

The girl glanced furtively at the man who in an hour would be her husband. Not a ray of tender sentiment crossed his repellent countenance. Not a glance reassured her or responded to the half-real and half-careless wish.

"Will Flora Chandos be down to see the marriage?" he asked, brusquely, altogether ignoring the faint touch of softness so contrary to Marion's habit.

"Down indeed!" ejaculated Mrs. Melvern's niece, every vestige of feeling effaced by swift passion. "I meant to tell you that the girl has gone to the jail, against aunt's express orders, to see Lawrence. And, Oscar, listen to me—she has made away with all those diamonds Colonel Chandos gave her. What can she have done with them?"

His intended wife watched Oscar breathlessly.

"How do you know she has secured the diamonds?" demanded Oscar. "How can you know that? I don't suppose she confided in you."

"Why, you see, Oscar, that I meant to ask Flora to lend them to me just for this occasion; but somehow I quite forgot it until she had tramped off to the jail, actually gone, and then—well, you know, one is expected to forget on one's wedding day—so I ran into her rooms and searched around for them myself. Hester was trapesing after the girl. I found the keys and looked everywhere. Positively every scrap of jewelry is gone. Now, what could she have done with them? Aunt is wild with rage. She has the servants up there now, turning everything upside down."

Oscar's attention seemed fairly caught this time. Alarm and resentment struggled for ascendency. The alarm, mingled with an acrid sneer, rose supreme. In Oscar's harassed state of mind every emotion carried its irritant.

"She has made away with them for Lawrence. I heard that he had counsel this morning; and where did he get it if there was no money? If he thinks he can outwit me the fellow is mistaken. Lawrence is doomed, or my name is not Oscar Harvey. If you were not too dainty to pry into her locked-up places why the deuce didn't you act in time? And if old Melvern wanted the diamonds why in Heaven's name didn't she take them long ago?" demanded Oscar, appearing by no means imposing in this mood of petty vituperation.

"I—well, you see, Oscar, it would not have been at all honorable for a person of my station," began Marion. "I might have been found out. I wouldn't have minded in the least if nobody had seen me. I have been wild to get in there, but, you see, somehow, I never could find the keys. I didn't want them to think me dishonorable; it looks so shabby if people know it."

"I don't care the snap of my fingers for honor or station. It's all bosh and nonsense, put on when people are trying to cheat others and are afraid of being found out," was the querulous response. "They have some scheme, and it must be prevented. Marion, don't you know that I might as well blow my brains out as permit Lawrence to escape the clutches of the law?"

Before she could answer the door was flung open violently. Panting with excitement and want of breath, Mrs. Melvern rushed into the room.

"They are not there. They are gone, Oscar, gone, and I tell you I won't stand it! I meant to demand every one of those diamonds. She owes me board, I've fed and lodged her; and now, great Heavens, what am I to do? I won't be swindled, no, I won't!" shrieked Mrs. Melvern.

"Have you searched?" asked Oscar.

"Searched?" screamed Chandos's sister. "I've ripped open the beds, torn up the carpets, emptied the clothespresses, boxes and drawers; turned the trumpery out on the floor, and moved everything I could lay my hands on. They're gone, and I never meant to lose those diamonds. How am I to get my money back for the white sugar and fowl and dainties she has lived on, and all that coal? It's enough to drive me mad. I'm ruined. What am I to do, Oscar? Can't you speak?"

"There's nothing for you to do, to my mind, but pocket your loss and learn better sense," retorted Oscar. "Why didn't you pounce on the diamonds when you had the opportunity? If you meant to take them for board why didn't you do it? It is no more a robbery," he added, in grim severity, "than refusing George Chandos time and taking everything he had."

"Ha! what did you say? I am so deaf!" Mrs. Melvern pushed the calico handkerchief from her ear, and put her hand behind it to catch the by no means mellifluous tones. "You say it's a robbery! I know it is—I know it; but I am glad you said so. I'll turn her out—yes, I will."

"I never said it was a robbery," rudely interrupted Oscar. "You said so yourself. The diamonds were hers, she could do as she pleased with them, put them behind the fire if she chose—provided you were simple enough to allow it."

"Ha! what did you say? Speak louder. You say she'll set the house afire—and she might, that's true, just for revenge. I'd never thought of it if you hadn't reminded me. The diamonds were not hers—no, to be sure not—just as you

say. I'm robbed of those diamonds, and Sister Metella's linen sheets—she's got them, Oscar, and I won't stand it—and a pair of Sister Sarah's pillowcases, she had forty-five years ago, when she first went housekeeping. She's robbed me, Oscar; you said she had robbed me, and she has."

"What does she or anybody care for your miserable trash of old house linen——" began Oscar, irritated and impatient.

"Ha!" broke in the old woman, excitedly. "You say such trash will take house linen? Just what I thought, but I didn't like to say it. I've missed those sheets, and looked for them everywhere. I could kiss the Bible that she has them—my splendid sheets. They had five darns, four holes and six patches, and a piece torn off the sides—I'd know them anywhere. And those two handkerchiefs, and the diamonds! I'll do something! It's too bad—— Ha! What did you say?"

"The minister is coming; he promised to be here by three, and it's quarter of three now."

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated Mrs. Melvern, "he might expect some dinner. I have nothing for him. That girl has eaten up everything—not a morsel left!" The wrinkled old face grew cunning and hypocritical in expression as she added, reluctantly: "That ham I've saved since the day poor George was murdered—it was cooked that very day, and only a few slices cut out of it—you can have some of that, Marion, for the minister. Ham isn't healthy for you."

"Miserly old beast!" muttered Oscar, under his breath.

"She was always mean and penurious, Oscar, but she is worse than ever now," whispered Marion, as her aunt stealthily laid off a lump or two of coal from the igniting heap in the grate.

"Oscar," said the old lady, going close to him and putting her lips to his ear, "they've found coal in quantities out there at the Crevasse. They say it's worth thousands."

"I ought to know it, seeing that the coal beds run into the Grayfriars estate. You were a shrewd woman to force your legacy from Chandos at the moment. He asked six months, and in less than three his venture is worth more than he himself ever hoped. Your legacy was one hundred thousand—you can now call it half a million."

The leering, stone-cold eyes glittered with a flash of rapturous joy. Her hand was laid on his shoulder with a clutch of startling strength. Her lips touched his ear as she whispered, shrilly: "Don't breathe it, Oscar. Don't tell a syllable of it. Say I am losing—sinking money—that George swindled me. I will save it for Marion. You are coming to live with me, you know."

"Oh, yes, we are coming," was Oscar's short response.

"You can take the west wing, and do as you please. I am too old to have company or guests, you see; but I'll go visiting with Marion, and save dinners and suppers, and eat other people's good things. Nobody expects old folks to entertain company. I'll tell them that. Here comes the minister; and, Heavens above, there are two or three gentlemen with him! Marion! Marion!" she ejaculated, in a voice of sharp dismay, "they will eat every scrap of that ham——"

"Don't disturb yourself," interposed Oscar, in the same sneering tone. "You can keep your ham. It is not fit for anyone to eat. I have ordered dinner at my own expense."

He moved toward the door as he spoke.

"Wait, wait, Oscar!" Mrs. Melvern exclaimed, rushing after him. "Did you tell them to cook it with your coal?"

"Yes, confound it!" retorted Oscar.

"Did you tell them to bring everything? Sometimes they forget the salt; mine is very low," persisted Mrs. Melvern. "And may I have what is left?"

"Take all the scraps if you like!" And Oscar banged the door behind him, to cut short further parley.

"Come, Marion; I'll run up and put on my best dress. I hope the dinner will be good. It would be shabby and mean not to have a great dinner on his wedding day, and plenty of that fine wine hoarded up in the cellars at Grayfriars. It would be too stingy not to bring that out. I would let it flow like water if it was mine."

"You have equally as fine in the Chandos cellars, aunt. Colonel Chandos was a connoisseur in wines," suggested Marion, remembering, perhaps, that the day of careful speech toward her aunt was over forever.

"How do you know that?" demanded the elder lady, in a sharp tone. "I don't mean to touch the wines. They shall stay just as my poor dear murdered brother left them. His possessions are sacred in my eyes."

"As you please," was the careless retort as Marion followed her aunt up the broad staircase.

(To be continued.)

The
LOWLANDS o' HOLLAND
"My love he built a bonnie ship
And sent it to the sea
Wi' seven four gallant mariners
To keep him company.
The stormy winds did roar again,
The raging waves did rout,
And my love and his bonnie ship
Turn'd widder shins about.
The luve that I hae chosen
I'll therewith be content,
The salt sea shall be frozen
Before that I repent;
Repent it shall I never
Until the day I dee,
But the Lowlands o' Holland
Ha'e twinned my love frae me
"Then shall nae coif gang on
my heid,
Nor kame gang through my
hair,
Neither shall coal nor candle-
light
Shine in my bower mair:
Nor shall I choose anither Love
Until the day I dee;
For the Lowlands o' Holland
Ha'e twinned my love frae me."
"Now, haud your tongue, my
dochter dear;
Be still and be content;
There's mair lads in Galloway;
Ye needna sa lament."
"O, there's nane in Galloway,
There's nane ane for me.
'I never loved but ae Love,
And he—lies in the sea.'"

"'TOM, SHE'S MINE!' HE CRIED."

MISS LOU.

By Charles Edwardes.

I.

"Come in! Oh, it's you, Sam! Well, take a weed, and make yourself at home."

Tom Wilberforce painted away, heeding his visitor not at all.

Samuel Crawley, on his part, after a curt salutation, helped himself to a cigar, lit it, remarked, "You're getting on fine with that study," and began to fidget just as he had begun to fidget the previous day and the day before that, precisely at the same period in his morning visit.

"Beastly weather—can't get enough light anyhow!" muttered Tom. "You're a lucky beggar to be free to go where your sweet fancy urges you to go, I must say. Seems to me, Sam, sometimes, that you don't realize sufficiently how kind Providence has been to you."

"Hear!"

"What's that mean, pray?"

"There are other fellows who have a jolly good time in this life, I think," replied Mr. Crawley, putting up his eyeglass, and as suddenly letting it fall.

"You mean me, old chap, I suppose. You've been dropping hints to that effect thick as the leaves in autumn at Vallombrosa. I'm given to understand they're pretty thick there. Sorry I can't speak from experience."

A sort of subdued grunt was Mr. Crawley's comment upon these words. His fidgeting, too, had grown much more pronounced.

"Now, *what* do you mean by it?" repeated Tom Wilberforce, turning and contemplating his visitor, pallet and brush in hand. There was a smile on his lips—rather a mischievous smile, it seemed.

"Bother!" exclaimed Mr. Crawley. "Tell you what, Tom, I'm beastly bored to-day. By the way, how is Miss Lou this morning?"

"First-rate, Sam. Never saw her looking better than at breakfast time."

"By George, you *are* a lucky chap to be waited on by that—that angel. Really, I think she's an angel, you know—to look at."

"I never allowed that she waited on me. Point

of fact, she doesn't. But why that unchivalrous reservation, Sam? An angel—to look at, only?"

Again Mr. Crawley grunted in a manner peculiar to himself.

"You say she's deaf and dumb. If a girl that's lost her tongue and hearing is an angel anyhow, I reckon it's only because she's got a pretty face of her own."

"Well explained, professor. And are you still of the opinion that it is a merit in a girl to be deaf and dumb? You said so yesterday, you know."

"Depends, my dear Tom, such a deuce of a lot upon the girl. Most of the girls—the common girls, you know—one meets say such beastly sharp things to a fellow, and are so almighty touchy when you pay 'em back in their own coin. They'd be a lot more likely to please a fellow if they couldn't speak or hear. I suppose they'd write 'em, then, though. They're all so clever nowadays. That's another reason why your Miss Lou is so jolly."

"Because she can't write? Oh, I assure you, she'll soon be able. She has been brought up in the simplest possible way; but there's no telling if she won't lay on the accomplishments at a great rate when once she begins."

"Tom!"

"Yes, Sam."

The artist turned, again with the amused dimple at his lip extremities. There had been a distinct sound of tremulousness in his visitor's voice.

Mr. Crawley had risen, and leaning with one hand on his crutch walking stick, he impressively touched his friend on the shoulder with the other hand.

"I want you, old chap, to do me a favor," said Mr. Crawley. "We were at school together—in the same forms, you know."

"Yes, I know; and we never got a prize between us—lazy beggars, both, from our reports. What can I do for you?"

"Promise, Tom, *not* to let them teach Miss Lou any of their darned accomplishments. She's just perfect as she is, with that beautiful, unconcerned, straightforward st—— No, not stare, but childlike gaze, don't you know? and with none of the tricks of other girls. By Jove! I've thought of her, Tom, night and day, since first I saw her sitting so modestly here, and—and——"

"You've lost your heart to her, I can see, Sam."

"That's it, Tom. You've hit it. I bet it amounts to that really, you know, though when a fellow's had the experience I've had he's not in a precious hurry to let on about his heart's twitchings. I'm only human, Tom."

"She's as poor as a church mouse."

"I don't care for that. You know I've a thousand a year of my own, not to speak of what'll happen when the governor is translated. And her tastes *are* so simple."

"They certainly are that, old chap. But how the deuce do you mean to propose to her if she can't hear you or read your writing, let alone answer you?"

Mr. Crawley looked triumphant.

"Tom, old chap, I was thinking of that abed this morning when I'd had my coffee. Best time for ideas that, *I* find. This is how I'd do it. My lips should say the words—I'm not going to tell 'em to you, old fellow—and her eyes should give me my reply. What lovely eyes they are, to be sure! though I wish I was not so beastly short-sighted: a fellow does so like to see the changing moods, and that sort of thing, in a girl's eyes!"

Tom had put down his tools and was looking at his friend with his hands in his pockets and a curious sparkle in his own eyes.

"Quite gone, Sam?" he inquired.

"Gone and gone again, if it comes to that. When a fellow's appetite fails there's not much doubting it, is there?"

The artist nodded, humped his shoulders and rang the bell.

"I'll see if she can come up," he said.

It was diverting to mark the effect of these words upon Mr. Crawley. The young gentleman straightened his clothes, hemmed, polished his eyeglass, fixed it in his right eye and looked expectantly toward the door.

"Can Miss Lou come?" Tom inquired of the girl who answered the bell.

"I'll see, sir, if she is dressed," was the reply.

Mr. Crawley looked at his watch. It was eleven o'clock.

"It does a fellow good," he exclaimed, "to find that so beautiful a creature isn't one of those early-rising tomfools!"

The artist laughed till the room rang.

Then the door opened again, and an exceedingly prepossessing girl of about twenty entered, with a slight bow, and walked (at Tom's invitation) to a seat. She sat down rather awkwardly, like one not used to drawing rooms; but Mr. Crawley overlooked this slight blemish in her. He blushed, boldly as he cried "Good morning, Miss Lou!" and added, "What a beastly nuisance she can't hear a fellow sometimes!"

"She can't stay more than five minutes to-day, old fellow," said the artist, beamingly. "But if you are serious in your intentions toward her, to-morrow you can propose to her."

"Thanks, old chap, thanks!" replied Mr.

Crawley, who had by this moved his chair alongside Miss Lou's, and was tenderly caressing the soft and perfectly formed little hand that had surrendered itself to him.

II.

"You won't mind my not leaving you, Sam?" inquired Tom Wilberforce when he saw his visitor's chair moving nearer and nearer to Miss Lou's.

"Well, now, I'm not going to answer that question," was the reply. "But say, Tom, did ever anyone see such a complexion on a girl? It's absurd in its beauty, don't you know? And that sweet little mouth, with the rounded chin to it and the dearest dimple ever man saw! Oh, Lou, dearest——"

"Hush, old fellow! It's a bargain that you don't proceed to extremities until to-morrow."

"A plague of your bargains! Am I a stone to sit still, saying, 'What a horrid day it is, Miss Lou!' and all that sort of thing? But say, Tom, are you quite sure she has her other faculties? *I* never saw such a quiet girl in all my days. If she wasn't breathing so regularly, you know, I should think she was just wax."

"Wax, my dear fellow?"

"The very best kind of wax, don't you know? And even if it were so she'd be a deal better worth marrying than many girls who can eat, drink and tell a fellow he's an idiot without making any bones about it. Tell me truly, Tom—she *is* all there, isn't she, barring tongue and ears?"

"She has all the faculties required by her station in life, and I'm not above hoping that by and by she'll be able to hold her own with other women," was the reply.

"God forbid!" ejaculated Mr. Crawley, with warmth. "She is a pure lily, a being apart. Little Lou, you can't hear me, and this friend here won't mind; and so I just tell you you're the most delightful little piece of goods that was ever born into a naughty world. Great Scott, Tom! if only she would blush I should think her divine. But there, a fellow can't have everything, and it is something to have such a girl's eyes on him like this without winking, and to feel by her dear little hand that——"

"Come now!"

The artist was almost laughing. He had put his hand upon his friend's shoulder and drawn him away from Miss Lou. At the same instant he touched the girl, who coughed gently, got up, bowed and left the room, Tom Wilberforce having opened the door for her and called to a servant that "Miss Lou was coming."

Mr. Crawley watched his charmer's departure with an aching heart. Then he took a fresh cigar. Tom Wilberforce, meanwhile, had begun again upon his picture, not without many sly glances at his friend, whose grief was so very undisguised.

"Come, come!" he said, at length. "Cheer up, old chap. This time to-morrow will make or mar you, since you're so bent on it."

"It'll have to make me. I'll not stand being marred in this particular. You can bet your life, Tom, when Sam Crawley does make up his mind to a thing he goes the entire pig. I'm thinking what the deuce the 'mater' will say when she's introduced. Gad, Tom! it'll be worth seeing. She's not small beer, is the 'mater,' and it'll try her no end that she can't sharpen her tongue a bit on poor Lou."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed the artist, as he threw down his maulstick. "Sam, Sam, you'll kill me. Pray go, there's a Christian. I *must* finish this corner to-day."

Mr. Crawley rose rather huffishly.

"I don't see why you need take the joke quite so vigorously. If you meant that for a hit at my 'mater,' it's jolly bad form, old chap, and so I tell you."

"I didn't, on my honor I didn't. I was thinking of you chiefly, though of course it was the kind of situation, knowing Mrs. Crawley *senior* as I do, that was irresistible, don't you know?"

"Well," said Mr. Crawley, somewhat mollified "I'll be round to-morrow. And I say, Tom, I'm sorry I spoke just now. But if you can contrive, by signs and wonders or anyhow, to let Miss Lou know that I'm not such a very undesirable sort of a husband, I'll be obliged to you for life."

"Ta ta, Sam—I'll do my best, you may be sure."

When Mr. Crawley had left the studio, and his steps had receded a long way, Tom Wilberforce tossed himself upon a saddlebag armchair and seemed like to die of laughing.

He was interrupted by the entrance of a servant with the inquiry:

"Please, sir, will you dress Miss Lou for to-day's sitting, or shall I?"

Much sobered, Tom replied:

"Oh, you can do it, by all means—just the same as yesterday; and do for goodness' sake be careful about her hand skin!"

"Yes, sir," rejoined the domestic.

III.

When Mr. Crawley reappeared the next morning his friend greeted him as usual.

"There's one thing, though," he added, when Mr. Crawley had drawn attention to his special toilet for the momentous occasion. "You must

hold me guiltless of all consequences—promise me that."

"My dear old chap, I'll promise you anything, including the responsible position of first godfather," was the enthusiastic reply. "Is she in high spirits, Tom—high, considering her affliction, that is, you know?"

"She is much as usual. You are really determined, then?"

"Is it likely I should go to the trouble of rigging myself out in this style (glancing at his magnificent attire, which included a valuable orchid), if I wasn't jolly well in earnest?"

"No, I think not," said Tom, with a smile. "All right, then; if you'll excuse me I'll see if I can't instill into the girl some idea of what's coming, and persuade her to give you her hand. Really, I can't say more. You know her pretty well, you are a grown man of the world, and you accept her with full cognizance of her physical blemishes."

"Not blemishes—graces, old chap. Do make haste about it—do. I've forgotten my eyeglass this morning—a deuced nuisance; makes me as blind as a bat!"

Nevertheless, Mr. Crawley glided to the dressing mirror at one end of the room and attitudinized before it when his friend had gone. He had ample time for this kind of exercise, seeing that the artist did not return for a quarter of an hour.

At length, however, the rustle of a dress was heard, and Tom and Miss Lou appeared together. The girl looked enchanting. Her color was rather heightened, and the quickened movement of her bosom impressed Mr. Crawley with a favorable idea of his chance.

"Not yet," said Tom, as he helped the girl to a chair. "She is not very well—a screw loose, or something. But there, have at her, Sam, and my blessing go with you!"

Thus licensed, Mr. Crawley went upon his knees and kissed Miss Lou's soft right hand. "Tom, she's mine!" he cried; and in his joy he clasped the hand he held so tight that——

But his scream of horror was the first intimation the artist received that the little drama was approaching its *dénouement*.

"Good God, Tom! what's this?" wailed the terrified fellow, as he held up the white arm that had apparently broken off at the shoulder and slipped through the wide sleeves of the dress.

Then, as he saw his friend's face, he dropped the arm, looked keenly at the rest of Miss Lou, ejaculated "By Jove!" in a most humiliated manner, snatched at his hat and left the studio.

This time the artist could not restrain his roars of laughter. The noise of them brought Mr. Crawley back.

"For Heaven's sake, Tom," groaned this young man, "keep it dark. Then I'll forgive you!"

"All—right—old chap!" Tom stammered. "Dear, dear, the idea of it!"

"How in the world——" Mr. Crawley was beginning, as he stooped narrowly to inspect Miss Lou's marvelous flesh.

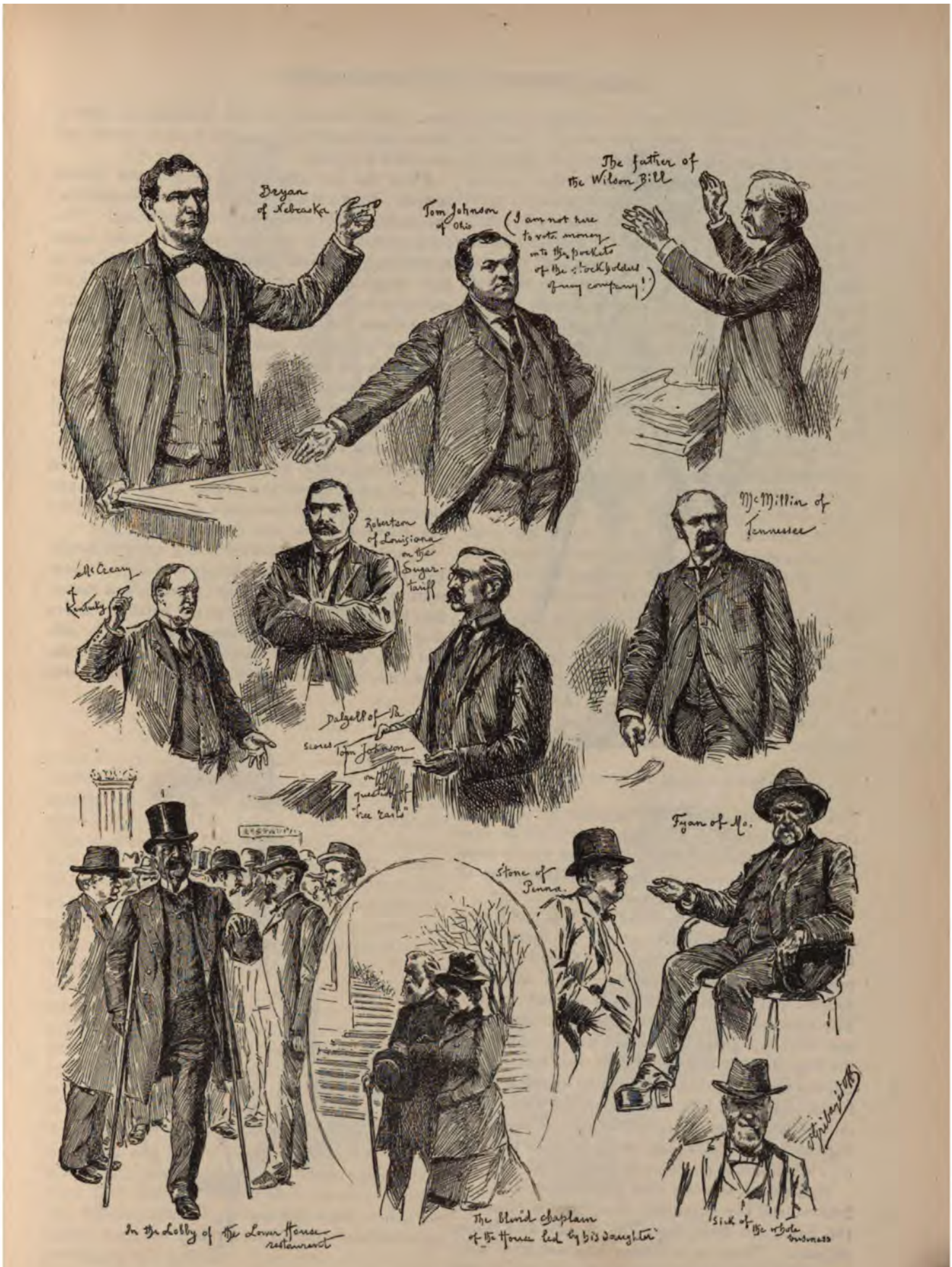
Then the artist explained that Miss Lou was a triumph of lay figures: had been sent to him from Paris for one month only; and that her extraordinary mechanism made her breathe like a human being, while the various functions of life were apparently wrought by other contrivances, which included an arterial arrangement supplied with red blood, an outer cuticle of prepared human skin derived from the dissecting room, and a real woman's skeleton was at the heart of the figure.

The more he looked the more Mr. Crawley could forgive himself for his absurd mistake, which was due as much to his myopia as to the marvelous model itself. But he would never have forgiven Tom Wilberforce if that young man had let out even an inkling of the affair.

CHARACTERISTICS OF CONGRESSMEN.

By Walter B. Stevens.

Linked arm in arm, laughing and talking like boys just out of school, came three Senators down Pennsylvania Avenue on the afternoon this was written. The smooth-shaven, bishoplike Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland, was on the right. The face, so austere and impenetrable as seen during sessions of the Senate, was wreathed in smiles, while the disengaged arm emphasized something he was telling. On the left was the modern edition of Abraham Lincoln, the gaunt, homely-featured Shelby M. Cullom, of Illinois, with the lines of his face relaxed by merriment. Between them, with his hands thrust through the nearest arms of the other Senators, was the tall, stooping figure of Francis Marion Cockrell, of Missouri, and the play of his countenance as he enjoyed Senator Gorman's story made him look more than ever like the picture of Uncle Sam.


Bryan of Nebraska
Tom Johnson of Ohio
(I am not sure to vote money into the pockets of the stockholders of any company!)
The father of the Wilson Bill
McMillin of Tennessee
Robertson of Louisiana on the Sugar tariff
McCreary of Kentucky
Dalzell of Pa scores Tom Johnson on the question of "free coal"
Ryan of Mo.
Stone of Penna.
In the Lobby of the Lower House restaurant
The blind chaplain of the House led by his daughter
Sick of the whole business

BRECKINRIDGE, OF KENTUCKY.

The protection anti-silver Democrat of the East, the Republican with the faith grounded in him from the foundation of his party, and the ex-Confederate, free-silver and free-trade Democrat of the West walked in close comradeship.

The sight was not unusual. It was just a true glimpse of life in Washington. In Senate and House these men uphold valiantly their respective principles. The shafts of logic and satire, of ridicule and invective, are shot from side to side. The championship of party is earnest and vigorous until the gavel announces adjournment and the flags drop in silent token of the fact on the Capitol roof. Then the lawmakers unbend. They forget the heated interchanges on the floor. They mix regardless of party affiliation. They throw dignity to the winds that sweep around the corners of the great marble pile on the hill.

Washington is a city that goes to bed late. At four o'clock the executive departments close for the day. An hour later the Senate and House adjourn. There is no more business after that. One-third of the twenty-four hours is left for the chief meal, the six-o'clock dinner, and for recreation. The division of the Washington day is ideal—one-third for sleep, one-third for work and one-third for play.

When the sun goes down so does the official barrier. There is really little of class distinction. Haughtiness and toadyism are exceptional. The government clerk of good manners may make himself agreeable in the society of Senators' wives and daughters. Party differences are at least partially forgotten in things social. The White House sets the example. Ladies of Republican families invited to assist Mrs. Cleveland in her receptions are as numerous as those of the Democratic persuasion. At the reception given to Congress last winter by the President it was noted that there were present more Senators and Representatives of the minority than of Mr. Cleveland's own party. Even the sectional lines which are almost stronger than those of party weaken visibly in this, the best part of the Washington day, between 4 P.M. and midnight.

The national capital is becoming a city of hotels. Every season adds to the already long list. A generation or two ago the boarding house was the institution of Washington—now the hotel is. Every year increases the proportion of families in official life, which finds lodgment in public houses. The time was when the Washington hotel catered

BALDWIN, OF MINNESOTA.

SIBLEY, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

especially to some particular class of custom. Southerners were to be found in certain places of entertainment. New Englanders most frequented those which gave to baked beans and codfish balls a prominent position on the Sunday breakfast table. The Westerners had their choice. Traces of these divisions can be found now, but in the newer hotels families from Massachusetts are living in pleasant relations with people from Texas. Mississippians and Pennsylvanians sit in harmony in the same dining room. New Yorkers are scattered everywhere. The fifteen Missouri Representatives are distributed among eleven hotels, not more than two of them living in one establishment. This is a fair illustration of the new way of living in Washington. Yet, to hear the Western man denounce on the floor of Senate or House "the Shylocks of Wall Street," or the Eastern man with refined scorn refer to "the sagebrush and jack-rabbit constituencies" of the wild West, one might imagine they really meant what they said. Perhaps they do at the time. The feeling does not prevent the most cordial relations between members and their families representing all sections.

Surprising affinities develop among men who come to Congress. Jerry Simpson and Tom L. Johnson became fast friends almost from the day they met in the hall of the House of Representatives. Some bond came into immediate existence between the Kansas Populist with a mortgaged farm and the Cleveland capitalist with a million dollars in bonds and stocks. Simpson is thin to lankness, with a face like parchment. Johnson is short and fat, with round, rosy cheeks like a cherub. The look on Simpson's face is one of solemnity. Johnson's wrinkles are all made by smiles. These two opposites became so devoted in their friendship that when one took it into his head to ride a bicycle the other immediately invested in a wheel. They are the only Congressmen who find recreation in bicycles, and they are not at all backward in showing their proficiency. Simpson was a rather rough diamond when he came to Washington, while Johnson was a good dresser and a good liver. The association of the two has resulted in the cultivation of taste in neckwear by Simpson, while Johnson has become one of the strongest advocates of whatever will tend to the amelioration of mankind, regardless of his dividend-paying stocks in various industries.

The pastime of Thomas B. Reed is riding on an open grip car; and the nearer he can get to the front seat the better he likes it. The ex-Speaker lives at the hotel which Levi P. Morton built when he was Vice President. He has made

COFFEEN, OF WYOMING.

that his Washington home ever since its completion. Within a square of the hotel is a cable road. The "rope" stretches away two miles and a half to the Navy Yard gate. That is the ride Mr. Reed takes for recreation. When the nights are not too cold it is a regular thing for the big man to stroll down the corner and catch the grip car southward bound. He usually rides alone. Sometimes he starts as late as ten o'clock. He says the noise and jar, combined with the fresh air, acts like a tonic to his nerves. He is sure that after a round on the grip car he sleeps better. Leaning back with his elbows on the rest behind, his hat tilted upward, and his expansive front catching a broadside of the breeze, Mr. Reed shows his enjoyment of the grip-car constitutional in the look of contentment which spreads over his features.

COCKRAN, OF NEW YORK.

LISTENERS IN THE LOBBY.

The bigger the personality in the halls of Congress the simpler the favored form of recreation seems to be the rule. Every afternoon, when the House adjourns, three of the leaders on the Republican side set out side by side to walk the magnificent distance of Pennsylvania Avenue. They are Sereno E. Payne, of New York, Julius Cæsar Burrows, of Michigan, and Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa. In some way these men, who never met until they came to Congress, have discovered their kindred tastes. They spread out as they walk and cover a wide strip of the pavement. They talk and they laugh and they swing their arms, and when they separate after the tramp of a mile and a half they are in good shape for dinner. Senator Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, is another of the Congressional pedestrians. He is a great walker, but he goes it alone. His hat is pulled down over his forehead; his hands are thrust into his pockets; his eyes are on the ground. Thus he strides along, seeming to find the movement conducive to mental rest.

When John James Ingalls, of Kansas, was in the Senate he found much amusement in shop windows. He would stroll along the streets of Washington, stopping a dozen times on a single square to look at the things displayed. David B. Culberson, the constitutional lawyer from Texas, the head of the Judiciary Committee, has this same fashion, though not in such marked degree as Senator Ingalls had.

A man who thinks as he walks is Representa-

tive William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, who has given his name and almost his health to the new tariff bill. He is called "the professor," and he looks it, for as he takes his long, quick steps his eyes are cast down and he is apparently absorbed in thought.

Widely divergent are the tastes of the men who make the laws of the country. Common objects hold them together in dignified array at the Capitol until adjournment. Then they give rein to individuality. The ways they choose for spending their evenings are varied indeed. Senator John M. Palmer, of Illinois, belongs to a little coterie—the venerable ex-Secretary of the Treasury, Hugh McCulloch, is one of the members of it—which has gone deep into the science of whist. Senator William A. Peffer, of Kansas, the studious, clerical-looking Populist, reads, reads, reads. He is omnivorous when it comes to books, but the works which keep him up far into the night are about finance and political economy. Nobody remembers to have seen Senator Peffer without a book in hand as he goes to and comes from the Capitol. Senator James F. Wilson, of Iowa, finds mental solace in euchre. Senator George G. Vest, of Missouri, is fond of sitting at a table in a restaurant and telling stories. In the company with Vest will be found often Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, ex-Senator William Mahone, of Virginia, and Colonel Joseph K. Rickey, of Missouri. At a neighboring table may be Senator Joe Blackburn, of Kentucky; ex-Congressman

GROSVENOR, OF OHIO.

FYAN, OF MISSOURI.

Phil Thompson, of the same State; Representative Asher G. Caruth, of Louisville; Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia, and perhaps Senator Daniel W. Voorhees, of Indiana—for these all belong to the story-telling and story-loving class of public men.

As regular as the after-dinner hour comes around there may be found in the lobby of an uptown hotel Secretary Walter Q. Gresham, Representatives Moses P. Stevens, of Massachusetts, Charles Tracey, of New York, and Senator Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut. Sometimes smoking, sometimes not, they lounge about in the easy chairs, chatting with each other or with any chance acquaintance.

The approachableness of public men after office hours is in striking contrast with the rules of exclusion which prevail when business is going on. The grated doors are put up at the departments at two in the afternoon, and thereafter no one enters except by special permit. The doors of the Senate chamber close at nine in the morning, although the chaplain does not lift his voice in prayer until twelve. Doorkeepers stand where corridors lead to certain parts of the great structure to say that only Senators or their families pass there. "This elevator reserved for members" is the notice which warns visitors at the House end. "No cards sent in until after two" is the rule the doormen at the entrance to the marble room enforce, and so at every turn, even in the basement where "cold tea" is served for a

FORMAN, OF ILLINOIS.

price, there is something to remind of the dignity of government. But what a difference in the evening! The Senator who could not be reached by card or message a few hours before may be found strolling about the lobby of a hotel, his hat tilted back on his head, his hands in his pockets, ready to accept an informal introduction and to talk most affably. The Representative whom it was impossible to join in the elevator at the House becomes as other men, without frills, when found at his hotel.

The recreations of most public men in Washington are inexpensive. There is one horseback rider at each end of the Capitol, and just one in the Cabinet. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachussetts, Representative Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, and Secretary Hoke Smith, of Georgia, furnish three distinct types of horsemanship. Mr. Cannon's style is purely Western. His favorite horse is a nervous-looking chestnut, with a sweeping tail which no docking shears ever profaned. With stirrup straps let out to accommodate the full length of his limbs, leaning back in his McClellan saddle and holding his bridle rein taut, the Illinois lawyer goes at a clattering gait over the granite blocks and the asphalt. The wide brim of his soft felt hat turns upward. There is a strong flavor of what Buffalo Bill calls "the roughrider of the West" in Mr. Cannon's effort.

Secretary Hoke Smith's horse is a big, round-bodied, sleek-looking bay, with that favored gait of the South, the fox trot. Mr. Smith's pose on horseback is strictly perpendicular. The stirrup straps are short enough to give a slight outward bend of the knees. The rein is held loosely, and the Secretary's restful appearance conforms to the gentle ambling motion. One day a small African boy riding furiously on a bicycle went down in a heap just under the muzzle of Secretary Smith's self-possessed "single stepper." The big horse looked inquiringly at the obstruction, turned out and went around as if the struggling mass of small boy and wheel had been an inanimate stump or stone. The Secretary drew his rein slightly, and passed on as if nothing had happened.

Senator Lodge rides a hunter, close-clipped, rawboned and bang-tailed. His saddle is the pigskin. His nickel-plated stirrups are strung high. He wears topboots, a short coat, a derby hat, and carries a crop. The Senator belongs to the Chase Club, and follows the hounds over the fences and ditches of the northwestern suburbs of Washington.

These are the three horsemen among the notable public men of Washington. Ainsworth R.

BLANCHARD, OF LOUISIANA.

CANNON, OF ILLINOIS.

Spofford, the Congressional Librarian, whose brain holds the *olla podrida* of literature, used to ride a great deal. He was an almost daily companion on horseback of Bancroft, the historian, in the latter's lifetime. But with the construction of the new Library Building to look after Mr. Spofford finds little time for his rides.

Low-cut waistcoats, expansive shirt fronts, shaven faces, hair worn after the fashion of a mane, well-fitting Prince Albert coats—these are characteristics of a class of Congressmen. For the most part they go with the younger generation of legislators, those who have grown up since the war. Statesmanship is a profession with them. Constitutional questions bring them to their feet. Precedents are a never-failing source of inspiration. Having grounded themselves in the history of their country, these men look, as well as act, their chosen vocation.

John W. Bailey, of Texas, is a very good example of the type. Isaac Herschel Goodnight, of Kentucky, is another. Elijah Voorhees Brookshire, born when the present Senator Voorhees was beginning to be the idol of the Wabash Valley and named in honor of the Tall Sycamore, is a third.

All of these younger public men, who dress their parts and whose display of linen is luxuriant and impressive, are not from the South by any means. There is Peter J. Somers, of Wisconsin, who made his way from the bottom round of the political ladder. He was City Attorney, Alderman and Mayor of Milwaukee before he came to Congress. When Mr. Somers arrived in Washington at the opening of the session he went into a barber shop to get rid of some of the evidences of his journey from Wisconsin.

"Good evening, sah!" said the colored man who took his coat. "Just in from Texas, sah?"

The next day Mr. Somers, at the Capitol, met a man he was sure he had never seen before. The stranger grasped his hand and smilingly said: "Ah, glad to see you again!"

"You have the advantage of me," said Mr. Somers.

"Why, I met you last night?" replied the other, inquiringly.

"Think not," said Mr. Somers.

"Isn't this Mr. Bailey, of Texas?" asked the perplexed stranger.

When brought together it is readily seen that Mr. Somers and Mr. Bailey are not doubles, but the striking similarity in dress, in the manner of wearing the hair and in the smooth-shaven features of the face confounds many who are not well acquainted with them. Somers is taken for Bailey. Brookshire passes for Williams, of Illinois. Goodnight, of Kentucky, is mistaken for

BURROWS, OF MICHIGAN.

M'CREARY, OF KENTUCKY.

DOCKERY, OF MISSOURI.

Pendleton, of West Virginia. Pence, the Populist from Colorado, is mixed up with Flynn, the Republican Delegate from Oklahoma. They are fine, promising young men, all of them. They are intelligent, true to their convictions and enthusiastic for the right, as they conceive it to be. If they are somewhat Byronic in dress and manner, what of it? Popular government is safe when such young men pursue politics, not for the money, but for the higher satisfaction they find in it.

Rather strange to tell, the Congressman with the longest hair is not from south of Mason and Dixon's line, but from the pine woods of Wisconsin; his name is Thomas Lynch. There is nothing of the traditional fire eater about Mr. Lynch except his mass of hair. A few weeks ago the Representatives voted themselves mileage for the regular as well as for the extra session. Mr. Lynch was of the opinion that one round of mileage was enough. But he was in a very small minority. The money was put to his credit. Mileage from the northern point of Wisconsin means between $400 and $500. Mr. Lynch is not wealthy. He lives on his Congressional salary, but he put his extra mileage into a draft and sent it to a committee in the Lake Superior region to be applied to the relief of the unemployed. The fact became known through no agency of the long-haired Congressman.

The individuality of the Congressman, if he has much, crops out strongly when he takes the floor. Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, is never so fluent as when he supports three-fourths of his weight

BUNN, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

HUTCHESON, OF TEXAS.

with his right foot on the floor. He elevates the left foot to some vacant chair, leans forward, raises his right arm and extends the forefinger. Then he can express his thoughts with satisfaction to himself. Running through the centre of the hall of the House from the Speaker's desk to the main entrance is a broad aisle. It is the neutral strip, with Democrats to the east and Republicans to the west. It rises by successive short steps to the level of the rear semicircle of seats. On the highest section of this broad aisle, and in the centre of it, Private John Allen, of Mississippi, always takes his position to make those speeches which set the House in roars of laughter. As he feels his way hesitatingly to his funny climaxes Mr. Allen advances slowly until he stands on the very edge of the first step downward. There he stops and tilts and talks. When he has finished he turns around and walks slowly back to his seat.

Richard Parks Bland, the Missouri apostle of free silver, has a queer little habit, which seems to stimulate his thoughts. He pulls a short string, or usually a quarter of a yard of red tape, through his fingers. Mr. Bland has the peculiar faculty of starting at full speed. There is no preliminary warming up, but as soon as he has said "Mr. Speaker" he is off. Judge Culberson, the ponderous Texan, says Mr. Bland reminds him of a machine always wound up and ready to start as soon as a spring is touched. In this case the spring is silver. Ex-Speaker Reed rises from his seat and walks down the aisle three or four steps before he begins to talk. Mr. Burrows stands behind his desk, bending slightly forward, with his knuckles on the desk in front of him. Like Orator Puff, Mr. Burrows has "two tones to his voice." Sometimes he says the most pointed and sarcastic things in softly modulated tones which

WISE, OF VIRGINIA.

BROWN, OF INDIANA.

CUMMINGS, OF NEW YORK.

barely reach the galleries. At other times he fairly thunders his denunciations of the opposition. In his dress the Kalamazoo statesman also shows striking versatility. A stranger seeing Mr. Burrows one day might not recognize him the next. When the weather is fair Mr. Burrows is out in a high hat and a gray suit, with double-breasted, full-skirted Prince Albert coat. When the indications are "cloudy and threatening" he starts for the Capitol in a bobtailed brown coat and a soft traveling hat, much the worse for wear. The mannerism of William Bourke Cockran, the New York orator, in speaking, rather adds to than detracts from what he says. Standing squarely upon both feet, Mr. Cockran swings his body from side to side, not monotonously, but in a way to emphasize his phrases. In his most impressive passages he throws his head back and almost closes his eyes. He has another fashion, of wagging his head from side to side effectively.

Amos J. Cummings, the New York newspaper man in Congress, almost invariably commits what he has to say to paper. He is one of the few men who can read a speech without detracting from the force and charm of delivery. As he reads he bends forward, holding the manuscript sheet by sheet at some distance from his face. Very sharp and clean-cut are Mr. Cummings's sentences. They do not sound as if they were being read.

A man who prepares his speech as he goes, and who tosses his arms about in a vigorous fashion, is Benton McMillin, of Tennessee. He is at his best when he relies on the spur of the moment for his inspiration. This cultivated readiness of speech stands McMillin well in his social relation. Few public men are more entirely at home in a circle of ladies, and few are found oftener in the parlors of the Southern circle on the days of receptions and teas. Yet McMillin does not dress like a beau. He affects hats with broad brims, and clothes that fit easy. In good-humored social intercourse his tongue moves nimbly, and he finds recreation.

A slender man, boyish in appearance as seen from the galleries, begins to speak. The high-pitched tones and delicate personality do not promise much, but before John Dalzell, of Pittsburgh, has uttered half a dozen sentences the thin, small voice has begun to ring in the remotest corners of the hall, and the whole House is listening. This man, who looks so young, is old enough to have given away a daughter in one of the fashionable weddings in Washington this winter.

The emphasis which a crutch can give was seen when General Daniel E. Sickles made a few vigorous remarks in the Democratic National Convention at Chicago in 1892. General Sickles is back in the House of Representatives, where he served thirty-eight years ago. Then he stood on two sound legs. Now a crutch takes the place of

STEWART (SENATOR), OF NEVADA.

DIXON (SENATOR), OF RHODE ISLAND.

BAKER, OF KANSAS.

one of them. As he grows interested in what he says General Sickles has a quaint way of raising his crutch from the floor and gesticulating with it. There are half a dozen crippled statesmen, but they lose nothing thereby in the effectiveness of their speech. Perhaps the most graceful orator in the House is the one-armed Charles E. Hooker, of Mississippi. And there is no one whose manner is more forceful than William C. Oates, of Alabama, with a sleeve hanging empty by his side. William J. Stone, of Kentucky, lays aside his crutches when he rises to address the House. Without any manifestation of fatigue he stands on one leg behind his desk. Senator Berry has much the same habit. Putting his hand on his desk occasionally, he moves about and faces in various directions more nimbly than some Senators with two good legs. Senators William B. Bate, of Tennessee, and Matthew C. Butler, of South Carolina, have substituted cork for the legs they lost in battle, and they have become so thoroughly accustomed to the artificial support that, seen in the Senate chamber, they do not appear to be crippled.

M'MILLIN, OF TENNESSEE.

These short hours of government service, and the regular if not munificent salaries for the same, leave energies unimpaired and minds keen for the long evening which begins before sundown. The recreation which the worker with longer hours elsewhere seeks is rest. Here it is change in activity. With zest the people in official life pursue

MITCHELL (SENATOR), OF WISCONSIN.

DUBOIS (SENATOR), OF IDAHO.

their amusements. The round of receptions and dinner giving and teas is endless. The hotel parlors are full of ladies. The hotel lobbies and smoking rooms are thronged with men. The colleges and professional schools begin their recitations and their lecture courses at the hour official duties cease, and continue them far into the night. There are literary organizations and scientific societies and clubs by the score for all manner of purposes.

Washington life is fascinating. The people whom official position brings here seldom leave voluntarily. A large element of the winter population is of, but not in, official life. People of means and leisure in growing numbers find this city an agreeable winter-

HARRIS (SENATOR), OF TENNESSEE.

ing place. Acquaintances are made easily. Official society is not exclusive. It is none the worse for the fact that no questions are asked about the size of bank accounts. A cosmopolitan like Colonel Pat Donan, with all of the United States to choose from, comes here every winter. He finds in my lady's parlor of Washington the highest development of American loveliness, he says.

These long after-office hours are the ones in which the effective work of the agent of legislation is done. Lobbying is made easy by the customs of the last third of the Washington day. There are men whose business it is to forecast coming events in Congress; they use this information for their own guidance or supply it to employers.

Wall Street is close to Washington when Congress is in session. Late at night the confidential predictions are sent on which operations at the opening of the stock markets the next day are based. The opportunities which come to the shrewd seeker of advanced information on the action of Congress develop after dark. Similarly the outside influences which are directed to the shaping of legislation are most actively in operation when Washington has dined. So it is not quite true that this eight hours' period before midnight is a play spell for all who live at the national capital.

Washington sleeps well. Two hours before midnight all is life and gayety. Two hours after, the quietude of a country town prevails. Eight hours is enough for toil, the philosophers who are looking forward say. It appears from the Washington experience that eight hours is also enough for play. The relaxation which begins at four and five o'clock in the afternoon has run its course when twelve o'clock comes. By that hour the last diner out has found his way home in a cab. The reception parlors are deserted. The ball is over.

"Making a night of it" means something different in Washington from the interpretation usually given in large cities. Here revelry of the irrational kind has burned to the socket at an hour when it is getting fairly under way elsewhere. Earlier hours of beginning make earlier hours of satiety. At twelve o'clock ninety-five hundredths of the population of Washington is in slumber. An hour later the hush is one of the conditions peculiar to the capital of the nation.

Dwellers in cities know well the urban roar that never dies. In business hours it is greatest. In the last half of the night it is weakest. But it never ceases. The rattle of the night liners, the

IN THE VISITORS' GALLERY.

rumble of the owl cars, the whirring of mills and factories which do not shut down—these and other noise-producing agencies help to show that the city's commercial and manufacturing spirit lives even while its inhabitants sleep. Washington is different. It is a city of its own class. It has no commerce and no manufacturing which does not end at sundown. It runs no owl cars, because the corporations believe such things are not conducive to good morals. There is nobody abroad to be carried home. A city of the dead is not more peaceful and quiet.

JIM.

By Etta W. Pierce.

He was a gray-eyed, freckled fellow, the leader of half the mischief in the town.

His father, Jason Standish, had died of Medford rum while the boy was still young; and Mrs. Jason, a poor broken-spirited creature, unable to wrestle with the hardships of life in a New England fishing town, gave up the struggle after a few weak efforts, and followed her reprobate lord to the grave.

Thus orphaned, Jim fell to the care of a bachelor uncle, who made shoes in winter and caught lobsters and bluefish in summer, and in spite of this combination of industries, remained hopelessly poor all the year round. Vulgar excess of food or raiment Jim never knew. He dug clams, picked berries and beach plums, shot sea fowl whenever he could borrow or steal a boat and gun, earned a slate and an arithmetic, and set up a reign of terror in the school on the crossroads.

"That fellow will swing on the gallows before he is one and twenty," the schoolmaster was heard to pant, as hatless and disheveled he found himself ejected headforemost from his own temple, all because he had attempted to break a ruler over the tousled head of Jim.

"Lor'! didn't Mackensie *know* that Jim never would stand a thrashing?" chuckled Uncle Nat as he dropped a live green lobster into his boiling pot, down at the shanty on the shore. "Why, it jest drives the boy wild. He's got old Myles Standish's blood in him—everybody has heered tell what sort of man Myles was—captain over to Plymouth, and killed Injuns as easy as I bile lobsters. So Jim pitched the skulemaster out, and kept him out? Well, it's a good deal like Jim."

The unlucky Mackensie resigned his position, and another teacher took the desk at the crossroads—a girl from Sandwich on the Cape—younger than Jim by several months, and pretty as a mayflower in the Duxbury Woods. She began her work with tact and good sense, and for a space things went smoothly. Under the spell of Bess Carver's sea-blue eyes and lady ways Jim, rough cub though he was, grew docile.

Now, it chanced that the young teacher had secured board in the family of a certain Joshua Soule, a member of the school committee, whose house stood near the school.

"If the boys go to cutting up," said Soule, "you send for *me*, Miss Carver. I'll wallop 'em into subjection. Keep a sharp eye on Jim Standish. He's the worst of the lot—a reg'lar limb of Satan."

Miss Carver smiled serenely. Being a Cape girl, she had unbounded confidence in her own ability to control the boys, even to Jim Standish.

One June morning Jim came stalking into school half an hour behind time. He bore a bag, which he thrust with guilty haste under his desk.

"Why are you tardy this morning, Standish?" asked Miss Carver, sweetly.

She was dressed in sprigged muslin—the prettiest gown Jim had ever seen. In her bosom nestled a wild pink rose. Her crinkly yellow hair shone like brass, and her eyes were as blue as Duxbury Bay on a cloudless summer morning.

"I went to haul Uncle Nat's lobster traps," answered Jim, "and the pesky boat got aground."

"What have you in that bag?"

"Nothin'," replied Jim, brazenly.

The arithmetic class was called. Miss Carver turned to the blackboard and began to write upon it a sum in decimals. Suddenly a shriek rang through the room, and brought the teacher to the right about face. Out from the bag under Jim's desk two long, live snakes wriggled, like shining black ribbons, and flattened out six feet of coils on the schoolroom floor. The boys burst into loud laughter. The girls, with a view to the safety of their ankles, leaped on the top of the desks and rent the air with screams. Miss Carver seemed to grow an inch taller.

"James Standish!" she called.

Jim shuffled forward, humble, deprecatory, his chin on his breast.

"Cuss the things!" he muttered. "I thought the rope was tight round the bag."

Then it was that Bess Carver made the mistake

of her life. The culprit was penitent—one word might have brought him to her feet; but she was angry, and she felt that the discipline of the school was at stake. From a drawer in her desk she drew a stout piece of wood—the very ruler that Mackensie had tried to break on Jim's head. He started back, breathing heavily.

"Don't!" he implored—"don't strike! I can't bear it, you know."

The moment was not one for flinching.

"Hold out your hand!" commanded the Cape girl.

Unable to resist that sweet, imperious voice, Jim obeyed. She laid one blow on his open palm. Flashes of lightning filled the boy's eyes. In a sudden frenzy he clutched the sleeve of the sprigged muslin, and down it dropped, with a snap of stitches, to the floor. Miss Carver transferred the ruler to her other hand; that was caught like its fellow, and the second sleeve went the way of the first. She stood before her school, red with mortification, both dimpled white arms stripped bare to the shoulder, and that dreadful boy glaring on her like a maniac.

"I warned you not to strike!" he panted. "I've spoiled your dress, but I warned you!"

The Cape girl wrote some words on a slip of paper, and beckoned to a small boy on a front seat.

"Take this message to Mr. Soule," she said, in a low voice, "and tell him to make haste."

The messenger shot out of the school. Jim's gray eyes flashed keen reproach on the teacher.

"You've sent for Josh Soule to come here and thrash me," he said. "It's a pity to put him to such trouble—I'll go and meet him on the road."

Miss Carver started toward the door to bar his egress. With a wicked laugh Jim leaped through the nearest window. A few rods down the road he met the avenging Joshua, hurrying, with a stout hickory stick in hand, to Miss Carver's assistance. Soule was middle-aged, of Falstaff mold, and stern and judicial in bearing.

"Halt, you young limb!" he cried, and made a dash for Jim's ragged collar.

"Halt it is!" answered Jim, and by a nimble movement he struck Joshua's broad feet from under his clumsy body. The school committeeman's heels flew into the air; he fell on his back in the sandy road, and Jim stood over him and plied the hickory with might and main. Whack! whack! The man was too amazed to defend himself. Jim relieved his feelings, then flung the stick into the bushes, and continued on down the road, holding his tousled head high, and whistling shrilly like a triumphant gamecock.

Bess Carver left the school in charge of an older pupil and hurried home to change her dress.

Half laughing, half crying, she consigned the torn muslin to the bottom of her trunk.

"I will never try to mend it—never!" she said.

That night, when tea was over, she fared forth to find the house where Jim lived. It proved to be a low, paintless structure on the shore of the bay, with buoys and lobster traps strewn about the door, and sunflowers growing as high as the brown eaves. To the weatherworn clapboards a dried shark's fin was nailed. Over a salt pool near the gate hovered a tame bittern, some pet of Jim's, and on the threshold of the house sat Uncle Nat Standish, with his clay pipe betwixt his teeth, and his eyes fixed on the twin lights of the Gurnet as they twinkled beyond the long, low outline of Clark's Island.

"Mr. Standish," began the Cape girl, shining down on the old fisherman in her mayflower beauty, "have you heard of the trouble at the school to-day?"

Old Nat nodded in a non-committal fashion.

"Oh," faltered Miss Carver, "I am sorry that I attempted to punish Jim with that—that particular ruler! The committee are very angry—Mr. Soule says that Jim must be expelled—I do not want him expelled. I want to be friends with him again. I am fond of Jim, and until to-day he was fond of me."

She had come on an errand of peace. Her lovely eyes looked moist and anxious. The ruined sprigged muslin was forgotten.

"Jim ain't here, miss," answered Uncle Nat, dejectedly. "He won't ever go back to skule. He's packed his bundle and gone away to sea."

"Gone away to sea!" echoed Miss Carver, in dismay.

"Yes; Jim's had a hankering arter tar and bilge water ever since he was as high as my boot leg, miss. He's gone on the *Merry Mermaid*, with Captain Harkins, of Kingston—shipped for a v'yage to the Far East."

"And when will he come back?"

"Well, as to that, the Lord only knows. Duxbury folks ain't likely to see him again in a hurry."

The news of Jim's departure made a sensation in the old town. Captain Harkins was called a terrible sea dog—the roughest master mariner in Plymouth County.

"He'll brain Jim with a belaying pin," said Joshua Soule, "or kick him overboard, before the voyage is half done."

Some weeks and months went by. Then Uncle Nat received news of his wanderer. The master of the *Merry Mermaid* had neither brained

Jim nor drowned him. The boy was safe in Hong Kong, and Captain Harkins was teaching him navigation. Miss Carver, sitting with old Nat in his poor cottage, read the letter which contained the above tidings, and dimpled with gratification.

"I knew—I *knew* that we could trust Jim!" she said.

A great friendship had sprung up betwixt the old fisherman and the teacher. She was now a constant visitor at the cottage. Jim's tame bittern had learned to perch on her shoulder, and Nat, at his lobster pot or shoemaker's bench, watched eagerly for the trim girlish figure and pretty golden head to come down the sandy path to his door and talk with him about the absent Jim.

Life in a South Shore town is a dull and monotonous affair. Three years went by. Then the *Merry Mermaid* sailed into Boston harbor, and Uncle Nat locked his cottage door, left the tame bittern in charge, and vanished for a few days from the knowledge of his neighbors. When he returned he was swelling with importance.

"You see," he said to Bess Carver, "Cap'n Harkins needed Jim aboard ship—he couldn't give him leave of absence; so I jest went up to Boston to see the boy. Lor', he's grown as tall as my ridgepole, and old Harkins says no better seaman ever handled a rope. As soon as the *Mermaid* can discharge her cargo she's a-going on another long v'yage, and Jim is to sail as second mate."

"I am very, very glad!" said Bess Carver.

"Jim's a-seeing the world—he's a-looking with his own eyes on what your books teach."

Proudly he showed a roll of money which his boy had given him; then, with a wink and a grin, he shuffled to a closet, and brought out a mysterious-looking box.

"Here's a-somethin'," he said, "which Jim charged me to deliver to the skulemarm. I hugged it close all the way from Boston, afeared some scut would ketch it out of my grip."

Miss Carver took off the wrappings of the box and raised the cover, wondering. What did she see? A dress pattern of magnificent brocade, bought in some Eastern bazaar, and stiff with richness. Silver threads, like vines of hoar frost, overran the peach-blow surface, and in every fold lurked a royal odor of attar of rose. On a bit of paper which was pinned to the brocade Miss Carver deciphered these words in Jim's familiar pothooks: "*To replace the sprigged muslin.*"

"Lor'," grinned Uncle Nat, "he means the gown that he tore half off you at skule!"

She colored high, then held up the peach-blow splendor with a burst of womanly delight.

"It makes one think of the sky curdled with dawn," she said. "These silver threads are the starlight, not yet gone out."

"You can't wear sich stuff teaching Duxbury young 'uns," answered Uncle Nat, practically; "but it might do first-rate for a wedding gown."

* * * * * *

Time went on. The wife of Joshua Soule died; then Uncle Nat turned prophet.

"Josh will be asking *you* to marry him now," he said to the teacher. "He's got lands and boats, and money in bank."

"What nonsense you talk!" she frowned; but at the end of a few months he saw that she looked harassed and unhappy.

"Didn't I tell you how 'twould be?" cried the old man, in triumph. "Why, Josh is a-pestering you to death—he's a-giving you no peace of your life! Say, be you a-going to take up with a walking porpoise like Josh Soule?"

Miss Carver made no reply, but she changed her boarding place with suspicious haste, and the whole town knew that the widower's suit had met with summary rejection.

Soule was not the only lover who came wooing the teacher; but unmoved, unwon, the Cape girl kept her desk at the crossroads, and maintained her friendship with Uncle Nat.

"There's no man in these parts fit to tech the ground that little gal walks on," said the old fisherman.

In the sixth year of Jim's absence Uncle Nat's strength began to fail.

"I'm breaking up," he said, "like a wreck in a high sea."

He abandoned his shoemaking tools and lobster traps, and was content to sit all day long in his door and watch the white Gurnet towers and the sparkle and shadow of the blue bay. One afternoon in late autumn the woman who presided over his domestic affairs ran to the school with the news that the old man "had got a bad turn."

"I've called the doctor," she said; "but he hates doctors. He jest wants the teacher to sit alongside him for a spell and talk about Jim. He's longing the wust way to see Jim."

Miss Carver dismissed the children and started for the cottage.

Darkness was descending like a blanket. A tremendous gale tore up and down the coast. Duxbury Bay seemed heaving its gray gloom to meet the thick cloud rack. Rain lashed the pine woods and the low shore. The school was a half-mile from the cottage, and the furious wind twisted Miss Carver about, turned her umbrella inside out, and beat and buffeted her without mercy. Blinded, breathless, with bent head and

a terrifying sense of being whirled into space, she staggered along the sandy road until a mighty gust suddenly seized her slender, palpitating body, and hurled it against some object by the wayside. A tree? No. A man. He promptly put out an arm to support her.

"Hold fast to me," he said, with a mellow laugh. "You are too small to stand up alone against a South Shore gale."

He was tall and brown, with a gray hawk gaze and a beard like a ripe chestnut; but she knew him at a glance.

"So you have come back?" she said.

"Yes. The Kingston stage left me just now at the school. I found the door locked, and followed in your wake."

"Uncle Nat is very ill. He sent for me. I am going to the cottage."

"So am I."

He drew ner hand through his arm. The wind blew them to Uncle Nat's dwelling and in through the low door. The old man turned his pinched face on the pillow and smiled.

"What! *Together?* Have you come together?" he said. "The teacher and I have talked a lot about you, Jim—year in and year out, we've talked a lot about you."

* * * * * *

He died at midnight.

Miss Carver remained by his side till the last; then Jim escorted her to her boarding place through the wild and windy night. Hardly a word was spoken on the way.

At the funeral the two met again. Jim was standing near the teacher as she knelt and laid on Uncle Nat's grave a great cross of sweet pine and glossy bayberry leaves.

From that new-made mound Miss Carver turned and hurried out of the cemetery. She took the road to the school—she had exercises

"MISS CARVER TRANSFERRED THE RULER TO HER OTHER HAND."

to correct there which had been left over from her morning work. As she unlocked the door she heard a step at her back, but she did not turn or look. The silent, deserted schoolroom was already dim with twilight. She opened her desk to search for the exercises, and her eyes fell on an old ruler. She smiled involuntarily as she drew it forth.

"Is that Mackensie's ruler?" asked a voice at her elbow.

She nodded. With a mischievous gleam in his gray eyes Jim held out his hand.

"You may ferule me now as much as you like," he said.

She dropped the wood as though it had been a hot coal. He leaned on the battered desk and looked at her with his heart in his gaze.

"I wonder if you have quite forgiven me!"

"Long ago," she replied.

"Then take the hand which I would not let you strike that day—God knows I offer it humbly enough to you now! Take it, Bess, and my whole soul and being with it. As boy and man I have loved you these six years. Captain Harkins retires now from service, and the owners have offered the command of the *Merry Mermaid* to me. I am to sail on a voyage to Australia. Bess, darling, go with me as my wife!"

Her soft eyes shone through happy tears. He bent over the old desk and kissed her.

Three weeks later the peach-blow brocade, scented with attar of rose, was fashioned into a wedding gown, and Captain Jim carried the schoolmistress away to the antipodes.

SWEET PEAS.

By Nina Frances Lavard.

Sweet peas of many colors, pink and blue,
And dusky purple mellowing to a hue
Of brown-veined crimson, when I look at you
I think my eyes have borrowed of your dew.

Because I knew you long ago mayhap,
Your white face looking from a purple cap,
And your fine bonnet with a modest flap,
And loved you as you lay upon my lap.

Because I like the dear old-fashioned traits,
Your stately carriage and your gracious ways,
Because my heart can never cease to praise
The tender beauty of the bygone days.

Because you smell of gardens long ago,
With old-world lilies standing in a row,
And dahlias with their gaudy furbelow;
Is this the reason why I love you so?

Because—because, O blossoms, you have read
My secret heart; you seem to bow your head
For piety and pity of the dead,
Because, perchance, I leave a name unsaid.

RUSSIAN PUPPET SHOWS.

By Valerian Gribayédoff.

Boys and girls almost universally are familiar with the time-honored features of sly old Mr. Punch and his much-abused better half, Mrs. Judy. How often have we welcomed the arrival of the showman, with his tall folded frame which when opened out and erected was magically transformed into a neat little theatre! Then the puppets soon began to play their antics, being worked mysteriously from behind by always invisible hands. All of us, I am sure, remember this, and the great pleasure we felt in following the fortunes of Mr. Punch and his spouse, not forgetting the dog Toby and the baby. There was always a good deal of fun in the earlier scenes of the play, but near the end it had a way of turning into tragedy, Mr. Punch developing into a wife beater,

and going from bad to worse until he finally commits murder. The police next appear upon the scene, to be resisted by the criminal, who has grown sullen and ferocious, but is at last overpowered and carried off to receive his just punishment on the gallows. But even in the face of death he proves crafty, and pretending not to understand how to get his own head into the noose, he manages to juggle with the rope so effectually as to hang the executioner. Fortune favors Mr. Punch, first, last and all the time!

Most Americans know that this quaint old play came to them from their Anglo-Saxon forefathers. That is why they are apt to regard Punch and Judy as a purely English institution. But the fact is that England borrowed the idea from Italy, where Punchinello was a popular favorite long before he wandered westward and appeared in the foggy isle.

Some writers claim to trace his origin to Pontius Pilate, and say that the modern show was originally a religious spectacle. Be that as it may, the Russians have in the rural districts a traveling show somewhat resembling our Punch and Judy, but which for simplicity and primitiveness forms a striking contrast to its counterpart in Western Europe. It dates back to the ninth century, when it, with Christianity (curiously enough), was introduced into Great and Little Russia from Byzantium.

The picture printed here gives the reader a clear idea of what this puppet show was and is. As will be seen, the performance is conducted by two persons, just on the same principle as our own. One works the dolls and the other plays the zither. The former is called the "Kukolnik," the latter the "Guseltchik." They do not burden themselves with even as much baggage as their European or American brethren; there is no folding frame to be shouldered on the tramp from village to village; but instead the showman wears a convenient hoop skirt. Quite a curious substitute, one would fancy, for the frame theatre, yet a glance at the picture will show how well it works. The Kukolnik raises the skirt above his head, and braces it with two sticks until it assumes the appearance of having been lifted by a high wind. Once there, it is stationary, shielding him from view, and creating the "behind the scenes" from whence he controls the puppets. Meanwhile the Guseltchik seats himself and begins the overture, gayly twanging his zither to the audience's infinite delight. I was on the point of saying that now the curtain rises, but remembered in time that there is no curtain, and will therefore simply announce that the actors make their bow. It will interest the reader to hear something about these puppet actors.

One "stock" character is that of the valiant Knight, helmeted, plumed and clad in shining armor (he appears in the picture), who is ever performing prodigies of valor, and accomplishing the most daring feats in rescuing beautiful maidens, whom he bears away on his gallant steed to liberty and love. The Buffoon is also an indispensable character; he is really a deep-enough sort of fellow, and usually has a purpose of his own to serve—in fact, there is a deal of method in his buffoonery. We have also the Fool, who must not be confounded with the Buffoon, and is a genuine, Simon Pure, out-and-out simpleton. He is always on hand, producing much laughter by his grotesque stupidities. The darling of the audience must not be omitted in this account—the lovely Maiden who inspires the brave Knight to noble deeds; the Buffoon to attempt poetry in her praise; and the Fool to be more foolish than ever in endeavoring to express his devotion. And last, yet by no means least, comes the bad man of the play—the Heavy Villain, with dark, handsome countenance, adorned with such wonderful mustachios as are seldom seen off the stage, and who plots and schemes against the peace of the fair heroine, seeming to gain his desires step by step, while the audience grows feverish with suppressed excitement. But in the very nick of time the gallant Knight arrives to foil the Villain and rescue the Lady amid enthusiastic applause. Some of the more ambitious dramas necessarily introduce a greater variety of actors, including the parents of the beautiful heroine; sometimes her brother, cousin, or perhaps a kindly aunt or uncle. In other instances quite a host of minor characters are called into service, such as the "strelitzi," or military guards; the villagers; the priest, or "pope," as he is called in Russia; the landlord of the "traktir," or country inn, etc.

These wandering puppet showmen are the descendants of a class once almost a power in the land of the Czars. Like the Scottish minstrels and the Irish harpers of old, they were not only invited upon all important festive occasions, but were treated as honored guests. If the season were summer the show would be given under the trees upon a grassy lawn; and if winter time, the company gathered in the ancestral hall. Although frequently the plays were of the class mentioned, the Kukolnik had other strings to his bow. Russia is very rich in the curious old traditions, fairy tales and legendary poetry called "folklore." Now, our friends the showmen were, as a class, distinguished for their acquaintance with all this folklore; the Kukolnik recited the

tales; the Guseltchik sang the songs. So when they neither performed the ordinary play with the brave Knight, the Fair Lady, the Buffoon and the Villain, nor invented something entirely new, they wove their plot out of some old national legend, while the zither was attuned to ancient knowledge that the Kukolnik and Guseltchik have sadly fallen from their high estate. True, they still wander from village to village, from house to house, giving their plays from the hoop-skirt stage and their music from the zither. But times have changed; no longer are they received

THE RUSSIAN PUPPET SHOW.

Russian airs. The native music of Russia is pervaded by a sweet, plaintive melancholy, and when played upon a string instrument like the zither is very inspiring. So one need not wonder at the popularity these itinerant players enjoyed during the Middle Ages.

Alas that I say it! but truth forces me to acknowledge that the Kukolnik and Guseltchik have sadly fallen from their high estate. True, they still wander from village to village, from house to house, giving their plays from the hoop-skirt stage and their music from the zither. But times have changed; no longer are they received as the guests in the stately mansion of the boyar or the comfortable dwelling of the merchant, but are merely regarded as entertaining vagabonds, catering only to peasant audiences. In spite of this, however, they may fairly claim the glory of having preserved to modern generations much of the romantic spirit of Russia's past.

WHALEBACK STEAMERS.

OUR INLAND SEAS.

By Bessie B. Croffut.

The wings of the American eagle stretch over a broad, prosperous and populous country, but nowhere is his strident scream of exultation more fitly sent forth than when he pauses on suspended wing or floats in easy rapture above the region bordering the five Great Lakes which have been fantastically termed the "Western Mediterranean." Let us reflect for a moment that these flashing, restless, linked watery jewels stretched as a dividing line between the United States and Canada half the width of the continent contain more than one-half of the fresh-water area of the globe; that along these shores, where not three hundred years ago the dip of the paddle of the Indian's canoe alone was heard, and where the French fathers ventured, carrying the cross of "the white man's God," which the far tribes of the Pacific sent messengers to greet, thrives the hardy population of eight large and prosperous States—twenty-six of the entire sixty-three millions of the last census. Along their shores thirty-six cities have sprung to life, ranging from 1,000 inhabitants to the million and more of the throned "daughter of the prairie," rising from its boundless expanse like Venice from the waves, who so late entertained the nations of the earth right royally.

General O. M. Poe, U. S. Engineer in charge of the work on the St. Mary's Falls Ship Canal, which connects Lake Superior with Lake Huron and overcomes the rapids in the St. Mary's River at Sault Ste. Marie, speaking of the commerce of the Great Lakes, says: "For nearly thirty-five years I have watched its increase, but neither I nor anyone else within my knowledge has been able to expand at the same rate. The wildest expectations of one year seem absolutely tame the next."

The above statement is justified by the Eleventh Census, the first attempt that has been made to ascertain the total freight traffic of the United States on the Great Lakes. It is difficult for us to realize that the tonnage of these lakes is more than one-third that of the Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf coasts combined, and that in 1890 the tonnage of the Detroit River alone was eight million tons in excess of the entrances and clearances in the foreign trade at London, and about the same as those of Liverpool. Still more striking is the showing for the eight months of the same season during which the St. Mary's Falls Canal was open, for the tonnage of that exceeded by one and a half million tons the registered freight of all nations which passed through the Suez Canal during the 365 days the latter remained free for navigation. The Straits of Mackinaw show even a much larger excess.

Compared with the railroad traffic of our own country, it appears hardly credible that the Lake service during less than two-thirds of the year is

almost exactly one-fourth of the total freight carried by all the railroads of the country put together throughout the whole year; yet such is the fact.

Employing the terms of the railroad and picturesque comparisons, the 30,299,006 tons of freight carried on the Great Lakes during the season of 1890, loaded into cars of average size and capacity, would cover 13,466 miles of track, or, in other words, four tracks extending from New York to San Francisco, with overplus sufficient to cover two additional tracks from New York to Chicago, the lines of fully laden cars being continuous!

Let us glance at the tide of commerce which, from the days of the first American vessel launched on Lake Erie in 1797, flowed westward, carrying the provisions and other supplies to the early settlers, but which about 1840 set in with a backward movement like that of the Bay of Fundy's waves—its only parallel in nature, or indeed in the traffic of the world. A small brig brought to Buffalo in 1836 the first earnest of the magnificent return of the bread cast on the waters, 3,000 bushels of wheat from Michigan, and against this we have to show in the season of 1891 upward of 200,000,000 bushels of grain, including nearly 8,000,000 barrels of flour. Moreover, enormous as these figures seem, it is to be remembered that breadstuffs do not to-day constitute by any means the largest item of the Lake traffic, but really occupy a fourth-rate position, the first place being claimed by the iron ore of the Lake Superior district, from which comes more than half the total production of iron ore in the United States. Indeed, but for the great natural highways and the cheap transportation they afford, it is safe to say that this district, which produces the best and the most valuable ore in the whole country, could not have been developed at all, the bulk and weight of the product rendering it exceedingly unlikely that railroads could afford to carry it at a sufficiently low rate to its destination in the furnaces of Illinois, Ohio and Pennsylvania.

Lumber, second in order, reaches upward of 6,000,000 tons yearly, while the westward movement of coal, anthracite and bituminous, amounts to nearly the same number of tons.

Buffalo, it may be observed, is the largest receiving port for breadstuffs in the country, as well as the largest shipping point for anthracite coal, the receipts of grain and flour at this single port during eight months in 1891 having been nearly equal to the domestic exports of like products from all other ports in the United States in the same period, notwithstanding the fact that the export movement of that year was the largest known in the history of the country.

By the following table it will be seen that, compared with the largest foreign and home ports, Chicago and Buffalo, inland cities both, hold no contemptible position; Chicago treads close upon the heels of New York, and, after London and Liverpool, finds no rival in the world except Hamburg, who distances her but by less than 200,000 tons, while Antwerp and Marseilles alike yield the palm to Buffalo.

Entrances and clearances of the ports for the season of 1890 were:

FOREIGN AND COASTWISE.

	Tons.
Chicago	10,288,868
Buffalo	9,560,590
London	20,962,534
Liverpool	16,621,421
Glasgow	5,977,860
Hull	5,061,882

FOREIGN ONLY.

Havre	4,418,876
Marseilles	7,392,556
Antwerp	8,203,999
Hamburg	10,417,096
Bremen	3,481,769
New York	12,646,555
Boston	2,676,387
Philadelphia	2,585,866
San Francisco	1,986,483

With increased production, facilities for handling have increased also, and whereas in the early days the unloading of grain at Lake ports was performed by hoisting barrels from the hold of the ship, and after weighing, transferring them into canal boats alongside, three or four days being required by the crew for the unloading of a cargo of 5,000 bushels, there are now single elevators capable of removing 25,000 bushels an hour. Several of these vast storehouses have two hollow legs each, the distances between which are adjustable so as to correspond with the distances between the hatches on the vessel to be unloaded, and the work is further expedited by steam shovels introduced into the hold, two of them working in connection with each leg and sweeping the grain toward the continuous line of tine buckets carried on an endless chain. When this gigantic tube is lowered into the hatch of a vessel it frequently buries its nose five to ten feet deep in the cargo.

The coal and ore docks load with corresponding speed, from a series of pockets with shoots or aprons below them on which the ore and anthracite coal is carried to a point over the open hatches of the ship (bituminous coal having to be lowered into the hold in buckets to avoid breaking). So

rapid is the process that a vessel with a cargo of grain arriving in Buffalo at 9:30 A.M. has unloaded 77,000 bushels, and, taking on 3,200 tons of coal, has been ready to leave port at 7 P.M. of the same day. At Duluth it is by no means uncommon to see several of the largest Lake steamers receiving cargoes at once from the same elevator. Chicago, it is to be noted, has the largest elevator capacity in the United States, accommodating 28,675,000 bushels in her 26 elevators, while New York, with her 27 elevators, shelters 27,275,000 bushels.

Having thus gained some idea of the tremendous proportions of the commerce of the Lakes, of which it was truly said, "it requires no prophet to foretell a wonderful growth, but only a prophet can foretell its degree," let us look at the ships in which it is carried, at the impediments that stand in the way of even more rapid growth, at the cost of transportation by water compared with that by rail, and at the relative amounts expended so far by our own country and by Great Britain in facilitating the movement of the magnificent crops and mineral resources of our Northwest and of Canada.

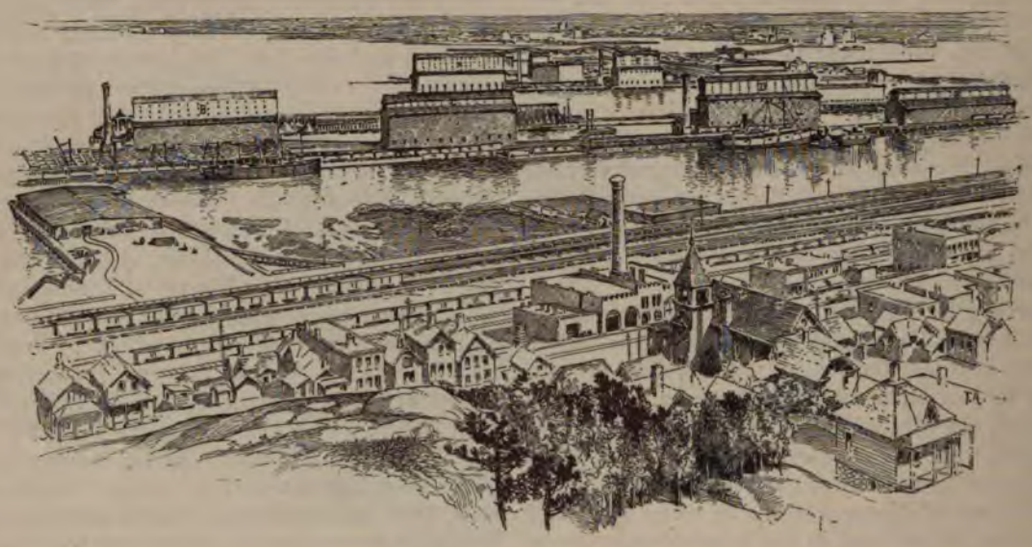
To-day there are afloat on the Great Lakes nearly twice the number of American vessels that are engaged in the foreign trade of the United States on the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific coasts combined—3,600 craft of all kinds, with a carrying capacity of 1,154,870 tons, against 1,579 ships which carry a little less than one million of tons. The Lake fleet proper, exclusive of small tugs, steam canal boats and sailing vessels, in 1891, was registered at 2,125 vessels, with carrying capacity of 870,981 tons and valued at nearly $60,000,000. Of these 272 were steamers, carrying from 1,000 to 2,500 tons, and when we reflect that there are only 157 vessels of this class on the entire Atlantic and Gulf coasts, 28 on the Pacific and 22 on the Western rivers, these figures are significant. Indeed, it is a striking fact that the average size of vessels on the Great Lakes is more than double that of those on the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard, the proportion being for sailing vessels 128 tons on the seaboard against 258 tons on the Lakes, and for steam vessels 299 tons on the seaboard against 428 tons on the Lakes. In 1890, when the steam tonnage of vessels built on the Great Lakes was 40 per cent. greater than that of craft built on the entire seaboard, the average rose to 760 tons against 288.

From 1849 to 1862 the growth of the Lake fleet was phenomenal—increasing more than 136 per cent. in the amount of tonnage and more than 50 per cent. in the value of vessels; but of late years it has taken even more rapid strides, the increase in size and in the use of steam power being marked from year to year, while the character of the shipping has been radically modified.

"It is probable that the history of marine architecture does not furnish another instance of so rapid and complete a revolution in the material and structure of floating equipment as has taken place on the Great Lakes since 1886," says the Superintendent of the Census; for against 6 vessels built of steel which the Lake fleet could boast in the first-mentioned year, valued at $694,000, there were no less than 89 afloat in 1891, with aggregate carrying capacity of 127,624 tons and valued at $14,502,500, of which 70 were propelled by steam. One of these carried during the season of 1890 the whole length of Lake Michigan 29 cargoes of iron ore averaging 3,581 tons each. Of the 45 new ships under construction in 1891, 32 were of steel. The change from wood to steel, from sailing to steam vessels and from small to high-class tonnage tends also to lengthen the season of navigation, now about 230 days.

A somewhat remarkable new type of vessel has been patented within this decade, and is designed especially to meet the needs of traffic on the Lakes. These are the McDougall "whalebacks," built of steel throughout, and are of a peculiar shape, which insures the advantages of being proof against foundering in any weather except in case of grounding or collision, of offering less resistance to the water, of carrying less dead weight above the water line, of having a smaller exposed superstructure to cause rolling or drifting, and of being built at a material reduction in cost. One of them made in safety the trip from Duluth to Liverpool with a cargo of wheat (unloading, however, to pass the rapids in the St. Lawrence River), and on its return to Philadelphia took on a cargo of machinery which it carried around the Horn and landed finally at Puget Sound.

Shipbuilding on the Lakes has expanded enormously. In the five years from 1886 to 1891 the new vessels built were over one-half of those launched in the entire country. Next to Philadelphia it was not New York, or Newark, or Boston, but Cleveland, Ohio, which turned out the largest tonnage of iron vessels in 1890, and West Bay City has built great steamers for the ocean trade, towed them in sections through the Welland and St. Lawrence Canals, and set them up and launched them on salt water, the total extra expense of the processes of cutting and putting together in one case being about $10,000. The largest Lake shipyard, at Cleveland, turned out a first-class steel freighter every month during 1890, the aggregate value of which was $2,500,000. In



ELEVATORS AT DULUTH.

the year ending June 30th, 1891, 204 vessels were built on the Lakes, with a tonnage of 111,856.45 tons, and whereas the average capacity of the ten largest "coarse freighters" built in 1890 was 2,652 tons, those constructed in 1891 averaged 3,200.

Now let us see what difficulties are encountered in passing from one lake to another; for when we reflect that more than half the distance from Duluth to Liverpool (4,618 statute miles) lies between the first-named city and the Straits of Belle Isle, and that of the 2,384 miles, 2,313 are open and but 71 are to be traversed by artificial navigation, we are tempted to smile at the comparative insignificance of the figures. But these few miles present problems that have perplexed, and continue to perplex, the engineers and statesmen of two powerful nations.

From the mouth of the St. Lawrence to Montreal a ship can sail unimpeded; but from that city to Lake Ontario, by the side of the shoal river, stretches a chain of canals, six in number, navigable only for vessels not exceeding 200 feet in length and drawing but nine feet of water. The Welland Canal, built by the Dominion of Canada to connect Lakes Ontario and Erie, circumventing Niagara and its thunders, dates from 1833, and after two enlargements now draws 14 feet of water and admits vessels of 275 feet in length. This canal has been rendered sufficiently famous of late by the discrimination against American vessels necessitating the proclamation of President Harrison establishing retaliatory tolls on the St. Mary's Falls Canal.

VESSELS ENTERING LOCKS.

The chief natural obstructions to navigation above Lake Erie lie in the Detroit River, Lake St. Clair, the St. Clair River and the St. Mary's, at ten points in all. It is the object of the work now carried on

by the United States Government to secure a uniform depth of 20 feet from Duluth to Buffalo. Twenty feet draught of water means more to the initiated than is realized by those not familiar with the fact that more than 95 per cent. of the traffic on the ocean is carried in vessels not drawing more than 20 feet, so that "it would require no stretch of fancy to summon to the ports of Oswego, Lewiston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago, at no distant period, the ships of foreign nations laden with the rich products of Asia and Europe."

GATES CLOSED, WITH WATER RUSHING OUT.

The most important work now being carried on is at the rapids in the St. Mary's River at "the Soo." To this the improvement in the Hay Lake Channel in the same river is only supplementary. The famous "Limekiln Crossing" in the lower Detroit River was completed in 1890, and work on the St. Clair Flats is in progress. The estimated cost for improvements at the remaining six points which have not yet been undertaken is placed at less than $3,500,000.

At "the Soo," however, the enormous increase in the commerce of the Lakes has always been most sensibly felt. Originally opened in 1855 as a State undertaking, the canal was enlarged in 1870–'81 at a cost of nearly two and a half millions. But barely five years afterward the magnificent single lock, 515 feet long and 80 wide, giving a navigation of 16 feet, had become totally inadequate, and the United States undertook the stupendous work now in progress, part of which is a new lock 800 feet long and 100 wide throughout, with 21 feet of water on the sills and a lift of 18 feet. The whole, it is contemplated, will be completed in time for the opening of the season of 1896. This canal was vigorously championed by Senator C. K. Davis in the United States Senate, and it was owing to his exertions the great improvement was begun—the only government work to which Congress ever

DULUTH HARBOR.

committed itself by authorizing contracts for the entire work in advance of appropriations.

And the cost to the United States of the improvements already made, not only at these important points, but at all the harbors of the Great Lakes, from 1790 to 1891? Why, $37,247,993, out of $204,137,649 appropriated for rivers and harbors of the entire country since the foundation of the government. And against this almost insignificant amount may be set the value of the traffic on the Lakes in a single year, $342,522,290.

The Canadian Government in the same period expended nearly $55,000,000 on her water ways, largely the Lake system and the St. Lawrence Canals. These last she is now enlarging to equal the depth of the Welland. And—most important in the face of the fact that, after paying tolls through the Welland Canal, we have but six feet of water in the Erie—the Dominion is now constructing a canal of her own on the other side of the St. Mary's River which will give her a clear channel from Lake Superior to Montreal, and thus virtually to the ocean, of 14 feet all the way.

"Six feet of water in the Erie Canal and two transfers of the freight," says the Secretary of the Duluth Chamber of Commerce, in dread of the absorption of American freight by Canadian vessels, "can no more compete with 14 feet of water through the Canadian canals and no transfer than a wheelbarrow can compete with an express train. The canal boat carrying 200 tons drawn by mules at the rate of 4 miles per hour can by no possibility compete with the steamship carrying 2,000 tons propelled by steam at the rate of 14 miles per hour." And this leaving out of account the superior position of Great Britain on the Lakes in the event of a war!

It is therefore the project of Senator Davis to construct a ship canal of our own between Lakes Ontario and Erie, which would prove several miles shorter than the Welland, and either to enlarge the Erie Canal to a depth of 20 feet throughout its length or to utilize Lake Ontario as far to the east as Oswego, from which point connection could be made, through the Oswego River and Oneida Lake, with the Erie, at a saving of canal enlargement for nearly 150 miles.

When these results shall have been achieved a ship of 4,000 tons can make its way from Duluth in Minnesota to Poti, at the eastern extremity of the Black Sea—one-third of the way around the world—and; of course, through the Suez Canal to India! And, though the estimate of the cost of such a gigantic undertaking has been placed at not less than $100,000,000, there is always the consideration that to the people of the country are saved $150,000,000 in a single year by the carriage of these great water ways compared with the cost by rail.

THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. PRAGUE.

By Walter L. Hawley.

Members of the Detective Bureau of the Metropolitan Police keep a record of all the cases on which they work. One of the old members of the force, whose name is a terror to every criminal in New York, went to a desk and brought out a thumbworn pocket diary when I asked him to tell me the story of the most remarkable case in which he had worked.

But as he told the story he had little occasion to refer to the book, for he had not forgotten a single incident of the strange and unnatural crime.

"The story I am going to tell you is the story of a crime," he said, "that was different from ordinary affairs of the kind. In fact, there is nothing precisely like it in the records of the department.

"I had just been promoted from patrolman to ward detective. I was in my captain's office one morning when a roundsman came in with a report of the finding of a woman and child dead in their apartment in a flat house with the gas turned on in full force.

"The captain, turning to me, said: 'This looks like a case of suicide; but go over and investigate it anyway.'

"I found a patrolman in charge of the premises, and nothing had been disturbed. The dead woman and child had lived on the second floor. They had been in the house only two weeks, and the woman was known as Mrs. Morrison.

"Her child was a girl about three years old. Mother and child lay dead on the bed in the middle room. The child was clad only in a nightrobe, but the mother was fully dressed. Both bodies were cold.

"I made a search of the rooms, but found no note. In fact, there was not a scrap of paper

with writing on it in the place. In a talk with the janitor I got a little information.

"The woman had remained in her rooms most of the time during the two weeks she had been in the house. She never went out except to purchase food, and the janitor was the only person in the building to whom she had spoken.

"So far as the janitor knew, the woman had only two callers while she lived in the house. The first was a messenger boy who brought her a letter the day before, and the other was a doctor who had called to see the little girl, who had been quite ill.

"This is what the janitor told me of the doctor and his visit: 'I was closing up the house last night at eleven o'clock, when a man got out of a cab, looked at the number, came up the stoop and asked me if this was where the woman with the sick child lived. As he spoke he took a bit of paper from his pocket, looked at it, and said the woman was Mrs. Morrison. "I'm the doctor," he said when I told him he had found the place. With that he ran upstairs, and that was the last I saw of him. I don't know what time he left.'

"The janitor was unable to give me any description of the doctor. He had never seen him before, had only a glance at his face in the gaslight, and could not tell me whether he was young or old.

"I went back upstairs and asked the policeman if he was positive that the doors of the apartment had been locked from the inside. He was, and as proof pointed to the key of the front door which lay on the mantel. The key of the back door was in the lock.

"In looking about the kitchen at the rear I saw that the lower sash of the window was raised half an inch. I soon discovered that there was a low shed under the window, and that by climbing out to the roof of this I could easily reach the back yard, enter the basement of the house through an open door, and pass out the front way by the door under the stoop.

"I turned over every piece of furniture in the place, and made a close search of all boxes and drawers. I found that the woman's trunk was unlocked and the contents in great disorder.

"The only thing of value in the trunk was a small morocco jewel case containing a diamond ring.

"I talked with the janitor again. He did not know where the woman came from when she moved into the house, but he remembered the name of the driver of the van that brought her furniture, because they had been together and had introduced themselves to each other.

"Inside of three hours I had found the driver of the furniture van, and from him had learned the street and number from which he had moved the mysterious Mrs. Morrison. I went to the place, and from the janitor learned that the woman had lived there less than a month, and had acted in the same reserved and mysterious manner noted by the janitor of the house where she died. This man did not know where the woman came from when she came there. He knew nothing about her, in fact, except that her child was in poor health and a doctor came to see the little one sometimes.

"Just as I was turning away discouraged the man remembered that the woman, when she rented the flat, had given to him the name and address of some real-estate agent as reference.

"I found the real-estate agent, and through him traced the woman to the house where she had lived for two years. He, too, had known her as Mrs. Morrison. I hurried away to this place, which was on the east side of town, and there I got a tangible trace of the mysterious doctor who had appeared and disappeared like a shadow at the other houses.

"The house where Mrs. Morrison had lived longest was one where tenants are not asked for references if they pay their rent in advance. There I learned that the woman was known to a few of the tenants and the janitor as the wife of a Dr. Prague. They had lived together there for a year, and then after a quarrel he visited her only at rare intervals. He had called to see her a few days before she moved out of the house, and remained several hours. No one in the house knew anything about the doctor.

"I went back to the house where the woman died, and made another search of her rooms.

"In the kitchen I noticed a can half filled with ashes, and among them I found a small bottle with part of a poison label on it. The bottle had contained chloroform. The name of the druggist on the label had been partly torn off, but the address remained.

"I found the drug store, and making myself known, I asked the druggist to look over his books and see who had bought poisons recently. He told me that he had sold none for a week except a small bottle of chloroform to Dr. Prague.

"I went back to the station house, and told my captain to see the coroner and have him order an autopsy to determine the cause of the death of the woman and child.

"Then I started out to find Dr. Prague and learn something about him. The only doctor of that name in the Directory was Dr. Oliver Prague. He had an office near Broadway, and he resided

at an ultra-fashionable uptown hotel. It was night by this time, and I found Dr. Prague's office closed when I went there. At the hotel where he lived I was told that I would find him at some one of the clubs of which he was a member.

"I made a round of the clubs and failed to find him, but I learned that he was a well-known young physician who stood high in his profession and socially.

"I was at Dr. Prague's hotel the following morning about the time I thought he would get down to breakfast. He had already gone out when I arrived.

"When I asked the clerk where I could find the doctor, he said: 'At ——— Church. He is to be married there this morning, and will sail for Europe with his bride at ten o'clock.'

"I was at the church door when the wedding party came out. I slipped up to the side of the doctor, and in a whisper told him I was a detective and that he would have to come with me.

"'What is the matter?' asked the doctor.

"'You are my prisoner,' I told him.

"'What is the charge?'

"'Suspicion now—it may be murder later. Come along and don't make a scene.'

"Without a change of color or the slightest show of surprise Dr. Prague turned to his bride and friends and told them he would have to go to court for a little while. He said he was a witness in an important case—had quite forgotten it until an officer came for him.

"I took him into the captain's room and sent for the janitors of the three houses where the dead woman had lived.

"While waiting for them I asked the doctor if he knew the woman. He said he had never heard of her. When the three janitors came two of them positively identified the prisoner as the man they had seen visit the dead woman. The janitor of the house where she died, who saw a man go to her rooms the night of her death, was not so positive; still, he said the prisoner looked like the man he saw.

"In the presence of my captain I then told Dr. Prague of the death of the woman, and something of the suspicious circumstances that connected him with the case.

"The doctor laughed heartily when I had finished. Looking me straight in the face, he said: 'You suspect that this woman was murdered, that I am the man who went to her rooms at eleven o'clock on the night of her death, and that I am the murderer?'

"I answered in the affirmative.

"'Has an autopsy been made to determine the cause of death?'

"I told him it was making at that time.

"'Until it is finished you do not know how the woman died, but you can easily establish my innocence. These men who say they saw me visit her are mistaken, unless I was called in professionally at some time which I do not recall. On the night of her death I was at my club from dinner until eleven o'clock. I played billiards with two friends who will recall the time I left. From the clubhouse I went to see a patient in Thirtieth Street, and from there I went to my hotel. I arrived at the hotel at twelve o'clock; I remember the time, because I rode up on the last trip of the elevator, which stops running at midnight. The elevator man will likely remember it also.'

"To me there seemed to be only one weak point in the doctor's alibi—it was too complete.

"While we were talking a coroner's deputy brought the captain a note stating the result of the autopsy. The captain read it, and his face grew serious. He took me aside and showed it to me. I read it hurriedly, and then for the first time I realized that possibly I had made a serious blunder. The physicians stated that they were unable to determine the cause of death. All the organs of the two bodies were found in a healthy and normal condition except the brains. These were found white and bloodless. All the blood had been pressed out of the brains and brain cavities before death. This apparently could have been done only by the introduction of some foreign and invisible substance. The condition of the brains might have been produced by chloroform; but if that drug had been administered traces of it would have been found in the lungs. The lungs of both bodies had been thoroughly examined, and the doctors were able to state positively that chloroform had not been administered.

"The autopsy, however, showed that the woman and child had not been asphyxiated by gas. They had inhaled some gas, possibly enough to have rendered them unconscious for a time; but a careful examination of the lungs showed that between the time of such inhalation of gas and the death of the subjects pure air had been breathed.

"I went and had a talk with one of the physicians who made the autopsy. He told me there was no other case like it on record. 'The condition of the brains is absolutely new to medical science. The woman and child did not die natural deaths; but the secret of their taking off is pretty effectually concealed.'

"I went back to the station house and had a talk with my captain. I asked him to hold Dr.

Prague until the following morning, and not to let him know the result of the autopsy.

"My next move was to investigate Dr. Prague's alibi. He gave me the name of the patient he had visited after leaving his club, and the name of the two friends with whom he had played billiards. I found that he had told the truth about

"'I SLIPPED UP TO THE SIDE OF THE DOCTOR.'"

leaving the clubhouse at eleven o'clock, calling on his patient and getting to his hotel at midnight.

"I went back to the house where the woman died, and again questioned the janitor about the time of the visit of the doctor on the night of her death. He insisted that it was exactly eleven o'clock; but I took a look at his clock this time, and by comparing it with my watch found that it was nearly fifteen minutes slow.

"I went to the nearest cab stand, and selecting a vehicle with a good horse attached, engaged it, telling the driver I wanted him to drive in a hurry. I drove to the clubhouse where Dr. Prague had played billiards. There I took out my watch, and giving the driver the number of the house where Mrs. Morrison had died, told him to drive there as fast as his horse could go. We arrived at the house exactly thirteen minutes after leaving the club. I had the cab wait fifteen minutes. At the end of that time I ordered my driver to go to the house of Dr. Prague's patient

in Thirtieth Street as fast as possible. In front of this house I stopped for five minutes. Then I had my cabman drive at a gallop to the hotel where the doctor lived. He drew up in front of the hotel fifty-eight minutes after leaving the clubhouse.

"The trip had established the fact that Dr. Prague could have made it in the same time. The alibi link in his chain of defense was broken.

"That night I turned burglar. I broke into Dr. Prague's office. Closing the blinds and drawing the shades, I lit the gas and started in to make a thorough search of the place.

"The first thing that attracted my attention was a pile of medical books lying on the table. They all showed the effect of much handling.

"The title of the first book I picked up was, 'The Brain Cavity, and How to Reach It.' Another was, 'The Effect of Foreign Substances on the Brain.'

"In one small volume numerous passages were marked. It was entitled, 'Results of Experiments in Forcing Air into the Brain Cavity through the Nostrils.'

"I sat down and read those books for two hours. I learned from them that, by the use of a specially designed syringe or air pump, air could be forced into the brain through the nostrils. The result would be death to the subject, caused by the pressure on the brain, which would force out all the blood and leave the brain matter colorless.

"What the autopsy in the case of Mrs. Morrison and her child had failed to reveal was now clear to me. They had been killed by an operation that fortunately was almost unknown in this country.

"In the doctor's desk I found a syringe of a peculiar pattern. In the stove in the room I found some scraps of paper, which when pasted together proved to be the marriage certificate of Oliver Prague and Mabel Morrison. They had been married in a New Jersey town five years before.

"Early the following morning I was at the station house with the exhibits in the case that I had taken from the doctor's office.

"I went in to see my prisoner at once, taking the captain with me.

"'Have you discovered anything else?' he asked.

"'Yes,' I answered; and placing a bundle on a table in front of him, I began to open it, all the while watching his face closely. I laid the peculiar medical works I had found in his office out on the table in front of him, then the little air pump, and last of all the torn certificate of marriage.

"As I opened the package the muscles round the doctor's mouth twitched nervously, and the color began to leave his face. Not a word was spoken while I placed the articles before him. When I had finished he was as pale as death and trembling all over. In a weak voice he asked for a glass of brandy and water, which was brought to him.

"Not a word was said about the crime. The captain ordered the prisoner locked in a cell until it was time to take him to the coroner's office, or to court, where he could be arraigned and remanded.

"An hour later the captain and I went to the cell to take our prisoner to court. We found him lying dead on the floor. In his right hand we found a small air pump similar to the one I had found in his office.

"When the coroner made an autopsy Dr. Prague's brain was found to be white and bloodless. The coroner decided that death was caused by apoplexy.

* * * * * *

"It was an easy matter to learn the details of Dr. Prague's crime and the circumstances that led up to it. Five years before he had secretly married a young woman, and the fact of the marriage had been kept so well concealed that his most intimate friends knew nothing of it.

"When the doctor wanted to marry a wealthy young woman of good social position the wife and child were in his way.

"It was he who had her move from place to place under an assumed name, so that it would be difficult to establish her identity. He had planned the crime well, and his knowledge of the effect of air on the brain he no doubt believed would prevent the discovery of the murder. It was the first time in this country that anyone had been killed that way."

An Inland Fisherman

By Martha McCulloch Williams.

A night in early April. Starshine covers the face of earth. In the luminous dusk of it the long fields lie, without form and void. A soft wind slips through the tangle of budded boughs in the wood—a south wind so delicate of touch, the coy leaves peep out, wondering whence he comes or whither he goes. The brave early blossoms, too. See the dogwoods in full flower. They are thick here—at least half the path winds under roofing of their flat white-starred branches. Taller growths—oak, beech, hickory, poplar—seem to swim in the wash of blossom, whereof the starshine weaves sheeting of pearl.

The wood has another flower—one so fine and rare, it has no name definitely set down. "String bark" says one sylvan sage; "honey-dew flower," another, as wise and more poetic. Each has a color of fact for his name. The smooth gray bark is tougher, more finely shredded than hickory. And sweeter than honey in the comb is the breath of the white fringe-hearted clusters that

> 'Come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty."

Its seat is oftenest at the water side. The strong spring sun makes its subtle scent afaint. In the silence of dew, with the south wind's wooing touch, what wafts of it come to lap soul and sense in balm!

Dogwood, though, is truly the fisherman's flower—the spring's white sign manual, set fair on the woodland, in pledge that he shall not have labor for his pains. Especially the fisherman born, such as black Daddy. He has never heard so much as the name of Izaak Walton, but that most "compleat angler" had no greater delight in the wood, the water side, the silver fins that lurk in still pools or dart through gleaming shallows.

In his own fashion, too, he is an angler no less complete—a fisherman who regardeth the wind, the sun, above all the moon, as every true angler must. He has laid deeply to heart his friend the conjure man's dark saying, "Ole moon an' ole feesh bes' cotcht tergedder." He has come tonight with a brand-new conjure bag inside his woolen shirt, and a half-dozen reed poles over his shoulder. The moon is darkly waning. It will be one o'clock at least before she hangs, a wasted crescent, fair above the eastward trees. Dawn will find her barely straight overhead, dropping her faint shimmers of light straight down into the depths of the lake.

Such a lake it is—purely by courtesy—a longish still pool, making a glassy break in the vagrant runnel that curves through the valley. Now it

laps softly the foot of one gray bluff, now whispers and ripples to the vines that fringe a frowning opposite scarp. The channel of it cuts lowland levels into long-ish irregular half-moons. They have been fenced and under plow this hundred years and more, yet trees, shrubs, vines, all manner of wild growth, wave still and cling and creep at the water side. Each half-mile or so the hillside, crowding in, has fallen sharply away till the rocky face of it lies bare. There the primal forest lingers—a feeble remnant truly. The big knotted boles lean sometimes from the perilous verges of rock, to see themselves glassed in the lakes below.

Every lake has its dam—flood-built, of jetsam and flotsam of wild winter waters. In the rippled reaches between note the wave marks, on sand bar and gravel bed; mark, too, how high the drift stands at foot of close-set trees. Six feet at the least the taller ones show—a mighty various lot of great sticks and small. Here are logs, saplings, fence rails; now and again squared timber, the spoil of some low-lying farmyard; bits of board, twigs, bark, all tinder-dry, and of blackish weather-gray hue.

Out of them Daddy will build his fishing fire. See, already he holds high a flaring split-wood torch. By light of it his two comrades, Jim the wagoner and Ned the plow lad, gather each a turn of sticks, and with them build a great heap close on the water's edge. Daddy thrusts the blazing torch within. In the quick darkness you see fine blue thready flames creep and flicker through the smother of stinging smoke swirling up from the crannied heap. As the flame strengthens, the lessening volume of it drifts out to lie in lacy wefts over the face of the water. By and by flares of red light and yellow paint upon the blue smoke rings a delicate iridescence. Awhile it sputters fitfully, then sounds the cheeriest snap and sparkle, undervoiced by a fine faint singing—so fine and faint indeed, it might be the ghostly echo of the cicada's summer cry.

"Lordy! dat fier singin' rain. I hopes hit 'oont come t'well in de mawnin'—mo' rain, mo' res', yo know," Jim calls to Daddy, who is busy baiting his biggest hook with fat red worms.

"Shucks! I tole yo not ter put sassafac' wood on de fier—hit too owdacious fer good luck anywhar—des always er poppin' an' er singin' rain," Ned says, disconsolately, between strokes of the ax. He is chopping logs for the all-night fire, with his solitary pole unset. The others have each half a dozen. Already the sharp butts of two or three have been thrust into the soft earth of the bank. The floats of them show as points of darkness inwreathed with creamy foam upon the glassy shining of the flame-lit water. Daddy flings the big hook out, yards beyond the rest, then reaches for the ax, saying: "Ugh—umph, boy! sassafac' don' marter—not ef ye chops hit lef-handed an' hits de las' lick backard. Des you lemme git at dat fier. I lay hit don' sing no much longer. Now, Miss Sassafac', pop des much es you wanter—you's good at dat, you is—but you not gwine skeer feeshes fer me—not dis night. I done crossed you wid ellum, I is, an' put er willer switch right at de eend er ye."

"I yere um say ter put salt on de fier is good fer luck when you's feeshing." Ned says, bending close to the flame in the effort to undo a knotted line.

"Maybe so—I do' 'anter be de feeshin'mun," Daddy returns, looking over his shoulder. "Dem whar burns salt, 'ceptin' hit when de owel holler, dee wanter see ghos'es wusser'n I does."

"Dee tell me you better had been borned wid er caul ef ye wanter do dat," Jim says, thoughtfully.

Daddy nods assent. At once Ned gives a little cry. Almost as his hook touches water there is a tug that carries the float out of sight. Wildly he snatches at it; the tip of the pole bends almost to breaking; there is a gurgling splash in the pool; something big and wet comes fluttering, struggling above it, is snatched bodily overhead, strikes the bluff behind, falls on the black earth beside the fire. How the lad's eyes shine at the sight! This, the first fish, is a black perch, as wide, almost, as the two hands. He has a big savage mouth and the loveliest mottle of black and gray and greenish silver upon back and sides. A notable catch he would be even for Daddy. How much more, then, for this lad, who, though he has fished with pin hooks, and their like, since he was out of frocks, is to-night out for the first time in the company of serious fishermen!

Daddy is generous as a true angler should be; he does not in the least grudge Ned his triumph. Jim growls out something about "Er fool fer luck." Then the three fall silent, watching by turns the fire, the floats, the stars winking at them in the stream. Since sunrise they have been hard at work. What wonder they drowse a bit here in this scented dusky warmth! They lie motionless, at ease, on the rocky earth. Let a cork go under, a pole tip bend ever so little, each man of them is awake to his finger tips.

Such rouses come fairly often. Perch, suckers, catfish, come swiftly to the string. At moonrise the two younger ones go yawning away. Daddy looks after them, a gleam of stealthy satisfaction in his eye. He is undoubtedly glad to be rid of

A PRETTY TANGLE !— DRAWN BY DAN BEARD.

them, without the discourtesy of dismissal. The fire is built in a notch of the bluff. The shine of it strikes across to fall weirdly on the scarped trunk of a big bending sycamore that hangs far out over the water. An old trout lies in the hollow of its root—a game fellow and wary. Now, for three years past, Daddy has tempted him in vain, as surely fish was never tempted before. Fat white grubs has he flung to him, tender gauze-winged locusts, midges, millers, live frogs, minnows, bits of raw meat, to say nothing of all sorts and conditions of angle worms. To-night he means to try, not a lure, but a spell. See, as he covers the hook with a specially tempting worm, he walks three times around the fire, lays the baited hook on the ground, steps over it with eyes shut, then flings it far out so that the float rides just in front of the sycamore root.

Then he sits waiting, a dark figure of patience. This time he keeps the pole in his two hands, in place of setting it in the bank. If there comes but the lightest tug of the line he will thrill electrically. But for an hour he feels nothing. Moonbeams slip down from the treetops, to lie bars of slant silver on the dimpling water. The shrilling of tree toads has sunk to deep silence. Owls hoot one to another across the valley. Now and again their winging sounds faint through the hushed night. Dew lies, showing as faint sparks at the point of each new leaf. The fire has died down to a dull glowing, red as the breath of murder. The shine of it contradicts the scent of new leaves, of fresh-turned earth, coming vivid and vernal under the breath of the honey-dew flower. Daddy snuffs it all gratefully. Word for such things he hath not; yet, dumbly, dimly, he feels their fresh sweetness as the crowning joy of his narrow existence. He is tired, sleepy, nodding, almost, yet dares not stir—motion would break the spell. Faith in this magic has grown wonderfully less. If nothing comes of it by time the furthest moon bar creeps to the next foam bell he will go away home admitting defeat. For a long minute he watches the silver streak—his eyes close, he totters visibly, then——

Sleep vanishes—weariness, weakness, sense of time. The float went under a good foot; now it is dancing like mad upstream. The line cuts through the dusk with a fine taut singing—music triumphant to Daddy's ear. After all, the spell has worked. That is certainly the big trout, hooked and fighting for dear life. Hither and yon he dashes; with wild, straining tugs, with quick, savage leaps half his own length above water, he fights—and wins.

As Daddy made to draw him to the bank the creature gave a furious backward lunge. See, the line has snapped. There is still a tremor of ripples all over the face of the pool, but never the flash of a fin. Slowly a great owl settles on a dead projecting bough. Daddy looks wrathfully up at it, saying, as he pulls his string of fish up out of the water: "So 'twus you, Mister Horny Owel, done me dat ar meanness! Ne'er min'; nex' time I gits atter Mister Feesh you 'oont be dar he'p 'im—sho's you's bo'n you 'oont!"

* * * * * *

Whitmonday. It has fallen in late May. Vernal growth and blowth are at the flood. Blue grass in flower covers rich sunny places along the creek bank—the cloudy tremble of heads, set here and there, with fairy globes of dandelion in seed. Each winged ray is crisping in the sun, sighing for a southerly wind to bear it fast and far. Wild roses, too, trail in the deep-green grass. They are pink as the sky at dawn, gold-hearted as the sun. Sometimes the bloom drips over the edge of the bluff, and the lake below shows blossoms underworld. Beside the roses, rampant wild wistaria drops, long and pendulous and pale. It gets root in rock crevices quite at the water's edge. Woody stems bigger than the arm writhe up the face of the bluff, catching here or there a rifted rock. Thence its flower fringe falls into the lower tangle of spicewood and hornbeam and flood-swept alder. Over against, a scarlet trumpet vine climbs quite to the top of a tall dead tree standing a little apart, and transfigures it to a green column with embroidery of lacy shadow. At the very top long tensile arms droop, holding each a cluster of orange-scarlet trumpets, whereon fairy buglers might blow a chorale of delight. Humming birds, brave in green and scarlet, hang poised on beating wings before each cluster. They nest somewhere in the labyrinth of leaves. From dawn to dusk you see them darting, flashing—flowers o' the air, doing homage to these flowers of earth.

The fields, either hand, give out fragrance of clover, the scented breath of grazing herds. The smell of lingering dew as well—it is but eight o'clock—with no wind to blow away the morning freshness. Birds flute fitfully through the hush; the water's babbling trill comes unbroken to the ear. Daddy, listening, wears a true holiday smile. Back in the slave days everybody, black and white, kept Easter and Whitsuntide, as became descendants of good Church of England folk. And in freedom still he keeps somewhat the old holiday feeling—the old delight in a long day of idling at the water side. He has come a-fishing to-day, as his pastors and masters have done this hundred years and more. Ordinarily he would look to catch only minnows and fingerling perch

—in ordinary fashion, that is—but last week came a spring flood out of the common; still, the creek runs blue and bold. Fish always run up in the rises. There are big fellows a-plenty in the mill stream below. Who shall say they have not brought appetites with them? Then there is the big trout—Daddy's arch enemy. At thought of him the old man smiles. To-day he chooses to fish alone. Jim and Ned begged hard to come along, but were bidden to "go to Halifax." Instead they went to town. Most of their compeers have done likewise. Daddy finds the lake unvexed save by the pin hook of a small, very dark person, clothed solely in a shirt and sunshine, who has a gourd of bait nearly as big as himself, and seems inclined at sight of Daddy either to cry or run away.

"Stay dar, sonny," Daddy says, his eyes twinkling, as the small person scrambles up, whimpering. A little later the lad is grinning ecstatically—for Daddy has rigged his line with a real bought minnow hook, and set him fishing over a sunken rock where little perch abound. Inside the hour he catches three quite the bigness of his hand, and scrambles off homeward, unable longer to contain alone such triumph.

Daddy looks after him, a laugh in his eyes.

"He bust, dat chile would, less'n he git ter tell de yothers he done cotcht er feesh," he says to his pipe; then, with a look at his own floats moveless on the slipping water: "No wonder needer—feeshin' not sech er much fun when ye don' eben cotches er bite."

He himself is in such case, though fish are aggravatingly plenty. Bells of air bubble mark their course all about the lake. Momently, in some space of it, a silver-shining creature darts twice his own length in air, dropping back to the water with a musical plash. Yet they cannot possibly be hungry. Mayflies, midges, grasshoppers, float untouched upon the pool. Besides, there is the flood largess—the creeping things that the racing water brought down. No, the fish are at play, chasing one the other, or leaping in wantonness, as if they, too, kept holiday. The big trout swims almost at the surface. You see his silvern splendor underneath the lapping ripples. A tantalizing sight truly—he weighs three pounds if he weighs one. A bird flits across. At the glimmer of his shadow the wary swimmer drops down, down, far out of sight, yet still the belling tells that he lies below. With deftest cunning, taking thought that his moving shadow shall not fall upon the water, Daddy drops a locust quite in the bell's middle. Instantly there is upswirling of water, checked a little way under the surface. The big fish rose, but did not take the hook. Instead he swims about it for a full minute; then, with a whisk of the tail, drops again to his lair, as who should say, "I have eyes to see the truth which abides in deep waters."

Daddy smiles a thought grimly.

"Ne'er min', my big gent'emun; I fix you yit," he says, winding up his line. Then he takes out a length of stout cord, with sinker and cruel gang hooks fast at one end. Stripping off coat and hat, he scrambles far out upon a leaning tree, and draws the grab hook slowly through the water underneath. Twice, thrice, many times, it comes up empty. But Daddy is not discouraged; he mops his wet forehead with his gay red neckerchief, draws a long breath, and again bends over the pool. At the second cast he strikes—a big shiny sucker is snatched away as he frolicked past. Now comes another, yet another—it must be Daddy has struck a school. He smiles a bit over each capture, but also mutters: "Hough! cotch you nex' time, my fine ole big gent'emun!"

Evidently it has grown a personal matter betwixt him and the trout. If only he would venture out! Here is a smaller trout—his great-grandson, say—fast upon the hook. The sight of it in some sort mollifies Daddy; besides, his string is long and heavy. Weighing it in his hands, he says, meditatively: "Ole 'ooman gwine say I done got 'nough fer one time. 'Tis 'nough fer er mizzable good fry. 'Spec' I let dat ar ole heathen 'lone dis time; but I hab 'im yit—ef I ha' ter ketch 'im Sunday."

* * * * * *

A June night—with a full moon bathing the good green world in silver floods. Dew fell as the sun set. It stands in beads now upon grass blade and leaf point and tip of tasseling corn. Wild grapes in blossom fill the wood with their subtle sweet, crown of all sylvan savors. The south wind is too faint to bear it into the fields. Or maybe it loves the shrunk water too well to bear away from it this dear and vital breath. Certainly the stream lacks strength—still more certainly, though, it is in no case for sighing. Do but listen to the singing of it down the long raceways, flood-channeled in the face of this living rock. How happily it babbles over stone and pebble! How soft it whispers through roots outthrust! There is the sound of silver where it drops into the lake, the clear note of morning where it slips away.

The water is clear as dew. Try industriously as you will, you can barely roil it. Worse luck that, for the fish that swim in its deeps and play in its shallows. They will bite at nothing—have grown too wary for grabbing—nothing remains

but the gig for Daddy and his fellows. They have used it remorselessly since the fish began shoaling. At first, while the water was coolish, Daddy left the gig in the hands of Jim or Ned. By consequence he has had vexation of spirit, in seeing many a fine big fellow escape. So to-night he has a mind to try conclusions with them himself.

Watch him step into the water. It runs barely ankle-deep. He has rolled his trousers above the knee—there is only a moccasin of old boot leg upon his big brawny foot. The gig is in his right hand. It is a sharp three-pronged spear, with a handle six feet long. Jim and Ned walk either side, each some four feet from Daddy's elbow, and holding aloft a flaming split-wood torch. The dancing light drops down upon the water, showing even the sand and pebbles at the bottom. What hope then for the swiftly darting creatures whom instinct has brought so wonderfully back to this the cradle stream?

Daddy, peering with the eye of a hawk, strikes almost before they have got to place. Ah, poor pretty red fin, you have swum and frisked your last! Now there is another strike—another. Actually, Daddy, prince of giggers, has missed his quarry. Jim laughs, a loud laugh, wholly lacking malice, though he says: "Daddy, who de Guinea nigger now? Dat what you been callin' me when I hit an' miss."

Daddy answers only with a grunt.

Ned, a step upstream, calls, excitedly: "Come yere, quick! Oh, shucks! she done gone—bigges' feesh ebber I did see in dis yere creek!"

"Mus' be dat dar one you's always er hangin' an' drappin' off'n de hook," Ned jeers, waving his torch wildly about.

"Quit dat an' shet up!" says Daddy, adding, sarcastically: "Feesh kin see an' hear whut ain't er walkin' and er talkin'. How you gwine slip up on 'im den, makin' all dis yere racket?"

"I hear um say feeshes goes blin' in de full er de moon, same as snek do in Augus'," Ned whispers loudly.

Jim laughs again, saying: "Lordy, Ned, you bleeves anything; hit puts me full er tickle—hit do now—des er lisenin' at ye!"

"Nex' time us goes er giggin', you er me, one 'oont be dar," Daddy says, marching upstream.

A lake is in front. It is waist-deep in parts, but he goes angrily straight through, the water splashing away either hand, to lap and gurgle against the bank. Jim stifles a giggle as Ned slips on the shelving bottom, falls to the knees, and wholly puts out his torch. Daddy lights another—he has a big bundle strapped on his own shoulders. They are treading a second shallow now, one from which they have come always with good spoil. To-night there is no fin, nor the flicker of one, upon it. Either side the trees stand in thin line. The levels beyond are narrow, with whip-poor-wills calling over. The wild cry, the flitter of wings, accent to weirdness the noise of a thousand tree toads. Ned looks apprehensively over the shoulder. Jim turns his eyes to the stars. Daddy's gaze is full on the gliding water. He lifts it, saying as he kicks away a floating half-burned brand: "Boys, our cake's all dough—'t leas' fer dis night. De's torrer folks out giggin' ter-night, an' head er we, in dis yere ve'y creek. Dar de to'ch now, done burnt out—I expicion dat soon as us didn' foun' nothin' yere but rocks an' water."

"I—I'm glad," Ned stammers, as they step on the bank. "I ain't feared now ter go home by myself. I made sho' us was conjured—no feesh, an' den dem ole birds er singin' dat way."

* * * * * *

Late October. The ripe year lies, a giant at ease, in the lap of the land. Cushioned royally from all roughess, too, with flame scarlet, and gold, and purple, and russet, and crimson. Delicately the winds of heaven do visit him. The clouds even melt to wefts of gray-blue mist. Low, slant sun rays, with no scorching in the beam, golden the tender grass, the spears of sprouting grain. When the night drops frost comes—not black frost and bitter, but the gentle spiriting that hath wrought such glory within the land.

Especially the lowland. Maple, beech, hickory, stand there all in gold array. The stream is at its lowest. The ripples even are glassy clear. Everywhere leaves lie, builded into fairy dams, each with its pool above, if but of the bigness of your palm. All the babble of it is hushed, the singing shut away. In the lakes the fish, gathered into schools, go merrily from one deep place to another. They are sharp-set, too; frost has brought appetite as it has banished floods and their worm feasts. Besides, the winged creatures that hung narcissus-wise over dangerous summer waters are dead and gone.

All this Daddy knows very well. There is a voiceless chuckle in his countenance as at early morning he comes to the water side. It is not yet sunrise. Smoke from morning fires lies low in the tops of the thinning trees. By the gray light see him peer into the ten-foot hole. He baited it last night, crumbled in fatty bread, and flung after it generous handfuls of dough—then added, by the way of tidbit, a big gourdful of fresh angle worms. Doubtless fish have gathered to the feast he spread. And the spreading was barely in time. There is the feel of rain in the morn-

ing air; smoke hovers, sinks—it will fall before night. With the stream again at flood, such pains were all in vain.

Ah, ha! the battle is for blood. Daddy has come with but a single rod, whereunto each captive must fall. The tip is flexile—butt, thrice sturdy, with a new line and sinker of hammered silver. Truly, Daddy grows freakishly extravagant thus to sacrifice a dime in place of the usual cleft bullet. Now he flings in the hook; before it touches bottom a rampant perch seizes and runs away with it. Next breath he lies floundering amid the leaves on the bank, less than a pound in weight and twenty times that in gameness. Ah, but they are bold biters, those spiny fellows! Here is another—a bigger one—still another. There must be a school of them! No, —here is a sucker, a greedy fellow who has come near to swallowing the hook. Now comes the stealthiest possible bite, but Daddy grins broadly over it. A minute later he has hauled out a hideous wide-mouthed creature, saying: "Soho, ole Miss Catfeesh, you try ter cotch dis nigger nappin'—but he got he eye open an' sot fer all yo' 'sateful ways."

Another cat—a bigger, horny-headed fellow—comes quite at the tail of the first. Sun perch follow it—gay greeny-orange fellows the size of your hand, yet savagely full of fight. Ah, here is a real angler's prize!—a silver perch that must be quite two pounds' weight. But Daddy eyes even this catch askance. Nothing can quite make up to him for the conspicuous absence of his ancient enemy. Slowly he unrolls a fresh line, puts a bit of fat bacon on the hook, and drops it in front of the root under which the big fish is wont to lurk. A minute goes by—five, ten—the fisherman's heart comes into his mouth, for certainly there is something out of the common at the other end of the line—something so ponderous, it taxes even his iron wrist. How his eyes shine as he feels the tug of it! Sweat breaks out on his forehead. He plants his feet wide apart and strains the rod steadily back over his shoulder. The water surges upward. Whatever the quarry, it is coming to hand in wild, fitful jerks. Can it be—it must, it is—a huge snapping turtle, which has bolted the hook. A minute Daddy looks at him in speechless disgust. Then he lands the creature, turns it upon its back and cuts the line, saying, with concentrated bitterness: "Wisht I wus er sinner now, fer des erbout two minits. Wouldn' I cuss? But my feeshin' hook's 'nough fer you, ole Satturn—I not er gwine let ye git my 'ligion too."

A woodpecker flies screaming across the stream. Crested kingfishers dart down to snatch and swallow luckless minnows. Doves settle in clouds in the standing corn. Down wind comes the baying of hounds, the long notes of a winded horn. New sun rays have melted the frost to dew—but no shining can melt the frost on Daddy's poll as he walks, bareheaded and upright, along the homeward path.

GLADSTONE INTIME.

By Howard Paul.

The whole civilized world has lately been talking of Mr. William Ewart Gladstone, his retirement from the active arena of politics, and his unique length and continuity of public service. It is now more than sixty-one years since he entered Parliamant, and almost sixty years since he became a member of a British Ministry. He will be eighty-five years of age in December next, and with improved eyesight it is possible he may yet render further service to the important cause of progress and of the people.

It has been my good fortune to meet this eminent man on three different occasions at dinner. The first time I enjoyed this distinction was away back in the sixties—hard upon a quarter of a century ago—when I was a very young man. The host was Mr. Albert Bierstadt, the distinguished American painter of Niagara and the glories of the Yosemite forests of the Pacific side of the United States, whose works are equally admired on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Gladstone was invited by Mr. Bierstadt to meet the late Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the poet, at dinner in a private room of the Langham Hotel. As an acquaintance of the great artist, I was among the *invités*, and I had every right to consider myself immensely favored when I found myself dining, not only in the company of an illustrious English statesman, but had as neighbors the Duke of Argyll, Sir Henry Bulwer (then Ambassador to Turkey, home on leave), Admiral Farragut (of the United States Navy), Sir James Anderson (commander of the *Great Eastern*), Sir Hope Grant and Dr. Charles Mackay, the writer of countless popular songs, who at that period was the editor in chief of the *Illustrated Londo*

Note. It was originally a distinguished dinner party, and as a foreigner me long ou of my time I [illegible] among Triens.

Mr. Gladstone had never before met Mr. Longfellow, and as he sat next to him at dinner they conversed pleasantly, and the author of "Evangeline" enlightened the English statesman on many American matters that were just then in the air. Mr. Gladstone has never been in the United States, but Mr. Longfellow paid frequent visits to Europe, and was therefore fully equipped to discuss the points of both sides of the Atlantic. It was clear by his admirable command of facts that he did not permit his mind to rest exclusively on the summit of Mount Helicon, and that there were other fountains flowing besides the fabled Hippocrene. He evidently kept other company besides that of the Muses. Although poets are popularly supposed to live in the clouds and not concern themselves deeply with ordinary everyday events, I feel certain Mr. Gladstone found the American poet a delightful conversationalist. Their talk took a wide range, and I verily believe, if I could have heard all they said, they had a turn at the restoration of learning at Alexandria, the Eleusinian mysteries introduced at Athens, the sumptuary laws of ancient Rome, with possibly a few fleeting allusions to the Saxon Heptarchy, and the conquest of Africa by Belisarius. It is thus that great scholars learnedly converse when they have the history of the world at the tips of their fingers. It is said of Mr. Gladstone that at a moment's notice he could hold forth instructively on the erection of the Tower of Babel, with illustrations of the confusion of languages, and go through the chronological range of centuries, with glances at Peloponnesus, Lacedæmon, Corinth and Babylon, with observations offhand on the Pythian games of Delphi, and the Scythian invasion of Asia Minor, B.C. 624:

> "The wonder went, and still the wonder grew
> That one small head could carry all he knew."

There was a prearranged understanding between the host and Mr. Longfellow that there were to be no set speeches at this dinner. Every man present, with perhaps one or two exceptions, had made speeches of one kind and another in his time, and after the fruits and old port had been discussed, Admiral Farragut, a bluff old sailor who had seen much service, "warm with wine" arose, and protested that they could not dream of parting without drinking a toast or two. So the chairman's health was drunk, then Mr. Longfellow's, and finally Mr. Gladstone was induced to get on his legs. He began by assuring the company that after-dinner speeches were not entirely in his line, but as this was a special occasion he would depart from his usual habit and say a few words. These "few words" developed into an eloquent oration of quite fifteen minutes in length, in which he reviewed the history of poetry from the earliest times to the period of Longfellow and Tennyson, regretting the absence of the latter bard from the scene of festivity that was then in progress. He had evidently read the works of the American, for he quoted passages from several of his best-known poems, and concluded by paying a splendid tribute to his gifts and graces, his moral status as a poet, and his comprehensive knowledge of European literature. He asserted that no poet of his time was more widely read in England than Longfellow, and certainly none more sincerely appreciated. The subject of this superb panegyric was evidently deeply touched, and he replied without rising in a few happily chosen phrases, prefaced with the remark that in his case the pen was indeed mightier than the tongue. In a few moments' conversation I subsequently had with Mr. Longfellow he assured me that during the whole of his career he did not believe he had ever made half a dozen offhand extempore speeches.

I remember Mr. Russell Lowell once telling me, after a dinner given to him by the members of the London Savage Club, that he felt a great deal more comfortable when he had leisurely prepared his impromptus. "After I sit down, or on my way home, I think of many things that would have been apropos and to the point; but they do not always come at the right moment."

The second time I met Mr. Gladstone at dinner was at the Savage Club. He replied to the invitation of the secretary on a post card in three terse lines, and on the day appointed he appeared. The "Savages" gathered in immense numbers to welcome him, and, for a wonder, the chef that day prepared a capital repast. Savage Club banquets in a general way were never remarkable for their gastronomic excellence. The Grand Old Man evidently brought a vigorous appetite with him, was in fine form, and went steadily through the menu with as much relish as if he had been dining with the Duke of Westminster (who boasts a good cook), or luxuriating on the daintiest *chefs d'œuvres* of Escoffier or Francatelli. And what a time the old statesman spent over each helping! He masticated slowly, and did not bolt his food. We have all read his published statement, which some time ago went the rounds of the journals, of how many wags of the jaw are necessary to convert a mouthful of food into a prepared paste ready for the stomach to do its work

successfully, and I witnessed an illustration of the ex-Premier's conscientious performance of his wholesome theory. He is a deliberate feeder, and I do not believe he ever had a twinge of indigestion in his life. He paraphrases the old proverb, "Eat in haste and repent at leisure." He is, moreover, a good sleeper. He believes fervently in a daily eight hours' solid sleep, the more dreamless the better, and he declares that when he closes his bedroom door at night he shuts out the bustle and business of the whole world—political and otherwise—and devotes himself to the solace of the god Somnus, whose cheeky son Morpheus (*vide* J. Lempriere, D.D.) somehow or other has succeeded in getting his name handed down from pagan times as the representative God of Slumber.

After dinner Mr. Gladstone mingled freely with the members, talking art with the painters, journalism with the newspaper men and literature with the authors. We were all charmed with his inexhaustible vitality, which is at once the admiration and the despair of his contemporaries. Little groups of men clustered round him while he was chatting, and he passed from one subject to another, no matter how diverse, with an ease and lightness of touch that thousands of younger men—and gifted, too—could not hope to achieve. He incidentally mentioned the historian Lord Macaulay as an astonishing talker with a prodigious memory, who could go on for hours without pulling rein; and some of his happiest moments, he remarked, had been passed in the society of Sydney Smith and Lord Houghton. He thinks Thiers was pragmatic, Victor Hugo a dreamer, and Lamartine a sentimentalist entirely too impractical to touch politics or statesmanship. The great Sir Robert Peel's name having been mentioned, one of the members asked Mr. Gladstone if he remembered Dan O'Connell's sardonic description of Peel's bloodlessness—"His smile was like the silver plate on a coffin." The Grand Old Man did not remember it, but he told us that Peel was a delightful man in society when he met his equals, but rather cold to the outside world. "He was not a man of rapid sympathies, but his intellect was keen and piercing. The processes of his mind were sometimes slow, but sure; and he was truth incarnate." O'Connell's rasping *mot* reminded him of a remark he once heard the Irish Dictator make of a certain lady of fashion who was uncomfortably stiff and formal in manner, but whose *salon* was largely attended. He and Gladstone chanced to meet in an anteroom, when O'Connell, in speaking of the hostess, said: "She has all the characteristics of a poker, except its occasional warmth."

One injudicious Savage undertook to draw from the guest of the evening an opinion of Lord Beaconsfield as a novelist, but the attempt was unsuccessful. Being in an anecdotal rather than a critical vein, Mr. Gladstone turned to Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent (who was one of the guests), and asked him if he remembered the tale about Canning, who, when called upon at a Ministerial whitebait dinner at Greenwich, simply said, "Gentlemen, this is a fish dinner, and I shall imitate the habits of that animal, who is said to drink a great deal and say nothing." "Yes," added Lord Palmerston, who was present, "better a dinner of herbs where no speaking is than whitebait and oratory therewith." One anecdote invariably leads to another among men of wit, and Forbes asked the great statesman if he remembered the saying of Dr. Johnson, who complained of having been asked out to a solid leg-of-mutton dinner—"Good enough dinner, sir; yes, sir" (to Boswell), "good enough dinner, but not good enough to be asked out to."

And so the evening passed in conversational gayety, with now and again a dash of humorous repartee. Age is so frequently dotage, that, when a veteran appears who preserves the fresh heart of a boy and the happy audacity of youth, there is something so unusual and captivating about it that most people feel the fascination and the charm. It is a distinguished privilege to be able to talk to a man who probably exchanged sentiments with Lord Byron, who had dined with Talleyrand, and known all the great diplomats, statesmen and poets in Europe for sixty years and more.

Mr. Gladstone, as he blithely remarked lately, has broken the record. He has outlived Lord Palmerston, who died when eighty-one, and Adolphe Thiers, the French Premier, who only lived to be eighty. There is something impressive in the long procession of years which bridge as with eighty-four massive arches the abyss of past time, and recall the days of Canning and Castlereagh, of Napoleon and the Iron Duke. His parliamentary career, as I remarked, extends over sixty years—the lifetime of two generations. He is the custodian of all the traditions from a time dating back longer than most of his colleagues can remember. He has created and demolished Cabinets, turned simple citizens into peers of the realm, distributed rewards for faithful services, exhibited courage and indomitable resolution in times of danger; and still he remains plain Mr. Gladstone, and I cry aloud, All honor to him for not desiring a handle to his name. As Shakespeare puts it, "Age cannot wither, nor custom stale his infinite variety."

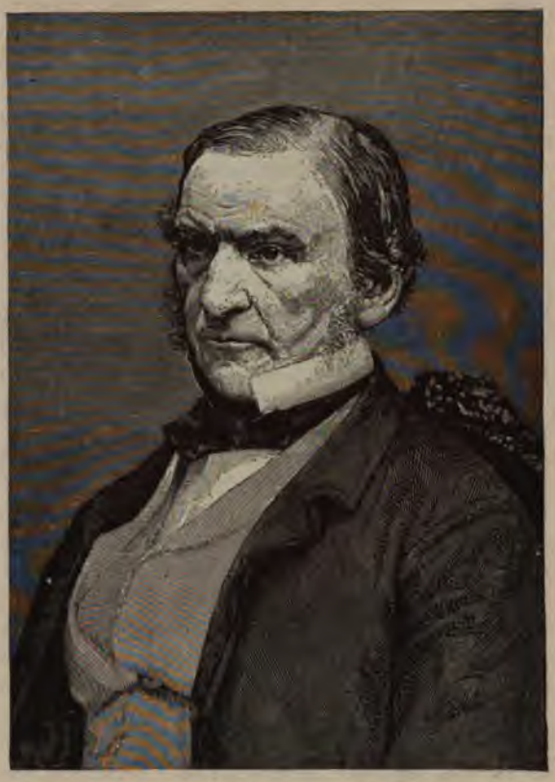
1852—AS CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER IN THE EARL OF ABERDEEN'S ADMINISTRATION.

1855—AS CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER IN LORD PALMERSTON'S ADMINISTRATION.

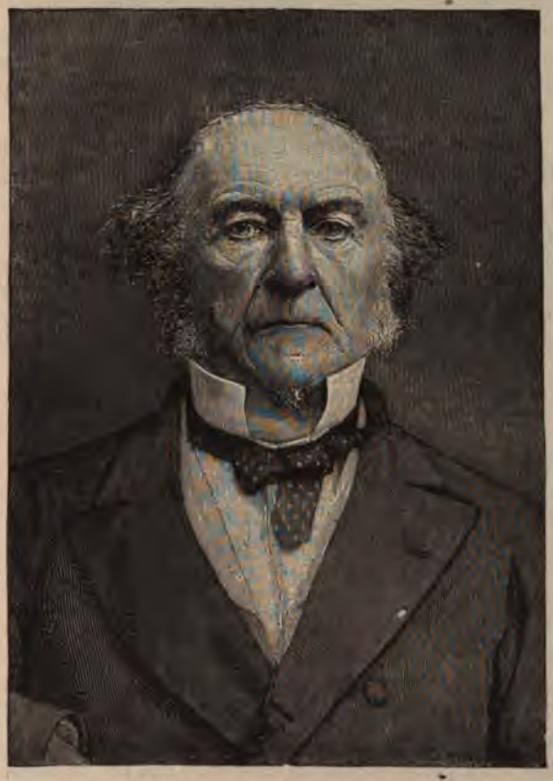
1868—AS PRIME MINISTER AND CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

1880—AS PRIME MINISTER AND OF THE EXCHEQUE

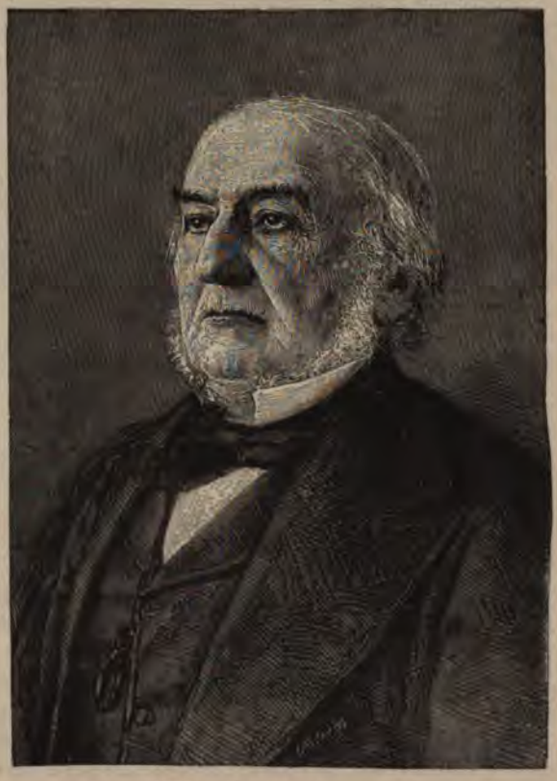
1859—AS CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER IN LORD PALMERSTON'S ADMINISTRATION.



1865—AS CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER IN EARL RUSSELL'S ADMINISTRATION.



1886—AS PRIME MINISTER.



1892—AS PRIME MINISTER.

The last time I had the pleasure of dining in the society of Mr. Gladstone was at a private house, and being a private house, it is unnecessary to mention its locale. Mr. Gladstone left early, as he was due at the House of Commons at 10½ o'clock. A debate was on in which he felt an interest. After he had departed, one of the guests—Mr. Frank Holl, the eminent artist, who painted him, and also painted a portrait of Mr. John Bright—told us an anecdote. I cannot vouch for its truth, as Holl, like most artists, had a spice of fun in his composition, but he told his story with consummate gravity, as though he believed every word of it. *Se non è vero è ben trovato!*

"When Mr. Bright was sitting to me," said Mr. Holl, "I remarked to him: 'It must be very painful, sir, after long years of political comradeship, to sever your connection with Mr. Gladstone.' 'Quite right,' responded Mr. Bright. 'To think we have trodden so many thorny paths together, and stood shoulder to shoulder in so many stout fights, and then to be parted at the close of our lives! And by what? By an Irish bogey that will lure him eventually to destruction. It is sad, very sad, Mr. Holl! I am inclined to think that my dear friend's mind is becoming unhinged.' And Mr. Bright touched his forehead with his forefinger."

There was a smile round the table at this point, and Mr. Holl continued: "When I was painting Mr. Gladstone I asked him if he had chanced to see Mr. Bright's portrait, and he said he had not. 'Excellent sitter and a charming man,' said I; 'and, sir, he spoke most warmly and feelingly of you.' 'Did he indeed?' replied Mr. Gladstone, elevating his eyebrows and uttering what was very like a sigh. 'Bright's defection was a cruel blow, a clear revolt from allegiance, leaving our camp absolutely, and on so clear and simple an issue. What wonderful things happen in political life! Tell me, Mr. Holl, did you observe anything in the manner of my dear old friend to suggest the impression that his reason is impaired?" At this point there was a roar—the *tu quoque* was so amusingly unconscious.

Holl's story reminded me of an experience of my own I had some years ago in New York. I called one day on Mr. Stuart, a New York manager of that period, when the name of Dion Boucicault, the Irish dramatist, cropped up. "Clever, gifted man," said Stuart; "but alas! he has no regard for truth. He seems to be unable, by either temperament or instinct, to discriminate between falsehood and fact." A few days after this interview I dined with Boucicault, and he asked me if I had called on Stuart during my visit to the Empire City. "Stuart is an admirable manager," remarked Boucicault, "enterprising and spirited, full of resources, and knows the public taste; only the worst of him is, he *is such a monumental liar!*"

This true story fitted in with the mutual suspicions of the entire sanity of the two British statesmen.

Mr. Holl, among other things, said it was most difficult to catch the expression of Mr. Gladstone's eye, or rather to convey it to the canvas. When aglow with his subject his eye literally blazes, suggesting the orb of the eagle. His physical activity and mental agility are at his age marvelous, and whenever I see him striding along Parliament Street, or mounting the steps of the House of Commons, he suggests the idea that he has closely studied Brown-Séquard's clever brochure, "The Art of Prolonging Life."

The late Dr. Andrew Clarke used to say he had never in his immense practice met a man of Mr. Gladstone's patriarchal age whose organs were in such sound working condition. There is only one other man in Great Britain who rivals him in point of age and approaches him in intellectual vigor, and that is Sir James Bacon, ex-Judge of the High Court of Chancery, who has recently passed his ninety-fifth year.

HIS LAST ASSIGNMENT.

By Edith Townsend Everett.

The "local room" was deserted by all of the staff save the city editor and the latest waif and stray in journalism—a youth of eighteen or nineteen, who sat in his shirt sleeves waiting for the assignment that so infrequently fell to his lot. The night was hot, and the noise of the street below drifted up in hushed waves through the windows, while the tick of the telegraph went on and on, like some busy insect lulling one to repose. The star reporter and a few other fortunates had gone out early in the evening to do duty at various news harvestings, and would soon be back at their desks scribbling away, padding their stuff wherever possible, and hoping against hope that the blue pencil of the chief would not cut it down from a column to a stickful.

Poor little Jones, the newcomer, watched the hands on the great clock as they crawled around toward ten, and with every tick his heart sank lower and lower, for the forthcoming assignment still held back, and soon the forms would close, and another day without a cent earned would be set down opposite his name. Journalism was not the easy road to travel that he had been led to believe, and for the second time that day the temptation came to him to give it all up and go back to the country store where the stipend was small but sure.

In the little while that he had been on the local staff he had met with many grewsome things, and his tender heart ached as he thought of the suicide whose body he had looked upon the week before, and the murdered girl whose slayer was still at large. The only pleasant thing in his line had been an interview with a prominent visitor who had not been long enough in the country to understand that the proper attitude toward reporters was to treat them like brutes devoid of any feeling whatever.

Just as he was about to doze off into a little cat nap the telephone bell sounded its call, and he arose to answer it. "Mr. Spencer, you're wanted at the phone," he called out to the city editor, who had just commenced on an impromptu banquet of pretzels and beer, and was in no mood for interruption just then.

"Find out what they want. Tell 'em I'm busy, away, or dead—anything—but I can't talk to 'em now."

"They say they must see you personally—something very important," urged Jones, after repeating the message of his chief as closely as he could without giving offense.

"Hang it all! what do they want?" and the wrathy epicure, with beer still clinging to his long mustache, blew his bacchanalian breath through the tube and in no very amiable voice growled, "Hello!"

Five minutes later there was a change in the office, for after that first "Hello!" the editor had dropped his personal rancor in his spirit of journalistic enterprise, and at the conclusion of the message looked about the room in a troubled way for a suitable person to carry out his forthcoming instructions. There sat Jones—the only one in sight—but Mr. Spencer had a very forcible recollection of some bungling work done by this embryo journalist, and his brow contracted as he thought of placing such important business in the novice's hands.

"Mr. Jones!" he said, in a tone of sudden resolution. Jones looked up from his desk and awaited the next utterance with ill-repressed impatience. "Mr. Jones, I have a very important bit of work in hand for you. I am candid when I say I would rather it had fallen into other hands, but no one else being here, it is a case of must. Word has just come to me that a very important arrest will be made to-night at the docks of the L—— Line of Steamships. Ford, the embezzler, has made arrangements to sail at midnight, and if my informant has told the truth it will be a beat for us, my boy—a beat if it isn't bungled. You must go at once, and let nothing stand in the way of your getting a good story out of it. If you have the true reportorial instinct this night's work will prove it. We'll keep the forms open for you until two o'clock."

With the feeling that a pointer must experience when once on the scent Jones jumped into his coat and was downstairs and out on the street before the surprised elevator boy had time to make his usual inquiry regarding the nature of his errand. Hailing a south-bound car, he stood out on the back platform and wondered what sort of affair this was that he was going into. A few squares further on the car again stopped to take aboard a young, pretty woman and an elderly man, evidently her father. The girl was so solicitous for the comfort of the invalid—for such Jones judged him to be from his white face, dark glasses and muffler worn on this hot night—that he began to take an interest in this odd couple, and wondered more and more where they could be going, as the car ran out of the residence portion of the city and plunged into intricate thoroughfares lined on either side by saloons and low variety theatres, and finally left even those behind and jingled along past the darkened wharves—the splash of the river and the maudlin songs of drunken sailors being the only sounds that woke the silence of the night.

Reaching the dock assigned to him, Jones sprang off, and picking his way through barrels and boxes, soon found himself at the gang plank of a small tramp steamer bound for Valparaiso. It was a freight boat, and but four or five passengers stood on deck bidding farewell to their friends. Jones wondered if the embezzler was among them, but as quickly discarded the thought, for of course a fugitive from justice would not be apt to put himself in evidence when his safety depended upon his keeping his identity in the dark.

Over in the shadow of the wharf Jones had noticed a couple of stern-faced men whom he at once recognized as special officers, having met them when he had been out on his murder story. Walking past them, he went out and stood at the street entrance, wondering when the carriage

bearing the criminal would drive up—for of course all first-class sinners ride instead of walk—and as he paced up and down, feeling as eager as a boy for the fun to begin, he was startled by voices back of him. Standing as he did in the shadow, he became in a moment aware that, whoever the talkers were, they were entirely unconscious of his presence. Inspired by this thought, he turned about and saw, not a dozen feet away, the couple that had attracted him in the car. A

"HE CLASPED THE TREMBLING FORM IN HIS ARMS."

giant hogshead screened them from observation on one side, and the kindly gloom of that portion of the wharf not only kept them hidden from outsiders, but also failed to disclose the presence of their near neighbor.

The girl was in tears, and her accents, sweet and refined, fell upon Jones's unwilling ears.

"Darling, my heart misgives me. Something tells me that your plans are known. I'm sure those men we passed were detectives, and that young fellow in the car eyed us so suspiciously that I felt myself grow pale every time he looked at us."

"Dear little wife, your anxiety is needless. I am certain my plans could not be known, and in this disguise who would ever recognize me?"

Again the girl's sweet voice pleaded with the muffled figure.

"Oh, Harry, suppose they should arrest you! I know you are innocent—I believe in you as I do in my God; but the world does not. Think of the baby, love—think of him as you kissed him good-by—and then do not blame me if I fear for you. In the years to come he will ask where his father is, and what will I say if you are taken this night? Love, love, you were safer in our little home. Why did we ever venture forth? Come back now, dear heart, and some other plan will prove safer. There is danger in the shadows of this wharf. Harm lurks in the air—I feel it. Do not go, dear—do not go."

"Nonsense, Nellie. I never was safer in my

life. The disguise is perfect. Come, dear; once away from this accursed land, I will work to replace the money, and you and baby will come out next spring, and all the sorrow and pain of parting will be forgotten in a joyful reunion."

Here he clasped the trembling form in his arms, and poor Jones, feeling himself the most miserable of created beings, waited in the shadow, his reportorial instinct and his tender heart fighting the hardest battle that had ever come into his life before. The low sobs of the woman fell in trembling waves on the silence of the night; the hushed accents of the erring husband, as he strove to console the girl wife whose heart was well-nigh bursting, floated to the listener's ear; and every minute the time was drawing nearer when the vessel would sail and the arrest be made.

A sudden movement by his side told Jones that the moment had come when he must act. In a flash all the good in the boy's nature rose to the surface, and the glory of a possible "beat" was forgotten in his awakened interest in these two human beings in distress. Before the husband and wife could leave the shadow that enfolded them a pale-faced youth blocked the path that led to danger, and a voice fraught with genuine distress whispered: "I know all about it; but don't be frightened"—a sudden indication of a fainting fit on the part of the young woman prompting this assurance, for Jones had heard the sentence about himself, and knew that he was regarded with suspicion. "Your plans are known, and I was sent down here to get the story for our paper," he went on when the girl wife was restored to composure; "but I can't let you walk out into the hands of the officers, even though I never make a cent."

At the mention of the word "officers" the woman's eyes opened wide in mortal terror, and the little hands clasped together over her husband's arms fell nerveless at her side as one who gives up all hope. The man's face went a shade paler, and in a husky voice he said: "What will we do? I'm trapped now; retreat is useless; for if my plans are known there must be people watching me at this very moment."

"You're in danger, I admit," said Jones; "but if you and your wife will just go down the river front a few squares, and then take a north-bound car, I think you can throw them off the track. They're on the lookout for you now every minute, but so long as they stay at the other end of the pier you are safe. Get out of town as soon as you can, and don't stop to thank me now," he hurriedly added, as the couple were about to break forth in expressions of gratitude.

As Jones watched them slink away under cover of the darkness he said, with a laugh, "There goes my story." But he didn't feel very badly about it, after all, and when he felt they must be well on their way toward safety he strolled over to the waiting officers, who were growing momentarily more impatient at the non-arrival of their prey, and with a nod of recognition he seated himself on a barrel and felt like the villain in a play. A few minutes more and the gang plank was drawn up. The final cry, "All ashore that's going!" rang out upon the night air, and the great vessel sailed out from the dock and was lost in the mist that covered the river; but Ford the embezzler was not on board.

When Jones strolled into the local room Mr. Spencer rushed forward with an impetuous "Did you get it?" while the reporters looked up in astonishment at the interest manifested by their chief in this boyish newcomer.

"No, I didn't," replied Jones. "There wasn't any to get. Somehow Ford got wind of the plan to arrest him, and he didn't show up. The officers are kicking themselves, but it can't be helped."

"Another good story gone up!" growled Spencer as he banged the door of his sanctum, while Jones sat down at his desk and wrote that he would be back in the country store next pay day.

"Fate never meant me for a reporter," he said to himself as he closed his eyes for his last night's rest in the city, and wondered how far on his journey Ford was by that time.

THE VICTIM PHOTOGRAPHER.

By Tudor Jenks.

"Two negatives do not make an affirmative."

THERE are moments when I am tempted to invent a new epithet to precede "photographer." "Professional" is out of the question, and "amateur" implies an affection not felt at those moments. "Victim" is not a new word, but it comes near enough. It does not express the rushing in where angels refrain, but it exactly defines the state of affairs after the inrush.

I am, then, not an amateur but a *victim* photographer. I am owned by two cameras, and their

attendant ghosts and spirits. The spirits are at hand, and they evoke the ghosts. I did not pay for the cameras. I am thankful to say that no misspent hoard of dollars reproaches me from the ebon eyes of those two cyclopses. One was given to me for writing an advertisement setting forth the beauties of the art and its simplicity. But wait a moment, gentle reader! I did not sin consciously; I had never taken a picture then, and I thought what I wrote was true. The other camera was also a present from one who loved me, and who meant it for the best.

Since entering their service I have tried strenuously to give satisfaction. With eager hope I have pressed the button; with bated breath I have slopped all varieties of so-called developer; with misguided zeal I have printed, toned and fixed—especially "fixed." I have fixed some prints so that they will never get over it. I have pasted them into a scrapbook, and seen them wane away into nothingness, or display the iridescent hues of a dying porpoise.

Having thus learned in suffering, I claim the right to teach in song. But prose will give the heart fuller scope for its bitterness. The hand that pens these lines is even now yellowed with the pyro that revealed four failures out of a total of four possible. Others may have better claim to teach photography, but to console victim photographers is mine. I have made all kinds of failures. Negatives of mine have gone first into hypo; prints of mine have gone cheerfully to bathe and come forth virgin paper; I have rocked an invalid negative for hours, gazing upon its pale cheek that was scarce flushed by the ruby lamp; I have rushed breathless after a splendid subject, snapped the trigger while aiming at the vital spot, and opened the camera only to find the undrawn slide grinning derisively.

"Ich habe gephotographt und gesufferert."

There is one part of the martyrdom that is comparatively easy. The materials can be bought by the most inexperienced, who has the money. The manufacturers and the dealers have worked untiringly to remove all obstacles from the path of the purchasing victim. You pay your money, they do you, and the rest. Everything is so smooth along the downhill road:

"Facilis descensus photographo."

Plates are cheap (in small quantities), and the plate holders at home are so hungry! The imagination, too, is a wonderful camera. Upon an unexposed plate it can take instantaneously cherubim in their flight. In a new box of plates is the capacity for taking pictures beyond the dreams of a Sarony. And the book of instructions sings such siren songs! "Point the camera, touch the button"—and what?

You enter the dark room, for which Dante has written his "ogni speranza" line; you drop the creamy, silver-lined cloud into the tray; you pour the developer over, and you begin your "stern gray rocks, O see!"

Then should come, in your utopian dream, the gradual appearance of the image. But does it? "Pinafore" with its "hardly ever" looms through the dim red light. O victim photographer, there is in your book of instructions a portion devoted to failures. That is your portion. In a few light words we are told that overexposure produces lack of contrast; overdevelopment gives lack of something else; underdevelopment is vexation, and underexposure is as bad. Escaping these, Charybdis comes in fog: fog that is gray, or yellow, or green, or pink. Then, if you are still safe, I would remind you how easy it is to scrape a long gash in the film, or to drop it face down upon the floor, or to find two plates clinging lovingly together as they are washed.

But suppose you have made a good negative; I haven't, but you may have done better. Having supposed the negative, merely as a working hypothesis, there is a great wide land full of ravening chemicals between you and the finished picture. I can tone a picture so that it will remind you of Kurtz in his moments of inspiration, and yet that same print will fade utterly away and leave not a rack behind. I can cause prints to turn colors different from those produced by the professionals.

But I do not mean to boast of my prints. It is in negatives that I excel. Weird, ghostly, ghastly spirits of those I have known in happier hours rise unbidden upon my emulsions. Almost any make of plates will serve my purpose, and almost any formula of development.

I have used pyro, and I have used eikonogen; and it seems to me that the latter is preferable, as it stains the shirt sleeves least.

My family used, when in my early days I emerged blinking from solitary confinement, to say, with a rising inflection, "Well?" But now they look sympathetic, and wait for me to explain how I account for it.

The last time I came from the dark room one unthinkingly inquired, "How was it?" and proudly I replied: "I kept my temper." Now, how much better it is to gain a moral victory than to take mere pictures!

I sent some exposed film to the manufacturer, to let him develop it. When the agent returned

the result, he said, in a kindly way: "They ought to give you a new film."

He meant to soften the blow; but he was mistaking my purpose. I didn't expect any pictures. I was after revenge. I wanted the manufacturer or some of his hirelings to feel what I felt, to see what I saw. And that roll of film must have brought anguish to the soul of whoever rocked it into obscurity.

Why don't I give it up? I don't know. It is like gambling. I rely upon the doctrine of probabilities. I hope that some day, somewhere, somehow, I may get a good negative. I have spoiled only a few hundred plates and films. I may need some day to build a greenhouse, and then those plates will find their place in the world. Besides, my favorite reading is photographic catalogues. I have never seen paramidophenol, but I can imagine just what it would do in the developing tray. I can see with the mind's eye how gently it would fog a plate for me, how caressingly it would coax the edges of softened film from the glass! The new kinds of cameras, too—how neat their pictures are! (that is, the pictures of them).

I should like to write a book of consolation for victim photographers. Of course I shouldn't pretend to tell them what would happen to their plates and prints at different stages—a younger victim, unlearned in the bitter school of experience, might attempt that, not I—but I could by loving sympathy coax them to give up their dreams of actually getting pictures to show their friends. I could either dissuade them from yielding to the fatal charms of pyro and hypo, or I could teach them to seek another result than pictures. I could, perhaps, induce them to strive for original failures, for eccentricities.

Just to start interest in the subject, I am willing to contribute a pretty negative made by two people working, entirely without collusion, on the same plate. It represents a quiet family at breakfast, while beneath their table is a winter scene, showing an old man clearing the sidewalks of snow, entirely undisturbed by the breakfast table in the heavens above him.

What victim photographer will aid in establishing a museum of our triumphs?

Just one socialistic paragraph, and I am done. When the people rule, those who willfully represent photography as an easy and fascinating pursuit for the young and innocent will be brought before some tribunal. Then, while black-browed judges look gravely on, an unspoiled amateur will attempt to follow their directions. If he fail—as fail full well he may—the corrupter of youth will be led away to a long imprisonment in a dark cell lighted only by a ruby lamp, and there he will wear away the best years of his life in endlessly and fruitlessly rocking an empty tray.

OLD ÆTNA.

By Montgomery M. Folsom.

Old Ætna, round thy rugged crest
The storms of centuries have driven;
The fiercest fires of wild unrest
Thy stern and mighty heart have riven;
And still thou standest proudest boast
Of all that fair Sicilian coast.

Old Ætna, towering to the skies,
All heedless of the red bolts hurled,
Like some grim giant that defies
The upper and the nether world:
The hoary playmate of old Time,
And just a little less sublime!

Uncounted suns have crowned thy brow
With awesome majesty, and still
As then, unmatched in splendor now,
Thy crest upreared, thou ancient hill.
Thou beacon constant lighting free
The dreary Mediterranean Sea!

By Joseph Becker, "Special for Leslie's."

City Point, in June, 1864, was a wonderful canvas town. It spread out from the James River under acres of tents, while the stream was packed with steamers—transports, monitors and other features of the motley fleet that followed General B. F. Butler when he seized the site on May 5th. City Point at once became the depot for the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James. I had recovered from the hardships of the Wilderness campaign and had worked up all my material. An advance to the front was ordered by Mr. Leslie, and I lost no time in getting to City Point, via Baltimore. The final round-up of the Confederacy had begun. The Army of the Potomac, no longer a moving sledge hammer, had sat itself down before the rebel defenses at Petersburg, resolved to break its pathway through to Richmond, while the Army of the James threatened the capital from another quarter. Cavalry raids by Kilpatrick, Gregg and other gallant leaders under Sheridan created bold diversions, but the engineering of Beauregard at Petersburg successfully blocked the advance.

The strange medley of war was more than ever conspicuous at City Point. Troops were coming constantly to replace men killed, wounded and

CITY POINT, VIRGINIA, IN 1864.

furloughed, and there was besides the strong civilian contingent incident to the workings of the quartermaster's department under General Rufus Ingalls, who had upon their hands the duty of feeding two great armies.

I lodged at the "Metropolitan Hotel and Eating House," a canvas caravansary with a board floor. The beds were strips of canvas nailed to uprights about two feet from the ground, and the menu was composed of canned goods, newly invented to meet the exigencies of war. The rate was four dollars per day, and one towel sufficed for all the boarders.

low the shot as it plunged out from its birthcloud of smoke and whirred toward us. One well-aimed shell lit in the mud a few rods away from the train side with a prodigious splutter, and then glancing high into the air, exploded. Fragments shattered the locomotive's smokestack, but otherwise no harm was done. It was nervous work watching the missiles. Some eyes, quicker than others, prompted a constant warning cry: "Here she comes, boys! Duck!" We ducked unanimously.

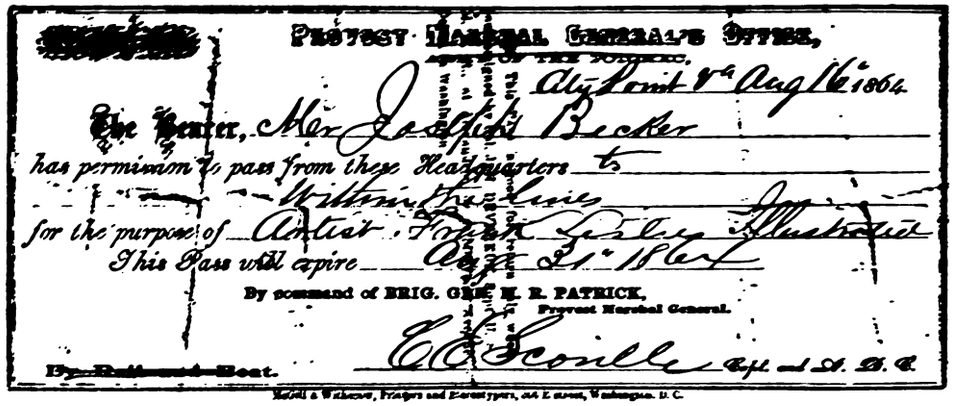
I climbed off the car roof at the first stop, and made myself at home with the men. Most of

CONFEDERATES SHELLING A TRANSPORT TRAIN.

The railway from City Point to the lines was known locally as the "Branch Road," but was officially dignified as the "United States Military Railroad." Passenger trains were not scheduled, and travelers took chances on the roofs of the box cars laden with supplies for the troops. In this manner I made my first journey to Petersburg. There was a motley crowd with me, officers, men and civilians, variously arrayed. The railway ran past field hospitals close to the lines on approaching Petersburg, and in spots was within the range of the Confederate batteries. The gunners amused themselves with shying shot at our train. The air was clear, and it was easy to fol-

them were lodged in caves dug out under the banks of the abounding ravines, where they were reasonably safe from shells. It was a queer life, full of peril, and molelike in its characteristics and caution. The cannonading was constant.

The night scenes during the fierce bombardments were pictures of the magnificence of war. The sky was arched with fire. From the guns of a hundred batteries screaming shells flashed luridly through the darkness, their glowing lines ending in a bursting bouquet of flame. Death and destruction were their companions, but the splendors of the show drove terror away. The guns on the Confederate redoubts were no less



PROVOST MARSHAL'S PASS.

active in affording a spectacle for the people of Petersburg, who peered out of their caves, where they lay in dread, to watch the murderous fireworks. The rebel gunners were apt to shoot over the lines; anyway the firing became a matter of course, though never monotonous. But the pyrotechnics were viewed with nonchalant admiration by the Federal troglodytes. The poker games went on in the little caves unceasingly, though interrupted now and then by a closer shot than common, which jarred the earth with its explosion until soil from the cave roof fell down and covered the "kitty" with clay. This dusted off, the game went on.

The agents of the Sanitary Commission were the envied of the men in the "gopher holes" and trenches. They had regular meals, could wash, and sleep on camp beds, with never a thought of peril.

I passed a few days here, and then went on to take up my residence at the Blick Tavern, headquarters of the Fifth Army Corps, General Gouverneur K. Warren commanding, on the left centre of the line.

General Warren was the best of soldiers and the most reserved of men. His self-containment verged upon melancholy. He rarely smiled, and I think I can claim credit as the only man who made him laugh while he commanded the Fifth Corps. Edwin Forbes, my predecessor, had invested $100 of Mr. Leslie's money in a fine horse, a trained hunter, nimble of limb and of a beautiful chestnut hue. In leaving the army he had turned this animal over to Edward Mullen, another Leslie artist, whose tastes were as festively pronounced as his talents were artistic. I was to replace Mullen and to hunt up the horse.

"Joseph," said Mr. Leslie, "I believe they have left him without a saddle. Buy a good outfit good enough for a battle."

I picked out a saddle, bridle and holsters designed for a major general, beautifully trimmed in silver, with spurs to match, and took great pride in exhibiting them in the office. Mr. Leslie was wroth when he saw them, and disgusted when the bill came along.

This outfit reached City Point all right. There I found that Mr. Mullen, in a fit of humor caught from Artemus Ward, the humorist, who was his dearest friend for a time in his early Bohemian days in New York, had pawned the courser to a Massachusetts lieutenant on General Butler's staff to secure a poker debt of $30. The lieutenant accepted my note with chivalric faith, and the horse duly appeared at the Blick Tavern.

I had never ridden a horse, but did not lack confidence. Major Sutor, the commissary, was a Baltimore man and extremely kind-hearted. He took an interest in me, and his "nigger" was ordered to strap the major general's trappings on the horse. This was done, and I mounted. We ambled off nicely. The Weldon Railroad ran in front of the house. Beyond was a swamp spot with a pond in the middle of it. For five hundred yards further the timber had been cut off, and regiments of charred stumps filled the field. I rode about half a mile, and began to lose confidence, although nothing had happened. With considerable diplomacy I coaxed the brute to turn around. Just as his nose was fairly turned toward the rear the sutler and a friend came galloping down the narrow road. The sight of galloping steeds was too much for my hunter. He was stampeded. Then began a ride beside which John Gilpin's was tame. The chestnut headed for the stumps. He scorned to go around one. Instead, he jumped over every stump that lay in his way. If the stumps were not in line he changed his course to strike them. I was too busy holding on to count, but I know he must have sailed over at least two hundred, and then for a *dénouement* plunged through the mire of

the swamp into that pond. The water came up to the charger's back and nearly covered me as I clung to his neck.

General Warren was on the piazza of the Blick House with Adjutant General Marvin, who has since made his name famous as the inventor of fire- and burglar-proof safes. The general roared with laughter as the negroes fished me out of the pond, and the staff joined in a robust chorus. I never rode again. In a few days the horse was stolen and I did not have to bother about him.

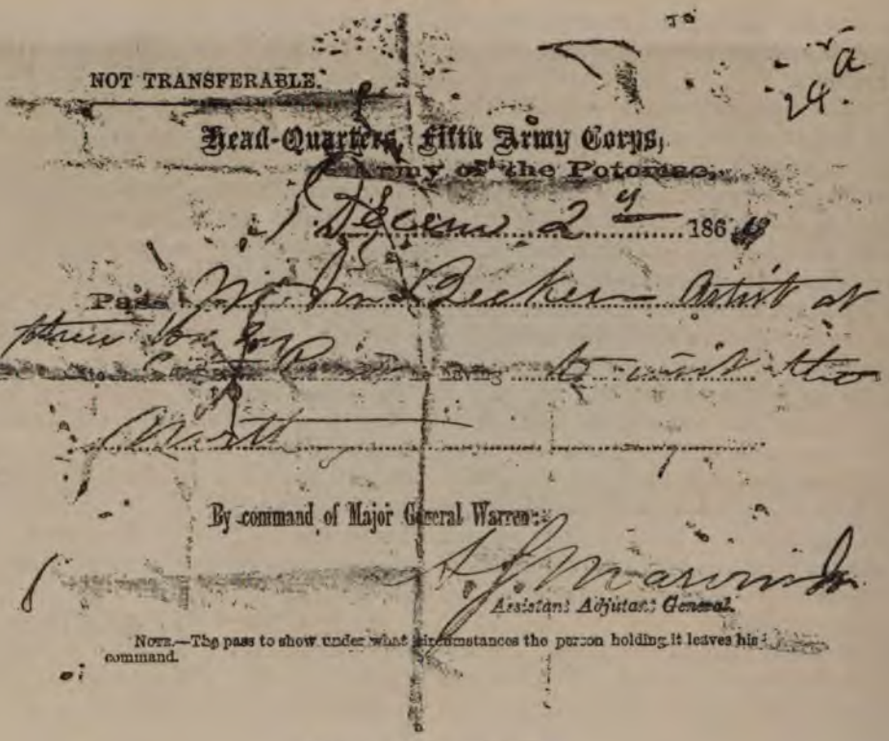
The war correspondent's horse was something of a joke in the army. The expenses of the poker game had to be met somehow, and at times a journalistic "horse" did not cost as much as he was billed to the home office. There were more New York *Herald* men with the troops than from any other paper, and so cheap animals came to be termed "*Herald* horses," a form of identification that will awaken vivid memories in the minds of old war correspondents whose eyes may chance to fall upon this narrative.

Headquarters was kind to the artist. He was neither a newspaper correspondent who knew how the war ought to be fought nor a person involved in army speculations. This led to enlarged privileges, not the least of which was a pass to and from Baltimore that permitted me to go and come without being searched. This gave me a chance to bring in occasional necessaries of life, and a little thoughtfulness raised me to a high status with my military associates. Some genius had discovered that the raw commissary whisky could be made smooth and palatable by the addition of a few drops of Boker's bitters. Bitters were not in the sutler's stock, so I usually brought a supply down from Baltimore. This mitigation of the horrors of war was much appreciated. The grinning camp servants learned a formula something like this, from frequent repetitions: "Mas'r Becker, sah! De majah would be much 'bliged ef yo' cud let him have a spoonful of bittahs, so's he kin drink his whisky, sah."

With the whisky thus mercifully tempered, life at headquarters was not so bad. The younger officers fought or gambled as occasion required. When the band played they waltzed about the camp in pairs, with slight regrets for the girls at home. Often half a dozen contrabands, perched straddlewise on a gallows pole ten feet from the ground as punishment for their sins, sang to the sentry below or played cards with a grimy pack as unconcernedly and as sociably as if most pleasantly situated.

My privilege of visiting Baltimore and returning without being searched occasionally embarrassed me with odd errands. The washing at headquarters, where such style as a clean shirt was regularly affected, was done by the buxom daughters of a farmer's family living several miles away from the edge of the lines. A colored man carried the laundry, but the girls usually came with it to collect. The possession of greenbacks bred in them a desire for dress that could not be easily gratified. There was no entrance to beleaguered Petersburg, and the country stores

PUNISHMENT OF REFRACTORY NEGROES.—FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL SKETCH.



NOT TRANSFERABLE.

Head-Quarters, Fifth Army Corps,
Army of the Potomac,

December 2d 1864

Pass Mr. Jon L. Becker Artist at
[illegible] to visit the
Mott

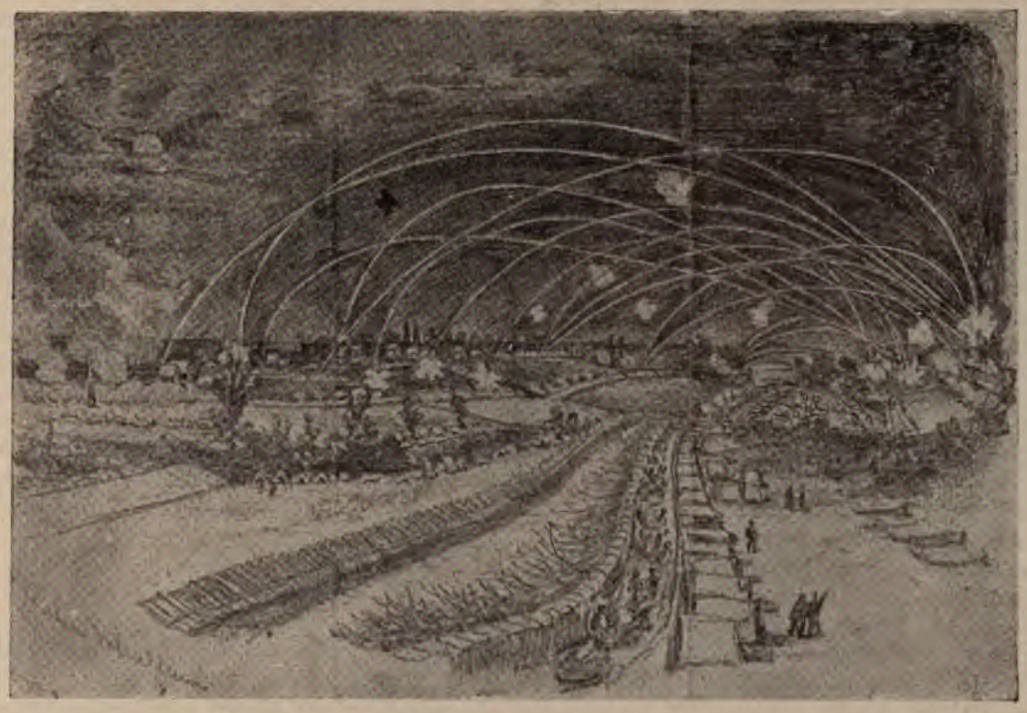
By command of Major General Warren:

A. J. Marvin Jr.
Assistant Adjutant General.

NOTE.—The pass to show under what circumstances the person holding it leaves his command.

THE PASS TO BALTIMORE.

HOW THE PASS WAS UTILIZED.



BOMBARDMENT OF PETERSBURG. — FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL SKETCH.

ceased to exist when the war was a month old. They found out that I visited Baltimore, and besought me to do some shopping. I had never "shopped" for ladies, but I did my best. Unluckily, one of the desired articles was a hoop-skirt, then a little *passé* in Paris, but just ripe for the Confederacy. The storekeeper had failed to restrain its wiry form within a sufficient wrapper, and the thing broke out. It was not possible to find wrapping paper at City Point, and I had to tote the hideous skeleton on my arm up to headquarters in full view of the staff. Their hilarity was quite out of proportion to the spectacle. I am bound to say that when "Miss Sarah" draped the pink-figured calico which formed another bundle over the crinoline the effect was very fetching.

On the edge of the lines, not far from the headquarters of General Warren, stood a tall tree. It had been stripped of its boughs, and where the topmost limbs branched a crow's nest of planks had been built for observatory purposes. The Confederate sharpshooters used this as a target. It was ninety feet from the ground, and its little telescope gave an

CAVE REFUGE DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.

admirable view of Petersburg and its defenses. The ascent was most uncertain. Rude cleats had been nailed on by a single spike, and these slipped and slanted most distressingly under the feet. In a moment of friskiness, soon regretted, I asked the signal officer in charge of this observatory if I might climb to the top and make a bird's-eye sketch. He said I might if my courage held out. This was insulting, but turned out to be prophetic. He went up ahead and reached the top a dozen cleats ahead of me. He took one look, and then yelled: "Look out! They're going to make a charge!"

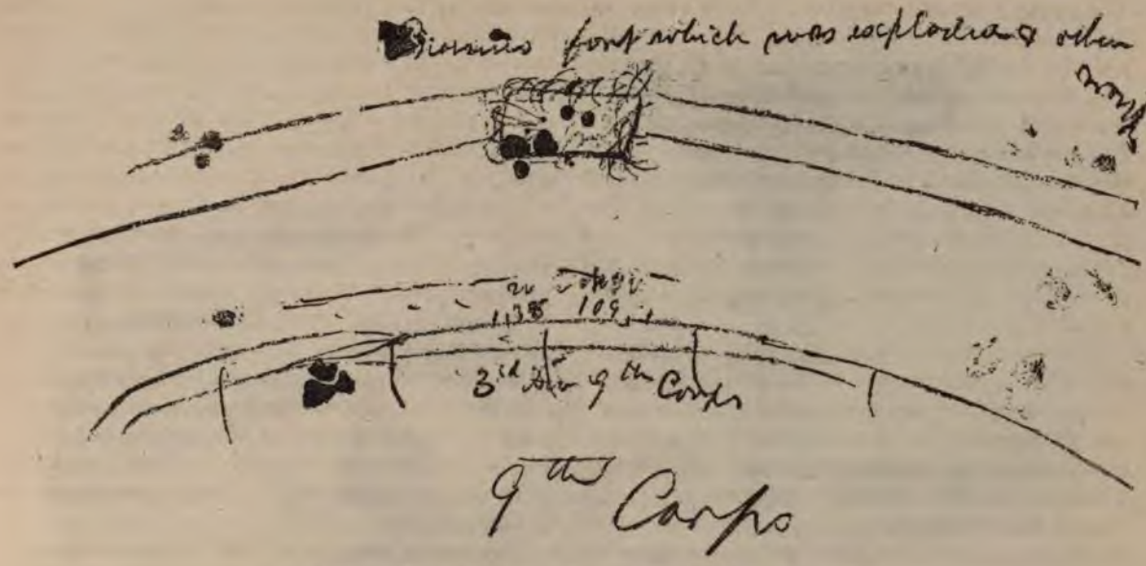
Sure enough they were. The rifles in the breastworks that protected the signal station began to crack. I craned my neck around the tree and saw a straggling lot of rebel skirmishers scampering across the fields toward the tree. Bullets whizzed by. The rickety cleats were gone in places, and others were so loose that they turned unless both feet met on them at once. The agony of that descent was indescribable. With the lieutenant treading on my fingers from above, the chance of being shot in midair or captured at the bottom of the ladder filled me with nervous terror. At last I sank exhausted into a rifle pit near the foot of the tree, completely unnerved. I was quite ill for three days as the result of this adventure.

The Confederates were driven back. On the second day they renewed the attack and captured the tree. On the third day it was retaken. This struck me as useless trouble. They could have kept it for all I cared. I did not want it.

The pickets in the rifle pits developed characteristics both of extreme sociability and intense hostility. In places the lines had moved up to within a biscuit toss, and in these close neighborhoods the sociability was most apparent. Trades of tobacco and coffee, gossip and newspapers were frequent during impromptu moments of truce. My copies of *Frank Leslie's*, passing along from officers to men, generally reached the outposts and went over to the Confederacy in return for some fire-eating sheet printed on wrapping paper. Once in awhile a "Johnny Reb" would be familiar enough to look over the "Yank's" shoulder while the pictures were explained to him.

The more distant sentinels became hunters of men. Bullets "pinged" at every spot of blue or gray that came into view. The blood hunger of the hunter was upon them, and they laid for shots with eagerness. The little fortresses in which the men lay hidden were secure enough if caution was exercised, but the least recklessness of exposure cost a life. The sharpshooters became deadly experts. One Confederate caused a

THE DEAD SHARPSHOOTER.



COLONEL CATLIN'S PLAN OF THE ATTACK ON PETERSBURG.

reign of terror within range of his rifle. Carefully concealed, the puff of smoke from his gun was the only trace he gave of his whereabouts. His list of victims grew until it was really frightful. Determined efforts were made to dislodge him. At last two brave men crept snakelike into a deserted building, climbed up into the attic, broke a hole through the roof without detection, and picked off their man from behind the chimney. I went over and made a sketch of him as he lay in his rifle pit. He was a stalwart, handsome youth. A little purple spot in the centre of his forehead told how true had been the aim that slew him.

The frequent assaults upon the lines by Lee's soldiers furnished enough fatalities. On one of my trips to Baltimore I played cards with five young officers. One day after a conflict I went into the lines and inquired after them. "They're over there," said a captain. Three of them were "over there"—dead under a blanket. The other two had been severely wounded.

My room in the Blick Tavern was on the second floor, and I shared it with a *Tribune* correspondent, Mr. McAlpin. The room was bare, save for a couple of rude canvas cots. The wainscoting, doors and door casings had been stripped for fuel. A ragged canvas curtain swung where the door into the next room had been. One warm evening, worn out with the fatigues of the day, I fell asleep on my cot, to be awakened by loud talking in the other apartment. The plan of a military movement, evidently of great importance, was under discussion. I pushed the curtain aside a little and looked in. The room was full of cigar smoke and major generals. Warren, Hancock, Birney, Wright and Burnside, the corps commanders, were grouped around a long table covered with maps. It flashed through my mind that Lee would give a good deal to know as much as I had learned. Then it occurred to me that I might be considered a spy and be in for summary treatment, despite my safe conduct. This notion stimulated a chill. I crept softly out of the house and held my tongue. In a day or two the feint planned was executed to divert Lee's attention to the extreme left while the assault was made on the mine.

Curiously, many of the men in Colonel Pleasants's Schuylkill regiment, who were digging the tunnel under the rebel works, were schoolmates of mine, from Pottsville, Pa. This enabled me to know much about the work and to fill my sketchbook for use when the move was made. I was not present at the explosion. It had been secretly set for 3:30 A.M., July 30th, when two men were to creep in and light the fuse. It was nearly two hours later when the earthworks blew up and Burnside blundered his troops into the hands of the enemy.

"The effort was a stupendous failure," says General Grant, in his memoirs. He does not speak in further comment, as if he had expected much from it; but the army did, and the disaster was most depressing.

The massacre at the crater had for many of its victims my old friends of the One Hundred and Ninth New York, with whom I had parted at the

Wilderness. Colonel Tracy had left the army a brevetted brigadier, and Colonel Catlin commanded the regiment. He led it in the fatal charge, and was desperately wounded. A braver soldier never entered battle. His right leg was amputated, and he was forwarded to Washington. Mrs. Catlin, far away in the North, lost all trace of him, but in some manner learned my address, and wrote me asking that I find her husband. A short search discovered him in his cot in the military hospital at Washington, slowly recovering from injuries that would have killed a less robust and resolute man. He threw aside his blanket to show me how much was left of him after the surgeons finished, and stained his fingers with his

EXPLOSION OF THE MINE.— FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL SKETCH.

PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE "CRATER" OF THE EXPLODED MINE.

blood on the bandages. Then he drew me a rude diagram of the assault on a bit of note paper. I have it yet, blotted with his blood, and reproduce it as a curious war relic, the existence and origin of which I presume he has long since forgotten.

Thirty years after I visited the scene of the explosion. The lines of the "crater" were there still, but softened with grass and shrubs, while tall trees had grown up around the edge of the artificial volcano where so many brave men had thrown their lives away. The operations at Petersburg soon after the mine disaster became less active, and I was ordered to join the Army of the James, where, as usual, General Butler was doing something to attract attention. At the moment it was the Dutch Gap Canal. I was warned that the undertaking was perilous, but I had my orders, and was entirely willing to obey them, the pressure at Petersburg having fallen below interest point.

(To be continued.)

A STUDY IN AGRICULTURE.

THE LARGEST DIVERSIFIED FARM IN THE WORLD.

By M. V. Moore.

One of the most conspicuous traits in human character lies in the direction of hero worship. Men and women everywhere feel peculiar interest in the man of great phenomenal success, and his history is never devoid of its attractive and instructive features. The possessor of this interest is frequently quite unconscious of its presence and of its force and effect; yet nevertheless it exists and manifests itself—it rising, as a rule, above that point in admiration where there is the suggestion of fawning or flattery.

After all, it is but natural that we should desire to know something of the life and character, as well as something of the manner and methods, of those of our fellow beings who have become eminently famous or fortunate in any of the avocations of life. Somehow or other we are led to think—indeed, it may be said that the result often inspires the very hope itself—that in studying the history of that success we may ourselves obtain some "pointer" (if I may here use the popular slang expression), some fact pregnant with rich secrecies, in the successful man's career—secrecies or elements which will prove of high value to our own selves in the struggle to reach the summit of human hope and endeavor.

Much of the most popular of the world's best literature embraces the experiences of famous or successful men and women. The secret of the popularity often lies in the fact that the reader or interpreter sees in those histories so much of that element called "human nature" which is akin to the throbbings and aims in his or her own heart. The soil tillers of the world—a class now touching the sympathies and interests of the purely intellectual world in a degree hitherto unknown in our own country—a class also now constituting a body of intelligent and thinking readers larger than they have ever heretofore presented in history—these people are now, of course, most specially interested in the career of men who have achieved greatest results in their calling in life. But a great and successful industry of any character is never without its attractive features to the general and universal reader.

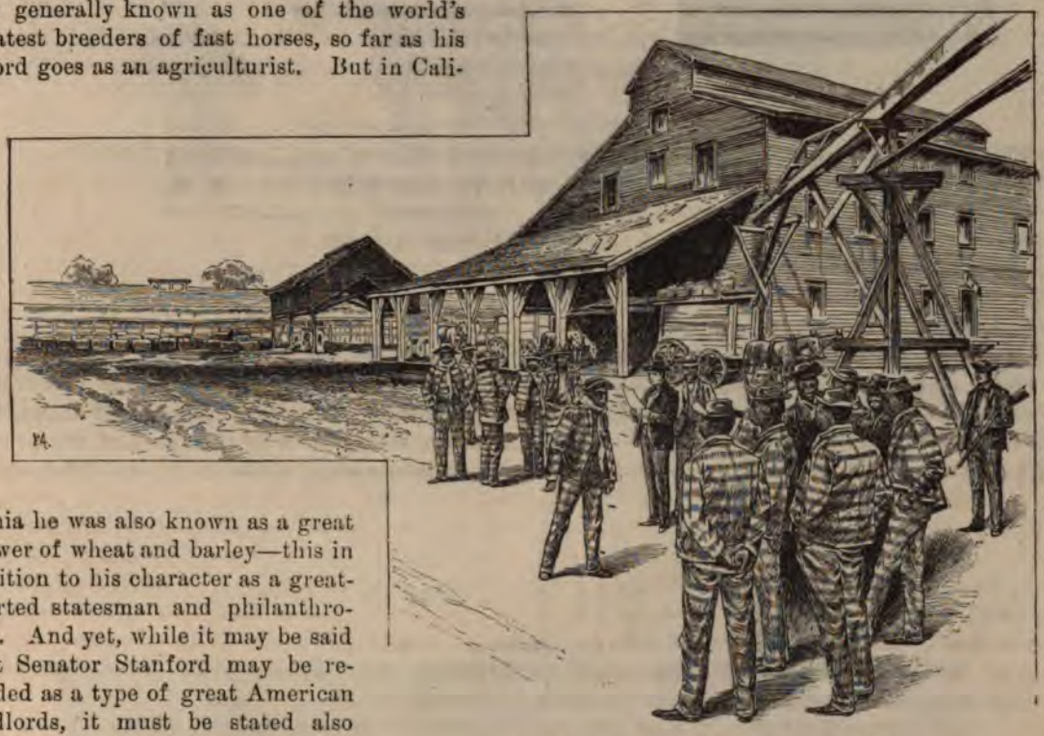
I desire to present here something of the history and experience of one who has attained to what is in all probability the greatest and most remarkable and satisfactory success ever achieved by any single unaided individual in the world in the mere cultivation of the soil and in its legitimate accompaniments, the propagation and sale of cattle and swine and their products. The individual here referred to is the Hon. James M. Smith, of Georgia. Mr. Smith is now regarded as the largest cultivator of diversified crops known anywhere—*the largest farmer in the world*, in other words.

It would not be in accord with truth to say that Mr. Smith tills more soil than any other man in the world. But using the term "farming" in its fullest sense, as applied to the production of a variety of crops on a great scale, on a single estate, managed by a single individual, then we are justified in the assertion that he is undoubtedly the most extensive grower of general farm products now known anywhere in the world.

There are many men in the United States who cultivate more soil than does Mr. Smith. There are several planters in the South who individually produce more cotton and more sugar than he. There are agriculturists in the great West whose fields yield more corn—men whose wheat harvest is larger, whose acreage in cultivation largely exceeds his. There are individuals all over the country who own more cattle, or who fatten more

swine. But taking into consideration all the products named, and others also, all under one and the same management—cotton, corn, wheat, oats, cattle, hogs, and other farm products in general diversity—then Mr. Smith must be considered as entitled to the honor of being designated as the largest farmer in the world.

Again: There are many individuals in America—a country of great landlords—who possess more acres than the famous Georgian. Senator Stanford was of this class. He had vastly more real estate than Mr. Smith. The Californian was also something of a farmer, but he did not appear before the world in that attitude. He was generally known as one of the world's greatest breeders of fast horses, so far as his record goes as an agriculturist. But in California he was also known as a great grower of wheat and barley—this in addition to his character as a great-hearted statesman and philanthropist. And yet, while it may be said that Senator Stanford may be regarded as a type of great American landlords, it must be stated also that on his ranches there is no such diversity in agricultural interests and operations as is found on the plantation of the distinguished Georgian.



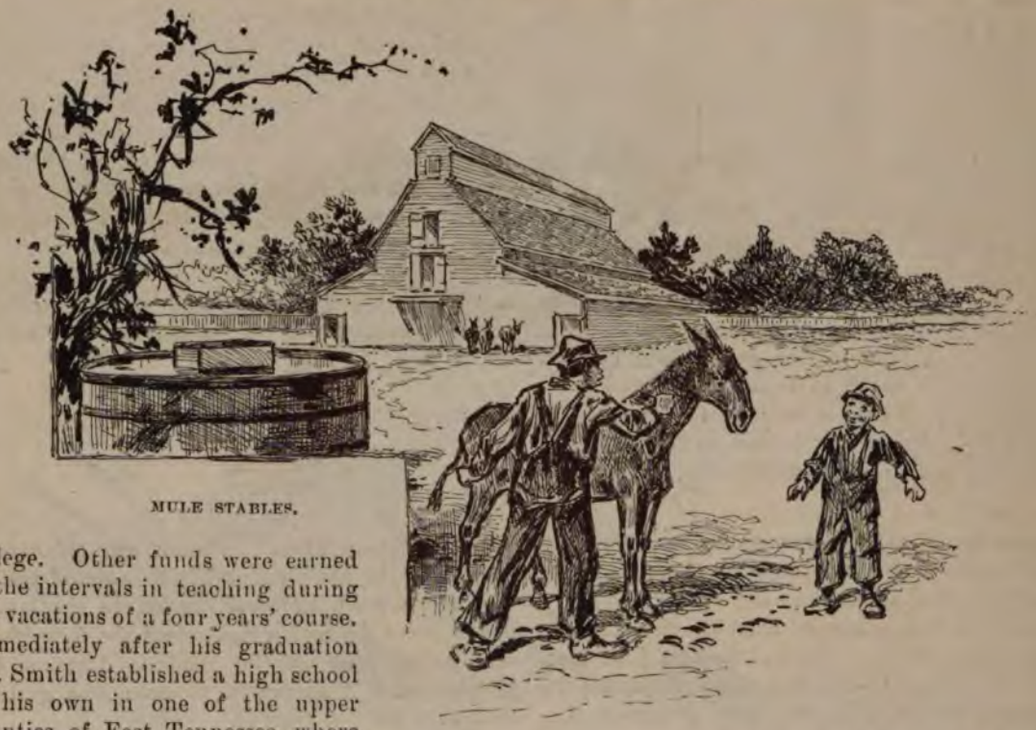
GIN HOUSE, WITH CONVICTS AND GUARD.

Mr. Smith is, in truth, a distinguished man. For many years he has been the recipient of high public honors—honors unsought and unopposed in his State. But he has never sanctioned or welcomed anything higher than is embraced in the phrase, "the plain, practical farmer."

In any assemblage of men the man's face and carriage would indicate him as an individual of great depth and strength of character, both intellectual and otherwise. Physically he is something of a giant. In matters of statecraft purely he has the broad and generous views of a statesman of the highest type. He is a trained scholar of accomplishments, a graduate of a college that stood high in the South at the period when his degree was issued to him. He talks strongly and well. He has the rare gift of compression or compactness in speech, and in his terse language he can put more facts and figures into an address of twenty minutes' duration than most speakers get into a speech of an hour's length. As a possessor and user of mere will force or mental energy the man is a marvel, and his success in life is largely due to the manner in which he has employed that mysterious faculty of the human spirit or human intellect.

Mr. Smith is a native of Wilkes County, Ga. He is now fifty years old, and unmarried. While but a youth, engaged in daily labor on his father's farm, he managed to make and save enough money to place himself in college. His father had given him opportunities to clear and cultivate in his own right certain odd and neglected corners in the old homestead, one spot of which had required an extra amount of grubbing and ditching, which the boy performed. The result of the summer's work was $75 in coin in the youth's purse at Christmas, the proceeds of the one season's farming, made in the odd intervals of service to his father in the meantime.

With the money thus acquired the boy entered



MULE STABLES.

college. Other funds were earned in the intervals in teaching during the vacations of a four years' course. Immediately after his graduation Mr. Smith established a high school of his own in one of the upper counties of East Tennessee, where he was found teaching at the outbreak of the late war. Then came four years of soldiering as a private in a Tennessee cavalry command, and in duties with General John C. Breckinridge. When peace came he returned to Georgia, where he bought on credit an old worn farm of 375 acres, for which he agreed to pay at the rate of $7 in gold per acre. This farm was in Oglethorpe County, Ga., and it is now part of his present home possessions, blossoming and fruiting in

THE DAIRY.

splendor, a veritable garden spot, and a monument to a genius in agricultural æsthetics and prosperity. What was once an old, desolate and abandoned spot is now the seat of the man's delightful home and many thriving industries that have sprung from his brain and broad spirit.

THE CONVICT STOCKADE.

A year of failures was the beginning of Mr. Smith's career as an unaided farmer. At the opening of the second year, 1867, it became necessary for him to borrow money to keep from being thrown out upon the world homeless; on January 1st of that year he was "worse off" every way than when he emerged from the fires of war. He went to a friend who had known him long and well. That friend had been fortunate in money matters; and he not only advanced Mr. Smith all the currency asked for—and without any security whatever except the honor of his friend—but he encouraged and inspired the young man with highly colored prophecies for the future. Among the extravagant words of the old seer was the prediction that in less than ten years Mr. Smith himself would be worth more than he —some forty thousand dollars being named as the figure. The act of this one friend not only gave Mr. Smith a better opinion of the world itself, but it also infused into his own spirit more confidence in his own ability to succeed in life. The seer's prediction was verified to the letter: in ten years Mr. Smith had passed the forty-thousand-dollar post on the road to fortune—the prophecy still a source of pleasure and gratulation with the two friends.

Our farmer's first profitable sales from his own grounds were from the crop of 1867; he exhibits the records yet (for he has been systematic and preserving of records to this day). His surplus, after feeding himself and two negro men whom he had kept as hirelings, was 200 bushels of wheat sold at $2.25 per bushel, and 15 bales of cotton, sold at 11 cents the pound. The next year's surplus was in 34 bales of cotton, sold at 25 cents the pound. He now bought more land, paying

IN THE COTTON FIELD.

also part on his outstanding indebtedness for the original purchase. At the end of the year 1870 his surplus cotton crop amounted to 210 bales, sold at 22 cents per pound—his investments in real estate continuing in the meantime. (A "bale of cotton" in Georgia is reckoned at 500 pounds: actual weights vary, some going below and some in excess of these figures.)

There was one resolution which Mr. Smith made in the very beginning of his career in farming, to which he has steadfastly adhered and never suffered any emergency to override; and that was this—that his farm must always feed and support himself and his hands in their labor; and that he would never buy his meat and bread except at the point of starvation. As for a mortgage on the farm "for supplies," that were the last thing to be considered before the insane asylum was reached!

After this much of the mere introductory personal and generalizing statements, let us deal more specifically with Mr. Smith's real farming interests. It is difficult, however, to realize, in the display of type, the magnitude of the crops produced by this one man on his vast estate. In 1870 he began adding largely to the possessions he had acquired to that date. His crops also continued to grow and increase in the ratio of increased acreage from the new purchases. His lands now lie in an irregular figure some nine miles long and eight miles wide at extreme points. They cover parts of three counties in Georgia—Oglethorpe, Madison and Clarke. The home residence, "Smithonia," as it is called, is in Oglethorpe. He has in this one connected body fifteen thousand acres which he calls his "Farm." He has also other large bodies of real estate disconnected in other counties; but it is to the "Farm," lying about "Smithonia," that he gives his constant personal care, attention and oversight.

He has now every facility for the easy and successful management of the entire vast property under his own eye. At an expense of about one hundred thousand dollars he has recently constructed a standard-gauge railway from the nearest point on the old Georgia Railroad (Dunlap, eight miles distant) up to his very door, and in lateral branches running into the different quarters of his property—the total length of the completed railway now on his place being sixteen miles. He has additional connections with the new railway, the Georgia, Carolina and Northern, at their station, Five Forks; and by the time this is printed he will have completed also several miles of additional track through the main agricultural grounds of his place. These improvements completed, Mr. Smith will possess advantages that no other planter in the South will have: he will have two great competing railway systems taking the products of his farm directly from his own warehouses, and in his own cars, loaded at his own doors by his own force—cars that in a short time can reach the sea directly at Savannah, Charleston or Norfolk, as he himself may choose.

Mr. Smith owns and operates himself all the rolling stock on his own railway. He has an admirably graded road bed with heavy steel rails. He keeps two locomotives, an elegant passenger coach, and a full outfit of freight cars, flats and boxes, all built expressly for him. One locomotive is kept usually at his command during the entire day. When the owner wishes to run to any part of the big plantation where the track leads the steam is up and the engine is ready for his call.

In looking over the other features of the Farm, I found items of more than ordinary interest. At the date of my first visit to the plantation (November 7th to 9th) the cotton crop of the year was just beginning to come in fairly. Mr. Smith showed me what was the result of the first picking over his fields—an even thousand bales in one single lot. Last year his crop was 2,200 bales, averaging 500 pounds each, this one product yielding him something over $90,000 in the year.

In addition to his cotton crop, Mr. Smith harvested during the year 6,000 bushels of wheat, 12,000 bushels of oats and 20,000 bushels of corn. These may be regarded as the mere leading items in the products of this immense farm; they may be called properly part of the "field crop." In the garden, or "truck patches" of the place, there have been raised this year 5,000 bushels of sweet potatoes, 2,500 bushels of Irish potatoes, more than 1,000 bushels of onions, and hundreds of pounds of red pepper.

In order that the reader may be able to comprehend more clearly and fully the magnitude and diversity of the operations on this vast property, let me explain somewhat the methods of Mr. Smith in the management of his various interests. He has his labor forces divided into three separate and distinct corps; these are in tenants proper; hirelings or "hands," miscellaneous laborers who are employed at regular monthly or daily rates, or on "wages"; and then he has a large number of convicts or felons leased from the prisons of the State of Georgia. He has his land divided into three distinct belts or zones, each of these being operated by the distinct class of labor named.

The first, or innermost, of these zones includes

the heart or centre of this great property—the portion lying immediately around and including the private residence and the village of Smithonia. Here are all the principal buildings of the farm, properly speaking—barns, warehouses, cotton gins, mills, stables, corn houses, negro quarters, cattle sheds, etc. This division of the farm is operated at all times under the immediate eye and supervision of Mr. Smith himself, and by the aid of the mere hired labor alone. He calls this his "Wages Farm." In the cottages around the village proper are the families of seventy-five negro men employed here—men whose "wages" average about $150 per year. These men are furnished, in addition to their wages, free of expense, their house rent, all the garden area required in growing vegetables for their families, and all the firewood necessary. Ten house servants are employed about Mr. Smith's immediate residence. There are several white families living in the village, the male members employed in various capacities in Mr. Smith's different business operations.

On the "Wages Farm" from forty to fifty mules and six yoke of oxen are required to do the "farm" work. The mere "milling" interest attached requires the service of ten more mules. All the mules on this big place are denominated "first-class," large, heavy fellows. This grade is necessary in clay lands, each animal costing from $150 to $250. Supplies of these mules are received, as necessary, by the carload, from Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee. Sixty cows are here milked daily, some of these milkers being of the finest Holstein blood and costing $150 each. Holstein is the stock which will in future predominate on the place, although there is at present in Mr. Smith's big herd of 640 cattle strong infusions of Devon, Jersey and Shorthorn bloods. From the dairy on the place some thirty pounds of butter are sent to market daily. The buttermilk is given to the field hands or is fed to the swine on the farm, 75 porkers being now in the slaughter pens here, while about 100 more are running on the fields—the pigs to weigh on an average, at killing time, about 200 pounds each.

Mr. Smith has what I have never before seen in farming, a "hog orchard," which contains 1,000 mulberry trees, the fruit being that which is known as the "ever-bearing" variety. This fruit is a great fattener of swine. The trees were planted by him specially for this interest. For three months in the year, beginning early in May, his hogs live in this orchard, they thriving rapidly on the mulberries alone. The hogs soon learn the art of giving the tree a shake in order to make it drop its fruit.

On what is strictly the "Wages Farm" of this big property Mr. Smith has this season cultivated 800 acres in cotton, 400 acres in corn, 200 acres in wheat, 200 acres in oats and 200 acres in rye (the last-named plant cut in its green stage for hay). Three hundred acres have been in peas, 15 acres in sweet potatoes, 40 acres in sorghum and 300 acres in turnips. Five acres were given to melons (for home use alone), and 20 acres are in apple, peach and pear orchard. Out of this orchard I ate, on the 9th of November, fine, fresh, delicious peaches and apples. I counted also at the time 125 fine, large watermelons yet lying in the shelter of one of Mr. Smith's houses. He keeps melons until Christmas. The mere gardening of this "Wages Farm" requires several acres to supply the home table. The majority of the cattle on Mr. Smith's possessions are kept here. He has all penned, or housed, regularly each night. Those that remain out of shelter are kept for a considerable length of time upon particular areas or lots of ground, spaces that are to be specially fertilized. The inclosure surrounding these areas is a movable fence which is an invention of rare value evolved from the brain of this unique genius himself. When the lot has received ample fertilization directly from the droppings of the cattle the fence is taken down—this the work of but a few minutes only—and it is then carried and placed around new areas which in turn are fertilized in this way.

In the cattle stalls proper on the farm there are now 75 four-year-old steers feeding for the beef markets. It is intended to make these weigh each 1,500 pounds on an average, and for each Mr. Smith expects the sum of $45. The meat product of this farm is somewhere in the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars annually.

In addition to the immediate farming or planting interests on this "Wages Farm," Mr. Smith has in the village Smithonia a large cotton-seed-oil mill, which properly converts all the surplus seed coming from his five 70-saw gins that are kept running all the season, their output embracing annually 200 bales of cotton ginned for Mr. Smith's neighbors—this in addition to the yield of his own fields. The yearly product of his oil mill is about 1,500 barrels of cotton oil. The bulk of the oil cake is ground up and mixed with bone and chemicals, thus making here also a commercial fertilizer of which the annual sales amount to some 3,000 tons. These two features of the "milling" industries of Mr. Smith at this village Smithonia alone represent a capital in plant worth at least $50,000. A magnificent 100-horse-power steam engine furnishes the motive power for the machinery and the cotton-gin

attachments. Elsewhere on the farm are Mr. Smith's wheat, corn and lumber mills, representing nearly a similar sum in the capital invested.

In the centre of the village Smithonia is the store, or the commissary buildings of the great estate. These are in charge of accomplished and competent business men who are kept busy in the work of weighing and measuring and recording, in full detail, correct reports of each day's business—these reports to be submitted each night to the owner. A stenographer and confidential bookkeeper has charge of Mr. Smith's abstracts and financial secrets. No one save these two know anything of the real value of the man's property, nor of the net annual income received therefrom. Indeed, it would be a hard matter to determine what Mr. Smith is worth in dollars and cents. His mere lands have cost him an average of about $10 the acre. The improvements, without buildings, doubtless represent $5 more per acre. During the past fifteen years Mr. Smith has built 1,000 houses on the whole property. Of these, 500 are neat and comfortable dwellings for the different people on his plantation. All his dwellings are finished in dressed lumber. They are all handsomely painted; each also has good substantial pillars and chimneys of brick. His barns are immense four-story buildings of wood and stone, 120 by 60, each one embodying many modern conveniences. At this date he has each one filled with two years' supply of forage. In the village is a three-thousand-dollar hotel with commodious rooms, all well furnished; this for the accommodation of boarders and single white men in Mr. Smith's employ. Mr. Smith keeps twelve carpenters busily engaged the year round in work on his various improvements.

The second belt or zone of Mr. Smith's farm is operated by "convict" labor—felons leased, as I have said, from the State of Georgia. About 125 convicts are employed by him regularly. This force occupies at night a camp, or stockade, one mile from the main village of Smithonia; a branch of the private railway connects the two places. Mr. Smith says that this convict labor costs him much more than does his free labor, and that it is harder to manage, but it is more reliable; and then he can always depend on getting all the help he wants from the Georgia jails.

Of this convict force 75 have this year been employed in the culture of soil on Mr. Smith's plantation, the area tilled by these men embracing 1,000 acres in cotton, 400 acres in corn, 200 acres in wheat, 200 acres in oats, 50 acres in sweet potatoes, 200 acres in peas, 20 acres in turnips and some 5 or 6 acres in garden vegetables alone, for the raising of onions, cabbage and red pepper, etc. These garden supplies are not raised for market, but are for consumption by the convicts themselves. About 50 mules are required to furnish the horse power on this "Convict Farm," as it is called. This department of Mr. Smith's business keeps about 150 head of swine—60 now in the slaughter pens for this season's pork.

About 40 convicts are engaged some three months in the year in making a fine quality of oil brick, there being very extensive works for this purpose at the terminus of one of the railway tracks on the place. The most approved machinery is used in the manufacture of the brick, the

COW BARN.

THE OIL MILL.

annual output being several millions, all of which meet ready sale at from $6 to $7 the thousand free on board the cars at the works—this a source of an enormous income itself to Mr. Smith. The remainder of the year, when these brick hands are not employed here, they are used in clearing up fresh areas of land on the place, in making roadways, and in other miscellaneous work on the plantation. Some 200 acres of virgin lands are now cleared annually. The most valuable timber is wrought into commercial lumber; while the rest destroyed in the "clearings" is cut into proper lengths to be consumed in burning brick, and for use in making steam at the various mills, or for the locomotives on the railway. In addition to the railway built by convict labor, Mr. Smith has had constructed something over 100 miles of finely graded dirt roads leading in various directions through his lands.

Twelve of the most "trusty" of the convicts are employed in the oil mills. At night, however, the fellows in stripes (for all the felons must wear the hated insignia of the criminal) go to the stockade. There is employed in this business a guard of sixteen whites—young men whose good character must be fully indorsed before they can secure the employment. This guard keeps constant watch over the convicts. There is a general superintendent, or manager, who has charge over all this force.

The convicts are fed meat three times each day, one-fourth of a pound at each meal. They have flour bread three times each week, corn bread the remainder of the period. They have vegetables and buttermilk once each day. On Sundays the shackles, or chains, are removed from each, and the convicts have a day of rest. They attend divine service conducted by a minister who is regularly employed by Mr. Smith, on a salary, to preach to them. A competent physician is also kept in attendance on a stated salary. But such has been the regimen and discipline under Mr. Smith's management that there has not been a death nor an escape from the convicts in a period of three years; and it is very often the case that when the term of the penal servitude of the convict expires he hires himself to Mr. Smith for work on "wages." Some of the most valuable and efficient of the laborers and tenants on this plantation are ex-convicts.

One of these, a white man who served five years for manslaughter, is now a prominent tenant on the farm. During his penal service Mr. Smith took care of the man's family—a wife and six children, nearly all small—he bringing them from Whitfield County, nearly a hundred and fifty miles away, to the vicinity of the stockade, where the father and husband could see the loved ones once each week. The debt thus incurred by Mr. Smith in caring for that family has been since repaid by the ex-convict. Immediately on his release from the chain gang the man was employed as a day laborer under his benefactor. Last year, as a tenant, he made sixty bales of cotton with four mules. Mr. Smith's methods appear to work, in many instances, reformation in criminals. This year there are only five white convicts in Mr. Smith's gangs. He says the white felons invariably give him more trouble than the colored ones.

The third division of this great plantation is given over to the tenant system of labor. Mr. Smith has sixty separate individual tenants with families, these occupying different parts of the outer belt of his Smithonia possessions. All of the farming operations conducted by this force are under his own direction and supervision. This force of tenants has this year cultivated about 4,000 acres of his lands. His rentals from the cotton crop alone has been $10,000, an average of $2.50 to the acre cultivated. This of itself is considered a good investment on the purchase money. Mr. Smith furnishes and owns in his own individual right all the horse power required to run the Tenant Farm. One hundred of his mules are thus at work. He exacts no grain rental from the products of his tenants, his share in the crop coming in cotton, this being easiest of conversion into cash.

In the sixty families of tenants there are more than four hundred people, all of whom derive their support from this one man's land and bounty. The convict camp and its appendages have one hundred and fifty more. There are two hundred people in the families of the colored men who work for wages. In addition to the souls thus enumerated, there are about twenty white employés on the place, some of whom have families, this force embracing business subordinates, railroad engineers and the clerical force, giving an additional white population on the place of about one hundred. A well-conducted hotel is in the village, as I have said, for the accommodation of the single men and boarders. Transient guests, of whom there are many, are usually entertained by Mr. Smith at his own immediate private residence; this a plain, substantial, roomy structure of white walls inside and out—a structure whose greatest need (as I looked at the matter) is the suitable, accomplished housewife for the genial old bachelor. Mr. Smith does not deny this impeachment. But he has a way of telling the girls that "when he gets able to support a wife in requisite style he is going to wed." And the girl must not be old in any respect, either! (And, by the way, is this a slur, or a commentary with a compliment, on womankind? The ladies themselves must judge—in fact, they will judge; we cannot restrain them in this!)

Among the recent visitors to this famous plantation was Mr. Robert Bonner, of the New York *Ledger*. He was accompanied by a number of other literary gentlemen and capitalists, all in a private car run over Mr. Smith's road to his doors. Mr. Bonner, I am told, had two special objects in view in his visit. He had owned the most elegant of turnouts, and had driven the fastest horses in the world, and over the finest roads in America. He now sought that rare experience of a Northern millionaire, a drive over a Georgia plantation behind a Georgia mule hitched to a Georgia cart—a feat which the genial prince in literature enjoyed to the very fullest—thanks to Mr. Smith's fertile genius! And doubtless Mr. Bonner is that much ahead of all the rest of his princely compeers of the "turf" throughout the entire world.

And then there was another Southern "sport" in which Mr. Bonner and his friends desired to participate, or to witness, at least. They wanted to see and hear for themselves a pack of bloodhounds "run down a nigger" and catch him! The illustrious promoter of fiction (through the columns of the *Ledger*) especially desired to obtain some inner truths touching this mooted Southern institution, the bloodhound that owes existence to the "nigger." Was that thing, too, simply fiction and myth? or was it fact, or political thunder and buncombe? Those gentlemen can now tell.

Mr. Smith keeps on his place a pack (sixteen now) of the best-blooded dogs in the South. If a convict, white or black, makes a break for liberty the dogs soon bring him to "taw"; it is impossible for him to elude their keen noses, as they are thoroughly trained for the purpose. Regularly each week the dogs are "practiced": a "trusty" fellow among the convicts is sent out an hour or so ahead before the pack is unloosed; the darky has made his circuit, and has gotten back into quarters before the hounds are put upon the trail. When they are all turned loose, and get fully into the chase in full cry, they make music that is grand and thrilling in the highest degree—a music that will stir the heart of any man to raptures when he hears it at its best.

Mr. Bonner and his party had an opportunity to "enjoy" to the extreme pitch this rich and mellow music in a long and lively chase over hill and dale and through field and fen, and all to the delight of the darky, too, who understood well how to put zest into the sport. And Mr. Bonner and his friends found that the dogs were simply the ordinary foxhound of the country, and not the mythical fellow of "blood" and relentless fury. The visitors went away from this great plantation not only wiser, better and happier men, but I am assured they went home more thoroughly than ever imbued with the idea, or the truth, that the great "open sore" of the South is suffering more from the probings of designing politicians elsewhere than it is from the wrongdoers in her own borders, however many and however corrupt those wrongdoers may be.

Returning to the bloodhounds, I may say that the last man who attempted to escape from the stockade killed three of the very best of the pack before he was captured and brought in. But nineteen well-trained dogs make too much business or trouble for one fugitive to antagonize at once in the wild woods without taking refuge in a tree. And so the fellow had to succumb and crawl down from his sapling retreat and beg pardon of the guard, like the boy who stole apples in the blue-back speller. He was a white man, and he was made to pay dearly for his acts, not only for the attempt at escape, but for the killing of the valuable dogs also.

Flogging with a leathern strap on the naked back is the mode of punishment meted out to offenders here. The system is provided for by law, and the statute specifies the authority who is to discharge the duty.

Statistics show that the punishment comes here about one hundred times each year among the different convicts that come and go. Sometimes one fellow gets basted (or "tickled," as they call it there) twice or three times during a term. But usually one brief experience is sufficient to satisfy the most itching of backs or the most discontented of brains. It is certainly best not to transgress the laws of "the pen" here, nor anywhere else, as far as that is concerned.

There is an opinion, quite prevalent where the facts are not fully known, that Mr. Smith has made his great fortune almost entirely on convict labor, and that any man with similar advantages with such help can accumulate riches. This opinion is wholly unfounded. Mr. Smith began his employment of convicts only in 1883, less than twelve years ago, and when his fortune had been already made. He owned at that time as much, if not more, real estate than he does at present.

But with all the phenomenal facts before the reader, that reader will doubtless desire to make further inquiry into the man's life, and, if possible, ascertain what have been the chief secrets of his great success. But herein is a problem difficult of solution, as all men must know who have studied the histories of the great fortunes of modern times. It is one of the mysteries of nature; and it is about as hard to explain as it is to tell why it is that death comes to one member of a household sooner than it does to another born and living under precisely the same general conditions; or why it is that there is one leaf on a tree that has had the same rain and sunshine for a whole season—one leaf that will remain when all others have gone.

Underlying Mr. Smith's career there is one fact to which I have heretofore referred, and which is worthy the careful and serious consideration of every farmer or planter who is ready to complain of the "times." When Mr. Smith began his career as a farmer he resolved that, come what would, he must raise his own supplies of bread and meat; and that what cotton he made should constitute his surplus, the net profit of his farming. Then, he has kept his animal surplus regularly and wisely invested in good farm securities—securities from which he could develop or bring more than simple bank interest. These securities have been chiefly in farming lands adjoining his own original purchases, the property added being, under Mr. Smith's wise management, a double source of revenue; for, in addition to the enhancement in value of the property, due to his systemetic yet inexpensive treatment, the rentals received from tenants, and these alone, soon paid back the purchase money.

Mr. Smith has given me some startling and significant facts in connection with his investments in farming lands in Georgia. The additions to the lands originally purchased in 1865 now embrace the old plantations of some twenty different people who were in the old days of slavery extensive and prominent planters, each individual owner, prior to emancipation, working from 50 to 300 slaves, perhaps less than 50 in an instance or so. Under the new or changed conditions of labor in the South those old planters, or their heirs, had become either bankrupt or disheartened and tired out in efforts to maintain existence in the cultivation of the worn soils with the aid of their own hands and the free colored labor; and all—the whole twenty and their heirs—have sold out, most of them from dire necessity; and they have "pulled up," as the saying goes, and the majority gone to the new countries of the West and Southwest. Others have been taken to that older bourn from which there is no return, the old men going to their graves broken in fortune and in heart, prostrate and wretched in spirit.

The County of Oglethorpe, in which most of Mr. Smith's possessions lie, is one of the oldest-settled regions of Georgia. For many years it held some of the richest and most influential families in the South, its early settlers coming immediately after the close of the American Revolution, a hundred years ago and more, from Virginia, Maryland and the Carolinas. Nearly all were illustrious people, who had, themselves or their fathers, figured largely in the war for independence; their descendants, in the period covering the decade beginning about 1860, figuring and suffering also in the issues over secession. Some of those families are now wholly extinct in Georgia, their lands held by this one man. The

county named was once considered an inviting region, the Smithonia property now embracing a splendid variety of soils, from the rich brown chocolate uplands to the fine gray gravel and loam; dry sandy ridges, and low level and clayey bottoms, all originally fertile and finely timbered, but much of it in an abandoned state when purchased by Mr. Smith.

In the olden times—in the prosperous ante-bellum days—the present possessions of this one man sustained in ease and luxury, on the product of slavery, some ten extensive families, with more than a thousand slaves in comfort. There were, say, ten other families not so "well to do" in the world, yet nevertheless in comfort and respectability — these having more than five hundred slaves in the aggregate; the total old population of the territory now owned by him, this one man, being somewhere in the neighborhood of three thousand souls. Among all this number, prior to 1861, there was little or no suffering and want save those incident to disease and the conditions of liberty, or human freedom.

Now, the people occupying this same territory, all told, number a little less than one thousand souls; and all these dependent for their daily bread on one man alone. Of this number, more than one-fourth of the daily toilers are convicts and felons, men and woman, both white and black, all in a condition of toil and degradation absolutely more forbidding and deplorable than ever was known to the citizenship of that region in the worst days of human slavery. The majority of the other laborers, all dependent on their daily toil for their daily bread, are in a condition of servitude that has less of human comfort than the slave possessed under the old rule. It is beset by more evils, if not greater evils, than slavery presented. (Nor is this argument in favor of slavery, for I am not its advocate: I am simply a chronicler here of startling facts that confront the philosopher and humanitarian of to-day. Nor am I sitting in condemnation on Mr. Smith and his methods. He is not responsible in any way for the present condition of American labor, which shows want and deplorable features universally and especially among the Southern negroes.) Not the least of the evils of Mr. Smith's system, as I see those evils, is in that condition of American agriculture, or land ownership, which unnecessarily and unwisely, yet somewhat willingly, yields and transfers the possibilities and advantages open to a hundred or a score into the power and keeping of a single individual. As for this one man, in Mr. Smith's case, he is simply the one master now controlling where there was once, and only yesterday in some instances, a dozen infinitely worse overseers and task givers.

HOG-KILLING TIME.

THE ANCHOR LINE STEAMER "CITY OF ROME."

THE OCEAN VOYAGE.

START well on your trip to Europe. Select carefully the steamer that is to bear you across the water. Let not your whole outing be spoiled by an uncomfortable voyage. Don't forget that the time spent on the ocean may be the most enjoyable or the most unpleasant of the whole trip, according to the vessel you take. Sail under the colors of a line that has established a reputation for courteous officers and servants, and you will be certain to have a pleasant voyage, for few things conduce to the comfort and enjoyment of a traveler more than the knowledge that those in whose care he is temporarily committed are gentlemen. Such a reputation has been well earned by the Anchor Line. Everyone who has sailed on the vessels of this famous line has a word of praise for the treatment received while aboard. Mrs. Frank Leslie, whose large experience in ocean traveling fits her to speak authoritatively, says she has never met with more courteous and gentlemanly officers and servants than those found on the Anchor Line steamers.

The Anchor Line operates a fleet of forty magnificent vessels between New York and Liverpool, Bristol, Glasgow, the Mediterranean ports and India; from Glasgow to New York, to Bombay, to Calcutta, to the Mediterranean ports; from India to the Mediterranean ports, to London, to Liverpool and to New York. The value of these steamers exceeds $15,000,000.

The latest addition to the Anchor Line fleet is the *City of Rome*, running regularly between New York and Glasgow. It is a handsome steamship of 8,415 tons register. As regards speed, comfort, safety and general equipment, it has no superior among the "ocean greyhounds." A writer on one of the leading Western daily papers says "he has crossed on the Cunard, French and Inman Lines, but that he was never on a boat that pleased him better than the *City of Rome*.

Passengers on the Anchor Line steamships are furnished with a liberal table, including all the delicacies of the season. The dining saloon, music hall, ladies' boudoir, library and gentlemen's smoking room are all located on the main and spar decks, near the centre of the ship, and by means of electric bells are in communication with the steward's department. All are fitted up in the most elegant and luxurious style, and with every regard to the comfort and convenience of passengers. The staterooms also are located on the main and spar decks. They are large, well lighted, perfectly ventilated and elegantly furnished. Each steamer carries a duly qualified surgeon and experienced stewardesses, and is provided with a piano, organ and select library, including the latest guidebooks of European travel.

When one thinks of the many advantages offered by the Anchor Line—the moderate rates, the comfortable vessels, the splendid accommodations, the excellent table, the courteous treatment, and the hundred and one other advantages which lack of space prevents mentioning here—one does not need to hesitate as to the line he will take in crossing the ocean.

Sailing dates, descriptive circulars and passenger and freight rates may be obtained at Henderson Brothers', Bowling Green, New York city.

GEOGRAPHICAL NEWS.

By George C. Hurlbut, Secretary of the American Geographical Society.

Attention is more and more drawn to exploration and adventure in the frozen zones. Some speculations with regard to Nansen have been published in a letter from Captain Wiggins at Yeniseisk, on the Yenisei River, dated December 7th, 1893. Captain Wiggins found the ice very close inshore to the northward of Dickson Harbor, near the mouth of the Yenisei, last summer; and he is inclined to think that Nansen may have been obliged to go further to the northward; in which case there can be no further report of him until he returns by way of the pole, or retreats through the Novaya Zemlya seas, the Kara Sea, or the coast of Siberia. The probabilities are that the *Fram* succeeded in passing Cape Chelyuskin (Severo Vostochnoi) in 103° 43 E. Long., and that nothing will be heard of her for some years. Dr. John Murray, of the *Challenger* expedition, expresses himself on the subject in these words: "Nansen may be five or many more years in passing across the Arctic basin; he may fail altogether; but I shall be disappointed if he be not heard of to the north of Spitzbergen during the summer after next." Mr. F. G. Jackson, who set out last year to explore the Yannal, or Samoied Peninsula, could not get beyond Waigats Island, the Samoieds refusing to help him across the strait. These people are, he declares, the filthiest he ever met, and other travelers say much the same thing. During the winter in Waigats he tested his outfit for Arctic travel and acquired experience. The most useful articles were a sack of Scotch oatmeal and a spirit lamp. Since his return to England Mr. Jackson has perfected his plans for a journey to Franz-Josef Land, and as far as possible toward the pole. He will go by ship to the southern end of Franz-Josef Land, and thence to the north in a sledge drawn by dogs or by Russian ponies; and he thinks the land continues as far as the pole. He will build a house in which to pass next winter, and make his stand in the spring, establishing food depots every thirty or forty miles of the way, so that he will find supplies on his return. The whole cost of this expedition will be borne by Mr. Alfred Charles William Harmsworth, of Elmwood St. Peter's, Kent. During the summer of 1893 the Danish officers Lieutenant Garde and Ensign Moltke made a journey of exploration nearly across the inland ice of Greenland. The start was made at Sermitsialik Fiord, on the west coast, at about 61° N. Lat. The route traveled was to the northeast, then to the northwest, then north, then west, and lastly in a line almost directly south to the starting point; the whole considerably to the south of Nansen's route in the crossing from the east to the west coast, at Godthaab. The highest point on the inland ice was 7,150 feet, the dividing ridge which approaches the west coast in Southern Greenland, while Peary found it nearer the east coast in North Greenland. The ice cap in Southern Greenland is completely smooth and unbroken by mountains, or *nunataks*, as the Eskimo call them. The journey was made at the time of the summer solstice and Lieutenant Garde noticed the enormous loss of the snow by evaporation. When the tent was pitched in the morning the snow floor was soon trampled hard and packed so that it was considerably below the level of the outer snow. At midnight, when the tent was struck for the march, the snow within the tent was always a good deal higher than the level of that exposed to the sun. Mr. Robert Stein's project for the exploration of Ellesmere Land, as the beginning of a systematic reconnoissance of the Arctic regions, meets with the approval of all who know the conditions of Arctic travel and discovery. The interest in the matter grows, and Mr. Stein is urging forward his preparations with all energy; but the details are many, and the progress toward the starting point seems to be slow. Nevertheless, there is reason to believe that all the difficulties in the way will be overcome by the early summer. A project first announced at the end of February has been elaborated and put into execution, so far as the start is concerned. Mr. Walter Wellman, a Washington journalist, together with Professor Owen B. French, astronomical observer, Dr. T. B. Mohun, physician, and Charles G. Dodge, astronomer, left New York in the *Britannic* in the middle of March for what Mr. Wellman calls a dash at the North Pole. The object is to find out the truth "*about these polar regions.*" Mr. Wellman's plan is to go from Hull to Aalesund, in Norway, there to be joined by four professors from Christiania and a dozen young men of leisure. The party will leave Aalesund April 24th, and arrive at Tromsöe May 1st. Headquarters will be established at the northwest corner of Spitzbergen. From this point it is proposed to travel to the southern edge of the ice pack, and there to disembark with fourteen men, three boats, five sledges and sixty dogs. The party will push forward for twenty-five days and then separate—seven going back to headquarters and seven continuing to the north for twenty-five days more. Mr. Wellman expects to return to America by the 1st of October. It is to be hoped he may. It appears that Ekroll's expedition, which was to have left Spitzbergen in the month of June, 1893, has come to naught.

The Antarctic has not been forgotten. Dr. Cook is still engaged in organizing his expedition, with good prospect of making a start at the time proposed, so as to take advantage of the summer in the Southern Hemisphere. The English expedition, advocated by Dr. Murray, is still under consideration. It has excited great interest in Australia, as was to be expected; and a project, agreeing in the main with Dr. Murray's, has been sketched by Dr. Neumayer in Germany. He proposes that the Germans send a party to Kerguelen Island or Macdonald Island to establish a depot, and that the staff of observers be landed on Kemp or on Enderby Island. He would send two vessels of 450 tons, each manned by fifty men, including five officers and six scientists. He thinks that observations in the Antarctic are indispensable for the solution of several problems in terrestrial physics.

Mr. William Astor Chanler's expedition to the region of Mount Kenia, the great mountain on the equator in British East Africa, well equipped as it was, met with bad fortune almost from the start, and has failed. It left Lamu, September 18th, 1892, with 185 men and a strong caravan of camels, donkeys and cattle. Lieutenant von Höhnel, of the Austrian Navy, who had traveled in East Africa with Count Teleki, accompanied Mr. Chanler. The party had gone but a little distance when the beasts began to die, and before long the caravan came to a halt. Efforts to procure animals were partially successful, and the march was continued to the Djambeni Plateau, 7,000 feet high; but the Embe tribe would furnish no cattle. Thus the party struggled on, baffled on every hand, and unable to follow any settled plan. Lieutenant von Höhnel was severely hurt by a rhinoceros and had to be carried to Mombasa, and many of the men deserted. Mr. Chanler, at the last reports, was trying to make his way to the coast.

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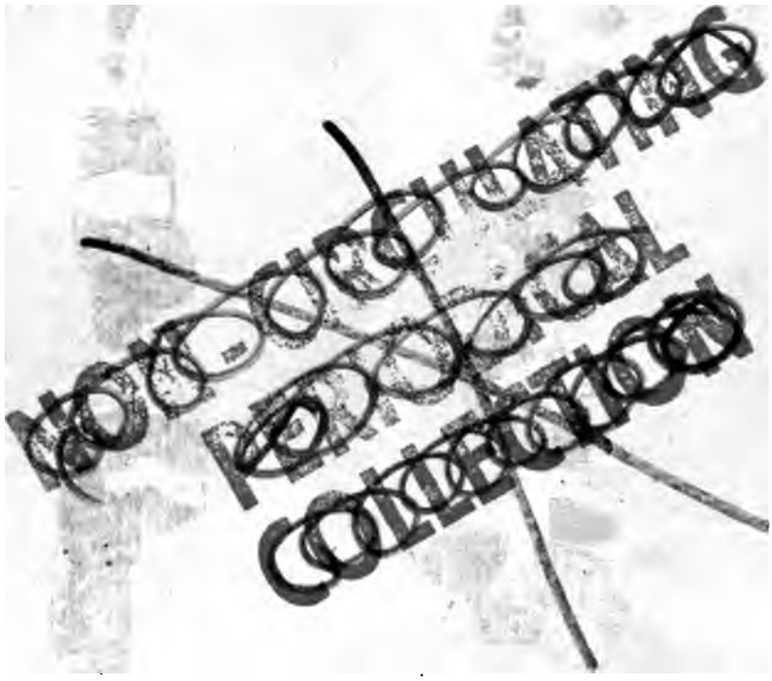
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